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OF

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THE RUSSIAN GIPSIES.

It is, I believe, seldom observed that the world is so far from having quitted the romantic or sentimental for the purely scientific, that even in science itself, whatever is best set forth owes half its charm to something delicately and distantly reflected from the forbidden land of fancy. The greatest reasoners and writers on the driest topics are still "genial," because no man ever yet had true genius who did not feel the inspiration of poetry, or mystery, or at least of the unusual. We are not rid of the marvellous or curious, and if we have not yet a science of curiosities, it is apparently because it lies for the present distributed about among the other sciences, just as in small museums illuminated manuscripts are to be found in happy family union with stuffed birds or minerals, and with watches and snuff-boxes, once the property of their late majesties, the Georges. Until such a science is formed, the new one of ethnology may appropriately serve for it, since it of all presents most attraction to him who is politely called the general reader, but who should in truth be called the man who reads the most for mere amusement. For ethnology deals with such delightful material as primæval kumbo-cephalic skulls, and appears to her votaries arrayed, not in silk attire, but in strange fragments of leather from ancient Irish graves, or in cloth from Lacustrine villages. She glitters with the quaint jewellery of the first Italian race, whose ghosts, if they wail over the "find," "speak in a language man knows no more." She charms us with etchings or scratchings of mammoths on mammoth bone, and invites us to explore mysterious caves, to pic-nic among megalithic monuments, and speculate on pictured Scottish stones. In short, she engages man to investigate his ancestry, a pursuit which presents charms even to the illiterate, and asks us to find out facts concerning works of art which have interested everybody in every age.

Ad interim, before the science of curiosities is segregated from that of ethnology, I may observe that one of the marvels in the lat-

ter is that, among all the subdivisions of the human race there are only two which have been apparently from their beginning set apart, marked, and cosmopolite, ever living among others and yet reserved unto themselves. These are the Jew and the Gipsy. From time whereof history hath naught to the contrary, the Jew was, as he himself holds in simple faith, the first man. Red Earth, Adam, was a Jew, and the old claim to be the Chosen People has been apparently confirmed by the extraordinary genius and influence of the race, and by their boundless wanderings. Go where we may, we find the Jew—has any other wandered so far?

Yes, one. For wherever Jew has gone, there too is. the gipsy. The Jew may be more ancient, but even the authentic origin of the Rommany is lost in ancient Aryan record, and strictly speaking his is a prehistoric caste. Among the hundred and fifty wandering tribes of India and Persia, some of them Turanian, some Aryan, and others mixed, it is of course impossible to identify the exact origin of the European gipsy. One thing we know, that from the tenth to the twelfth century, and probably much later on, India threw out from her northern half a vast multitude of very troublesome indwellers. What with Buddhist, Brahmin, and Mahometan wars—invaders outlawing invaded—the number of out-*castes* became alarmingly great. To these the Jats, who, according to Captain Burton, constituted the main stock of our gipsies, contributed perhaps half their entire nation. Excommunication among the Indian professors of transcendental benevolence meant social death and inconceivable cruelty. Now there are many historical indications that these outcasts, before leaving India, became gipsies, which was the most natural thing in a country where such classes had already existed in very great numbers from early times. And from one of the lowest castes, which still exists in India, and is known as the Dom, * the emigrants to the West probably derived their name and several characteristics. The Dom burns the dead, handles corpses, skins beasts, and performs other functions, all of which were appropriated by, and became peculiar to, gipsies in several countries in Europe, notably in Denmark and Holland, for several centuries after their arrival there. The Dom of the present day also sells baskets, and wanders with a tent; he is altogether gipsy. It is remarkable that he, living in a hot climate, drinks ardent spirits to excess, being by no means a "temperate Hindu," and that even in extreme old age his hair seldom turns white, which is a noted peculiarity among our own gipsies of pure blood. I know and have lately seen a gipsy woman,

* From the observations of Frederick Drew (*The Northern Barrier of India*, London, 1877) there can be little doubt that the Dom, or Dûm, belong to the pre-Aryan race, or races of India. "They are described in the Vedas as Sopukh, or Dog-Eaters" (*Types of India*). I have somewhere met with the statement that the Dom was pre-Aryan, but allowed to rank as Hindu on account of services rendered to the early conquerors.

nearly a hundred years old, whose curling hair is black, or hardly perceptibly changed. It is extremely probable that the Dom, mentioned as a caste even in the Vedas, gave the name to the Rom. The Dom calls his wife a Domni, and being a Dom is "Domnipana." In English gipsy, the same words are expressed by *Rom*, *romni*, and *romnipen*. D, be it observed, very often changes to *r* in its transfer from Hindu to Rommany. Thus *doi*, "a wooden spoon," becomes in gipsy *roi*—a term known to every tinker in London. But while this was probably the origin of the word Rom, there were subsequent reasons for its continuance. Among the Cophts, who were more abundant in Egypt when the first gipsies went there, the word for man is *romi*, and after leaving Greece and the Levant, or *Rum*, it would be natural for the wanderers to be called *Rumi*. But the Dom was in all probability the parent stock of the gipsy race, though the latter received vast accessions from many other sources. I call attention to this, since it has always been held, and sensibly enough, that the mere fact of the gipsies speaking Hindi-Persian, or the oldest type of Urdu, including many Sanskrit terms, does not prove an Indian or Aryan origin, any more than the English spoken by American negroes proves a Saxon descent. But if the Rom can be identified with the Dom—and the circumstantial evidence, it must be admitted, is very strong—but little remains to seek, since, according to the Vedas, the Doms are Hindu.*

Among the tribes whose union formed the European gipsy was, in all probability, that of the *Nats*, consisting of singing and dancing girls, and male musicians and acrobats. Of these, we are told that not less than ten thousand luteplayers and minstrels, under the name of *Luri*, were once sent to Persia as a present to a king, whose land was then without music or song. This word *Luri* is still preserved. The saddle-makers and leather-workers of Persia are called Tsingani; they are, in their way, low-caste, and a kind of gipsy, and it is supposed that from them are possibly derived the names—Zingan, Zigeuner, Zingaro, &c.—by which gipsies are known in so many lands. From Mr. Arnold's late work on *Persia*, the reader may learn that the *Eeli*, who constitute the majority of the inhabitants of the southern portion of that country, are Aryan nomads, and apparently gipsies. There are, also, in India, the Banjari or wandering merchants, and many other tribes, all spoken of as gipsies by those who know them.

As regards the great admixture of Persian with Hindu in good Rommany, it is quite unmistakable, though I can recall no writer who has attached sufficient importance to a fact which identifies gipsies with what is almost pre-eminently the land of gipsies. I

*Since writing this passage, I have met with a Mahometan Hindu who had lived with Indian gipsies. He confirmed in many ways his assertion that the real gipsies of India call themselves and their language "Rom."

once had the pleasure of taking a Nile journey in company with Prince S——, a Persian, and in most cases when I asked my friend what this or that gipsy word meant, he gave me its correct meaning, after a little thought, and then added, in his imperfect English. "What for you want to know such word?—that *old* word—that no more used. Only common people—old peasant woman use that word—*gentleman* no want to know him." But I did want to know "him" very much. I can remember that one night when our *bon prince* had thus held forth, we had dancing girls, or Almeh, on board, and one was very young and pretty. I was told that she was a gipsy, but she spoke no Rommany. Yet her panther eyes, and serpent smile, and *beauté du diable*, were not Egyptian, but of the Indian *kalo-ratt*—the dark blood, which once known is known forever. I forgot her, however, for a long time—until the other night in Moscow, when she was recalled by dancing and smiles, of which I will speak anon.

I was sitting one day by the Thames, in a gispy hut, when its master, Joshua Cooper, now dead, pointing to a swan, asked me for its name in gipsy. I replied, "*Boro pappin.*"

"No, *rya*. *Boro pappin* is 'a big goose.' *Sákkú* is the real gipsy word. It is very old, and very few Rommany know it."

A few days after, when my Persian friend was dining with me at the Langham Hotel, I asked him if he knew what Sákkú meant? By way of reply, he, not being able to recall the English word, waved his arms in wonderful pantomime indicating some enormous winged creature, and then looking into the distance, and pointing as if to some far vanishing object, as boys do when they declaim Bryant's address to a waterfowl, replied—

"Sákkú—one ver' big bird, like one *swen*—but he *not* swen. He like the man who carry too much water up stairs* his head in Constinople. That bird all same that man. He *sakkia* all same wheel that you see get water up stairs in Egypt."

This was explanatory but far from satisfactory. The prince, however, was mindful of me, and the next day I received from the Persian embassy, the word elegantly written in Persian, with the translation—"*a pelican.*" Then it was all clear enough, for the pelican bears water in the bag under its bill. When the gipsies came to Europe, they named animals after those which resembled them in Asia. A dog they call *juckal* from a jackal, and a swan *sákkú*, or pelican, because it so greatly resembles it. The Hindu *bandarus* or monkey they have changed to *bombaros*, but why Tom Cooper should declare that it is *pugasah* or *pukkus-asa*, I do not know. Perhaps some pundit may enlighten me. As little can I

* Up stairs in this gentleman's dialect signified up or upon, like *top-side* in Pidgin-English.

conjecture the meaning of the prefix *mod* or *mode*, which I learned on the road near Weymouth from a very ancient tinker, a man so battered, tattered, seamed, riven, and wrinkled, that he looked like a petrification. He had so bad a barrow, or wheel, that I wondered what he could do with it, and regarded him as the very poorest man I had ever seen in England, until his mate came up, an *alter ego*, so excellent in antiquity, wrinkles, knobbiness, and rags, that he surpassed the vagabond pictures, not only of Callot, Doré, and Goya, but even the unknown Spanish maker of a picture, which I met with but yesterday for sale, and which for infinite poverty defied anything I ever saw encanvassed. These poor men, who seemed at first amazed that I should speak to them at all, when I spoke Rommany, at once called me "brother." When I asked the younger his name, he sank his voice to a whisper, and, with a furtive air, said—

"*Kámlo*—Lovel, you know."

"What do you call yourself in the way of business?" I asked.

"*Katsamengro*, I suppose."

Now Katsamengro means scissors-master.

"That's a very good word. But *chivó* is deeper."

"Chivó means a knife-man?"

"Yes. But the deepest of all, master, is *Mod-angarêngro*. For you see that the right word for coals isn't *wongur*, as Rommanis generally say, but *Angára*."

Now *angára*, as Pott and Benfey indicate, is pure Sanskrit for coals, and *angarêngro* is a worker in coals; but what *mod* means I know not, and should be glad to be told.

I think it will be found difficult to identify the European gipsy with any one stock of the wandering races of India. Among those who left that country were men of different castes and different colour, varying from the pure northern invader to the negro-like southern Indian. In the Danubian principalities there are at the present day three kinds of gipsies—one very dark and barbarous, another light brown and more intelligent, and the third, or *élite*, of yellow pine complexion, as American boys characterise the hue of quadroons. Even in England there are straight-haired and curly-haired Rommanis, the two indicating not a difference resulting from white admixture, but entirely different original stocks.

It will, I trust, be admitted even from these remarks that Rommanology, or that subdivision of ethnology which treats of gipsies, is both practical and curious. It deals with the only race save one which has long penetrated into every village which European civilisation has ever touched. He who speaks Rommany need be a stranger in few lands, for on every road in Europe and America, in most of Asia, and even in Northern Africa, he will meet those with whom a very few words may at once establish a peculiar understanding. For of all things understood by this widely-spread

brotherhood, the chief is this—that he who knows the *jib* or language knows the ways, and that no one ever attained these without treading strange paths, and threading mysteries unknown to the Gorgios, or Philistines. And if he who speaks wears a good coat, and appears a gentleman, let him rest assured that he will receive the greeting which all poor relations in all lands extend to those of their kin who have risen in life. Some of them, it is true, manifest the winsome affection which is based on great expectations, a sen iment largely developed among British gipsies; but others are honestly proud that a gentleman is not ashamed of them. Of thls latter class were the musical gipsies, whom I met in Russia during the winter of 1876–1877, and some of them again in Paris during the Exposition of 1878.

St. Petersburg.

There are gipsies and gipsies in the world, for there are the wanderers on the roads and the secret dwellers in towns; but even among the *aficionados*, or Rommany ryes, by whom I mean those scholars who are fond of studying life and language from the people themselves, very few have dreamed that there exist communities of gentlemanly and ladylike gipsies of art, like the Bohemians of Murger and George Sand, but differing from them in being real "Bohemians" by race. I confess that it had never occurred to me that there was anywhere in Europe at the present day, least of all in the heart of great and wealthy cities, a class or caste devoted entirely to art, well-to-do or even rich, refined in manners, living in comfortable homes, the women dressing elegantly—and yet with all this obliged to live by law as did the Jews once, in Ghettos or in a certain street, and regarded as outcasts and cagôts. I had heard there were gipsies in Russian cities, and expected to find them like the *kérengri* of England or Germany—house-dwellers somewhat reformed from the roads, but still reckless semi-outlaws, full of tricks and lies; in a word, *gipsies*, as the world understands the term. And I certainly anticipated in Russia something *queer*—the gentleman who speaks Rommany seldom fails to achieve at least that whenever he gets into an unbroken haunt, an unhunted forest, where the Rommany rye is unknown—but nothing like what I really found. A recent writer on Russia * speaks with great contempt of these musical Rommanis, with their girls attired in dresses by Worth, as compared to the free wild outlaws of the steppes who, with dark ineffable glances, meaning nothing more than a wild cat's, steal poultry, and who, wrapped in dirty sheepskins, proudly call themselves *Mi dvorane Polaivii*, Lords of the

* *A Trip up the Volga to the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod*, by H. A. Munro Butler Johnstone. 1875.

Waste. The gipsies of Moscow, who appeared to me the most interesting I have ever met, because most remote from the Surrey ideal, seemed to Mr. Johnstone to be a kind of second-rate Rommanies or gipsies, gipsified for exhibition, like Mr. Barnum's negro minstrel, who, though black as a coal by nature, was requested to put on burnt cork and a wig, that the audience might realise that they were getting a thoroughly good imitation. Mr. Johnstone's own words are that a gipsy maiden in a long *queue*, "which perhaps came from Worth," is "horrible;" "*corruptio optimi pessima est;*" and he further compares such a damsel to a negro with a cocked hat and spurs. As the only negro thus arrayed who presents himself to my memory was one who lay dead on the battlefield in Tennessee, after one of the bravest resistances in history, and in which he and his men, not having moved, were extended "stark serried lines" ("ten cart-loads of dead niggers," said to me a man who helped to bury them), I may be excused for not seeing the wit of the comparison. As for the gipsies of Moscow, I can only say that after meeting them in public, and penetrating to their homes, where I was received as one of themselves, even as a Rommany, I found that this opinion of them was erroneous, and that they were altogether original in spite of being clean, deeply interesting although honest, and a quite attractive class in most respects, notwithstanding their ability to read and write. Against Mr. Johnstone's impressions I may set the straightforward and simple result of the experiences of Mr. W. R. Ralston. "The gipsies of Moscow," he says, "are justly celebrated for their picturesqueness, and for their wonderful capacity for music. All who have heard their women sing are enthusiastic about the weird witchery of the performance."

When I arrived in St. Petersburg, one of my first inquiries was for gipsies. To my astonishment, they were hard to find. They are not allowed to live in the city; and I was told that the correct and proper way to see them would be to go at night to certain *cafés*, half-an-hour's sleigh ride from the town, and listen to their concerts. What I wanted, however, was not a concert, but a conversation; not gipsies on exhibition, but gipsies at home; and everybody seemed to be of the opinion that those of "Samarcand" and "Dorot" were entirely got up for effect. In fact, I heard the opinion hazarded that even if they spoke Rommany, I might depend upon it they had acquired it simply to deceive. One gentleman who had, however, been much with them in other days, assured me that they were of pure blood, and had an inherited language of their own. "But," he added, "I am sure you will not understand it. You may be able to talk with those in England, but not with ours, because there is not a single word in their language which resembles anything in English, German, French,

Latin, Greek, or Italian. I can only recall," he added, "one phrase. I don't know what it means, and I think it will puzzle you. It is *me kamava tut.*"

If I experienced internal laughter at hearing this, it was for a good reason, which I can illustrate by an anecdote: "I have often observed, when I lived in China," said Mr. Hoffman Atkinson, author of *A Vocabulary of the Yokohama Dialect*, "that most young men, particularly the gay and handsome ones, generally asked me, about the third day after their arrival in the country, the meaning of the Pidgin-English phrase, 'You makee too muchee lov-lov-pidgin.' Investigation always established the fact that the inquirer had heard it from 'a pretty China girl.'" Now *lov-pidgin* means love, and *me kamava tut* is perfectly good gipsy anywhere for "I love you"; and a very soft expression it is, recalling *kama-deva*, the Indian Cupid, whose bow is strung with bees, and whose name has two strings to it, since it means, both in Gipsy and Sanskrit, Love God, or the god of love. "It's *kama-duvel*, you know, *rya*, if you put it as it ought to be," said Old Windsor Froggie to me once; "but I think that Kama-*devil* would by rights come nearer to it, if Cupid is what you mean."

I referred the gipsy difficulty to a Russian gentleman of high position, to whose kindness I had been greatly indebted while in St. Petersburg. He laughed.

"Come with me to-morrow night to the *cafés*, and see the gipsies; I know them well, and can promise that you shall talk with them as much as you like. Once in Moscow I got together all in the town—perhaps a hundred and fifty—to entertain the American Minister, Curtin. That was a very hard thing to do, there was so much professional jealousy among them, and so many quarrels. Would you have believed it?"

I thought of the feuds between sundry sturdy Rommanies in England, and felt that I could suppose such a thing without dangerously stretching my faith, and I began to believe in Russian gipsies.

"Well, then, I shall call for you to-morrow night with a *troika*. I will come early—at ten. They never begin to sing before company arrive at eleven, so that you will have half an hour to talk to them."

It is on record that the day on which the General gave me this kind invitation was the coldest known in St. Petersburg for thirty years, the thermometer having stood—or rather having lain down and grovelled—that morning at 40° below zero Fahrenheit. At the appointed hour the troika, or three-horse sleigh, was before the Hôtel d'Europe. It was, indeed, an Arctic night; but, well wrapped in fur-lined *shubas*, with immense capes which fall to the elbow or rise far above the head as required, and wearing fur caps

and fur-lined gloves, we felt no cold. The beard of our *istvostshik*, or driver, was a great mass of ice, giving him the appearance of an exceedingly hoary youth, and his small horses, being very shaggy and thoroughly frosted, looked in the darkness like immense polar bears. If the General and myself could only have been considered as gifts of the slightest value to anybody, I should have regarded our turnout, with the driver in his sheepskin coat, as coming within a miracle of resemblance to that of Santa Claus, the American Father Christmas.

On, at a tremendous pace, over the snow, which gave out under our runners that crunching irony sound only heard when the thermometer touches zero. There is a peculiar fascination about the *troika*, or three-horse sleigh, and the sweetest, saddest melody and most plaintive song of Russia belong to it.

THE TROIKA.

Vot y'dit troika udalaiya.

Hear ye the troika bell a-ringing,
And see the peasant driver there?
Hear ye the mournful song he's singing,
Like distant tolling through the air?

"Oh eyes, blue eyes, to me so lonely,
Oh eyes—alas!—ye give me pain;
Oh eyes, that once looked at me only,
I ne'er shall see your like again.

"Farewell, my darling, now in heaven,
And still the heaven of my soul.
Farewell, thou father town, O Moscow!
Where I have left my life, my all."

And ever at the rein still straining,
One backward glance the driver gave,
Sees but once more a green low hillock,
Sees but once more his loved one's grave.

"*Stoi!*"—Halt! We stopped at a stylish-looking building, entered a hall, left our *shubas*, and I heard the General ask: "Are the gipsies here?" An affirmative being given, we entered a large room, and there, sure enough, stood six or eight girls and two men, all very well dressed, and all unmistakably Rommany, though smaller and of much slighter or more delicate frame than the powerful gipsy "travellers" of England. In an instant every pair of great wild eyes was fixed on me. The General was in every way a more striking figure, but I was manifestly a fresh stranger, who knew nothing of the country, and certainly nothing of gipsies or gipsydom. Such a verdant visitor is always most interesting. It was not by any means my first reception of the kind, and as I reviewed at a glance the whole party, I said within myself—

"Wait an instant, you black snakes, and I will give you something to make you stare."

Which I did beyond dispute, for immediately a young man, who looked like a handsome light Hindu, stepped up and addressed me in Russian. I looked long and steadily at him before I spoke, and then said—

"*Latcho dívvus prala!*" (Good day, brother.)

"What is *that?*" he exclaimed, startled.

"*Tu jines latcho adosta*" (You know very well). And then, with the expression in his face of a man who has been familiarly addressed by a brazen statue, or asked by a new-born babe, "What o'clock is it?" but with great joy, he cried—

"*Romanichal!*"

And in an instant they were all around me, marvelling greatly, and earnestly expressing their marvel, at what new species of gipsy I might be, being in this quite unlike those of England, who, even when they are astonished "out of their senses" at being addressed in Rommany by a gentleman, make the most Red-Indian efforts to conceal their amazement. But I speedily found that these Russian gipsies were as unaffected and childlike as they were gentle in manner, and that they compared with our own prize-fighting, sturdy-begging, always suspecting Rommany roughs and *rufianas*, as a delicate greyhound might compare with a very shrewd old bulldog, trained by an unusually "fly" tramp.

That the girls were first to the fore in questioning me will be doubted by no one. But we had great trouble in effecting a mutual understanding. Their Rommany was full of Russian; their pronunciation puzzled me—they "bit off their words," and used many in a strange or false sense. Yet, notwithstanding this, I contrived to converse pretty readily with the men—very readily with the captain, a man as dark as Ben Lee—to those who know Benjamin—or as mahogany to those who know him not. But with the women it was very difficult to converse. There is a theory current that women have a specialty of tact and readiness in understanding a foreigner, or in making themselves understood; it may be so with cultivated ladies, but it is my experience that among the uneducated men have a monopoly of such quick intelligence. In order fully to convince them that we really had a tongue in common, I repeated perhaps a hundred nouns, giving, for instance, the names of various parts of the body, of articles of apparel, and objects in the room; and I believe that we did not find a single word which, when pronounced distinctly by itself, was not intelligible to us all. I had left in London a Russo-Rommany vocabulary, once published in the *Asiatic Magazine*, and I had met with Böhtlingk's article on the dialect, as well as specimens of it in the works of Pott and Miklosich, but had unfortunately learned nothing of it from them.

I soon found, however, that I knew a great many more gipsy words than did my new friends, and that our English Rommany far excels the Russian *in copia verborum.*

"But I must sit down." I observed on this and other occasions that Russian gipsies are very naïf. And as it is in human nature to prefer sitting by a pretty girl, these Slavonian Rommanies so arrange it according to the principl s of natural selection—or natural politeness—that when a stranger is in their gates the two prettiest girls in their possession sit at his right and left, the two next attractive next again, *et seriatim.* So at once a damsel of comely mien, arrayed in black silk attire of faultless elegance, cried to me, pointing to a chair by her side, "*Bersh tu alay, rya!*" (Sit down, sir)—a phrase which would be perfectly intelligible to any Rommany in England. I admit that there was another damsel, who is generally regarded by most people as the true gipsy belle of the party, who did not sit by me. But as the one who had "voted herself into the chair" by my side was more to my liking, being the most intelligent and most gipsy, I had good cause to rejoice.

I was astonished at the sensible curiosity as to gipsy life in other lands which was displayed, and at the questions asked. I really doubt if I ever met with an English gipsy who cared a farthing to know anything about his race as it exists in foreign countries, or whence it came. Once, and once only, I thought I had interested White George, at East Moulsey, in an account of Egypt and the small number of Rommanies there. But his only question was to the effect that if there were so few gipsies in Egypt, wouldn't it be a good place for him to go to sell baskets? These of Russia, however, asked all kinds of questions about the manners and customs of their congeners, and were pleased when they recognised familiar traits. And every gipsyism, whether of word or way, was greeted with delighted laughter. In one thing I noted a radical difference between these gipsies and those of the rest of Europe and of America. There was none of that continually assumed mystery and Rommany free-masonry, of superior occult knowledge and "deep" information, which is often carried to the depths of absurdity and to the height of humbug. I say this advisedly, since, however much it may give charm to a novel or play, it is a serious impediment to a philologist. Let me give an illustration :

Once during the evening these Russian gipsies were anxious to know if there were any books in their language. Now I have no doubt that Mr. Tom Taylor, or Professor E. H. Palmer, or any other of the initiated, will perfectly understand when I say that by mere force of habit I shivered and evaded the question. When a gentleman who manifests a knowledge of Rommany among gipsies in England is suspected of "dixonary" studies, it amounts to *lasciate ogni speranza*—give up all hope of learning any more.

"I'm glad to see you here, *rya*, in my tent," said the before-mentioned Ben Lee to me one night in camp near Weybridge, "because I've heard, and I know, you didn't pick up *your* Rommany out of books."

The silly dread, the hatred, the childish antipathy, real or affected, but always ridiculous, which is felt in England, not only among gipsies, but even by *aficionado* (gentlemen scholars), to having the Rommany language published, is indescribable. Vambery was not more averse to show a lead-pencil among Tartars than I am to take notes of words among strange English gipsies. I might have spared myself any annoyance from such a source among the Russian Rommanies. They had not heard of Mr. George Borrow; nor were there ugly stories current among them, to the effect that Dr. Smart, Professor E. H. Palmer, and Miss Janet Tuckey had published works, the direct result of which would be to facilitate their little paths to the gaol, the gallows, and the grave.

"Would we hear some singing?" We were ready, and for the first time in my life I listened to the long-anticipated far-famed magical melody of Russian gipsies. And what was it like? May I preface my reply to the reader with the remark that there are, roughly speaking, two kinds of music in the world—the wild and the tame—and the rarest of human beings is he who can appreciate both? Only one such man ever wrote a book, and his *nomen et omen* is Engel, like that of the little English boys who were *non Angli, sed angeli.* I have in my time been deeply moved by the choruses of Nubian boatmen; I have listened with great pleasure to Chinese and Japanese music—Ole Bull once told me he had done the same; I have delighted by the hour in Arab songs; and I have felt the charm of our Red-Indian music. If this seem absurd to those who characterise all such sound and song as "caterwauling," let me remind the reader that in all Europe there is not one man fonder of music than an average Arab, a Chinese, or a Red Indian; for any of these people, as I have seen and know, will sit twelve or fifteen hours, without the least weariness, listening to what cultivated Europeans all consider as a mere charivari. When London gladly endures fifteen-hour concerts, composed of *morceaux* by Wagner, Chopin, and Liszt, I will believe that Art can charm as much as Nature.

The medium point of intelligence in this puzzle may be found in the extraordinary fascination which many find in the monotonous tum-tum of the banjo, and which reappears somewhat refined, or at least somewhat Frenchified, in the *Bamboula* and other Creole airs. Thence, in an ascending series, but connected with it, we have Old Spanish melodies, then the Arabic, and here we finally cross the threshold into mystery, midnight, and "caterwauling."

I do not know that I can explain the fact why the more "barbarous" music is, the more it is beloved of man; but I think that the principle of the *refrain*, or repetition in music, which as yet governs all decorative art, and which Mr. Whistler and others are endeavouring desperately to break, acts in music as a sort of animal magnetism or abstraction, ending in an *extase*. As for the fascination which such wild melodies exert, it is beyond description. The most enraptured audience I ever saw in my life was at a Coptic wedding in Cairo, where one hundred and fifty guests listened, from 7 P. M. till 3 A. M., and Heaven knows how much later, to what a European would call absolute jangling, yelping, and howling.

The real medium, however, between what I have, for want of better words, called wild and tame music, exists only in that of the Russian gipsies. These artists, with wonderful tact and untaught skill, have succeeded in all their songs in combining the mysterious and maddening charm of the true wild Eastern music with that of regular and simple melody, intelligible to every Western ear. I have never listened to the singing or playing of any distinguished artist—and certainly never of any far-famed amateur—without realising that neither words nor melody were of the least importance, but that the manner of performance or display was everything. Now, in listening to gipsy singing, one feels at once as if the vocalists had entirely forgotten self, and were carried away by the bewildering beauty of the air and the charm of the words. There is no self-consciousness, no vanity—all is real. The listener feels as if he were a performer—the performer is an enraptured listener. There is no soulless "art for the sake of art," but art for direct pleasure.

"We intend to sing only Rommany for *you, rya,*" said the young lady to my left, "and you will hear our real gipsy airs. The *Gaji* (Russians) often ask for songs in our language and don't get them. But you are a Romanichal, and when you go home, far over the *baro kalo pani* (the broad black water, *i. e.*, the ocean), you shall tell the Rommany how we can sing. Listen!"

And I listened to the strangest, wildest, and sweetest singing I ever had heard—the singing of Lurleis, of sirens, of witches. First, one damsel, with an exquisitely clear, firm voice, began to sing a verse of a love ballad, and as it approached the end the chorus stole in, softly and unperceived, but with exquisite skill, until, in a few seconds, the summer breeze, murmuring melody over a rippling lake, seemed changed to a midnight tempest roaring over a stormy sea—in which the *basso* of the *kalo shureskro* (the black captain) pealed like thunder. And as it died away a second girl took up the melody, very sweetly, but with a little more excitement; it was like a gleam of moonlight on the still agitated waters

—a strange contralto witch-gleam—and then again the chorus and the storm, and then another solo yet sweeter, sadder, and stranger —the movement continually increasing, until all was fast, and wild, and mad—a locomotive quickstep, and then a sudden silence—sunlight—the storm had blown away.

In Arab singing such effects are applied simply to set forth erotomania; in negro minstrelsy they are degraded to the lowest humour; in higher European music, when employed, they simply illustrate the skill of composer and musician. The spirit of gipsy singing recalled by its method and sweetness that of the Nubian boatmen, but in its *general* effect I could think only of those strange fits of excitement which thrill the Red Indian and make him burst into song. The Abbé Domenech * has observed that the American savage pays attention to every sound that strikes upon his ear when the leaves, softly shaken by the evening breeze, seem to sigh through the air, or when the tempest, bursting forth with fury, shakes the gigantic trees that crack like reeds. "The chirping of the birds, the cry of the wild beasts—in a word, all those sweet, grave, or imposing voices that animate the wilderness, are so many musical lessons which he easily remembers." In illustration of this, the missionary describes the singing of a Chippeway chief and its wild inspiration, in a manner which vividly illustrates all music of the class of which I write.

"It was," he says, "during one of those long winter nights, so monotonous and so wearisome in the woods. We were in a wigwam, which afforded us but miserable shelter from the inclemency of the season. The storm raged without; the tempest roared in the open country; the wind blew with violence, and whistled through the fissures of the cabin; the rain fell in torrents, and prevented us from continuing our route. Our host was an Indian, with sparkling and intelligent eyes, clad with a certain elegance, and wrapped majestically in a large fur cloak. Seated close to the fire, which cast a reddish gleam through the interior of his wigwam, he felt himself all at once seized with an irresistible desire to imitate the convulsions of nature, and to sing his impressions. So, taking hold of a drum which hung near his bed, he beat a slight rolling, resembling the distant sounds of an approaching storm; then, raising his voice to a shrill treble, which he knew how to soften when he pleased, he imitated the whistling of the air, the creaking of the branches dashing against one another, and the particular noise produced by dead leaves when accumulated in compact masses on the ground. By degrees the rollings of the drum became more frequent and louder, the chants more sonorous and shrill, and at last our Indian shrieked, howled, and roared in a most frightful manner; he strug-

* *Seven Years in the Deserts of America.*

gled and struck his instrument with extraordinary rapidity ; it was a real tempest, to which nothing was wanting, not even the distant howling of the dogs, nor the bellowing of the affrighted buffaloes."

I have observed the same musical inspiration of a storm upon Arabs, who during their singing also accompanied themselves on a drum. I once spent two weeks in a Mediterranean steamboat, on board of which were more than two hundred pilgrims, for the greater part wild Bedouins, going to Mecca. They had a minstrel who sang and played on the *darabuka*, or earthenware drum, and he was aided by another with a simple *nai*, or reed-whistle, the same orchestra in fact which is in universal use among all Red Indians. To these performers the pilgrims listened with indescribable pleasure, and I soon found that they regarded me favourably because I did the same, being, of course, the only Frank on board who paid any attention to the singing—or any money for it. But it was at night and during storms that the spirit of music always seemed to be strongest on the Arabs, and then amid roaring of wild waters and thundering, and in dense darkness, the rolling of the drum and the strange bewildering ballads never ceased. It was the very counterpart in all respects of the Chippeway storm-song.

After the first gipsy lyric there came another, to which the captain especially directed my attention as being what Sam Petulengo calls "reg'lar Rommany." It was *I rakli adro o lolo gad*—"The girl in the red chemise"—as well as I can recall his words, a very sweet song with a simple but spirited chorus, and as the sympathetic electricity of excitement seized the performers we were all in a minute "going down the rapids in a spring freshet."

"*Bagan tu rya, bagan!*" "Sing, sir—sing!" cried my handsome neighbour, with her black gipsy eyes sparkling fire. "*Jines bagan eto—eto latcho Romanes,*" "You can sing that—it's real Rommany." It was evident that she and all were singing with thorough enjoyment, and with a full and realising consciousness of gipsyism, being greatly stimulated by my presence and sympathy. I felt that the gipsies were taking unusual pains to please the Rommany Rye from the *dur' tem*, or far country, and they had attained the acme of success by being thoroughly delighted with themselves, which is all that can be hoped for in art, where the aim is pleasure and not criticism.

There was a pause in the performance, but none in the chattering of the young ladies, and during this a curious little incident occurred. Wishing to know if my pretty friend could understand an English gipsy lyric, I sang in an undertone a ballad, taken from George Borrow's *Lavengro*, and which begins with these words :

"Pende Romani chai ke laki dye ;
'Miri diri dye, mi shom kameli.'"

I never knew whether this was really an old gipsy poem or one written by Mr. Borrow. Once when I repeated it to old Henry James as he sat making baskets, I was silenced by being told, "That a'n't no real gipsy *gilli*. That's one of the kind made up by gentlemen and ladies." However, as soon as I repeated it, the Russian gipsy girl cried eagerly, "I know that song," and actually sang me a ballad which was essentially the same, in which a damsel describes her fall, owing to a Gajo (Gorgio, a Gentile—not gipsy) lover, and her final expulsion from the tent. It was adapted to a very pretty melody, and as soon as she had sung it, *sotto voce*, my pretty friend exclaimed to another girl, "Only think, the *rye* from America knows *that* song." Now as many centuries must have passed since the English and Russian gipsies parted from the parent stock, the preservation of this song is very remarkable, and its antiquity must be very great. I did not take it down, but any resident in St. Petersburg can, if so inclined, do so among the gipsies at Dorat, and verify my statement.

Then there was a pretty dance of a modified Oriental character by one of the damsels. For this, as for the singing, the only musical instrument used was a guitar, which had seven strings tuned in Spanish fashion, and was rather weak in tone. I wished it had been a powerful Panormo, which would have exactly suited the *timbre* of these voices. The gipsies were honestly interested in all I could tell them about their kind in other lands; while the girls were professionally desirous to hear more Anglo-Rommany songs, and were particularly pleased with one by Miss Janet Tuckey, beginning with the words:

"'Me shom akonyo,' gildas yoi,'
Men buti ruzhier,
Te sar i chiriclia adoi
Pen mengy gilior.'"

Though we "got on" after a manner in our Rommany dialects, I was often obliged to have recourse to my friend the General to translate long sentences into Russian, especially when some sandbar of a verb or some log of a noun impeded the current of our conversation. Finally, a formal request was made by the Captain, that I would, as one deep beyond all their experience in Rommany matters, kindly tell them what kind of people they really were, and whence they came. With this demand I cheerfully complied, every word being listened to with breathless interest. So I told them what I knew or had conjectured relative to their Indian origin, how their fathers had wandered forth through Persia, how their travels could be traced by the Persian, Greek, or Roumanian words in the language, how in 1417 a band of them appeared in Europe, led by a few men of great diplomatic skill, who by crafty dealing obtain-

ed from the Pope, the Emperor of Germany, and all the kings of Europe, except that of England, permission to wander for fifty years as pilgrims, declaring that they had been Christians, but having become renegades the King of Hungary had imposed a penance on them of half a century's exile. Then I informed them that precisely the same story had been told by them to the rulers in Syria and Egypt, only that in the Mohammedan countries they pretended to be good followers of Islam. I said there was reason to believe that some of their people had been in Poland and the other Slavonic countries ever since the eleventh century, but that those of England must have gone directly from this part of the world to Great Britain, for, although they had many Slavic words, such as *krallis* (king) and *shuba*, there were no French terms, and very few traces of German or Italian in our dialect. I observed that the men all understood the geographical allusions which I made, knowing apparently where India, Persia, and Egypt were situated—a remarkable contrast to our own English "travellers," one of whom once informed me that he would like to go "on the road" in America, "because you know, sir, as America lays along into France, we could get our French baskets cheaper there."

I found on inquiry that the Russian gipsies profess Christianity; but as the religion of the Greek Church as I saw it appears to be practically something very little better than fetish worship, I cannot exalt them as models of evangelical piety. They are, however, according to a popular proverb, not far from godliness in being very clean in their persons, and not only did they appear so to me, but I was assured by several Russians that as regarded these singing gipsies it was invariably the case. As for morality in gipsy girls, their principles are very peculiar. Not a whisper of scandal attaches to these Russian Romnany women as regards transient amours. But if a wealthy Russian gentleman falls in love with one of them, and will have and hold her permanently, or for a durable connection, he may take her to his home if she likes him, but must pay monthly a sum into the gipsy treasury, for these people apparently form an *artel* or society-union, like all other classes of Russians. It may be suggested as an explanation of this apparent incongruity, that gipsies all the world over regard steady cohabitation or agreement as marriage, binding themselves as it were by *Gandharbavivaha*, as the saint married Vasantasena, which is an old Sanskrit way of wedding. And let me remark that if one-tenth of what I heard in Russia about "morals" in the highest or lowest or any other class be true, the gipsies of that country are shining lights and brilliant exemplars of morality to all by whom they are surrounded. Let me also add that never on any occasion did I hear or see among them anything in the slightest degree improper or unrefined. I knew very well that I could if I chose talk to such naïve people

about subjects which would shock an English lady, and as the reader may remember I did quote Mr. Borrow's song, which he has not translated. But a European girl who would have endured allusions to tabooed subjects would have at all times shown vulgarity or coarseness, while these Russian Rommany girls were invariably lady-like. It is true that the St. Petersburg party had a dissipated air, three or four of them looked like second-class French or Italian theatrical artistes, and I should not be astonished to learn that very late hours and champagne were familiar to them as cigarettes, or that their flirtations among their own people were neither faint nor few nor far between. But their conduct in my presence was irreproachable. Those of Moscow in fact had not even the apparent defects of their St. Petersburg sisters and brothers, and when among them it always seemed to me as if I were simply with nice gentle Creoles or Cubans, the gipsy manner being tamed down to the Spanish level, their great black eyes and their guitars increasing the resemblance.

The indescribably wild and thrilling character of gipsy music is thoroughly appreciated by the Russians, who pay very high prices for Rommany performances. From five to eight or ten pounds sterling is usually given to a dozen gipsies for singing an hour or two to a special party, and this is sometimes repeated twice or thrice of an evening. "A Russian gentleman, when he is in funds," said the clerk of the Slavansky Bazaar in Moscow, to me, "will make nothing of giving the Zígani a hundred rouble note," the rouble rating at half-a-crown. The result is that good singers among these lucky Rommanies are well to do, and lead soft lives for Russia. CHARLES G. LELAND, *in Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COLOUR

1. *On the Theory of Compound Colours, and the Relations of the Colours to the Spectrum.* By J. CLERK MAXWELL, M.A. Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, Vol. CL. 1860.
2. *Manual of the Science of Colour.* By WILLIAM BENSON, Architect. London: 1871.
3. *Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects.* By H. HELMHOLTZ, Professor of Physics in the University of Berlin. Translated by E. ATKINSON, Ph.D., and Dr. PYE SMITH, B.A. London: 1873.
4. *Six Lectures on Light.* By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S. London: 1873
5. *Elementary Treatise on the Wave Theory of Light.* By H. LLOYD, D.D. London: 1876.
6. *Modern Chromatics, with Applications to Art and Industry.* By OGDEN N. ROOD, Professor of Physics in Columbia College. London: 1879.

THE series of effects which are distinguished as colour are certainly amongst the most beautiful of the visible attributes of Nature. The

exquisite tints of the sunset sky, the many-hued arch of the rainbow, the gorgeous livery of the flowers, the variegated plumage of birds, the bright glimmer and sheen of insects, and the soft verdure of the valleys and hills, all rise up a vivid panorama in the mind the instant the simple word "colour" is suggested in the train of thought.

Every one is familiar with the circumstance that the colours with which natural objects are so brilliantly clothed require sunshine or daylight to render them obvious to the eye. In the deepening twilight of evening they are toned down into fainter hues and less striking contrasts; in the moonlight they are dissolved into hueless shadows; in the darkness of night they are concealed altogether under the sable cloak that then covers all visible objects. From this it becomes at once plain that light is required to make colours perceptible. In the absence of light the most vivid colours fail to render their existence manifest to human eyes.

But science, which in the present day is always striving to penetrate beneath the outer appearances of things, is by no means satisfied to rest in this superficial apprehension of an obvious fact. It, with its deeper insight, is aware that light not only makes the bright and gay colours of natural objects apparent to the eye, but that it actually *paints these* with the hues which are seen. The colours of natural objects are not merely covered up under the shadow of night; but they are actually, for the time, withdrawn or destroyed. Under the deep shadow of night there is no such thing on the face of Nature as the greenness of grass, or the crimson and scarlet, the azure and gold, of the flowers. Just as the tints of the sunset sky or the hues of the rainbow can be seen by close watching to be taken away from the clouds, or mist-screens, as the light is withdrawn, so in actual fact the colour is removed from the most vividly tinted objects on the surface of the earth as the light is shut off by the intervention of opaque substance. Colour, in reality, is an attribute of light, and in no sense a quality of the object in which it is manifested.

There is nothing particularly novel in this assertion of the fundamental canon of the philosophy of colour. The fact, so far, is well known to all educated and fairly intelligent people. But it is not as commonly understood that this familiar circumstance entails a series of consequences which are of a very marvellous character, which shed a new meaning upon many of the abstruse operations of Nature, and which, on that account, are of great interest. There is, perhaps, no branch of science in the present day that is more instinct with wonderful revelations than the one which deals with the effects of luminous vibration, and with the colour-painting of Nature.

Light, in itself, is essentially due to vibratory movement. It is

a something which trembles, and whose tremblings are felt when these strike upon the keenly sensitive nerve-fibrils of the eye. Vision is a result of the propagation of these subtle tremblings to the sensorial tracts of the brain. What the substance is which vibrates in the first instance into light, science itself is not yet competent to explain. But scientific authorities conceive that it is a material entity of a thinness and lightness a myriad times surpassing the thinness and lightness of the rarest air-vacuum that has ever been produced by human agency; a medium so light and rare, indeed, that it is virtually without appreciable weight, for, if it possessed that attribute in any sensible degree, it would be gathered up into clustering agglomerations about the earth and its kindred world-associates in space, instead of being scattered evenly through the vast chasms that lie between. It spreads certainly from the earth to the sun, and from the sun to the stars, if the so-called rays of light, which are seen sparkling from the stars and blazing from the sun, are tremulous impulses of material substance. The only designation which the ingenuity of science has been able to contrive for this omnipresent agent is a word which it has borrowed from the language of ancient Greece. It is now spoken of as "ether," which to the old Greek philosophers was the name of the far-reaching azure of space seen where the transparent air mingles with the circumambient sky. It is also called the "luminiferous ether," because light is wafted or borne upon the wings of its vibrations.

As occurs in various other of the domains of scientific research, there are many particulars which are known concerning this impalpable entity, although its own actuality of existence is beyond the direct grasp of the senses. Thus it is well understood that the vibrations of this subtle agent, although endowed with an almost spiritual fleetness, have nevertheless a pace which can be measured and marked. The sun is, in round numbers, 93,000,000 miles from the earth. But the vibrations of light pass across the vast chasm that lies between the sun and the earth in eight minutes and a quarter, or in 495 seconds of time.* In order, however, that they may accomplish the long journey in such a time, they must travel with a speed of nearly 188,000 miles in a second, or, in other words, with a velocity one million times greater than that with which the vibrations of sound are propagated through the air.

The discovery of the rate of the propagation of light was made in a very ingenious and remarkable way by the Danish astronomer Roemer just two centuries ago. He was at that time residing at Paris, and engaged in observing the movements of the satellites of

* In exact figures, at the rate of 187,873 miles a second, if the distance of the sun be taken at the recently reduced estimate of 93,000,000 miles. Under the old estimate of the distance of the sun the velocity of light was conceived to be 192,000 miles a second.

Jupiter, and, whilst doing so, he happened to notice that the return of the first satellite into the shadow of the planet took place after a perceptibly longer interval with each successive recurrence. After one hundred returns, the satellite was fifteen minutes behind what should, to appearance, have been the proper instant for its plunge into the shadow. While reflecting upon the possible cause of this retardation and irregularity, it occurred to Roemer that, during the entire period of observed retardation, the planet itself had been getting further and further away from the earth as it swept on in its vast orbit, and that, if the indication of its position and behaviour had to be conveyed to the earth by an agent which required time for its progress, that agent would obviously need more time for the performance of its passage when the planet was far away, than when it was near. Subsequent calculations of a more refined and exhaustive character establish the fact that the eclipse of the satellite occurred sixteen minutes and a half later when the earth was on the opposite side of the sun to the planet, than when it was between the sun and the planet; or, in other words, that the vibrations of light required sixteen minutes and a half to make their way across the entire breadth of the earth's orbit, or eight minutes and a quarter to traverse the half of that breadth, which is the same thing as the distance of the sun from the earth.

The vibrations of light, which make their presence felt by striking upon the nerve-structures of the eye, are as marvellous in the matter of size as they are in the matter of speed. A soap-bubble can be blown so thin that the film is not more than the one hundred and fifty-six thousandth part of an inch in thickness. Experiment with a film of this character has shown that three or four such, placed together, would give depth enough for a single vibration of light. The German optician Nobert, by the exertion of almost inconceivable skill, rules lines upon glass, of which as many as 112,000 lie within the span of an inch. Such lines, again, have been experimentally shown to be a little further apart than the length of a luminous vibration. The shortest vibrations of light include at least two such lines in their excursion or amplitude. The finest light-vibrations which have been measured are not more than the one fifty-seven thousandth part of an inch in length. The line which follows here, ——, represents the length of such a vibration magnified 10,000 times.

But if there are 57,000 vibrations of light in an inch, how many must there be in the 93,000,000 miles which intervene between the earth and sun! Fifty-seven thousand in an inch implies nearly 3,700,000,000 in a mile, or, in round numbers, 679,000,000,000,000 in 188,000 miles. As light travels 188,000 miles in a second, therefore, 679 millions of millions of vibrations must pass any fixed point in the route every second, or, what comes to the same thing, must

strike each second upon the eye at the end of the journey, to call up in it the sensation of vision. The numbers, as a matter of fact, far transcend man's powers of exact estimation. Millions of millions are quantities that the human mind is entirely incompetent to grasp in any definite sense; and this difficulty is materially enhanced when, as in this case, the millions of millions have to be conceived as succeeding each other in the brief interval which is concerned in the single beat of a seconds pendulum. Nevertheless, it is substantially with such quantities that physical science has, of necessity, to deal when it undertakes to investigate the character of light. When a beam of clear sunshine flashes upon the human eye, shocks as frequent and as minute as those which have been described strike upon the nerve-structure of the organ.

Even this, however, does not exhaust the marvels of the subject. The nerves of the eye not only feel the vibrations of light, but they are conscious that in those vibrations there are differences of impulses that may be distinguished from each other. Sunshine not only consists of vibrations which are communicated as rapid shocks to the eye, but contains also within itself tremblings of different orders of intensity and different degrees of power, which, although mingled intimately together, can nevertheless be so sifted apart by appropriate management that each can be examined by itself.

The first clear demonstration of this compound and complicated nature of sunshine was accidentally made by Sir Isaac Newton, although he was not himself at the time aware of all that was implied in his discovery. Having admitted a beam of strong sunshine into a dark room through a small hole in the window-shutter, he placed a triangular bar, or prism, of glass in the path of the sunbeam, in order to note the bending of the beam out of its proper course by the influence of the prism. In doing this, however, he found, to his surprise, that the beam was not only bent out of its course, but that it was broken up also, or dispersed, into a lengthened streak of rainbow-like colours. Upon the white screen, which he had prepared to receive the spot of sunshine after it had traversed the prism, there was cast, not the round spot of clear light which he had looked for, but a lengthened-out ribbon of illumination, in which seven distinct colours, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red, followed each other in close and rapid succession. From this beautiful experiment Sir Isaac Newton sagaciously inferred that white light, or sunlight, consists of seven different kinds of beams, all bound up together, but capable of being severed from each other. To the coloured band which he had thus produced upon the screen he gave the name of the "Prismatic Image," or "Spectrum," the technical designation by which it has since continued to be known.

Sir Isaac Newton conceived that the different kinds of light,

which he had sifted asunder in this way out of the sunbeam, were in reality the shocks of different kinds of particles which had been shot out of the sun. It is now held, however, that they are the results of different orders of vibrations of the luminiferous ether, and not shocks from emitted particles. Thus it has been pretty well ascertained that the violet light of the spectrum is a nerve-sensation produced by vibrations which are the one fifty-seven thousandth part of an inch in length; the green light, a sensation produced by vibrations the one forty-seven thousandth part of an inch; and the red light, a sensation produced by vibrations that are the one thirty-nine thousandth part. These differently-lengthened vibrations all travel together with the same speed so long as their journey lies through the void chasms of space. They keep company with each other in passing from the sun to the earth. But they are, nevertheless, not endowed with the same intensity of moving force, so that, when they have to make their way through the somewhat impeding substance of glass, instead of through void space, they do not continue to travel at an equal pace, but part company, the stronger vibrations pushing on, and the weaker lagging behind, and being more and more turned aside out of their original course than those which possess the greater energy. In traversing the prism of glass, the relatively short and weak violet and blue vibrations move with less resolute impulse than the green and the yellow, which are of superior amplitude and force; and the green and yellow, in their turn, move with less than the still longer and stronger vibrations of the orange and red. The ultimate result is that the short and weak blue vibrations are thrown the most out of their original course to one end of the spectral band, whilst the longest and strongest red vibrations, with their more resolute impulse, make their way to the other end of the prismatic image. It is another consequence of the superior momental energy of the red vibrations that the red rays themselves are less separated and dispersed than the green and blue. The red space of the spectrum is narrower and brighter than the space which is occupied by the tints of blue.

The vibrations of light are manifestly sifted asunder in this way because the tremulous movements of the ether are embarrassed in their progress when they get entangled amidst the molecules of the glass. The minute particles of the vitreous substance impede the propagation of the vibrations that are passing amongst them, and they impede that propagation the most in the case of the vibrations that have the least vigour and force. There is, however, another way in which this sifting asunder of the different orders of vibrations is accomplished in the ordinary operations of nature, that even more strikingly illustrates this power of molecular interference, when the matter is properly understood.

When sunshine or daylight falls upon a piece of white paper, the paper appears to be white because all the vibrations which fall upon it are shot back or reflected to the eye. White light falls upon the paper, and white light is thrown from it to the organ of vision. The paper appears white because all the vibrations, both the long ones and the short ones, or at least an equal proportional quantity of all those vibrations, are sent back from its surface. If sunshine be allowed to fall upon black cloth instead of upon white paper, the chief part of the vibrations penetrates in a short distance amidst the particles and fibres of the cloth, and is extinguished there, in place of being returned to the eye. The cloth is black, instead of white, because these luminous vibrations are kept in it instead of being shot back. If all the vibrations were absolutely absorbed and destroyed, the black cloth would be as invisible as the black darkness of a starless and moonless night. The cloth is dimly seen because in reality a small quantity of the vibrations are thrown back from its outside surface before they get entangled within the constituent particles of the fabric, and so communicate to it a surface-sheen which just suffices to redeem it from invisibility. Blackness, when it is complete, is the same thing as invisibility. It communicates no light-vibrations to the eye, and consequently excites no sensation of vision in the organ.

But when sunlight falls upon such an object as the petals of a scarlet geranium a more complicated operation ensues. The vibrations of shorter amplitude and inferior strength are received deep into the petal-substance of the flower, and are there held fast and quenched. But the longer and stronger vibrations, having also penetrated a certain distance in amidst the molecules, are first arrested, and then turned back without being destroyed. The flower, accordingly, is seen by their instrumentality, and by their instrumentality alone. It appears as if bathed by the vibrations which it returns ; that is, by the red vibrations of light. The flower of the geranium looks red, because it returns the red vibrations to the eye. There is no other tint of colour amidst the red, because the green and blue vibrations of inferior strength are held back by the flower, and not forwarded on to the eye in the companionship of the red. When the sunlight falls upon the flower of the violet, the vibrations of great and medium amplitude are extinguished in the substance of the flower, whilst those of shortest amplitude and lowest strength are shot back from its molecules to the eye, and so clothe its tissues with the tints of violet. The flower of the primrose, in a somewhat similar way, retains all the vibrations but the yellow ones, and gives those back to the eye ; and green leaves absorb and destroy all the vibrations but green, and send back those green ones to the eye. Such, then, is the process by which the painting of nature with colour is brought about. The luminiferous

vibrations of different orders, which are contained in the sunlight, are sifted apart by the action of the material substances on which they fall, and some of the severed vibrations are retained and destroyed, whilst others are not so destroyed, but are started again upon a reflected progress. Which of the vibrations it is that are quenched and which that are returned to the eye, depends upon the nature of the surface that is brought into communication with their tremulous movements. Some molecules drink in and retain one kind of vibrations, and others absorb and extinguish only those of a different character. But under the shadow of night there is no colour anywhere. There is then only that difference of molecular condition in opaque objects which enables them to deal in this sifting and discriminating way with the luminous vibrations when these are again supplied with the return of daylight.

In all cases, however, in which colour is produced in visible objects from the falling upon them of the vibrations of white light, such colour is due to the vibrations having made their way to some extent in amongst the particles of which such object is composed. In order that the vibrations of one class may be severed from those of a different kind, and in order that some shall be extinguished, it is indispensable that the whole shall be brought into close quarters with the material molecules that are the effective agents in the process of interference. In all probability the vibrations penetrate at least ten or twelve times their own depths into the substance, when any material effect is produced, so that those which are returned have to pass twice through this extent of the influencing molecules. Of the vibrations which pass in, one part is more powerfully absorbed and more easily extinguished than the rest, and it is the part which is not so absorbed, but which is sent back again, which determines the colour that is discerned. Such portions of the vibrations as are thrown back from the actual surface without having penetrated at all amidst the absorbing and refracting molecules, still bear the character of white light, because they have not been subjected to the sifting operation carried on by the molecules lying within, and on this account the colour of visible objects is in every case mingled with some uncoloured superficial reflection, or gloss. With very compact substances, such as metallic silver, the light may be almost entirely reflected from the surface, without penetrating in amongst the particles at all. It then appears to the eye as the well-known colourless but brilliant metallic lustre.

There are many charming experiments contrived by scientific men to show that the explanation which has been here given is the correct interpretation of the colour-effects of nature. Some of these are very easily performed, and are of an instructive and interesting character. Thus, for instance, if the deep orange-coloured solution

which is made when bichromate of potash is dissolved in water, be poured into a dish or bath of black ebonite, and this be placed on the floor, no colour is seen in the liquid because the black ebonite absorbs and destroys all the luminious vibrations which pass down to it through the liquid. No yellow light at all is returned to the eye. But if a white porcelain plate be slipped into the dish, the orange colour of the liquid immediately becomes visible, because then the orange vibrations which are not destroyed by the liquid are returned through it from the white plate, and so finally reach the eye. The liquid itself destroys all the vibrations but those which produce the orange impression. The black ebonite destroys the orange vibrations which the solution of bichromate of potash has spared. But the white plate reflects them instead. A somewhat similar experiment to this is exhibited by nature itself every day, when the sunlight, which falls upon the opaque surface of the earth, is reflected from it up into the air. The strong red vibrations make their way out through the air into space, and are dissipated there so as to be lost to human eyes. But the faint blue vibrations, having less penetrative impulse, and being unable to struggle through, are intercepted on their way by the minute particles of air and transparent vapour which lie in their path, and are turned back from them to the eye. They then are seen as the blueness of the overhanging vault of the sky. After sunset the vibrations which pass up from the sun into the vapours and mists that float above the western horizon, do not make their way through these obstructive media as freely as the light-vibrations do through the clearer air of noontide, and consequently then even the strong orange and red lights are intercepted and turned back to the eye, and in that way the western sky gets clothed with the gorgeous hues which are so common in the early twilight.

The familiar effect produced by coloured fires is sufficient in itself, if rightly considered, to establish the doctrine of the nature of colour which has been here advanced. When illumination is artificially produced by a monochromatic or one-coloured flame, no other tint appears in objects of any kind than the one which that particular flame is competent to confer. Red fire makes everything look red, and green fire makes everything look green. The most instructive, however, of the monochromatic lights is the one which contains only very faint yellow vibrations, such as is illustrated in a rude form in the snap-dragon of the Christmas season. This light, when properly prepared, is capable of producing a very startling and surprising effect. The best process for its production consists in heating over a spirit lamp, in a shallow iron dish, a mixture of equal parts of spirit of wine and water, into which some common salt has to be sprinkled when the dilute spirit begins to boil. The salt is then decomposed into chlorine and sodium, and when the

mixture is set on fire, the sodium tinges with a pale yellow hue the flame which rises out of the dish. If, in the absence of all other light, a group of brilliantly coloured objects, such as crimson, blue, and green articles of apparel, and gaily-tinted flowers, be brought within the illumination of this flame, it is found that all the colours have disappeared and that nothing remains but dingy neutral-tint shades of greater or less intensity. Everything appears of a ghastly and quite colourless hue. The faces of people around assume a bloodless cadaverous aspect, because every red tint in the skin is destroyed. This experiment, when carefully and skilfully exhibited, is on the whole the best practical illustration that can be given of the fact that colour is an attribute of light and not a quality of visible objects.

In the early experiments with the prism it was conceived that three only of the seven prismatic tints, namely, red, yellow, and blue, were primary colours, and it was held that the other four colours were merely secondary minglings of these primary ones with each other. As early as the year 1792 Christian Ernst Wünsch, of Leipzig, however, ascertained that not red, yellow, and blue, but red, green, and violet, are the primary colours of the spectrum. The experimental proof of this view is the fact that none of these colours, red, green, and violet, as they are found in the spectrum, can be broken up or resolved into other tints. If pure green, pure red, or pure violet light is passed through the prism, it comes out exactly what it goes in. Each of these colours must therefore consist of luminous vibrations which are all of the same fixed and definite length. In the paper contributed to the Royal Society in 1860, Professor Clerk Maxwell gave an account of an apparatus which he had devised for the experimental examination of the colour-rays of the solar spectrum, and he therein states that in his experiments he found the true and pure centre of green light very definitely fixed at a spot which was about one-fourth of the length of the spectrum from one of its extremities, but that he could not as satisfactorily fix the position of the pure red and blue rays. In reference to the blue, indeed, there is some difference of opinion amongst scientific authorities whether the true centre of the undecomposable vibration is to be found in the blue or in the violet portion of the least refrangible end of the spectrum. Professor Maxwell inclined to think that blue had the best claim to the distinction. But Dr. Young always awarded it to the violet, and the majority of recent experimentalists support the views of Dr. Young. In the most exact of recent treatises on the composition of light, red, green, and violet are spoken of as the primitive and undecomposable colours. Yellow is unquestionably a compound and not a primitive colour, as it has so long been conceived to be. Dr. Young appears to have been quite aware of this. But the beautiful ex-

periments of Professor Clerk Maxwell disposed finally of the pretensions of yellow. He found that in every case orange and yellow vibrations in the spectrum were equivalent to mixtures of green and red. When yellow light is passed through the prism, red and green rays emerge from the opposite side; and when, on the other hand, red and green lights are intimately mingled by optical contrivances, they invariably present themselves as yellow.

All the other secondary colours also can be produced in a similar way by mingling together the primary ones, if light itself, and not artificial pigments, be used. Orange is composed of red and green, indigo of violet and green. Both yellow and indigo and yellow and blue produce white when they are mixed together, because the yellow contains red and green in itself. The popular notion that yellow and blue produce green is a fallacy due to the circumstance that coloured pigments, and not pure luminous vibrations, are employed in the artist's formation of green. The colours in artificial pigments are never pure. When blue and yellow *pigments* are mixed together, the one absorbs and extinguishes all the yellow, orange, and red, and the other all the violet, indigo, and blue. Green, being thus the only colour whose vibrations neither extinguishes, is the only one which survives, and which is transmitted to the eye when blue and yellow pigments are mixed together.

The impurity of pigments as media of colour is very well illustrated in another way. If the three primary colours of the spectrum are brought together in due proportion by an optical contrivance, such as passing them back from a concave mirror, a spot of pure white light is the result. But if a round disc of cardboard be painted with the same colours, in the same proportions, in separate segments, and be then rapidly whirled round a central pivot or pin, so that the several colours are confused together in the eye by the whirling, the cardboard appears not white but of a tolerably deep shade of neutral tint. However brilliant the hues upon the cardboard may be made, these still contain particles which absorb and extinguish some of the vibrations of each of the several colours, so that the proper proportions for the composition of pure white light do not remain. This whirling table of cardboard is, however, capable of being turned to very interesting philosophic use. Discs of the four colours, red, yellow, green, and blue, and also of white and black, are in the first instance prepared in such a way that, by means of a slit cut in each straight from the centre to the circumference, two or three can be slipped over each other so as to show any desired combination of different proportions of colours on the circular board. A second set of discs of exactly the same kind, but of only half the breadth of the larger ones, are also provided. When the inner discs are properly arranged, there then appears a small central cirular space of one series of colours surrounded by a

broad rim of a different series ; and when the circular board is whirled round, the tints produced by the inner circle and the outer zone under any given adjustment can be compared, and the segments can be from time to time modified in either or both, until the two are found to match. By this piece of apparatus it can be readily shown that altogether different combinations may be made to produce the same result. Thus, for instance, if the outer rim consist of 23 parts of green, 44 parts of yellow, and 99 of blue, and the inner circle of 118 parts of black and 48 parts of white, when the table is whirled, the central circle and the circumferential band are both found to wear precisely the same shade of neutral tint. In order to produce these effects, the disc must, however, be made to revolve as rapidly as sixteen times in a second ; otherwise the different chromatic elements are not combined in a single impression upon the nerves of the eye. The disc must move so fast that the impression of the following colour falls upon the eye before that of the preceding one has passed away. Such rapid revolution is easily produced by the employment of multiplying wheels to drive the disc. By this apparatus it can be demonstrated that proper proportions of blue and green match with black, white, and red. Red and green form a drab which matches with black, white, and yellow. The three primary colours, red, blue, and green, can, by proper apportionment and management, be made to match with any hue that can be conceived.

There is one particular ground upon which the promotion of green to the dignified position of a primary and undecomposable colour, in the place of yellow, should be contemplated with special satisfaction. Green is obviously the great central colour of nature itself. It is the tint by which by far the larger part of the surface of the earth is covered. This greenness which is so characteristic an attribute of vegetation is due to the formation of a particular principle in the living plant, to which the appropriate name of "leaf-green," or "chlorophyl," has been given. This colouring principle is prepared upon the largest scale by the co-operation of light and of the living vegetable structure. It is produced by the destructive resolution of carbonic acid, the gaseous food of plants, into its elements, and by the appropriation of the carbon derived from that source as the base of a more elaborate process of manufacture. It is principally composed of carbon and hydrogen, but with these two predominant constituents there are mingled in relatively small apportionments of nitrogen and oxygen. The green product is, however, only perfected in the presence of sunlight, and that is why vegetation becomes so intensely green in the strong sunshine of summer, and why green plants become blanched when they are made to vegetate in darkness. The exact proportion of the four essential elements which are used in the fabrication of chlorophyl

is not ascertained with absolute certainty, but the chemists conceive that there is something like 18 atoms of carbon and 18 of hydrogen with 2 atoms of nitrogen and 3 of oxygen apportioned to each molecule. When the chlorophyl has been formed out of these elements in the transparent spaces of living leaves, it is moulded into the shape of a series of little grains, and these grains are then packed away close together in the interior cavities of the vegetable structure. As daylight falls upon the membranes of living plants, its vibrations penetrate in through the outer transparent films of the structure, until they reach the chlorophyl-granules within, and then all the vibrations but the green are absorbed, to be employed in the carbon-fixing work, and to be quenched and destroyed in the service to which they are thus put. But the green vibrations, not being so used, are returned back through the outer transparent films to impress the sensation of greenness upon the eye. Only those plants, however, which perform the proper carbon-fixing work of vegetable life, acquire the attribute of greenness. Such plants as feed parasitically upon already prepared organised matters, instead of fixing carbon for themselves, have no power to fabricate chlorophyl, and are, therefore, of a brown colour instead of being green. Most fungous plants are of this character.

At the approach of autumn the greenness of the leaves begins to change into yellow and brown, and even, in some cases, into red. This change is simultaneous with the failure of the tissues to elaborate chlorophyl. Carbon is insufficiently appropriated and imperfectly fixed, and an excessive amount of oxygen is mingled in with the compound that is formed. In other words, the great base of vegetative colour, the leaf-green, is oxidised. In the case of red and yellow flowers, the colour of the petals results from a process that is of a somewhat analogous character. Chlorophyl is first organised in the young petals, and then this chlorophyl is changed into red colouring matter by the oxidation of the green granules.

The blue pigment of vegetable structures, which is more rarely met with in connexion with leaves, but which is not at all uncommon in their floral modifications, appears to be due to the production of another kind of modificatiou in the chlorophyl. Instead of being unduly oxidised, all traces of oxygen are removed from the granules, and a small quantity of iodine and increased quantities of carbon are supplied to them in its place. Chemists refer the blue colouring principle of flowers to a distinct compound, which they have named cyanine, and which contains in every one of its own constituent molecules 28 atoms of carbon, 25 of hydrogen, 1 of iodine, and 1 of nitrogen. In all probability, therefore, the great diversity in the colour of flowers is due to a mere modification of the chlorophyl-granules which are primarily deposited in their cells, yellow and orange hues being produced when the green chlo-

rophyl is oxidised, and blue and violet ones when it is additionally carbonised and iodised instead. The Swiss botanist De Candolle, who gave much attention to this interesting subject, classed all the flowers of the oxidised series as belonging to what he termed the xanthic group, and all those of the deoxidised or carbonised series as belonging to the cyanic group; and he further showed that plants which are proper to these different groups, as a general rule, only change the colour of their flowers through the tints of their own particular series, although both can pass on to red as the extreme limit of departure from the primary type. The red of the xanthic series, however, is of a brilliant scarlet hue, whilst the red of the cyanic series is of a violet tint. White, in the case of flowers, is in every instance a very diluted tint of some kind of colour. Some whites belong to the xanthic, and some to the cyanic, group of colours. This is at once made apparent when the petals of white flowers are infused in spirits of wine. The tincture in this way produced invariably gives indication of some kind of colour. Rose-colour in flowers is simply a variety of red, and consequently may belong to either of the two series. The true roses incline to the yellow tints of the xanthic type, whilst the rose-coloured hydrangeas are as obviously allied to the blue group. Marigolds, ranunculuses, potentillas, evening primroses, and tulips, as well as roses, are all illustrations of the xanthic group, in which the green chlorophyl tends to change in the flowers through yellow and orange to red. Blue flowers are almost unknown amongst these genera. The geranium, phlox, campanula, hyacinth, and anagallis, on the other hand, are instances of plants in which the variation of the flower is through blue and violet to red, but in which yellows are scarcely ever seen.

From the explanation which has here been given of the nature of the colouring matter of flowers, it will be inferred that the great characteristic function of leaves, the fixation of carbon and the exhalation of oxygen from their pores, can hardly be looked for in the petals of flowers. With the change of the chlorophyl, either by oxidation or by an excessive abundance of carbon, the normal process of elaboration disappears. In all brightly coloured flowers oxygen is absorbed instead of being exhaled, and in some instances with such avidity that there is actually a rise of temperature in the flower on account of the combustive process which is carried on in its petals.

In the recently discovered process for the manufacture of aniline dyes, the chemist in some measure follows out a suggestion which has been furnished to him by nature. These dyes are all primarily derived from a compound of hydrogen and carbon originally built up by the elaborating power of vegetable life. The base of them all is the liquid familiarly known as benzine, which is itself procur-

ed from coal-gas tar by distillation at a low temperature. The coal-gas tar is obviously, in the first instance, a product of the vegetable life which was present in the chlorophyl-containing plants whose tissues were ultimately converted into coal. The benzine extracted from the gas tar is converted into aniline by the mere addition of one atom of hydrogen and one of nitrogen to the six atoms of carbon and six of hydrogen which compose each of its molecules.*

The person who seems to have first conceived a definite idea of the vibratory nature of light was Robert Hooke, the Gresham Professor of Geometry in London in 1664. He published in that year a book called "Micrographia," in which he speaks of light as consisting of a "quick, short, vibratory motion" propagated through a homogeneous medium. The notion generally adopted before his time was one which had been originally taught by the French philosopher René Descartes, of Touraine, and which was to the effect that light was caused by the emission of small ball-like particles from luminous bodies. According to the views of Descartes, colour was due to the alternating rotatory movement of these spheroidal particles. The Dutch philosopher Huyghens, known honourably amongst scientific men as the first constructor of telescopes of large dimensions, reproduced and improved Hooke's idea in a treatise upon the nature of light, which was published in Leyden in 1690. In this book he referred many of the best-known effects of reflection, refraction, and double refraction to the instrumentality of undulation. Sir Isaac Newton himself seems to have been in some measure inclined at this time to look upon the vibratory theory with favour, although he subsequently adopted the notion of the emission of material particles. The ultimate establishment of the undulatory theory as an accepted doctrine of science was, however, mainly due to the labours of Dr. Thomas Young, who was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain in 1801, because by its means he satisfactorily explained all the complicated and beautiful phenomena of the colours of thin plates and of polarisation, and traced most of these effects to the interferences produced when vibrations of different lengths and velocities coincide with or pass each other. He very ingeniously and strikingly compared these results with the interferences well known to be produced in the case of sound-vibrations propagated through the air. Two French engineer officers, Auguste Fresnel and Etienne-Louis Malus, not long afterwards signally confirmed and extended the conclusions of Dr. Young by the skilful applica-

* In the preparation of the aniline dyes, benzine is first treated with strong nitric acid, and turned into a compound designated nitro-benzine. This is then acted upon by iron filings, acetic acid, and steam, and is in that way converted into the aniline which is afterwards transformed by appropriate chemical manipulations into the various dye-stuffs.

tion of mathematical processes. In his comprehensive "History of the Inductive Sciences" Dr. Whewell, in alluding to the part which was played by these distinguished investigators in the advancement of this branch of human knowledge, speaks of Huyghens and Hooke as having performed the same service for optical science that Copernicus rendered for astronomy, of Malus and Sir David Brewster as having been the representatives of Tycho Brahe and Kepler, and of Fresnel and Young as having occupied a similar place to Newton in his own department of research. As in the case of gravity, however, the new doctrine advocated by these great authorities seems to have been ultimately accepted by scientific men, not because the assumed agency had been brought within the actual reach of sensual demonstration, but because a very complicated and elaborate series of physical effects could be explained by its instrumentality without a single failure or flaw. Wave-lengths and wave-interferences are now dealt with by mathematical formulæ, in reasoning upon luminous effects, with the same precision and certainty as the movements and position of the heavenly bodies; and it is in this sense that the undulatory theory of light stands firmly by the side of the theory of gravitation.

It is worthy of a passing notice that, in his very interesting series of popular lectures on scientific subjects, which were not long since introduced to the English public under the auspices of Professor Tyndall, one of the most competent authorities on matters of physical science, Professor Helmholtz, of the University of Berlin, confirms Dr. Whewell's estimate of the labours of Dr. Young in the following remarkable words:—

"The theory of colours, with all these marvellous and complicated relations, was a riddle which Goethe in vain attempted to solve; nor were the physicists and physiologists more successful. I include myself in the number, for I long toiled at the task without getting any nearer to my object, until I at last discovered that a wonderfully simple solution had been discovered at the beginning of this century, and had been in print ever since for anyone to read who chose. This solution was found and published by Dr. Young. . . . He was one of the most acute men who ever lived, but had the misfortune to be too far in advance of his contemporaries. They looked on him with astonishment, but could not follow his bold speculations, and thus a mass of his most important thoughts remained buried and forgotten in the Transactions of the Royal Society, until a later generation, by slow degrees, arrived at the rediscovery of his discoveries, and came to appreciate the force of his arguments and the accuracy of his conclusions."

One of the perplexities to which Professor Helmholtz here alludes was the consideration that no mechanical impulse can be procured from the rays of light. The calculation had been made that if the molecule of light weighed a single grain, its momentum, at its ascertained rate of travelling, would be equal to that of a 150 pound cannon ball, moving with the speed of 1,000 feet in the second; and although it could be assumed that the luminous molecule might be of many million times less weight than one grain, it had

also to be borne in mind that its impulse could be increased many million times by concentring the action of many rays in the focus of a large lens. Still the most delicate experiments reveal no trace of impulse.

Another of the difficulties which had to be faced in the emission-theory of Descartes was the extreme improbability that the emission of luminiferous molecules could be the same for all sources. Laplace had pointed out that with a fixed star two hundred and fifty times the mass of the sun, the momentum of the luminous molecules would be actually destroyed by the preponderant attraction of the body itself. The molecules would be held back by gravity, and retained, instead of being launched forth upon their light-producing excursion. Uniformity of velocity, from whatever source, is, on the other hand, a simple and natural result of the undulatory theory; because in it the velocity depends not on the character of the exciting cause, but on t e elasticity and density of the medium through which the vibrations are propagated. If these be uniform, as they obviously must be in an imponderable ether of extreme tenuity, the velocities of propagation would necessarily be identical for all sources, as they unquestionably are in actual fact. The chief objection which Newton urged against the undulatory theory was that, in an elastic medium, waves ought to be propagated in all directions, and should have the power of turning round corners and getting behind bodies that stand in their path, as waves of sound do; whereas in the case of light there is a shadow behind opaque bodies that stand in the direct advance of luminous vibrations. Young answered this objection by assuming the probability of the ethereal medium being so constituted that the lateral play of the vibrations is present, although degraded rapidly and soon quenched; and it was one of the triumphs of his theory that he was able to show these lateral vibrations in the form of fringes of colour at the edges of shadows. He considered these shadow-fringes to be the expiring efforts of the lateral vibrations to get round the opaque objects that intervene in their path.

If, however, it be true that differences of colour depend upon diversities in the length and frequency of the vibrations of the luminiferous ether, it must also be true that the nervous structure of the organ of vision has been so fashioned as to be capable of discriminating between the different orders of impulses which fall upon it. The visual nerves must in some way be able to tell whether it is 39,000, or 47,000, or 57,000 shocks which strike upon them in the second. How this essential result has been provided for in the minute organisation of the eye has not been yet absolutely demonstrated. But Dr. Young's own conception of the matter was that there are different nerves in the eye prepared for the reception and transmission of the different primary colours, and that

the nerve-fibrils which are responsive to the vibrations of one primitive colour are insensible to the vibrations of the other two. According to this idea, there are nerve-fibrils which can vibrate responsively to shocks of the frequency of 57,000 in the second, but which cannot be made to thrill with shocks that are not more frequent than 39,000 in the second. There are blue-nerves, so to speak, which are insensible to green and red vibrations; green-nerves which are insensible to red and blue thrills; and red-nerves which are proof against the vibratory movements of blue and green. When a blue impression falls upon the retina, the nerve-fibrils which are in harmony with their movements are made to thrill; but the red and green nerve-fibrils remain impassive and at rest. The blue-nerves then pass on the tremulous impulses which they have received to the brain, and the brain, taking note of the particular service of nerves by which the impressions have come in, records the sensation as a blue one.

Microscopic anatomists have not been able to discern anything in the structural arrangements of the nerve-fibrils of the eye which corresponds with this notion of Dr. Young's. But the suggestion has, nevertheless, the strong recommendation that it satisfactorily accounts for various physiological facts. Thus it is a well-known circumstance that the eye soon becomes fatigued by the continued impression of one kind of colour, although remaining keenly sensible at the same time to luminous vibrations of a different character. Such a result would obviously be a very natural consequence if different nerve-routes were employed for the transmission of the vibrations of different colours. Those nerves only which were thrown into vibratory movement would then be wearied by the effort. And, yet again, there is a peculiar defect in the vision of some people, which is characterised as colour-blindness, and which manifests itself principally in the eye being incapable of discriminating red colours. Scarlet geraniums cannot be distinguished from the green leaves of the plant, or cherries from the foliage of the tree, excepting by their form; the red-hot coals of a fire look green. The green and red lights of railway signals appear to be merely different shades of the same colour. Occasionally scarlet and green both look like some tint of yellow. People who suffer from this visual defect in reality have only two primary colours in their repertory instead of three. With the revolving colour-table, white and red appear to them to match exactly with green and blue, although, in ordinary eyes, the one combination would be perceived as rose-colour, and the other as deep blue. It is, however, a curious fact that colour-blind people are not themselves conscious of the defect unless it is demonstrated to them by direct experiment, because they have no means of telling what the effects are that are produced on other eyes. The crucial test of the defect is that red and green

appear to be the same colour when placed side by side. Dr. Young's explanation of colour-blindness was simply to the effect that the nerve-fibrils adapted to the transmission of red vibrations were absent altogether in the eyes of persons who suffered from the incapacity. He conceived that such eyes were furnished with the nerve-fibrils which dealt with blue and green light, but that they were destitute of those which responded to the red vibrations.*

Helmholtz, who is one of the highest living authorities in relation to this subject, obviously regards this ingenious suggestion of Dr. Young with marked favour. He says in reference to it:

"Dr. Young supposes that there are in the eye three kinds of nerve-fibres, the first of which, when irritated in any way, produces the sensation of red, the second the sensation of green, and the third that of violet. He further assumes that the first are excited most strongly by the waves of ether of greatest length; the second, which are sensitive to green light, by the waves of the middle length; while those which convey the impressions of violet are acted upon only by the shortest vibrations of ether. Accordingly on the red end of the spectrum the excitation of those fibres which are sensitive to that colour predominates; hence the appearance of that part as red. Further on there is added an impression upon the fibres sensitive to green light, and thus results the mixed sensation of yellow. In the middle of the spectrum the nerves sensitive to green become much more excited than the other two kinds, and accordingly green is the predominant impression. As soon as this becomes mixed with violet the result is the colour known as blue; while at the most highly refracted end of the spectrum the impression produced on the fibres which are sensitive to violet light overcomes every other. . . . The difference of the sensation of colour depends on whether one or the other kind of nervous fibres are more strongly affected. When all are equally excited, the result is the sensation of white light."

Whatever may be the fact as to the arrangement of the minute nerve-structure of the eye in this particular, there is no doubt that the alternation of the impressions of different colours upon the organ is a source of very marked pleasure. It is always agreeable to have the impression of one kind of primary colour accompanied or followed by the impression of those complementary tints which would combine with that primary to constitute white illumination. The effect of any given primary colour upon the eye is deepened and rendered more vigorous when associated with its complementary tints. It is also dulled when associated with other distinct impressions of the same colour; and the colour itself is darkened in the presence of associated brighter tints of the same hue. Every impression of a primary colour is agreeable to the eye. But the association of two primary colours together is more pleasing than the impression of one isolated one; and the association of three is more pleasant than the coincident presence of two. The most pleasant

* It appears from some recent experiments of physiologists that all eyes are deficient in nerve-fibrils, capable of transmitting the red vibrations of light, at the outer portions of the retina; and that the red-blind eye is simply one in which the full perfection of the organ has not been duly developed in the central tract that is employed for the most delicate and refined processes of vision.

impression of all is, probably, that which calls up the sensation of white illumination, in which all the three primary colours are united together in one coincident effect. It has indeed been looked upon as a remarkable peculiarity of the action of light, that, although some impressions of colour are more pleasing than others, there is no impression amongst them that is actually painful in itself. This is held by some authorities to indicate that there is no such thing as a positive colour-discord. It rarely happens in the production of colour-effects, that only one order of vibrations is impressed upon the eye at a time. The simple sensations are probably never excited in absolute purity, but are at all times more or less mingled together in a greater or less degree. Two or more different kinds of vibration impinge upon the eye either together or in rapid succession, and so combine for the production of a compound effect. In the excitation of the sensation of yellow, for instance, vibrations of green and red coexist, and are transmitted each by their own order of nerves, and so reach the brain at the extremities of those nerves, as a compound impression. The yellow is pure when the green and the red luminous vibrations are combined in equal intensity ; but it inclines to a green hue when the green vibrations are stronger than the red, and to a reddish hue when the red vibrations are predominant over the green. In the spectrum itself, however, it appears that vibrations of all orders of length between the one thirty-nine thousandth and the one fifty-seven thousandth of an inch are found. The band of coloured light is continuous from end to end without any break, and each separate part is formed by vibrations which differ in length from those immediately to the right or to the left, and which therefore are bent from their original path by the action of the prism in a corresponding degree. The recent invention of the spectroscope, which enables the spectral image to be dispersed to an enormous length beyond that which could be reached with the rude prism of Newton, and which further enables that image to be scrutinised through its entire extent by powerful magnifying glasses, has definitely proved that this is the case. The vibrations of the pure white beam are seen by this instrument to be scattered by the instrumentality of its prisms through the entire range of the prismatic image without interruption anywhere, unless when, as in the case of the sun, there are narrow gaps or black lines at fixed points of the coloured band, caused by vapour-screens so placed in front of the primary source of illumination as to be able to intercept vibrations of a certain order of length and intensity as they attempt to pass through. The spectroscope, indeed, seems to intimate that the spectrum is composed of an infinitely great variety of definite colours instead of only three, each one being but very little different in its order of succession and in its degree of refrangibility from the rest, although an absolute

and sharp separation of any one from the rest is impossible on account of some overlapping of the different orders of vibrations at their contiguous edges. There can scarcely be a doubt now entertained that there are vibrations in all intermediate stages of force and frequency between the red and violet ends of the spectrum—vibrations that increase with quite imperceptible stages of frequency from the 39,000 vibrations in a second of the red end of the spectrum up to the 57,000 in a second of the violet extremity. The views of scientific men regarding the composition of white light, and regarding the nature and seat of the primary and undecomposable colours, may in all probability have on this account to be modified before long, to bring them into a more rigid accordance with the rapidly advancing discoveries of this recent marvel of experimental research. But such modifications will assuredly be in the direction of extension and refinement of the theory of Dr. Young, rather than in that of superseding it in any fundamental or essential particular. It would be idle and rash to attempt to speculate at the present time upon the course which these further extensions of discovery are most likely to take. They may run in the direction of the multiplication of the primary colours from the orthodox standard of three; or in the direction of some new code of wave-interferences, which will as effectually account for the even dispersion of intervening tints through the largely lengthened spectrum without such radical change. But in either case it may be anticipated that they will certainly prove additional supports rather than elements of downfall for the noble structure which Dr. Young and his successors have raised.

In the "Modern Chromatics" of Professor Ogden Rood, which has been just added to Messrs. Kegan & Paul's valuable international series of scientific books, the colour theory of Dr. Young has been unreservedly and unconditionally adopted by the author, who, as a distinguished professor of physics in Columbia College, United States, must be accepted as a competent authority on the branch of science of which he treats. In this interesting book Professor Rood deals briefly and succinctly with what may be termed the scientific *rationale* of this subject. But the chief value of his work is to be attributed to the fact that he is himself an accomplished artist, as well as an authoritative expounder of science. He accordingly dwells most fully upon the artist's side of the question. Much the larger part of his pages is occupied by such matters as the mixture and the complementary effects of colours, the influences of luminosity, the principles of contrast and gradation, and the specific requirements and differences of decorative art and painting. The author lays down three primary conditions, which he designates the "constants" of colour. These constants are purity, luminosity, and hue. The purity of colour essentially depends upon its freedom from

adulteration with white light. When white light is added to a pure elementary colour, the chromatic purity is diminished, although the luminous intensity is increased. The *colour* is made *paler* in the same degree that the brightness of the light is augmented. The colour element is pushed into the background. Luminosity, on the other hand, is measured and appraised by the intensity of the nerve-impressions, whatever that may be. To produce what is technically termed full saturation with colour, that colour must be both luminous and pure. Hue, again, is the quality which is determined by the wave-length of the vibratory impression. Aubert, the author of the "Physiology of the Retina" (*Physiologie der Netzhaut*), in which he has examined the sensitiveness of the eye to these different chromatic conditions, states that the eye can discriminate the addition of the one three hundred and sixtieth part of the white light which happens to be mingled with colour, and that the alteration of luminosity to the extent of the one hundred and eightieth part of its entire amount can be discerned. He also points out that as one thousand distinguishable hues are recognised in the solar spectrum by powerful spectroscopes, and as these hues are all capable of being modified many times by successive additions of white light, the eye must be capable of distinguishing certainly not less than two millions of distinct tints. The purity and the hue of colour are determined by comparing it with corresponding tints in the luminous spectrum of sunshine. The luminosity is most conveniently measured by contrasting the colour with white and black segments in the revolving colour discs, and marking the relative proportions of white and black which serve to produce a similar intensity of impression. Thus, if a red outer zone requires one part of white and three parts of black in the inner circle to constitute a match, the luminosity of the red colour is 25 per cent. of that of white paper.

Professor Rood, from elaborate investigations of this character, has formed an estimate of the relative value of the colour-constituents of white light. The proportions which he gives for 1,000 parts of white sunlight are :

	Parts.		Parts.
Red	54	Yellowish green	121
Orange red	140	Green and blue green	134
Orange	80	Cyan blue	32
Orange yellow	114	Blue	40
Yellow	54	Ultramarine and blue violet	20
Greenish yellow	206	Violet	5

From this examination he infers that the total luminosity of the warm colours of the artist is three times as great as that of the cold ones.

The physiological effects of contrasted colours are interestingly

described by Professor Rood. The fundamental experiment upon which he builds his explanations is simply the snatching suddenly away a small patch of bright green paper from the face of a sheet of grey cardboard after it has been steadfastly looked at for a little while. A faint image of a rose-red colour immediately appears in the place which was previously occupied by the green patch. This rose-coloured spectre, or ghost, is due to the fact that the green-feeling nerves of the retina of the eye have become fatigued and dulled by the contemplation of the patch, so that when it is snatched away they cease to be sensitive to the green light which issues from the grey cardboard, although they can still take due cognisance of the red and violet constituents that are associated in it with the green. A somewhat analogous effect is produced in visual perceptions by the mere close contiguity of strongly contrasted colours. Each interferes with, and to some extent modifies, the impression which is made by its next-door neighbour. This is well shown if two strips of paper, one coloured with ultramarine and the other with cyan blue, be placed in close contact, side by side, whilst two precisely similar strips are laid a short distance off, and with an interval of two or three inches between them. The tints of the contiguous strips appear distinctly different from those of the more remote ones, although they are in reality identical. The colour of each of the first pair of strips is changed exactly as it would be if it were mixed with some pigment of a complementary tint. If, again, a grey pattern is traced upon a green ground, the tracery always acquires a reddish hue. Professor Rood repeats an anecdote in illustration of this curious effect of contrast which was first told by Chevreul, and which furnishes a very amusing illustration of this peculiarity. Upon a certain occasion red and blue fabrics were given to a manufacturer, with instructions that they were to be ornamented with black patterns. When, however, the work was returned, it seemed as if green patterns had been put upon the red stuff, and copper-coloured ones upon the blue. In consequence, however, of a complaint of the imperfect performance of the instructions having been made, Chevreul was appealed to, and he covered the coloured grounds in such a way that the pattern only was exposed to the eye, when it was at once seen that the tracery was black in both instances, and that the apparent difference was an optical illusion dependent upon contrast. There is one beautiful experiment described by Professor Rood which is not perhaps so generally known as it deserves to be, although it is very easily performed. A ray of white daylight having been allowed to pass through a hole in a window-shutter into an otherwise darkened room, a wooden rod is so interposed in its path that a shadow is cast by it upon a sheet of white cardboard. A candle is then lighted and so placed that a second shadow of the rod is thrown by it a

couple of inches or so away from the first one. The candlelight shadow then appears to be blue instead of white, in consequence of the influence of contrast with the orange-yellow light which illuminates all the rest of the cardboard.

This power of contiguous colours to modify the specific impression which each makes upon the eye is one of the difficulties which landscape painters have to study and meet. If an artist paints the colours which he thinks he sees, his picture is pretty sure to be wide of the mark which has been aimed at. The colours of natural objects are of a very much lower intensity than the tints which they suggest. Distant fields, for instance, are commonly clothed with a grey containing only a faint tinge of green, when they seem to the eye to be intensely green. The true colours of the different parts of a landscape can only be correctly appreciated when each is dissociated from its companionship with the rest; and Ruskin has suggested that this discrimination of tint can be most conveniently made by examining each separate part of a view through a small square aperture cut in white cardboard, and held at arm's length from the eye. The colours used in the composition of a picture require to be so selected and grouped that they help each other both by the influence of sympathy and contrast. Professor Rood remarks that what an artist has to do is to seize upon colour-melodies as they occur in nature, and to reproduce them upon canvas with such modifications as his own instincts impel him to make. The great distinction which he draws between painting and the management of colour in the decorative arts is, that in the first colour is subordinate to form, whilst in the second it is more important than form. In painting, colour has to be used as a means of accomplishing an end; whereas in decoration it is itself the end. A painting is a representation of an absent beautiful object, but an ornamented surface is the beautiful object itself. It is on this account that the realistic representation of natural objects is unfitted for decorative art.

In "Modern Chromatics" attention is drawn to a physiological reason for certain effects of contrast in artists' work, which is worthy of notice. When light falls upon the nerves of the eye, it produces a sensation which remains for a short interval after the exciting cause has ceased to act. This after-sensation is identical in all respects with the primary one, with the exception that it grows gradually more and more faint until it fades quite away. When, however, this after-image has finally disappeared, there springs suddenly up in its place a secondary image of an altogether different character, and of a tint that is complementary to that of the primary impression. Thus the immediate after-image of a red sensation is red; but the spectral image which follows when the red impression has faded away is greenish blue, the tint that is complementary to red.

These negative or complementary after-images necessarily exert an important influence in modifying the character of chromatic perceptions. The positive after-images have also a specific operation of their own where moving objects are concerned. The appearances characterising water in motion depend upon them to a considerable extent. The images perceived are really made up of an unconscious combination of successive pictures left upon the nerves. The elongated streaks noticed in waves of the sea dancing in sunlight are really not streaks, but successions of round images of the sun lengthened out in consequence of their motion. Instantaneous photographs, for this reason, are by no means such true transcripts of nature as they pretend to be. The visual image of waves breaking upon the beach is quite a distinct thing from the instantaneous photograph of the same objects. The visual image is made up of different views rapidly succeeding each other, and fusing themselves together into one compound impression in the eye; but the photographic image is a single hard transcript of *one* of the series of successive pictures. Professor Rood states, in reference to the duration of a visual impression upon the retina of the eye, that it lasts with undiminished force for the forty-eighth part of a second, but that its total duration with decreasing strength is for a much longer time, probably being as much as a third part of a second in many instances. A white spot near the edge of a black disc revolving forty-eight times in the second produces the effect of a continuous white ring near the circumference of the disc. But the luminosity of the ring is necessarily more feeble than that of the white spot, because the light of the spot is scattered over the comparatively larger surface of the ring when the disc is caused to revolve.

It has generally been conceived that the yellow tints of the solar spectrum have the highest degree of luminosity. Some quite recent researches by Dr. Draper, of the United States, made indeed whilst this article has been passing through the press, have, however, seemed to indicate that this is not the case, and that all the colours of the spectrum are equally luminous. The experiment upon which this conclusion is based consists in so arranging a single-prism spectroscope that a bright light can be *reflected* from the first surface of the prism into the field of view of the telescope by which the spectrum is viewed. The bright light then overlaps the whole of the spectrum. If in this state of matters the reflected light is gradually reduced, either by lowering the flame of the lamp from which it proceeds, or by removing this further from the instrument, it at length may be made so faint as to be barely visible. If then the size of the flame is slowly increased, it will be found that the colours of the spectrum are gradually and successively extinguished by the augmenting glare, beginning with the violet end and finishing with the red. When, however, the prism is re-

moved, and a diffraction-grating substituted in its place, the whole of the spectrum is quenched simultaneously when the reflected light is brought up to the requisite degree of intensity, instead of disappearing piecemeal, colour after colour. This curious result of the substitution of the chromatic spectrum of the diffraction-grating for that of the prism has been substantially confirmed by Mr Browning, of London, who is at the present time engaged with a further experimental investigation of the phenomenon.

Edinburgh Review.

THE LORD'S PRAYER AND THE CHURCH.

LETTERS ADDRESSED BY JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L., TO THE CLERGY.

THE following letters, which are still receiving the careful consideration of many of my brother clergy, are, at the suggestion of the editor, now printed in the *Contemporary Review*, with the object of eliciting a further and wider expression of opinion. In addition to the subjoined brief introductory address, I desire here to say that every reader of these remarkable letters should remember that they have proceeded from the pen of a very eminent layman, who has not had the advantage, or disadvantage, of any special theological training; but yet whose extensive studies in Art have not prevented him from fully recognizing, and boldly avowing, his belief that religion is everybody's business, and *his* not less than another's. The draught may be a bitter one for some of us; but it is a salutary medicine, and we ought not to shrink from swallowing it.

I shall be glad to receive such expressions of opinion as I may be favoured with from the thoughtful readers of the *Contemporary Review*. Those comments or replies, along with the original letters, and an essay or commentary from myself as editor, will be published by Messrs. Strahan & Co., and appear early in the spring; the volume being closed by a reply, or Epilogue, from Mr. Ruskin himself.

F. A. MALLESON, M. A.

The Vicarage, Broughton-in-Furness.

INTRODUCTION.

The first reading of the Letters to the Furness Clerical Society was prefaced with the following remarks:

A few words by way of introduction will be absolutely necessary before I proceed to read Mr. Ruskin's letters. They originated simply in a proposal of mine, which met with so ready and willing

a response, that it almost seemed like a simultaneous thought. They are addressed nominally to myself, as representing the body of clergy whose secretary I have the honour to be ; they are, in fact, therefore addressed to this Society primarily. But in the course of the next month or two they will also be read to two other Clerical Societies—the Ormskirk and the Brighton (junior)—who have acceded to my proposals with much kindness, and in the first case have invited me of their own accord. I have undertaken, to the best of my ability, to arrange and set down the various expressions of opinion, which will be freely uttered. In so limited a time, many who may have much to say that would be really valuable will find no time to-day to deliver it. Of these brethren, I beg that they will do me the favour to express their views at their leisure, in writing. The original letters, the discussions, the letters which may be suggested, and a few comments of the editor's, will be published in a volume which will appear, I trust, in the beginning of the next year.

I will now, if you please, undertake the somewhat dangerous responsibility of avowing my own impressions of the letters I am about to read to you. I own that I believe I see in these papers the development of a principle of the deepest interest and importance—namely, the application of the highest and loftiest standard in the interpretation of the Gospel message *to* ourselves as clergymen, and *from* ourselves to our congregations. We have plenty elsewhere of doctrine and dogma, and undefinable shades of theological opinion. Let us turn at last to practical questions presented for our consideration by an eminent layman whose field of work lies quite as much in religion and ethics as it does, reaching to so splendid an eminence, in Art. A man is wanted to show to both clergy and laity something of the full force and meaning of Gospel teaching. Many there are, and I am of this number, whose cry is "*Exoriare aliquis.*"

I ask you, if possible, to do in an hour what I have been for the last two months trying to do, to divest myself of old forms of thought, to cast off self-indulgent views of our duty as ministers of religion, to lift ourselves out of those grooves in which we are apt to run so smoothly and so complacently, persuading ourselves that all is well just as it is, and to endeavour to strike into a sterner, harder path, beset with difficulties, but still the path of duty. These papers will demand a close, a patient, and in some places, a few will think, an indulgent consideration ; but as a whole, the standard taken is, as I firmly believe, speaking only for myself, lofty and Christian, to the extent of an almost ideal perfection. If we do go forward straight in the direction which Mr. Ruskin points out, I know we shall come, sooner or later, to a chasm right across our path. Some of us, I hope, will undauntedly cross it. Let each judge for himself, τῷ τελει πίστιν φέρων.

LETTERS.

I.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,
LANCASHIRE, 20*th June*, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON—I could not at once answer your important letter: for, though I felt at once the impossibility of my venturing to address such an audience as you proposed, I am unwilling to fail in answering to any call relating to matters respecting which my feelings have been long in earnest, if in any wise it may be possible for me to be of service therein. My health—or want of it—now utterly forbids my engagement in any duty involving excitement or acute intellectual effort; but I think, before the first Tuesday in August, I might be able to write one or two letters to yourself, referring to, and more or less completing, some passages already printed in *Fors* and elsewhere, which might, on your reading any portions you thought available, become matter of discussion during the meeting at some leisure time, after its own main purposes had been answered

At all events I will think over what I should like, and be able, to represent to such a meeting, and only beg you not to think me insensible of the honour done me by your wish, and of the gravity of the trust reposed in me.

Ever most faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

THE REV. F. A. MALLESON.

II.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,
23*rd June*, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON—Walking and talking are now alike impossible to me;* my strength is gone for both; nor do I believe talking on such matters to be of the least use except to promote, between sensible people, kindly feeling and knowledge of each other's personal characters. I have every trust in *your* kindness and truth; nor do I fear being myself misunderstood by you; what I may be able to put into written form, so as to admit of being laid before your friends in council, must be set down without any question of personal feeling—as simply as a mathematical question or demonstration.

The first exact question which it seems to me such an assembly may be earnestly called upon by laymen to solve, is surely axiomatic: the definition of themselves as a body, and of their business as such.

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* In answer to the proposal of discussing the subject during a mountain walk.

Namely: as clergymen of the Church of England, do they consider themselves to be so called merely as the attached servants of a particular state? Do they, in their quality of guides, hold a position similar to that of the guides of Chamouni or Grindelwald, who, being a numbered body of examined and trustworthy persons belonging to those several villages, have nevertheless no Chamounist or Grindelwaldist opinions on the subject of Alpine geography or glacier walking; but are prepared to put into practice a common and universal science of Locality and Athletics, founded on sure survey and successful practice? Are the clergymen of the Ecclesia of England thus simply the attached and salaried guides of England and the English, in the way, known of all good men, that leadeth unto life?—or are they, on the contrary, a body of men holding, or in any legal manner required or compelled to hold, opinions on the subject—say, of the height of the Celestial Mountains, the crevasses which go down quickest to the pit, and other cognate points of science—differing from, or even contrary to, the tenets of the guides of the Church of France, the Church of Italy, and other Christian countries?

Is not this the first of all questions which a Clerical Council has to answer in open terms?

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

III.

BRANTWOOD, *6th July*.

My first letter contained a Layman's plea for a clear answer to the question, "What is a clergyman of the Church of England?" Supposing the answer to this first to be that the clergy of the Church of England are teachers, not of the Gospel to England, but of the Gospel to all nations; and not of the Gospel of Luther, nor of the Gospel of Augustine, but of the Gospel of Christ—then the Layman's second question would be:

Can this Gospel of Christ be put into such plain words and short terms as that a plain man may understand it?—and, if so, would it not be, in a quite primal sense, desirable that it should be so, rather than left to be gathered out of Thirty-nine Articles, written by no means in clear English, and referring for further explanation of exactly the most important point in the whole tenour of their teaching,* to a "Homily of Justification," † which is not generally in the possession, or even probably within the comprehension, of simple persons?

Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

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* Art. xi. † Homily xi. of the Second Table.

IV.

BRANTWOOD, 8*th July.*

I am so very glad that you approve of the letter plan, as it enables me to build up what I would fain try to say, of little stones, without lifting too much for my strength at once; and the sense of addressing a friend who understands me and sympathizes with me prevents my being brought to a stand by continual need for apology or fear of giving offence.

But yet I do not quite see why you should feel my asking for a simple aud comprehensible statement of the Christian Gospel at starting. Are you not bid to go into *all* the world and preach it to every creature? (I should myself think the clergyman most likely to do good who accepted the *πάσῃ τῇ κτίσει* so literally as at least to sympathize with St. Francis's sermon to the birds, and to feel that feeding either sheep or fowls, or unmuzzling the ox, or keeping the wrens alive in the snow, would be received by their Heavenly Feeder as the *perfect* fulfilment of His "Feed my sheep" in the higher sense.)

That's all a parenthesis; for although I should think that your good company would all agree that kindness to animals was a kind of preaching to them, and that hunting and vivisection were a kind of blasphemy to them, I want only to put the sterner question before your council, *how* this Gospel is to be preached either "*παντaχοῦ*" or to "*πὰντα τά ἔθνη,*" if first its preachers have not determined quite clearly what it *is?* And might not such definition, acceptable to the entire body of the Church of Christ, be arrived at by merely explaining, in their completeness and life, the terms of the Lord's Prayer—the first words taught to children all over the Christian world?

I will try to explain what I mean of its several articles, in following letters; and in answer to the question with which you close your last, I can only say that you are at perfect liberty to use any, or all, or any parts of them, as you think good. Usually, when I am asked if letters of mine may be printed, I say: "Assuredly, provided only that you print them entire." But in your hands, I withdraw even this condition, and trust gladly to your judgment, remaining always

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

THE REV. F. A. MALLESON.

V.

BRANTWOOD, 10*th July.*

My meaning, in saying that the Lord's Prayer might be made a foundation in Gospel-teaching, was not that it contained all that Christian ministers have to teach, but that it contains what all

Christians are agreed upon as first to be taught; and that no good parish-working pastor in any district of the world but would be glad to take his part in making it clear and living to his congregation.

And the first clause of it, of course rightly explained, gives us the ground of what is surely a mighty part of the Gospel—its "first and great commandment," namely, that we have a Father whom we *can* love, and are required to love, and to desire to be with Him in Heaven, wherever that may be.

And to declare that we have such a loving Father, whose mercy is over *all* His works, and whose will and law is so lovely and lovable that it is sweeter than honey, and more precious than gold, to those who can "taste" and "see" that the Lord is Good—this, surely, is a most pleasant and glorious good message and *spell* to bring to men—as distinguished from the evil message and accursed spell that Satan has brought to the nations of the world instead of it, that they have no Father, but only "a consuming fire" ready to devour them, unless they are delivered from its raging flame by some scheme of pardon for all, for which they are to be thankful, not to the Father, but to the Son.

Supposing this first article of the true Gospel agreed to, how would the blessing that closes the epistles of that Gospel become intelligible and living, instead of dark and dead: "The grace of Christ, and the *love* of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost," —the most *tender* word being that used of the Father!

VI.

BRANTWOOD, 12*th July*, 1879.

I wonder how many, even of those who honestly and attentively join in our Church services, attach any distinct idea to the second clause of the Lord's Prayer, the *first petition* of it, the first thing that they are ordered by Christ to seek of their Father?

Am I unjust in thinking that most of them have little more notion on the matter than that God has forbidden "bad language," and wishes them to pray that everybody may be respectful to Him?

Is it any otherwise with the Third Commandment? Do not most look on it merely in the light of the Statute of Swearing? and read the words "will not hold him guiltless" merely as a passionless intimation that however carelessly a man may let out a round oath, there really *is* something wrong in it?

On the other hand, can anything be more tremendous than the words themselves—double-negatived:

"οὐ γὰρ μὴ καθαρίσῃ . . . κύριος"?

For *other* sins there is washing;—for this, none! the seventh verse,

Ex. xx., in the Septuagint, marking the real power rather than the English, which (I suppose) is literal to the Hebrew.

To my layman's mind, of practical needs in the present state of the Church, nothing is so immediate as that of explaining to the congregation the meaning of being gathered in His name, and having Him in the midst of them; as, on the other hand, of being gathered in blasphemy of His name, and having the devil in the midst of them—presiding over the prayers which have become an abomination.

For the entire body of the texts in the Gospel against hypocrisy are one and all nothing but the expansion of the threatening that closes the Third Commandment. For as "the name whereby He shall be called is the Lord our Righteousness,"—so the taking that name in vain is the sum of "the deceivableness of *un*righteousness in them that perish."

Without dwelling on the possibility—which I do not myself, however, for a moment doubt—of an honest clergyman's being able actually to prevent the entrance among his congregation of persons leading openly wicked lives, could any subject be more vital to the purposes of your meetings than the difference between the present and the probable state of the Christian Church which would result, were it more the effort of zealous parish priests, instead of getting wicked *poor* people to *come* to church, to get wicked rich ones to stay out of it?

Lest, in my discussion of such question, it might be, as it too often is, alleged that "the Lord looketh upon the heart," &c., let me be permitted to say—with as much positiveness as may express my deepest conviction—that, while indeed it is the Lord's business to look upon the heart, it is the pastor's to look upon the hands and the lips; and that the foulest oaths of the thief and the street-walker are, in the ears of God, sinless as the hawk's cry or the gnat's murmur, compared to the responses in the Church service, on the lips of the usurer and the adulterer, who have destroyed not their own souls only, but those of the outcast ones whom they have made their victims.

It is for the meeting of clergymen themselves—not for a layman addressing them—to ask further, how much the name of God may be taken in vain, and profaned instead of hallowed—in the pulpit as well as under it.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

VII.

BRANTWOOD, 14*th July*, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON—Sincere thanks for both your letters and the proofs sent. Your comment and conducting link when needed

will be of the greatest help and value, I am well assured, suggesting what you know will be the probable feeling of your hearers, and the point that will come into question.

Yes, certainly, that "His" in the fourth line * was meant to imply that eternal presence of Christ: as in another passage,† referring to the Creation, "when His right hand strewed the snow on Lebanon and smoothed the slopes of Calvary," but in so far as we dwell on that truth, "Hast thou seen *Me*, Philip, and not the Father?" we are not teaching the people what is specially the Gospel of *Christ* as having a distinct function—namely, to *serve* the Father and do the Father's will. And in all His human relations to us and commands to us, it is as the Son of Man, not as the "power of God and wisdom of God," that He acts and speaks. Not as the power; for *He* must pray, like one of us. Not as the Wisdom; for He must not know "if it be possible" His prayer should be heard.

And in what I want to say of the third clause of His prayer (*His*, not merely as His ordering, but His using), it is especially this comparison between *His* kingdom and His Father's, that I want to see the disciples guarded against. I believe very few, even of the most earnest, using that petition, realize that it is the Father's—not the Son's—kingdom, that they pray may come—although the whole prayer is foundational on that fact: "*For* THINE is the kingdom, the power, and the glory." And I fancy that the mind of the most faithful Christians is quite led away from its proper hope, by dwelling on the reign—or the coming again—of Christ;

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* "Modern Painters."

† Referring to the closing sentence of the third paragraph of the fifth letter, which *seemed* to express what I felt could not be Mr. Ruskin's full meaning, I pointed out to him the following sentence in "Modern Painters":

"When, in the desert, Jesus was girding Himself for the work of life, angels of life came and ministered unto Him; now, in the fair world, when He is girding Himself for the work of death, the ministrants come to Him from the grave; but from the grave conquered. One from the tomb under Abarim, which *His* own hand had sealed long ago; the other from the rest which He had entered without seeing corruption."

On this I made a remark somewhat to the following effect: that I felt sure Mr. Ruskin regarded the loving work of the Father and of the Son to be *equal* in the forgiveness of sins and redemption of mankind; that what is done by the Father is in reality done also by the Son; and that it is by a mere accommodation to human infirmity of understanding that the doctrine of the Trinity is revealed to us in language, inadequate indeed to convey divine truths, but still the only language possible; and I asked whether some such feeling was not present in his mind when he used the pronoun "His," in the above passage from "Modern Painters," of the Son, where it would be usually understood of the Father; and as a corollary, whether, in the letter, he does not himself fully recognize the fact of the redemption of the world by the loving self-sacrifice of the Son in entire concurrence with the equally loving will of the Father. This, as well as I can recollect, is the origin of the passage in the second paragraph in the seventh letter. —*Editor of Letters.*

which, indeed, they are to look for, and *watch* for, but not to pray for. Their prayer is to be for the greater kingdom to which He, risen and having all His enemies under His feet, is to surrender *His*, "that God may be All in All.

And though the greatest, it is that everlasting kingdom which the poorest of us can advance. We cannot hasten Christ's coming. "Of the day and the hour, knoweth none." But the kingdom of God is as a grain of mustard-seed :—we can sow of it ; it is as a foam-globe of leaven :—we can mingle it ; and its glory and its joy are that even the birds of the air can lodge in the branches thereof.

Forgive me for getting back to my sparrows ; but truly, in the present state of England, the fowls of the air are the only creatures, tormented and murdered as they are, that yet have here and there nests, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. And it would be well if many of us in reading that text, "The kingdom of God is NOT meat and drink," had even got so far as to the understanding that it was at least *as much*, and that until we had fed the hungry there was no power in us to inspire the unhappy.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN

I will write my feeling about the pieces of the Life of Christ you have sent me in a private letter. I may say at once that I am sure it will do much good, and will be upright and intelligible, which how few religious writings are !

VIII.

BRANTWOOD, *9th August*, 1879.

I was reading the second chapter of Malachi this morning by chance, and wondering how many clergymen ever read it, and took to heart the "commandment for *them*."

For they are always ready enough to call themselves priests (though they know themselves to be nothing of the sort) whenever there is any dignity to be got out of the title ; but, whenever there is any good, hot scolding or unpleasant advice given them by the prophets, in that self-assumed character of theirs, they are as ready to quit it as ever Dionysus his lion-skin, when he finds the character of Herakles inconvenient.

"Ye have wearied the Lord with your words" (yes, and some of His people, too, in your time) : "yet ye say, Wherein have we wearied Him ? When ye say, Every one that doeth evil is good in the sight of the Lord, and He delighteth in them ; or, Where is the God of judgment ?"

How many, again and again I wonder, of the lively young ecclesiastics supplied to the increasing demand of our west-ends of flourishing Cities of the Plain, ever consider what sort of sin it is for which God (unless they lay it to heart) will "curse their blessings,

and spread dung upon their faces," or have understood, even in the dimmest manner, what part *they* had taken, and were taking, in "corrupting the covenant of the Lord with Levi, and causing many to stumble at the Law?"

Perhaps the most subtle and unconscious way in which the religious teachers upon whom the ends of the world are come, have done this, is in never telling their people the meaning of the clause in the Lord's Prayer, which, of all others, their most earnest hearers have oftenest on their lips: "Thy will be done." They allow their people to use it as if their Father's will were always to kill their babies, or do something unpleasant to them, instead of explaining to them that the first and intensest article of their Father's will was their own sanctification, and following comfort and wealth; and that the one only path to national prosperity and to domestic peace was to understand what the will of the Lord was, and to do all they could to get it done. Whereas one would think, by the tone of the eagerest preachers nowadays, that they held their blessed office to be that, not of showing men how to do their Father's will on earth, but how to get to heaven without doing any of it either here or there!

I say, especially, the most eager preachers; for nearly the whole Missionary body (with the hottest Evangelistic sect of the English Church) is at this moment composed of men who think the Gospel they are to carry to mend the world with, forsooth, is that, "If any man sin, he hath an Advocate with the Father;" while I have never yet, in my own experience, met either with a Missionary or a Town Bishop who so much as professed himself "to understand what the will of the Lord" was, far less to teach anybody else to do it; and for fifty preachers, yes, and fifty hundreds whom I have heard proclaiming the Mediator of the New Testament, that "they which were called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance," I have never yet heard so much as *one* heartily proclaiming against all those "deceivers with vain words" (Eph v. 6), that "no covetous person which is an idolator hath *any* inheritance in the kingdom of Christ, or of God;" and on myself personally and publicly challenging the Bishops of England generally, and by name the Bishop of Manchester, to say whether usury was or was not according to the will of God, I have received no answer from any one of them.*

13th August.

I have allowed myself, in the beginning of this letter, to dwell on the equivocal use of the word "Priest" in the English Church (see Christopher Harvey, Grosart's edition, p. 38), because the assumption of the mediatorial, in defect of the pastoral, office by the clergy fulfils itself, naturally and always, in their pretend-

* Fors Clavigera, Letter lxxxii., p. 323.

ing to absolve the sinner from his punishment, instead of purging him from his sin; and practically, in their general patronage and encouragement of all the iniquity of the world, by steadily preaching away the penalties of it. So that the great cities of the earth, which ought to be the places set on its hills, with the Temple of the Lord in the midst of them, to which the tribes should go up,—centres to the Kingdoms and Provinces of Honour, Virtue, and the Knowledge of the law of God,—have become, instead, loathsome centres of fornication and covetousness—the smoke of their sin going up into the face of Heaven like the furnace of Sodom, and the pollution of it rotting and raging through the bones and the souls of the peasant people round them, as if they were each a volcano whose ashes broke out in blains upon man and upon beast.

And in the midst of them, their freshly-set-up steeples ring the crowd to a weekly prayer that the rest of their lives may be pure and holy, while they have not the slightest intention of purifying, sanctifying, or changing their lives in any the smallest particular; and their clergy gather, each into himself, the curious dual power, and Janus-faced majesty in mischief, of the prophet that prophesies falsely, and the priest that bears rule by his means.

And the people love to have it so.

BRANTWOOD, 12*th August.*

I am very glad of your little note from Brighton. I thought it needless to send the two letters there, which you will find at home; and they pretty nearly end all *I* want to say; for the remaining clauses of the prayer touch on things too high for me. But I will send you one concluding letter about them.

IX.

BRANTWOOD, 19*th August.*

I retained the foregoing letter by me till now, lest you should think it written in any haste or petulance; but it is every word of it deliberate, though expressing the bitterness of twenty years of vain sorrow and pleading concerning these things. Nor am I able to write, otherwise, anything of the next following clause of the prayer;—for no words could be burning enough to tell the evils which are come on the world from men using it thoughtlessly and blasphemously, praying God to give them what they are deliberately resolved to steal. For all true Christianity is known—as its Master was—in breaking of bread, and all false Christianity in stealing it.

Let the clergyman only apply—with impartial and level sweep—to his congregation, the great pastoral order. "The man that will not work, neither should he eat;" and be resolute in requiring each

member of his flock to tell him *what*—day by day—they do to earn their dinners;—and he will find an entirely new view of life and its sacraments open upon him and them.

For the man who is not—day by day—doing work which will earn his dinner, must be stealing his dinner; and the actual fact is that the great mass of men, calling themselves Christians, do actually live by robbing the poor of their bread, and by no other trade whatsoever: and the simple examination of the mode of the produce and consumption of European food—who digs for it, and who eats it—will prove that to any honest human soul.

Nor is it possible for any Christian Church to exist but in pollutions and hypocrisies beyond all words, until the virtues of a life moderate in its self-indulgence, and wide in its offices of temporal ministry to the poor, are insisted on as the normal conditions in which, only, the prayer to God for the harvest of the earth is other than blasphemy.

In the second place. Since in the parable in Luke, the bread asked for is shown to be also, and chiefly, the Holy Spirit (Luke xi. 13), and the prayer, "Give us each day our daily bread," is, in its fulness, the disciples', "Lord, evermore give us *this* bread,"—the clergyman's question to his whole flock, primarily literal: "Children, have ye here any meat?" must ultimately be always the greater spiritual one: "Children, have ye here any Holy Spirit?" or, "Have ye not heard yet whether there *be* any? and, instead of a Holy Ghost the Lord and Giver of Life, do you only believe in an unholy mammon, Lord and Giver of Death?"

The opposition between the two Lords has been, and will be as long as the world lasts, absolute, irreconcilable, mortal; and the clergyman's first message to his people of this day is—if he be faithful—"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

X.

BRANTWOOD, *3rd September.*

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I have been very long before trying to say so much as a word about the sixth clause of the Pater; for whenever I began thinking of it, I was stopped by the sorrowful sense of the hopeless task you poor clergymen had, nowadays, in recommending and teaching people to love their enemies, when their whole energies were already devoted to swindling their friends.

But, in any days, past or now, the clause is one of such difficulty, that, to understand it, means almost to know the love of God which passeth knowledge.

But, at all events, it is surely the pastor's duty to prevent his flock from *mis*understanding it; and above all things to keep them from supposing that God's forgiveness is to be had simply for the asking,

by those who "wilfully sin after they have received the knowledge of the truth."

There is one very simple lesson also, needed especially by people in circumstances of happy life, which I have never heard fully enforced from the pulpit, and which is usually the more lost sight of, because the fine and inaccurate word "trespasses" is so often used instead of the simple and accurate one "debts." Among people well educated and happily circumstanced it may easily chance that long periods of their lives pass without any such conscious sin as could, on any discovery or memory of it, make them cry out, in truth and in pain,—"I have sinned against the Lord." But scarcely an hour of their happy days can pass over them without leaving—were their hearts open—some evidence written there that they have "left undone the things that they ought to have done," and giving them bitterer and heavier cause to cry, and cry again—for ever, in the pure words of their Master's prayer, "Dimitte nobis *debita* nostra."

In connection with the more accurate translation of "debts" rather than "trespasses," it would surely be well to keep constantly in the mind of complacent and inoffensive congregations that in Christ's own prophecy of the manner of the last judgment, the condemnation is pronounced only on the sins of omission: "I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat."

But, whatever the manner of sin, by offence or defect, which the preacher fears in his people, surely he has of late been wholly remiss in compelling their definite recognition of it, in its several and personal particulars. Nothing in the various inconsistency of human nature is more grotesque than its willingness to be taxed with any quantity of sins in the gross, and its resentment at the insinuation of having committed the smallest parcel of them in detail. And the English Liturgy, evidently drawn up with the amiable intention of making religion as pleasant as possible, to a people desirous of saving their souls with no great degree of personal inconvenience, is perhaps in no point more unwholesomely lenient than in its concession to the popular conviction that we may obtain the present advantage, and escape the future punishment, of any sort of iniquity, by dexterously concealing the manner of it from man, and triumphantly confessing the quantity of it to God.

Finally, whatever the advantages and decencies of a form of prayer, and how wide soever the scope given to its collected passages, it cannot be at one and the same time fitted for the use of a body of well-taught and experienced Christians, such as should join the services of a Church nineteen centuries old,—and adapted to the needs of the timid sinner who has that day first entered its porch, or of the remorseful publican who has only recently become sensible of his call to a pew.

And surely our clergy need not be surprised at the daily increasing distrust in the public mind of the efficacy of Prayer, after having so long insisted on their offering supplication, *at least* every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, that the rest of their lives hereafter might be pure and holy, leaving them conscious all the while that they would be similarly required to inform the Lord next week, at the same hour, that "there was no health in them!"

Among the much rebuked follies and abuses of so-called "Ritualism," none that I have heard of are indeed so dangerously and darkly "Ritual" as this piece of authorized mockery of the most solemn act of human life, and only entrance of eternal life—Repentance.

Believe me, dear Mr. Malleson,
Ever faithfully and respectfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

XI.

BRANTWOOD, 14*th September*, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON—The gentle words in your last letter referring to the difference between yourself and me in the degree of hope with which you could regard what could not but appear to the general mind Utopian in designs for the action of the Christian Church, surely might best be answered by appeal to the consistent tone of the prayer we have been examining.

Is not every one of its petitions for a perfect state? and is not this last clause of it, of which we are to think to-day—if fully understood—a petition not only for the restoration of Paradise, but of Paradise in which there shall be no deadly fruit, or, at least, no tempter to praise it? And may we not admit that it is probably only for want of the earnest use of this last petition that not only the preceding ones have become formal with us, but that the private and simply restricted prayer for the little things we each severally desire, has become by some Christians dreaded and unused, and by others used faithlessly, and therefore with disappointment?

And is it not for want of this special directness and simplicity of petition, and of the sense of its acceptance, that the whole nature of prayer has been doubted in our hearts, and disgraced by our lips; that we are afraid to ask God's blessing on the earth, when the scientific people tell us He has made previous arrangements to curse it; and that, instead of obeying, without fear or debate, the plain order, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full," we sorrowfully sink back into the apology for prayer, that "it is a wholesome exercise, even when fruitless," and that we ought piously always to suppose that the text really means no more than "Ask, and ye shall *not* receive, that your joy may be *empty?*"

Supposing we were first all of us quite sure that we *had* prayed, honestly, the prayer against temptation, and that we would thankfully be refused anything we had set our hearts upon, if indeed God saw that it would lead us into evil, might we not have confidence afterwards that He in whose hand the King's heart is, as the rivers of water, would turn our tiny little hearts also in the way that they should go, and that *then* the special prayer for the joys He taught them to seek would be answered to the last syllable, and to overflowing?

It is surely scarcely necessary to say, farther, what the holy teachers of all nations have invariably concurred in showing—that faithful prayer implies always correlative exertion; and that no man can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it. But, in modern days, the first aim of all Christian parents is to place their children in circumstances where the temptations (which they are apt to call "opportunities") may be as great and as many as possible; where the sight and promise of "all these things" in Satan's gift may be brilliantly near; and where the act of "falling down to worship me" may be partly concealed by the shelter, and partly excused, as involuntary, by the pressure, of the concurrent crowd.

In what respect the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of *them*, differ from the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory, which are God's for ever, is seldom, as far as I have heard, intelligibly explained from the pulpit; and still less the irreconcilable hostility between the two royalties and realms asserted in its sternness of decision.

Whether it be, indeed, Utopian to believe that the kingdom we are taught to pray for *may* come—verily come—for the asking, it is surely not for man to judge; but it is at least at his choice to resolve that he will no longer render obedience, nor ascribe glory and power, to the Devil. If he cannot find strength in himself to advance towards Heaven, he may at least say to the power of Hell, "Get thee behind me;" and staying himself on the testimony of Him who saith, "Surely I come quickly," ratify his happy prayer with the faithful "Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Ever, my dear friend,
Believe me affectionately and gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Contemporary Review.

THE LITERARY CALLING AND ITS FUTURE.

One would think that in writing about literary men and matters there would be no difficulty in finding a title for one's essay, or that any embarrassment which might arise would be from excess of material. I find this, however, far from being the case. "Men of Letters," for example, is a heading too classical and pretentious. I do indeed remember its being used in these modern days by the sub-editor of a country paper, who, having quarrelled with his proprietor, and reduced him to silence by a violent kick in the abdomen, thus addressed him: "I leave you and your dirty work for ever, and start to-night for London, to take up my proper position as a Man of Letters." But this gentleman's case (and I hope that of his proprietor) was an exceptional one. The term in general is too ambitious and suggestive of the author of Cato, for my humble purpose. "Literature as a Profession," again, is open to objection on the question of fact. The professions do not admit literature into their brotherhood. "Literature, Science, and Art" are all spoken of in the lump, and rather contemptuously (like "reading, writing, and arithmetic,") and have no settled position whatever. In a book of precedence, however—a charming description of literature, and much more full of humour than the peerage—I recently found indicated for the first time its relative place in the social scale. After a long list of Eminent Personages and Notables, the mere perusal of which was calculated to bring the flush of pride into my British cheek, I found at the very bottom these remarkable words, "Burgesses, Literary Persons, and others." Lest haughtiness should still have any place in the breasts of these penultimates of the human race, the order was repeated in the same delightful volume in still plainer fashion, "Burgesses, Literary Persons, &c." It is something, of course, to take precedence—in going down to dinner, for example—even of an et cetera; but who are Burgesses? I have a dreadful suspicion they are not gentlemen. Are they ladies? Did I ever meet a Burgess, I wonder, coming through the rye? At all events, after so authoritative a statement of its social position, I feel that to speak of Literature as a profession would be an hyperbole.

On the other hand, "the Literary Calling" is not a title that satisfies me. For the word "calling" implies a certain fitness; in the religious sense it has even more significance; and it cannot be denied that there are a good many persons who devote—well, at least, their time to literature, who can hardly be said to have "a call" in that direction, nor even so much as a whisper. At the same time I will venture to observe, notwithstanding a great deal of high-sounding twaddle talked and written to the contrary, that

it is not necessary for a man to feel any miraculous or even extraordinary attraction to this pursuit to succeed in it very tolerably. I remember a now distinguished personage (in another line) who had written a very successful work, expressing his opinion to me that unless a certain divine afflatus animated a man, he should never take up his pen to address the public. The writing for pay, he added (he had at least 5,000*l.* a year of his own,) was the degradation of literature. As I had written about a dozen books myself at the time, and most decidedly with an eye to profit, and had never experienced much afflatus except in the way of indigestion, this remark discouraged me very much. However, as the gentleman in question did essay another volume, which was so distinct a failure that he promptly took up another line of business (far above that of Burgesses,) it is probable he altered his views.

Nature of course is the best guide in the matter of choosing a pursuit. When she says "This is your line, stick to it," she seldom or never makes a mistake. But, on the other hand, her speech must be addressed to mature ears. For my part I do not much believe in the predilections of boyhood. I was never so simple as to wish to go to sea, but I do remember (when between seven and eight) having a passionate longing to become a merchant. I had no notion, however, of the preliminary stages; the high stool in the close street; luncheon at a counter, standing (I liked to have my meals good, plentiful, often, and in comfort, even then;) and imprisonment at the office on the eves of mail nights till the large hours p. m. Even the full fruition of such aspirations—the large waistcoat (beginning to "point," as it soon does in merchants,) heavy watch chain, and cheerful conviction of the coming scarcity of necessities for everybody, would have failed to please. The sort of merchant I wanted to be was never found in *Post Office Directory*, but in the *Arabian Nights*, trading to Bussorah, chiefly in pearls and diamonds. When the Paterfamiliases of my acquaintance instance certain stenches and messes which their Toms and Harrys make with chemicals all over their house, as a proof of "their natural turn for engineering," I say, "Very likely," or "A capital thing," but I *think* of that early attraction of my own towards Bussorah. The young gentlemen never dream of what I once heard described, in brief, as the real business life of a scientific apprentice: "To lie on your back with a candle in your hand, while another fellow knocks nails into a boiler."

Boys have rarely any special aptitude for anything practical beyond punching each others' heads, or (and these are the clever ones) for keeping their own heads unpunched. As a rule, in short, Nature is not demonstrative as respects our professional future.

It must nevertheless be conceded that if the boy is ever father to the man in this respect, it is in connection with literature. Also,

however prosaic their works are fated to be, it is curious that the aspirants for the profession below Burgesses always begin with Poetry. Even Harriet Martineau wrote verses in early life bad enough to comfort the soul of any respectable parent. The approach to the Temple of Literary Fame is almost always through double gates—couplets. And yet I have known youthful poets, apparently bound for Paternoster Row, bolt off their course in a year or two to the delight of their friends, and become of their own free will drysalters.

There is so much talk about the "indications of immortality in early childhood" (of a very different kind from those referred to by Wordsworth), and it is so much the habit of biographers to use magnifiers when their subject is small, that it needs some courage to avow my belief that the tastes of boys have very little significance. A clever boy can be trained to almost anything, and an ordinary boy will not do one thing much better than another. With the Geniuses I will allow (for the sake of peace and quietness) that Nature is all powerful, but with nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of us, Second Nature, Use, is the true mistress; and what will doubtless strike some people as almost paradoxical, but is nevertheless a fact, literature is the calling in which she has the greatest sway.

It is the fashion with that enormous class of people who don't know what they are talking about and who take up cuckoo-cries, to speak contemptuously of modern literature, by which they mean (for they are acquainted with little else) periodical literature. However small may be its merits, it is at all events ten times as good as ancient periodical literature used to be. A very much better authority than myself on such a subject has lately informed us that the majority of the old essays in the *Edinburgh Review*, at the very time when it was supposed to be most "trenchant," "masterly," "exhaustive," and a number of other splendid epithets, are so dull and weak and ignorant, that it is impossible that they or their congeners would not find acceptance in any periodical of repute. And with regard to all other classes of old magazine literature, this verdict is certainly most just.

Let us take what most people suppose to be "the extreme case," Magazine Poetry. Of course there is to-day a great deal of rant and twaddle published under the name of verse in magazines: yet I could point to scores and scores of poems that have thus appeared during the last ten years,* which half a century ago would have

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* I take up a half-yearly volume of a magazine (price 1½*d.* weekly) addressed to the middle classes, and find in it, at haphazard, the five following pieces, the authors of which are anonymous:

made—and deservedly have made—a high reputation for their authors. Such phrases as "universal necessity for practical exertion," "prosaic character of the age," &c., are, of course, common enough; but those who are acquainted with such matters, will, I am sure,

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AGATHA.

From under the shade of her simple straw hat
She smiles at you, only a little shame-faced;
Her gold-tinted hair in a long braided plait
Reaches on either side down to her waist.
Her rosy complexion, a soft pink and white,
Except where the white has been warmed by the sun,
Is glowing with health and an eager delight,
As she pauses to speak to you after her run.

See with what freedom, what beautiful ease,
She leaps over hollows and mounds in her race;
Hear how she joyously laughs when the breeze
Tosses her hat off, and blows in her face!
It's only a play-gown of homeliest cotton
She wears, that her finer silk dress may be saved!
And happily, too, she has wholly forgotten
The nurse and her charge to be better behaved.

Must a time come when this child's way of caring
For only the present enjoyment shall pass;
When she'll learn to take thought of the dress that she's wearing,
And grow rather fond of consulting the glass?
Well, never mind; nothing really can change her;
Fair childhood will grow to as fair maidenhood;
Her unselfish, sweet nature is safe from all danger;
I know she will always be charming and good.

For when she takes care of a still younger brother,
You see her stop short in the midst of her mirth,
Gravely and tenderly playing the mother:
Can there be anything fairer on earth?
So proud of her charge she appears, so delighted;
Of all her perfections (indeed, they're a host),
This loving attention to others, united
With naïve self-unconsciousness, charms me the most.

What hearts that unthinkingly under short jackets
Are beating to day in a wonderful wise
About racing, or jumping, or cricket, or rackets,
One day will beat at a smile from those eyes!
Ah, how I envy the one that shall win her,
And see that sweet smile no ill humour shall damp,
Shining across the spread table at dinner,
Or cheerfully bright in the light of the lamp.

Ah, little fairy! a very short while,
Just once or twice, in a brief country stay,
I saw you; but when will your innocent smile
That I keep in my mem'ry have faded away?
For when, in the midst of my trouble and doubt,
I remember your face with its laughter and light,
It's as if on a sudden the sun had shone out,
And scattered the shadow, and made the world bright.

corroborate my assertion that there was never so much good poetry in our general literature as exists at present. Persons of intelligence do not look for such things, perhaps, and certainly not in magazines, while persons of culture are too much occupied with old china and high art; but to humble folks, who take an interest in their fellow-creatures, it is very pleasant to observe what high thoughts, and how poetically expressed, are now to be found about

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CHARTREUSE.

(*Liqueur.*)

Who could refuse
Green-eyed Chartreuse?
Liqueur for heretics,
Turks, Christians, or Jews;
For beggar or queen,
For monk or for dean;
Ripened and mellow
(The *green*, not the yellow)
Give it its dues,
Gay little fellow,
Dressed up in green!
I love thee too well, O
Laughing Chartreuse!

O the delicate hues
That thrill through the green!
Colours which Greuze
Would die to have seen?
With thee would De Musset
Sweeten his muse;
Use, not abuse,
Bright little fellow!
(The green, *not* the yellow.)
O the taste and the smell! O
Never refuse
A kiss on the lips from
Jealous Chartreuse!

THE LIFE-LEDGER.

Our sufferings we reckon o'er
  With skill minute and formal;
The cheerful ease that fills the score
  We treat as merely normal.
Our list of ills, how full, how great!
  We mourn our lot should fall so.
I wonder, do we calculate
  Our happinesses also?

Were it not best to keep account
  Of all days, if of any?
Perhaps the dark ones might amount
  To not so very many.
Men's looks are nigh as often gay
  As sad, or even solemn:
Behold, my entry for to-day
  Is in the happy column.

our feet, and, as it were, in the literary gutter. I don't compare these writers with Byrons and Shelleys; I don't speak of them as born poets at all. On the contrary, my argument is that second nature (cultivation, opportunities of publication, &c.) has made them what they are; and it is immensely creditable to her.

OCTOBER.

The year grows old; summer's wild crown of roses
Has fallen and faded in the woodland ways;
On all the earth a tranquil light reposes,
Through the still dreamy days.

The dew lies heavy in the early morn,
On grass and mosses sparkling crystal-fair;
And shining threads of gossamer are borne
Floating upon the air,

Across the leaf-strewn lanes, from bough to bough
Like tissue woven in a fairy loom;
And crimson-berried bryony garlands glow
Through the leaf-tangled gloom.

The woods are still, but for the sudden fall
Of cupless acorns dropping to the ground,
Or rabbit plunging through the fern-stems tall,
Half startled by the sound.

And from the garden lawn comes soft and clear,
The robin's warble from the leafless spray,
The low sweet Angelus of the dying year,
Passing in light away.

PROSPERITY.

I doubt if the maxims the Stoic adduces
Be true in the main, when they state
That our nature's improved by adversity's uses,
And spoilt by a happier fate.

The heart that is tried by misfortune and pain,
Self-reliance and patience may learn;
Yet, worn by long waiting and wishing in vain,
It often grows callous and stern.

But the heart that is softened by ease and contentment
Feels warmly and kindly t'wards all;
And its charity, roused by no moody resentment,
Embraces alike great and small.

So, although in the season of rain-storms and showers,
The tree may strike deeper its roots,
It needs the warm brightness of sunshiny hours
To ripen the blossoms and fruits.

Observe, not only the genuine merit of these five pieces, but the variety in the tones of thought; then compare them with similar productions of the days, say, of the once famous L. E. L.

And what holds good of verse holds infinitely better in respect to prose. The enormous improvement in our prose writers (I am not speaking of geniuses, remember, but of the generality), and their great superiority over writers of the same class half a century ago, is mainly due to use. Sir Walter Scott, who, like most men of genuine power, had great generosity, once observed to a brother author, "You and I came just in the nick of time." He foresaw the formidable competition that was about to take place, though he had no cause to fear it. I think in these days he would have had cause; not that I disbelieve in his genius, but that I venture to think he diffused it over too large an area. In such cases genius is overpassed by the talent which husbands its resources: in other words, Nature succumbs to second nature. as the wife in the patriarchal days (when *she* grew patriarchal) succumbed to the handmaid. And after all, though we talk so glibly about genius, and profess to feel, though we cannot express, in what it differs from talent, are we quite so sure about this as we would fain persuade ourselves? At all events, it cannot surely be contended that a man of genius always writes like one; and when he does not, his work is often inferior to the first-rate production of a man of talent. For my own part, I am not sure whether (with the exception, perhaps, of the highest gifts of song) the whole distinction is not fanciful.

We are ready enough in ordinary matters to allow that "practice makes perfect," and the limit of that principle is yet to be found. Moreover, the vast importance of exclusive application is almost unknown. We see it, indeed, in men of science and in lawyers, but without recognition; nay, socially, it is even quoted against them. The mathematician may be very eminent, but we find him dry; the lawyer may be at the head of his profession, but we find him dull; and it is observed on all sides how very little great A and great B, notwithstanding the high position they have earned for themselves in their calling, know of matters out of their own line. On the other hand, the man of whom it was said that "science was his forte and omniscience his weakness," has left no enduring monument behind him; and so it must always be with mortals who have only fifty years of thought allotted to them at the very most, and who diffuse it. Everyone admits the value of application, but very few are aware how its force is wasted by diffusion: it is like a volatile essence in a bottle without a cork. When, on the other hand, it is concentrated,—you may call it "narrowed" if you please,—there is hardly anything within its own sphere of action of which it is not capable. So many high motives (though also some mean ones) prompt us to make broad the bases of education, that any proposal to contract them must needs be thankless and unpopular; but it is certain that, among the upper classes at least, the reason why so many men are unable to make their way in the world

is because, thanks to a too liberal education, they are Jacks of all trades and masters of none; and even as Jacks they cut a very poor figure. How large and varied is the educational bill of fare set before every young gentleman in Great Britain; and, to judge by the mental stamina it affords him in most cases, what a waste of good food it is! The dishes are so numerous and so quickly changed, that he has no time to decide on which he likes best. Like an industrious flea, rather than a bee, he hops from flower to flower in the educational garden, without one pennyworth of honey to show for it. And then—though I feel how degrading it is to allude to so vulgar a matter—how high is the price of his admission to the feast in question. Its purveyors do not pretend to have filled his stomach, but only to have put him in the way of filling it for himself, whereas, unhappily, Paterfamilias discovers that that is the very thing that they have not done. His young Hopeful is almost as unable to run alone as when he first entered the nursery. To discourse airily upon the beauties of classical education, and on the social advantages of acquiring "the tone" at a public school at whatever cost, is an agreeable exercise of the intelligence; but such arguments have been taken too seriously, and the result is that our young gentlemen are incapable of gaining their own living. It is not only that "all the gates are thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow," but even when the candidates are so fortunate as to attain admittance, they are still a burden upon their fathers for years, from having had no special preparation for the work they have to do. Folks who can afford to spend 250*l.* a year on their sons at Eton or Harrow, and add another fifty or two for their support at the universities, do not feel this; but those who have done it without affording it—*i.e.*, by cutting and contriving, if not by pinching and saving—feel their position very bitterly. There are hu dreds of clever young men who are now living at home and doing nothing—or work that pays nothing and even costs something for doing it—who might be earning very tolerable incomes by their pen if they only knew how, and had not wasted their young wits on Greek plays and Latin verses; nor do I find that the attractions of such objects of study are permanent, or afford the least solace to these young gentlemen in their enforced leisure.

The idea of bringing young people up to Literature is doubtless calculated to raise the eyebrows almost as much as the suggestion of bringing them up to the Stage. The notions of Paterfamilias in this respect are very much what they were fifty years ago. "What! put my boy in Grub Street? I would rather see him in his coffin." In his mind's eye he beholds Savage on his bunk and Chatterton on his deathbed. He does not know that there are many hundreds of persons of both sexes who have found out this vocation for themselves, and are diligently pursuing it—under circumstances of quite

unnecessary difficulty—to their material advantage. He is unaware that the conditions of literature in England have been as completely changed within a single generation as those of locomotion.

There are, it is true, at present no great prizes in literature such as are afforded by the learned professions, but there are quite as many small ones—competences; while on the other hand it is not so much of a lottery. It is not necessary to marry an attorney's daughter, or a bishop's, to get on in it. The calling, as it is termed (I know not why, for it is often heavy enough), of "light literature" is in such contempt, through ignorance on the one hand and arrogance on the other, that one is almost afraid in such a connection to speak of merit; yet merit, or at all events aptitude with diligence, is certain of success in it. A great deal has been said about editors being blind to the worth of unknown authors; but if so, they must be also blind (and this I have never heard said of them) to their own interests. It would be just as reasonable to accuse a recruiting sergeant of passing by the stout six-feet fellows who wish to enlist with him, and for each of whom—directly or indirectly—he receives head money. It is possible of course that one particular sergeant may be drunken, or careless of his own interests, but in that case the literary recruit has only to apply next door. The opportunities for action in the field of literature are now so very numerous that it is impossible that any able volunteer should be long shut out of it; and I have observed that the complaints about want of employment come almost solely from those unfit for service. Nay, in the ranks of the literary army there are very many who should have been excluded. Few, if any, are there through favour, but the fact is, the work to be done is so extensive and so varied, that there is not a sufficiency of good candidates to do it. And of what is called "skilled labour" among them there is scarcely any. The question "What can you do?" put by an editor to an aspirant, generally astonishes him very much. The aspirant is ready to do anything, he says, which the other will please to suggest. "But what is your line in literature? What can you do best—not tragedies in blank verse, I hope?"

Perhaps the aspirant here hangs his head; he *has* written tragedies. In which case there is good hope for him, because it shows a natural bent. But he generally replies that he has written nothing as yet except that essay on the genius of Cicero (at which the editor has already shaken his head) and that defence of Mary Queen of Scots. Or perhaps he has written some translations of Horace, which he is surprised to find not a novelty; or some considerations upon the value of a feudal system. At four and twenty, in short, he is but an overgrown schoolboy. He has been taught, indeed, to acquire knowledge of a certain sort, but not the habit of

acquiring; he has been taught to observe nothing; he is ignorant upon all the subjects that interest his fellow-creatures, and in his new ambition is like one who endeavours to attract an audience without having anything to tell them. He knows some Latin, a little Greek, a very little French, and a very very little of what are called the English classics. He has read a few recent novels perhaps, but of modern English literature, and of that (to him at least) most important branch of it, English journalism, he knows nothing. His views and opinions are those of a public school, which are by no means in accordance with those of the great world of readers; or he is full of the class prejudices imbibed at college. In short, he may be as vigorous as a Zulu, with the materials of a first rate soldier in him, but his arms are only a club and an assegai, and are of no service. Why should he not be fitted out in early life with literary weapons of precision, and taught the use of them?

I say, again, that poor Paterfamilias, looking hopelessly about him, like Quintus Curtius in the riddle, for "a nice opening for a young man," is totally ignorant of the opportunities, if not for fame and fortune, at least for competency and comfort, that Literature now offers to a clever lad. He looks round him; he sees the Church leading nowhere, with much greater certainty of expense than income, and demanding a huge sum for what is irreverently termed "gate money;" he sees the Bar, with its high road leading indeed to the woolsack, but with a hundred by-ways leading nowhere in particular, and full of turnpikes—legal tutors, legal fees, rents of chambers, &c.—which he has to defray; he sees Physic, at which Materfamilias sniffs and turns her nose up. "Her Jack, with such agreeable manners, to become a saw-bones! Never!" He sees the Army, and thinks, since Jack has such great abilities, it seems a pity to give him a red coat, which costs also considerably more than a black one; and how is Jack to live upon his pay?

After all, indeed, however prettily one puts it, the question is with him, not so much "*What* is my Jack to be?" as "*How* is my Jack to live?" To one who has any gift of humour there are few things more amusing than to observe how this vulgar, but really rather important inquiry, is ignored by those who take the subject of modern education in hand. They are chiefly schoolmasters, who are not so deep in their books but that they can spare a glance or two in the direction of their banker's account; or fellows of colleges who have no children, and therefore never feel the difficulties of supporting them. Heaven forbid that so humble an individual as myself should question their wisdom, or say anything about them that should seem to smack of irreverence; but I do believe that (with one or two exceptions I have in my mind) the system they have introduced among us is the greatest humbug in the uni-

verse. In the meantime poor Paterfamilias (who is the last man, they flatter themselves, to find this out) stands with his hands (and very little else) in his pockets, regarding his clever offspring, and wondering what he shall do with him. He remembers to have read about a man on his deathbed, who calls his children about him and thanks God, though he has left them nothing to live upon, he has given them a good education, and tries to extract comfort from the reminiscence. That he has spent money enough upon Jack's education is certain; something between two or three thousand pounds in all at least, the interest of which, it strikes him, would be very convenient just now to keep him. But unfortunately the principal is gone and Jack isn't.

Now suppose—for one may suppose anything, however ridiculous—he had spent two or three hundred pounds at the very most, and brought him up to the Calling of Literature. He believes, perhaps, that it is only geniuses that succeed in it (in which case I know more geniuses than I had any idea of), and he doesn't think Jack a genius, though Jack's mother does. Or, as is more probable, he regards it as a hand-to-mouth calling, which to-day gives its disciples a five-pound note, and to-morrow five pence. He calls to mind a saying about Literature being a good stick, but not a good crutch—an excellent auxiliary, but no permanent support; but he forgets the all-important fact that the remark was made half a century ago.

Poor blind Paterfamilias—shall I couch you? If the operation is successful, I am sure you will thank me for it; but, on the other hand, I foresee I shall incur the greatest enmities. Should I encourage clever Jack, and, what is worse, a thousand Jacks who are not clever, to enter upon this vocation, what will editors say to me? I shall have to go about, perhaps, guarded with two policemen with revolvers, like an Irish gentleman on his landed estate. "Is not the flood of rubbish to which we are already subjected," I hear them crying, "bad enough, without your pulling up the sluices of universal stupidity?" My suggestion, however, is intended to benefit them by clearing away the rubbish, and inducing a clearer and deeper stream for the turning of their mills. At the same time I confess that the lessening of Paterfamilias's difficulties is my main object. What I would open his eyes to is the fact that a calling, the advantages of which he has no knowledge, *does* present itself to clever Jack, which will cost him nothing but pens, ink, and paper to enter upon, and in which, if he has been well trained for it, he will surely be successful, since so many succeed in it without any training at all. Why should not Jack have this in view from his cradle as much as the *ignes fatui* of woolsacks and mitres? If it has no lord chancellorships, it has plenty of county court appointments; if it has no bishoprics, it has plenty of benefices—and really, as times go, some pretty fat ones.

On your breakfast table, good Paterfamilias, there lies, every morning, a newspaper, and on Saturday perhaps there are two or three. When you go out in the street, you are pestered to buy half a score more of them. In your club reading-room there are a hundred different journals. When you travel by the railway you see at every station a provincial newspaper of more or less extensive circulation. Has it never struck you that to supply these publications with their leading articles, there must be an immense staff of persons called journalists, professing every description of opinion, and advocating every conceivable policy? And do you suppose these gentry only get 70*l.* a year for their work, like a curate; or 60*l.*, like a sub-lieutenant; or that they have to pay three times those sums for the privilege of belonging to the press, as a barrister does for belonging to his inn? Again, in London at least, there are as many magazines as newspapers, containing every kind of literature, the very contributors of which are so numerous, that they form a public of themselves. That seems at the first blush to militate against my suggestion, but though contributors are so common, and upon the whole so good—indeed, considering the conditions under which they labour, so wonderfully good—they are not (I have heard editors say) so good as they might be, supposing (for example) they knew a little of science, history, politics, English literature, and especially of the art of composition, before they volunteered their services. At present the ranks of journalistic and periodical literature are largely recruited from the failures in other professions. The bright young barrister who can't get a brief takes to literature as a calling, just as the man who has "gone a cropper" in the army takes to the wine-trade. And what æons of time and what millions of money, have been wasted on them in the meanwhile!

The announcement written on the gates of all the recognized professions in England is the same that would-be travellers read on the faces of the passengers on the underground railway after office hours: "Our number is complete, and our room is limited." In literature, on the contrary, though its vehicles may seem as tightly packed, substitution can be effected. There may be persons travelling on that line in the first-class who ought to be in the third, and indeed have no reasonable pretext for being there at all. And if clever Jack could show his ticket, he would turn them out of it.

Again, so far from the space being limited, it is continually enlarging, and that out of all proportion to those who have tickets. We hear from its enemies that the Church is doomed, and from its friends that it is in danger; there is a small but energetic party who are bent on reducing the Army, and even on doing away with it; nay, so wicked and presumptuous has human nature grown, that mutterings are heard, and menaces are uttered against the delay and

exactions of the Law itself; whereas Literature has no foes, and is enlarging its boundaries in all directions. It is all "a growing and a blowing," as the peripatetic gardeners say of their plants; but, unlike their wares, it has its roots deep in the soil and is an evergreen. Its promise is golden, and its prospects are boundless for every class of writer.

In some excellent articles on Modern Literature in *Blackwood's Magazine* the other day, this subject was touched upon with respect to fiction, and might well have filled a greater space, for the growth of that description of literature of late years is simply marvellous. Curiously enough, though France originated the *feuilleton*, it was from America and our own colonies that England seems to have taken the idea of publishing novels in ne spapers. It was a common practice in Australia long before we adopted it; and, what is also curious, it was first acclimatised among us by our provincial papers. The custom is rapidly gaining ground in London, but in the country there is now scarcely any newspaper of repute which does not enlist the aid of fiction to attract its readers. Many of them are contented with very poor stuff, for which they pay a proportional price; but others club together with other newspapers—the operation has even received the technical term of "forming a syndicate"—and are thereby enabled to secure the services of popular authors; while the newspapers thus arranged for are published at a good distance from one another, so as not to interfere with each other's circulation. Country journals, which are not so ambitious, instead of using an inferior article, will often purchase the "serial right," as it is called, of stories which have already appeared elsewhere, or have passed through the circulating libraries. Nay, the novelist who has established a reputation has many more strings to his bow: his novel, thus published in the country newspapers, also appears coincidently in the same serial shape in Australia, Canada, and other British colonies, leaving the three-volume form and the cheap editions "to the good." And what is true of fiction is in less degree true of other kinds of literature. Travels are "gutted," and form articles in magazines, illustrated by the original plates; lectures, after having served their primary purpose, are published in a similar manner; even scientific works now appear first in the magazines which are devoted to science before performing their mission of "popularising" their subject.

When speaking of the growth of readers, I have purposely not mentioned America. For the present the absence of copyright there is destroying both author and publisher; but the wheels of justice, though tardy, are making way there. In a few years that great continent of readers will be legitimately added to the audience of the English author, and those that have stolen will steal no more.

Nor, in our own country, must we fail to take notice of the estab-

lishment of School Boards. A generation hence we shall have a reading public almost as numerous as in America ; even the very lowest classes will have acquired a certain culture which will beget demands both for journalists and "literary persons." The harvest will be plenteous indeed, but unless my advice be followed in some shape or another, the labourers will be comparatively few and superlatively inadequate.

I am well aware how mischievous, as well as troublesome, would be the encouragement of mediocrity ; and in stating these promising facts I have no such purpose in my mind. On the contrary, there is an immense amount of mediocrity already in literature, which I think my proposition of training up "clever Jack" to that calling would discourage. I have no expectation of establishing a manufacture for genius—and indeed, for reasons it is not necessary to specify, I would not do it if I could. But whereas all kinds of "culture" have been recommended to the youth of Great Britain (and certainly with no limit as to the expense of acquisition), the cultivation of such natural faculties as imagination and humour (for example) has never been suggested. The possibility of such a thing will doubtless be denied. I am quite certain, however, that they are capable of great development, and that they may be brought to attain, if not perfection, at all events a high degree of excellence. The proof, for those who choose to look for it, is plain enough even as matters stand. Use and opportunity are already producing scores of examples of it ; if supplemented by early education they might surely produce still more.

There is so great and general a prejudice against special studies, that I must humbly conclude there is something in it. On the other hand, I know a large number of highly—that is broadly—educated persons, who are desperately dull. "But would they have been less dull," it may be asked, "if they were also ignorant?" Yes, I believe they would. They have swallowed too much for digestions naturally weak ; they have become inert, conceited, oppressive to themselves and others—Prigs. And I think that even clever young people suffer in a less degree from the same cause. Some one has written, "Information is always useful." This reminds me of the married lady, fond of bargains, who once bought a door-plate at a sale with "Mr. Wilkins" on it. Her own name was Jones, but the door-plate was very cheap, and her husband, she argued, *might* die, and then she might marry a man of the name of Wilkins. "Depend upon it, everything comes in useful," she said, "if you only keep it long enough."

This is what I venture to doubt. I have myself purchased several door-plates (quite as burthensome, but not so cheap as that good lady's) which have been of no sort of use to me, and are still on hand.

JAMES PAYN, *in Nineteenth Century.*

WHAT IS RENT?

THE public mind of the country is at the present hour largely occupied with thinking about rent. The severe agricultural depression has generated painful effects on the feelings and the fortunes of the people of England. The various classes who are connected with the cultivation of land are visited with much suffering, and we cannot be surprised if they are found discussing whether their relations towards each other, as well as the system of agriculture prevailing in these islands, are precisely what they ought to be. The various methods of dealing with the land and the population that devote themselves to its tillage have been the subjects of keen debate for ages: failing harvests, low prices, and heavy losses, are well suited to impart energy and even violence to such discussions. In some portions of the kingdom even agricultural revolution has made its appearance on the scene. The law itself is openly and avowedly defied. The debtor, it is decreed, shall determine at his own pleasure how much he shall pay of the debt to which he is pledged. If the owner of the property let on hire repels such an adjudication of his rights, he is plainly warned that they shall be swept away altogether, and the insolvent debtor be made the owner of what he borrowed. The very structure of society itself is imperilled. "To refuse to pay debt violently," it has been well said, "is to steal, and to permit stealing is not only to dissolve, but to demoralize society: accumulation of property and civilization itself would become impossible."

Amidst such agitated passions it was inevitable that rent should speedily come to the front. Those who had contracted to pay rent, in the expectation that the produce of their labour would enable them to redeem their pledge, have been plunged into losses, more or less severe, by the badness of the seasons; their means were reduced; to pay was inconvenient; and it was a simpler method to take the matter into their own hands, and rather than appeal to the feelings of their landlords for a considerate diminution of their rents, to call rent itself into judgment, and to suppress it altogether. When, then, matters have reached the pass that an anti-rent agitation, based on the confiscation of property and the repudiation of contracts, has sprung up, and is swiftly spreading among an excitable people, it becomes important in the highest degree that the true nature of rent should be clearly understood by the whole country. Whatever may be ultimately decided about rent, let every man first know accurately what it is. To advocate a system of agriculture which shall abolish the possession of land by a class who are owners and not cultivators of the soil, and thus extinguish the charge for the loan of it to farmers, is perfectly legiti-

mate. Let the merits and demerits of such a tenure be freely investigated; let peasant-proprietorship be counter-examined over against it; but let the conviction be brought home to every mind that no just or intelligent conclusion can be reached unless every element of the problem has been fully and honestly weighed. A reduction of rents may very possibly be called for by necessity and by reason; but to place the position itself of landlord in an invidious light, as that of a man who exacts from the labour of others that for which he has neither toiled nor spun, is a most unwarrantable process of argumentation, and can lead to no trustworthy result in a matter of such transcendant importance to the nation.

What then is rent? The true answer to this very natural question, obvious and easy though it may seem to be, has been grasped by few only. Let the question be put to a mixed company, and the incapacity to explain the real nature of rent will be found most surprising. One's first impulse is to appeal to Political Economy for an answer, for indisputably rent belongs to its domain; but unhappily Political Economists, for the most part, instead of enlightening have obscured this inquiry for the public mind. Some few amongst them have perceived the true character of rent; but most other economical writers have been led astray into a wrong path by Ricardo. Ricardo's theory of rent was accepted as the orthodox doctrine; but it was a theory from which the common world, landlords and farmers alike, turned away as unworkable. Ricardo was dominated by the passion of giving to Political Economy a strictly scientific treatment, and the explanation of rent he hailed as an excellent instrument for accomplishing his purpose. He built the amount of rent payable by different lands, on the varying fertilities of the soil. Land A paid no rent; its productive powers were unequal to such an effort; it must content itself with rewarding the cultivator alone. Land B presented itself as something better; a feeble rent it could supply. C, D, and E continued the ascending scale; the rents they yielded assumed grander dimensions, till the maximum of fertility and remunerating power was reached. The array wore a splendidly scientific air; it almost rivalled the great law of the inverse square of the distances. But, alas, as Ricardo himself dimly saw, rent bowed to other forces besides mere fertility. Varying distances from manures and markets, dissimilar demands for horse-power for the attainment of the same crops, unequal pressure of rates and taxes, and other like causes compelled rent to sway upwards and downwards in contradiction of the law of fertility; and that was not scientific. But it was true in fact, and Ricardo, under the pressure of necessity, summed up these disturbing causes under the general word situation. Like Mill, he had to recognise that Political Economy, as he and Mill posed it, was an "hypothetical science," and

that the stern world of material realities was under the dominion of influences which were not hypothetical nor scientific.*

If Ricardo and Mill had contented themselves with laying down what the amount of rent was, governed by the quality of the soil's fertility and by the forces which they feebly recognised by the word situation, no harm would have been done. They would have given a tolerably fair description of the causes on which the magnitude of rent depends. It would not indeed have explained what rent is, but it would have expressed truths with which the common agricultural mind was familiar, and they might have retained the command of agricultural ears. But scientific ambition would not be satisfied with so simple and unpretending a statement. It was resolved that the explanation of rent should take the shape of a scientific doctrine; and with this object it invented an addition to it of whose scientific character there could be no doubt. "It converted the land," in the words of Mr. Mill, "which yields least return to the labour and capital employed on it, and gives only the ordinary profit of capital, without leaving anything for rent, into a standard for estimating the amount of rent which will be yielded by all other land. Any land yields as much more than the ordinary profits of stock, as it yields more than what is returned by the worst land in cultivation." This worst land, which had no rent to give, was erected into a standard which should measure rents as accurately as a yard measures distances, and a pound avoirdupois weights. Most useful indeed is the yard which tells us how far it is to Dover, and the lb. weight which informs us how heavy the load of coals is which has reached our door; and delightful truly would be an instrument which should tell a disputing landlord and tenants, with unerring precision, how much rent exactly each farm was bound to pay. But this "margin of calculation," this land which pays no rent—what landlord or what farmer has ever inquired for it in the calculation of their rents? Has it ever occurred to the thoughts, or passed the lips, of a single practical agriculturalist, in these days of excitement, and anger, and unceasing declamations in the press and tribune on rent? And if it had been found, what possible help could it have brought to a single agriculturalist? Such land could be no

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* It is much to be regretted that Professor Jevons in his "Primer of Political Economy" should have omitted in his explanation of rent the action of the forces which Ricardo and Mill sum up in the word situation. He affirms "that rent arises from the fact that different pieces of land are not equally fertile," and that "the rent of better land consists of the surplus of its produce over that of the poorest cultivated land." How is it, then, that inferior land near great towns pays a much higher rent than very good land in the heart of a rural district, far away from railways or canals, burdened with high poor-rates, and sorely in want of lime or other distant manures? Ricardo himself admits, and so does Mill, that if all lands were equally fertile, and, it may be added, equally well situated as to other forces, they would still pay rent to their owners.

measure to measure by. A measure must either be a given portion of the thing measured, as a yard of length, or else be an effect of a given force, as the height of the barometer of the pressure of the atmosphere. A piece of land which yields no rent cannot measure one that does, because the non-payment of rent is not the effect of a single force but of many diverse ones. A particular farm may pay no rent because it is isolated by want of roads, or is in a lonely spot, or is far off from manures, or is burdened with excess of taxation, as a whole parish in Buckinghamshire which was said to have gone out of cultivation because no man would face the burden of its poor-rates. What facility for calculation could such a parish furnish to a farmer in Middlesex or Lancashire? The selection of such a standard was a purely illogical process; it confounded effect with cause. The forces which determine rent decree that such a farm cannot pay rent, that is an effect; but its paying no rent could be no cause, by the mere fact alone that it did not yield sufficient net profit, why other lands should pay no rent. The margin of calculation was framed at a particular locality, under its own circumstances, but it could say nothing about the circumstances of another farm and their effects.

The moral to be derived from the examination of Ricardo and Mill's theories of rent, is clear. The sooner that their margin of cultivation, their standard of the amount of rent, disappears, the better will it be for the interests of society and Political Economy. It has driven away all agricultural audience from the talk of Political Economy about rent; it is felt to lie altogether outside of the practical world. Let the land which is cultivated without being able to pay rent be inquired into by all means whenever there is a call for so doing. Let the impeding causes and all their circumstances be explored, but let the inquiry and its results be kept apart from all rent-paying land. The forces which determine that one farm can pay rent and another none are the same for both, either by their presence or their absence; but the two farms have no connection with each other, except as suffering effects from common causes. When this great truth is seen and acknowledged, and when Political Economy has ceased to talk of the non rent-paying land regulating the amount of all rent, the world which it addresses, and for whom it exists, will be won over to listen to its teaching on rent and to think it real.

And now let us face the question, simply, What is rent? It is necessary to distinguish here between two different meanings of the word rent. It is a legal word connected with the hire of land or forms of real property connected with land, as houses, rooms, and the like. Agricultural rent is different in nature from the rent of rooms. The rents paid for a house or rooms in a large building such as Gresham House have no relation to any particular business

carried on in them, much less do they depend on the success of that business. Agricultural rent, on the contrary, is given for the very purpose of engaging in a distinct business, agriculture; and the profits of that business enter largely, in the settlement of rent, into the calculations of the lender and the hirer of the land. It is of agricultural rent exclusively that we are speaking on the present occasion.

In order to make a correct analysis of the subject, let us place ourselves in the position of a farmer who is offered the tenancy of a particular farm. It is necessary further, to form a clear conception of the fact and to bear it constantly in mind that, in all acts of selling or hiring, it is the purchaser or hirer, not the seller or the lender, who ultimately decides whether an exchange shall take place. Whatever be the price asked, be it high or be it low, the buyer by giving or refusing it decrees whether a commercial transaction shall be carried out. It is not the landlord but the tenant who will in the last resort determine what the rent shall be. The landlord may select amongst competing farmers the man who will pay the highest rent; still it will be the judgment of that tenant that will decide at last, not only what the amount of the rent shall be, but even whether the farm shall be let at all. The inquiry thus becomes, What are the thoughts, and what the feelings consequent on those thoughts, which traverse the mind of the farmer? He is seeking to borrow the use of land in order to engage in the agricultural business; his motive is profit, such an amount of profit as will, after repaying all his outlay of every kind, yield him the fitting reward for his efforts and his skill. His object is to gain a living out of his farm; and his calculations turn on the inquiry, on what terms of borrowing the use of the land he shall be able to obtain the ordinary profits of trade. Let us accompany him in these calculations.

The landlord opens the debate by naming the rent which he requires for the farm. The question for the tenant becomes, Can the farm afford such a rent? Here, obviously, the productive power of the soil will present itself as the first and most momentous subject of inquiry. It is a productive machine that the farmer is seeking to hire. The strength of that machine, its capacity to turn out much and good work, is the great point to ascertain. The quality of the soil itself is clearly a most important element of the problem; but it is far from being the only force which constitutes the productive power of a farm. What the climate is at the particular locality is a consideration of great weight. Good land in a rainy district will yield an inferior rent to land of the same quality under a more genial sun and a drier atmosphere. Then the water connected with the farm will come under examination. Will it be capable of creating water-meadows, which have such a lifting

power for rent in many parts of England? The fertility, too, of the several fields of the farm will differ. The intelligent tenant will feel himself called upon to estimate what amount of crop, what quantity of food for cattle, with his skill and capital, he may reasonably expect to produce. This is the basis of the whole computation—the quantity and quality of the produce that he can fairly reckon on obtaining. And he will not be governed solely by the then existing state of the land. If he is an able agriculturist, he will form a shrewd guess of what he will be able to make it yield by proper treatment. And it is very probable that he will prefer to pay a high rent for good land rather than a lower rent for inferior soil, because he may feel a well-founded confidence in his own resources to work up the greater power of a strong, if even obstinate, farm to larger results.

Having completed the first stage, and formed his estimate of the crops and cattle which the land will yield, the tenant will now address himself to the very grave question of the cost which his manufacturing industry will entail. Here he will encounter forces which pay small respect to the beautiful symmetry of hypothetical economic science, and often influence the amount of rent far more powerfully than the fertility of the land. Will his farm be amongst the light and sunny hills of Surrey, or will it be embedded in the stubborn clay of the Sussex weald? Will he need four horses or two only for each of his ploughs? The crop may be the same for both, but the cost will be widely different, and may create much resistance to the landlord's rent. If he appeals to steam-power for help, he must ask himself how far off he will be from the coal-field, how near to him will be the station at which he will buy his coals. So, again, with his manure. Will the lime and the marl be close to his borders, or must he send his carts long distances to the pit or the railway? Then comes the serious question of the place where his buyers dwell; how far he is from his market; what expense of carriage he will be put to. It may be his good fortune to be offered a farm in the neighbourhood of London, or some great manufacturing town. A weighty rent, it is true, may be demanded of him, even some ten or fifteen pounds an acre; but this will not extinguish the attractiveness of such a farm. Better markets, abundant supplies of manure, cultivation by the spade, and high prices, may possess higher claims in his eyes than a small rent in a rural region.

But the computing farmer's arithmetic is not yet over; he has very formidable figures still to face. His land may be burdened with heavy charges of an exceptional kind. His tithe may be unusually large; his poor-rate peculiarly severe; and the school-rate may acutely try his temper and his purse. Worse still, agricultural wages in his locality may be inordinately high, for wide are the

discrepancies between wages in different parts of England, and the worth of the wage may not be repaid by labourers demoralized by trade unions. The long arithmetical array of heavy burdens will be duly noted by the incoming tenant, and carefully placed to the debit of the debated rent; but one thing he will not do—he will not search out the position of the farm offered in the brilliant series of ascending fertility, and comfort himself with the reflection that economical science furnishes him with the assurance that a farm standing so high above the margin of cultivation must necessarily be able to pay the rent attached to that position, all these exceptional charges of cost of production notwithstanding.

One item of cost still remains, which the intelligent tenant will investigate before he contracts to take the farm. He will inquire into the condition of the farm—into the outfit, so to speak, which it will require for the full performance of the work which it is fitted to perform. He will endeavour to ascertain the amount of draining which has been effected, the number and state of the farm-buildings, as well as the amount of unexhausted improvements of various kinds which either the landlord or the previous tenant has laid out upon the land. These constitute no real part of the land's fertility, though they increase its power to produce: they are fixed capital in the carrying out of the agricultural business. And here it is important to note that the tenant will not inquire into the amount of money, as such, which the landlord has spent upon his land. He will not pay an additional pound of rent because the landlord can appeal to large figures denoting the capital he has laid out on his fields. This, by itself alone, does not concern the tenant; but it does concern him greatly to learn the actual condition of the farm; and beyond doubt the landlord will be able to demand increased rent, and the tenant will be perfectly willing to pay it, to the extent that the outlay on draining and other improvements has augmented the actual produce of the farm. The tenant looks solely to the working power of the agricultural machine and the results which he may obtain from it; outside of this consideration he takes no account of what outlay the landlord has incurred, any more than of the price which he has given for the property. The tenant will be well aware that if that machinery does not exist, it must be provided by means of an understanding with the landlord, necessarily involving some cost for himself; if he finds it on the ground and at work, he will set down in his calculation an increased estimate of produce without any debit against rent for cost of construction—he will feel that he is hiring a more powerful machine.

The calculating tenant has now formed an estimate of what he may assume as the amount of produce which he can procure from the farm, as also of the cost which the obtaining of that produce in the given locality will entail. He thus reaches the third stage of

his investigation—the price which he may reckon on realizing for the products he has raised. Here the peculiar nature of the agricultural business reveals itself. A man who enters upon a new industry, or erects a new mill, or opens a fresh mine, will not inquire for a particular price which he may adopt as the basis of his computations. He will think only of the extent of the demand which exists for the articles that he intends to manufacture. If it is strong and increasing, he will feel sure that the consumers will repay the whole cost of production, interest and capital included, and in addition the legitimate profit attached to the business. If he hires or buys machinery, he will pay the price belonging to it in its own market as a manufactured article, precisely as if he were making purchases in shops; the seller of a steam-engine will not ask how much profit the engine will create for the factory. No doubt, if a site must be bought or hired for the erection of the mill, a higher price for the land will be encountered, in consequence of the prosperity of trade in the particular town or district; but the rate of profit will not rise in the discussion between the landowner and the trader. The price of the land will be regulated by the force of the existing demand for land, a demand which, of course, will gather strength from the swelling profits realized in the trade.

The position of the farmer who is seeking to discover what is the proper consideration for the hire of a farm is radically different from that of an ordinary manufacturer. As all land in England can be said to pay rent, it is clear that its products are sold at such a profit as enables the tenant to reward his landlord for his loan. The sale of what he makes is therefore certain, but the price which it will fetch is anything but certain. His business is subject to influences which very materially affect the quantity of his products, and still more the prices which they will command. He is dominated by the seasons; but it may be argued that their fluctuations may be guarded against by basing the calculation on their average character. The statement is well founded, and every sensible farmer will take the average season as his rule in computing; yet even the average season, as recent experience has too sadly shown, may sweep over a large cycle of years with very disturbing results. But there are other and very formidable difficulties which the farmer is called upon to face. The price which his produce will command depends on forces of great and varying power which are entirely beyond his own control, and often are incapable of being estimated beforehand. He is necessarily met by foreign competition; and that competition itself is stronger or weaker according to the commercial position of the countries which bring it to bear. Further, the state of the home market itself cannot be prejudged. The produce of English land will certainly be demanded and sold; but its price is vastly influenced by the prosperity or adversity of English

trade. The rate, for instance, at which meat will be sold will vary prodigiously according as the multitudes of British workmen are earning high or low wages. The fortunes of foreign nations will weigh on the cultivating farmer; they are buyers of English wares, and their financial condition will act on British manufactures, and recoil, for good or evil, on British agriculture.

The combined action of these manifold and diverse forces generates a special and very important effect. It imprints on the hire of land a distinct and unique feature of its own ; it imparts its peculiar characteristic to rent. The position of the farmer is not that of a man engaged in a business, and buying or hiring a machine which is required for carrying it on ; it is rather the situation of one who is examining whether he can reasonably enter upon the business at all. One feeling governs that situation ; the tenant must be able to live by it by means of a natural profit after all expenses have been repaid. Thus, the payment for the use of the land takes the form of handing over to the landowner all excess of profit above the fitting reward for the farmer. This seems manifestly the best method for giving the required security to the tenant, whilst it provides the lender of the use of the land a reward just in itself and compatible with the continuous cultivation of the soil. Such a system is not unacceptable to the landlord ; he cannot hope to maintain a fixed rent which the returns yielded by the agricultural business do not furnish. To insist upon such a condition would be simply to compel the farmer to renounce the farm. And he will not obtain such a rent from any other tenant ; for the one he dismisses has no other motive for leaving except the fact that the farm will not provide such a rent. On the other hand, if he is dissatisfied with the rent offered by the tenant he has in the competition of tenants desirous of hiring the farm a sure test for ascertaining whether the offer is just or deficient.

It follows, from the preceding analysis, that rent depends on the prices realized by agricultural produce compared with the cost of their production, the farming profits included. A high price does not in every case imply a correspondingly high rent, for the cost of raising agricultural produce varies immensely in different localities ; still, as a rule, elevated prices will raise up rents with them. The same truth holds good of every business : it must yield repayment of all cost of manufacturing, and reward the manufacturer with the necessary profit, or it will cease to exist. But agricultural price encounters two serious embarrassments not to be found to an equal degree in other trades. It is, in the first place, powerfully acted upon by the vicissitudes of the weather : a bountiful harvest, coming in contact with great commercial profits, brings a full and often an augmented price, to the great advantage of the farmer ; a poor harvest, falling on a depressed trade.

often fails to reap a price corresponding with the diminution of the supply. There is but one remedy wherewith to meet the fluctuations of such a market—a remedy, unfortunately, too little heeded by most farmers. The great law of the average harvest must be ever borne in mind, ought ever to govern the conduct of the intelligent farmer: he is bound, by the very nature of his business, to reserve the excess of profits of the good year to balance the deficient return of the failing crop. His rent ought to be, probably is, founded on this principle; his practice often exhibits profuse self-indulgence under the temptations of the prosperous time, in utter thoughtlessness about the future.

We have now reached the full explanation of rent. It is surplus profit—that is, excess of profit after the repayment of the whole cost of production, beyond the legitimate profit which belongs to the tenant as a manufacturer of agricultural produce. The interest which he would have reaped from placing capital which he has devoted to the farm in some safe investment, such as consols or railway debentures, forms necessarily a portion of the cost of production. He would have realized some 4 per cent. on the investment without risk or effort of any kind. This interest constitutes no reward for engaging in agriculture.

It remains now to consider certain important consequences which flow from this explanation of rent. In the first place, it is evident that three separate incomes are derived from agriculture, whilst two only make their appearance in all other industries. In common with them agriculture furnishes reward or income for two classes of persons—wages for labourers and profit for the employer. There the similarity ends. A third income makes its appearance for a third person—rent for the landlord. This rent is not an ordinary consideration for hiring some useful machine; if it were a compensation of this nature, it would necessarily take its place amongst the items composing the cost of production. It is a part of the profit won, dependent in no way on the value of the property nor on the price at which it was bought, but purely and simply on the degree of the profit realized. It is a part of that profit, estimated and paid as what remains over—a surplus.

But how comes it to pass that an ordinary manufacture does not yield or pay any such third income? For a simple and decisive reason. A Manchester manufacturer cannot permanently earn a higher profit than belongs to his trade. If we suppose 10 per cent. to be the natural profit of that trade, and he persistently realizes 18, other mills will be opened by new men entering into the business, and this process will be continued till his profits are reduced to their legitimate level. It is otherwise with farming. If a tenant reaps 10 per cent. continuously from his farm, when competitors are willing to be content with 8, the landlord will quickly make the

discovery, and will add the surplus 2 to the rent he requires. He will obtain the income, because 8 per cent. is judged by the farming world to be an adequate reward for engaging in agriculture, and because no additional land is to be found for the agricultural business.

2. It is clear that tithes, poor-rates, and other permanent charges, fall upon the landlord's rent, and not on the farmer's profit. They diminish rent. This is a point on which much misunderstanding prevails. A loud outcry is raised amongst tenants at this time of agricultural suffering against the heavy payments demanded of them for special taxes imposed upon land; a strong agitation is rising to obtain their repeal, as being unjustifiable wrongs inflicted on the most meritorious of industries. It is not perceived that these charges figured as items in the cost of production when the farmer was calculating what rent the farm would warrant him to pay: they diminished the rent at the cost of the landlord. Tithes and rates took their places in the estimate of the debit side quite as really as the number of horses, or the quantity of manure, which the farm would require. We have seen that rent makes its appearance only after every expense has been provided for, and a legitimate profit secured; then, and not till then, the calculation of the rent begins. If the farming world succeeds in removing these burdens, wholly or in part, from the shoulders of the tenants, there can be no doubt that rents will proportionately rise. The landlords would argue, with entire justice, that all other circumstances remaining the same, the collective farming profit had become larger by the disappearance of these taxes, and as the tenant was entitled only to his natural rate of profit, the increase of surplus would legitimately belong to him. If the tenant repelled such a claim, the landlord would be easily able to obtain the rent he claimed from competing farmers who would be satisfied with the natural profit of the business.

One exception, however, must be allowed to this conclusion—the case, namely, of a tenant who, upon a long lease, had contracted to pay a definite rent for many years. Such a tenant has taken upon himself the chances of the cost of production during a lengthened period, it may be nineteen or twenty-one years, being larger or smaller. If it diminishes during the interval, he gains: if it increases, he loses. Practically he has insured the landlord's rent, during the continuance of the lease, against diminution. For all increase or diminution of rates he fares as if he were the landlord.

3. A third very important deduction follows from the nature of the process which determines rent. Rent does not increase the price of agricultural produce; it does not make bread dearer. Rent is the consequence, not the creator, of price. Here the difference between agriculture and manufacturing trades is vital. The hire

or purchase of machinery forms necessarily a part of the cost of manufacturing the goods: it must be paid for by the price realized, or the goods will not be made. On the other hand, the consideration to be given for the use of the land does not enter into the tenant's estimate of his cost of production. He does not direct his inquiry to the right rent till after he has ascertained what the farm will produce, the cost of obtaining it, and the price it will fetch. He then discovers what the profit will be: from it he takes his own necessary share; what is over he hands to the landlord as rent. He does not, like the manufacturer, insist upon a price which must be obtained, for otherwise he would not be able to pay for the use of the machine he borrows; he simply takes the price which he finds in the market, makes himself reasonably sure of the profit which rewards him, and the landlord must take the chance of what rent will remain over, whether large or small. Rent exists because a selling price is found which yields a surplus, an excess of profit beyond what the tenant requires. If price give no surplus profit, the landlord will get no rent, and he must farm the land himself, or sell it to a farmer.

But there is a peculiarity in the agricultural market which exercises a very powerful influence in raising rents. Most manufactured articles can be dispensed with, or their consumption greatly lessened, if their cost of production is largely increased, or the means of buying diminished. It is otherwise with food: it must be had, must be bought, if any means of purchasing it exist. The effect of this force on a country situated like England, is very marked. England cannot supply food for more than half of her population; the other half must be procured from abroad. Now, the principle which governs the price of indispensable food is the law, that the price paid for the dearest article—say, a loaf of bread—which must and will be bought, will impose itself on all like articles which are actually purchased. When the loaf made in England was cheaper than any imported from abroad, then the price of the English loaf rose to the price of the dearest foreign loaves, which were sold and purchased in the English markets. This extra-addition of price was a pure surplus of profit received by the English grower of wheat; the cost of production was not changed, nor his requirement of profit for himself augmented. The gain he thus realized, being absolutely surplus profit, passed to the landowner. The need of foreign corn raised his rent. But the picture has a reverse side. It may well happen that the foreign corn landed in England will be saleable at a lower price than the English. If the supply can be furnished in sufficient quantity to provide bread enough for all England, the English corn in that case must inevitably sink to the level of the foreign—its price will fall, the profit realized on its sale may indefinitely sink, and a great reduction of rents through-

out England may well be the inevitable consequence. The only weapon wherewith to fight off the disaster would be such a modification of British agriculture as would lead to the cultivation of other crops than wheat.

Here it seems desirable to notice briefly some remarks addressed by Professor Thorold Rogers to the *Daily News*, of October 30th, 1879; for though they are in the main true, they might easily give rise to mischievous misconception. He writes—"There is no doubt that rent is wealth to the recipient, and a means of profit to those who trade with the recipient; but except in so far as it represents the advantageous outlay of capital, it is no more national wealth than the public funds are." Surely this is to ignore the fact that the sources from which rent and the dividends on the public funds are derived differ radically in nature. The dividends on consols are the fruit of taxes levied on the whole people of England, and distributed as such to national creditors, which they may consume as they please. Rent is part of a profit earned by an industry useful to the country. A tax and a profit are not necessarily the same thing. No doubt a profit swollen by a monopoly price is equivalent to a tax: and a rent derived from "the price of the produce of land, raised by excessive demand and stinted supply," would be a forced contribution from consumers. But is all rent the child of monopoly? May it not well happen, does it not constantly happen, that rents are high by the side of cheap corn, because the agricultural business is largely productive through efforts made by landlords in improving the powers of the soil? Are they to be limited down in their reward to the pure interest which they could have obtained for their capital from investments in bonds and debentures? is not part of the profit realized legitimately due to them, as profit accomplished by a commercial enterprise? If the returns on improvements made by landowners on their estates were limited to the interest which they could have obtained from consols, would not the motive for making such improvements be sadly wanting? It would sound strange in great manufacturing towns to be told that flowing profits are no increase of the public wealth, that they are taxes resembling the public funds, and must be swept away down to the lowest sum compatible with the existence of the industry.

And what must be said of the ugly word, monopoly, which is so freely flung against the owners of rent? There is a sound of unfairness in it; of unearned gains won without effort from the fortunes of others. How is such a reproach to be repelled? To parry the blow does not seem to be so difficult. There is, indeed, a kind of monopoly which is susceptible of no defence, a monopoly of manufacture conferred on a favoured few, by the arbitrary decree of the law, founded on no superior claim of merit or capacity, and resulting in inflated prices and inferiority of service rendered. Such were

the monopolies whose abolition an indignant public opinion extorted from Queen Elizabeth. But a superior advantage of production or sale attached by nature to particular individuals or societies belongs to a wholly different class. Life is full of such monopolies. They are inherent and indestructible. The vineyards of France possess a monopoly of incomparable wine which will for all time earn amazing profits paid by voluntary buyers. England enjoys a like monopoly in the juxtaposition of her coal and iron, which have created a trade that no other nation can rival. The eloquent barrister, the acute physician, the brilliant artist, the quick-eyed inventor of machines, the soul-stirring singer, all are endowed with a personal monopoly resulting in great wealth. Are the men and nations who reap the splendid fruit of such a superiority to be stigmatized as despoilers of their fellow-citizens? Is rent, the offspring of a like advantage, to be painted as a tribute exacted from fellow-countrymen compelled to buy food?

But it will be said, change the tenure of the land, and the wrong will disappear. But what system will clear away superior produce and increased price? Certainly not a universal peasant-proprietor class. Such peasants would still possess the command of higher prices conferred by fertility and situation, and by means of such prices they would gather up swollen profits which would in reality be rent. Then let the land be owned by the whole community in common possession, exclaim French Socialists, and let its fruits be distributed in equal shares to every inhabitant. But even in such an extreme case it would be impossible to efface monopoly. The able-bodied man who received the same share of produce as the weak dwarf, the clever artisan who was unable to earn a special reward for his fructifying intelligence would inevitably reap a diminution of labour and time. His higher faculties would earn a monopoly benefit in leisure.

The conclusion to be drawn is evident. Nature has scattered monopolies broadcast, higher profits, over the world. She has ordained that they shall ever exist. It is futile to stigmatize rent as an exceptional offender against equality.

4. Finally, one more truth comes forth from this explanation, which has a most important bearing on the efficient cultivation of land. The landowner and the tenant are joint partners in a common business. They share a common profit—the first portion belongs to the farmer, the remainder to the landlord. They are both interested in promoting the success of the agriculturist. If the cultivation of the soil thrives even under the shortest leases, the rent is not quickly raised in consequence of the rising profit—whilst under a long lease very considerable gains may be won before a new settlement of the rent can come up for discussion. This partnership brings a powerful motive to act on the landlord to give help in

developing the efficiency of the farming. He knows that if he invests capital in draining and other improvements, he increases the productive power of his land, he is laying the foundation of enlarged results, and he cannot fail to perceive that land thus improved must yield a bigger profit, of which the surplus part, the rents, must necessarily be greater. Thus an important benefit is acquired, not only for the joint partners, but also for the whole population of the country. Such processes generate more abundant and cheaper food. The landlord who never visits his farms, never thinks of them except on rent day, is blind to his own interest, is forgetting that ownership of land is a partnership in a business. He neglects his own enrichment, and leaves needed resources for the nation unused. The active and intelligent landlord, on the contrary, watches the march of agriculture. He observes where the machine, the soil, requires improvement, he notices the farming qualities of the tenant, he lives on friendly relations with him, and deliberates with him on expanding the productive power of the farm. His rent becomes larger—not only by obtaining interest on the capital laid out, but also by sharing in the additional profit which that capital is sure to engender ; and that addition will not be grudged by the tenant. He, too, will have prospered by the help of more powerful machinery in his trade, for he is certain of getting an augmented profit from the capital laid out by the landlord. Whatever may be said of the system of land-revenue which prevails in England, one merit it certainly possesses : it tends to bring the capital of a wealthy landowner to take part in enlarging the power of the land and the amount of its produce.

BONAMY PRICE, *in Contemporary Review.*

THE FUNCTIONS OF THE BRAIN.

AT no previous time in the history of physiology and medicine has the study of the structure and functions of the brain proved to be of such surpassing interest, or engaged so many able workers, as at present ; and as an era in the investigation of these problems has recently closed, it seems appropriate to point out the landmarks of our present position, which has been reached by the development of more accurate and comprehensive modes of investigation than were formerly employed.

The most important step in modern research, and which may be said to have ushered in a new period in our knowledge of brain function, was the application of electricity to the hemispheres of

the brain of living animals, and the observation of the effects caused by such stimulation. The first successful experiments of this kind were made by two German observers, Fritsche and Hitzig, of Berlin, who were soon followed by Ferrier in this country. A secure base was thus given to one of the most important doctrines of the present day, viz.: *the localisation of the several cerebral faculties;* and if vivisection had done nothing else for science, it would simply on account of this have a claim on our gratitude. But vivisection is only one of the means which have been employed towards the elucidation of our subject. The clinical features of the several diseases of the brain have been, and are now, more attentively than ever studied by hospital physicians ; the symptoms observed during life are compared with the results of post-mortem examinations ; and by simultaneously bringing anatomy, experimental physiology, clinical medicine, and pathology to bear upon this great question, the present doctrine of brain-function eventually became established.

I now proceed to give a rapid survey of the fundamental facts of this doctrine.

The brain consists of two different but closely interwoven substances which, on account of their colour, have been termed the *grey* and the *white matter*. The grey matter, which consists of minute cells or globules, is intended to produce and accumulate the nervous force, while the white matter, which consists of tubes or fibres, serves to conduct it in all directions. The grey matter may therefore be appropriately likened to a galvanic battery in which an electric current is generated, and the white matter to telegraph-wires which conduct the current to any place where it may be required. These cells and fibres are cemented together by a kind of connective tissue which is termed neuroglia, and imparts to them proper support and firmness. There are infinite variations in the size and arrangement of these cells and fibres, and which are no doubt intimately connected with their respective functions. It is not my purpose in the present paper to give even the merest outline of these structural relations, nor of the coarser portions of the brain, as this would be unintelligible without the aid of models, diagrams, and microscopical sections ; and I will therefore simply state that we may subdivide the brain into five principal parts, which greatly differ in general configuration, and which, although they are in the most intimate connection with each other, yet are invested with thoroughly different functions. They stand in the relation of higher and lower centres, the lowest being the medulla, and the highest the grey surface of the hemispheres. The functions of these parts will now be considered *seriatim*, beginning with the lower centres.

1. The *medulla* forms the connecting link between the spinal cord and the brain. It is a small cord, about an inch long, and

weighing no more than two drachms ; yet it must be looked upon as the most vital part of the whole system, for injury to it proves immediately fatal. The most important function of the medulla is to cause and to regulate the respiratory movements, and the point in which this respiratory centre is situated is called the *vital knot.* Death by hanging results generally from injury to this special point in the medulla, through dislocation or fracture of the upper portion of the spine ; the criminal therefore dies of asphyxia, or cessation of respiration. The entire brain above the medulla may be removed in an animal, and the latter may yet continue to breathe ; but destruction of the medulla asphyxiates it at once. The same organ also regulates the heart's action. It is true that the pulsations of the heart are not, like the respiratory movements, at once arrested by destruction of the medulla, for they may continue some time after death from hanging. Indeed, the rhythmic beating of the heart is effected by means of small nerve-cells which are situated in its muscular substance, and which may retain their energy for some time after death. The influence of the medulla upon the heart is therefore a secondary one, that is, to retard or accelerate its action. The medulla is never at rest as long as life lasts, for respiration and the heart's action continue during sleep as well as in the waking condition in a typical manner.

The medulla is likewise the centre of action for the blood-vessels. These are not always equally distended by the circulating liquid, but may contract and dilate, as is seen in sudden blushing and pallor, under the influence of diverse mental emotions. The insensible perspiration of the skin, which, like respiration, is also going on constantly, is likewise under the influence of the medulla.

A pointed illustration of these facts is given by the symptoms of the peculiar disorder known as sun-stroke. This affection occurs more particularly in the tropics, but is occasionally observed in hot weather in the temperate zone, in persons who are exposed to the direct rays of the sun, and who have at the same time to undergo exertion. It is therefore chiefly seen in soldiers marching during the heat of the day, or in agricultural labourers who are at work in the fields ; yet it has been known to come on at night, in persons sleeping in the pestilential atmosphere of overcrowded and badly ventilated barracks or cabins, and in children shut up in a stifling bedroom after having been exposed to great heat during the day. It would therefore be more appropriate to speak of heat-stroke, for the disorder really consists of a great and sudden rise in the temperature of the blood, which in this state acts as a poison on the medulla. The perspiration of the skin is suddenly arrested, and as the evaporation of sweat on the surface of the body is intended to produce cold, and thus to neutralise the effects of the external heat, the closure of this safety-valve causes a further rise of temperature,

which paralyses some or most of the centres of the medulla. The worst kind of heat-stroke is that in which the centres for respiration and the heart's action are affected, as fatal asphyxia or syncope is the result. A person who may be walking in the street or working in a field is seen suddenly to drop down as if shot or struck by lightning, and dies in a minute or two. A fatal issue is in such cases so rapid that there is no chance for any treatment to do good, more especially as the means which would be of the first importance, viz., ice and plenty of cold water, are usually not at once at hand.

The second kind of sun-stroke is owing to paralysis of the centre for the blood-vessels in the medulla, whereby apoplexy is caused. In such instances the symptoms are not quite so sudden, and death may often be averted. The illness begins with mental disturbance —there are delusions and hallucinations, followed by mania, and the patient may commit suicide or homicide. This stage of excitement lasts for a short time, and is succeeded by a period of depression. The patient becomes sleepy, insensible, and may die in a state of profound apoplexy. Life is, however, often saved by drenching the body with cold water, and applying ice to the head. The overheated blood is thereby cooled, and the medulla roused from its torpid condition.

The movements of swallowing, which require for their proper execution a co-ordinated action of the lips, tongue, palate, and gullet, are likewise under the immediate influence of the medulla. The same organ contains a centre for the physiognomical play of the muscles of the face, and another for articulate speech, that is, the pronunciation of vowels and consonants in such fashion as to form words. These facts are well illustrated by the symptoms of a peculiar disease which, although it has no doubt always existed, has only recently attracted the attention of the medical world, and which consists in a wasting away of those nerve-cells in the medulla which preside over the functions just mentioned. This affection, which has received the euphonious name of "labio-glosso-pharyngeal paralysis," commences with apparently insignificant symptoms. It is found that speaking, eating, and swallowing require an effort; the tongue feels heavy; the lips do not move properly; the patient experiences difficulty in pronouncing certain letters, such as *b*, *p*, *o*, and *u*; he cannot whistle or blow out a candle. As time goes on, the tongue becomes more powerless; more letters of the alphabet are lost; the soft palate does not act properly, and the voice acquires a nasal twang. The vocal cords become paralysed, the voice is completely lost, and the patient is only able to grunt. He cannot blow his nose, clear his throat, cough, or swallow. In attempting to eat, the tongue fails to form a proper morsel of the food taken, and to push it on to the gullet. The food remains, therefore, be-

tween the teeth and the cheeks, and can only be pushed further on to the throat by the aid of the fingers. It is apt to get into the windpipe and cause choking. On attempting to drink the liquid returns through the nose. The unfortunate sufferer thus dies a slow death from starvation, the torments of which can only inadequately be relieved by medical aid. On making a post-mortem examination, wasting of certain nerve-cells in the medulla is discovered to be the cause of this terrible malady.

All these different functions of the medulla which we have considered are automatic or mechanical, that is, independent of volition, intelligence, or any other of the higher mental processes ; and they may therefore continue where the higher centres of the brain have been either experimentally removed, or disorganised by disease.

2. The next great division of the brain which we have to consider consists of the *pons*, or bridge, and *optic lobes*, and is the centre for still more complicated actions from those over which the medulla presides. The functions of these parts have been chiefly made known by experiments on living animals. A pigeon which is left in possession of these parts, but from which the higher portions of the brain have been removed, is still able to respond to a stimulus, but, if left alone, will show complete indifference and loss of initiative. There is no desire, no impulse to any spontaneous action, and apparently no recollection of any former events. Such an animal will remain, day by day, sitting quietly on its feet, without giving any signs of life, and, unless artificially fed, will ultimately die of starvation, without feeling the pangs of hunger and without suffering in any way. As soon, however, as its repose is disturbed, it will give signs of life. If laid on the back, it will struggle until it has regained its previous position on the feet. If pinched, it will walk away. If thrown in the air, it will flap its wings, and come down to the ground in the ordinary manner. If a light be held to the eyes, the pupils will contract. If ammonia be applied near the nostrils, the animal will draw back with signs of disgust. If a shot be fired close to it, it will jump up and open its eyes ; and if food be put into its mouth, it will swallow it.

In frogs and fishes the phenomena are almost identical with those observed in pigeons, being only slightly modified by the different media in which the animals live. In the fish, for instance, the contact with the water acts as a constant external stimulus on the mechanism of swimming. A fish from which the higher portions of the brain have been removed, will therefore not sit still like the pigeon, but will go on swimming until it reaches an impediment to its passage. It follows a headlong and apparently irresistible impulse, yet will show some method, inasmuch as it will avoid obstacles, and turn aside when prevented from going straight on. While

a fish in its normal condition will, as may daily be seen in an aquarium, stop on its way, sniff about, pursue a prey, &c., the unbrained fish sails heedlessly along, without ever stopping or taking nourishment, until it dies of exhaustion. In a similar manner an unbrained frog, when thrown into the water, will move on until it reaches *terra firma*, but, as soon as it has found a resting-place, will remain in the same state of death-like repose as the pigeon.

In the mammalia the results differ somewhat from those obtained in the lower animals. In them the different portions of the brain are so intimately connected, and so dependent upon one another, that removal of the higher parts appears to disorder the entire mechanism, and causes such a degree of exhaustion as to interfere greatly with the independent action of the lower centres. Nevertheless, the functions of these latter are identical with those of the same parts in the lower animals, which we conclude from their homologous structure, and also from observations made in disease of these centres.

The expression of the affections, such as fear, terror, pleasure, pain, &c., is likewise under the influence of the second division of the brain. Frogs, in which the higher portions of the brain have been destroyed or removed, will still croak when stroked across the back; and croaking in the frog is the expression of satisfaction and comfort. In ourselves, laughing and crying, and other expressions of the affections, are generally quite involuntary, and independent of reflection. It is true that we may, by an effort of the will, restrain or inhibit such expressions; but this is done by a special exertion of the inhibitory influence of the higher centres, which can only come into play after a long course of training, and which is quite absent in children and uneducated persons.

3. The *cerebellum*, or little brain, which is intimately connected with the preceding and following divisions, was formerly believed to be the seat of the reproductive faculty and desire; but this view has recently been shown to be incorrect. Nor has the cerebellum anything to do with the reason, volition, or consciousness; for animals which are deprived of the higher centres, yet left in possession of the cerebellum, do not show any spontaneity of desire or action, and will, for instance, die of starvation with the utmost indifference. If, however, the cerebellum be removed, the animal will move about as if it were drunk. It is not paralysed, and will endeavour to carry out certain movements, but there is an utter want of precision; and even the most desperate efforts do not succeed in steadying the body. The cerebellum is thus shown to be the organ of equilibration of the body; and this conclusion from physiological experiments has been corroborated by observations of disease of the organ in man. It is likewise known that the different portions of the cerebellum have different parts allotted to them

in this respect. One part prevents us from falling forwards, another from falling sideways and from constantly turning round in a circle, while a third is intended to secure us from falling backwards.

4. The *central ganglia*, which constitute the fourth great division of the brain, have the function to render certain complex movements which are intimately connected with sensations, and which are, in the first instance, only excited by volition and consciousness, gradually, as it were, mechanical and automatic. The object of this contrivance is to save time and trouble to the highest portion of the brain, viz., the grey surface of the hemispheres. It is intended that these latter should only be occupied with the most important manifestations of life. The central ganglia may therefore be said to be the confidential servants or private secretaries of the hemispheres, and undertake a good deal of drudgery, in order to leave the grey surface at liberty for the finer and more difficult kinds of the work which falls to our lot in life. Thus we have, in childhood and youth, to learn the actions of walking, talking, writing, dressing, dancing, riding on horseback, decent eating and drinking, singing, playing of musical instruments, &c., by countless conscious efforts on the part of the hemispheres; and full attention is necessary in the beginning in order to enable us to carry out such movements in a proper manner. But the older we grow, the more frequently we have directed our minds to all these forms of activity, the less effort will eventually be necessary on the part of consciousness and volition; and ultimately all such movements will be performed mechanically, and without much, if any, attention to them on the part of the grey surface of the brain. A man who is in the habit of writing much never thinks of the way in which he forms his letters on the paper, over which his pen seems to fly quite mechanically. The same holds good for the various kinds of needlework, embroidery, playing on the piano, the violin, &c. If, each time we do anything of that sort, a conscious effort were necessary for all the different parts of which the action is composed, the time at our disposal would not suffice for the hundredth part of the work which we actually get through in life; and some forms of activity, such as finished piano and violin playing, would be utterly impossible.

A key is thus furnished for the comprehension of many singular occurrences which would otherwise be quite inexplicable. A pianist, for instance, finds himself playing one of Rubenstein's sonatas by heart, and is perhaps thinking all the time of his coming trip to Switzerland, or something else which may happen to engage his attention; that is, the central ganglia play the sonata, while the hemispheres are busy elsewhere. A very worthy country parson told me some time ago that, when he reads prayers at church, he does so quite as an automaton, for his mind keeps wandering in a

totally different direction. A man who knows London well may walk from his house through a maze of streets with the greatest precision to his club, where he arrives without having given the slightest attention either to the act of walking or the direction he took, but having been quite in another world of thoughts all the time he was on his way.

Somnambulism and other automatic conditions, which are observed in certain states of derangement of the nervous system, may be similarly explained. The lower centres are habitually under the absolute control of the highest, that is, the hemispheres; yet this balance of power may be temporarily disturbed by illness or exhaustion of the grey surface, and the central ganglia may then begin to act in their own fashion. What may take place under such circumstances may be aptly compared to certain occurrences which are not uncommon when the family is out of town, and the servants are left in charge of the house. Supposing the hemispheres to have lost their control over the lower centres, elaborate actions may take place which may have all the appearance of deliber te intention, and yet for which the person who commits them can no more be held responsible than the absent master of the house for the misdoings of his servants. The somnambulist who falls from the roof of a house and is killed is no more a suicide than a man who in the state of epileptic vertigo commits robbery, arson, or murder, can be called a truly responsible criminal. The legal mind has not yet been able to grasp the full significance of these facts, as shown by convictions to penal servitude of persons who should have been sent to hospitals or asylums.

5. The highest development of brain-matter is found in the *hemispheres, convolutions*, or *grey surface of the brain*, which is the material base of all mental and moral activity. This portion of the brain, which may be called the seat of the soul, is not a single organ, as was formerly supposed, but consists of a number of thoroughly differentiated organs, each one of which possesses certain functions, yet is in the closest possible connection with all the others. To define all these various organs with accuracy, to determine their intimate structure as well as their individual energy, and to trace the physiological and pathological alterations which they undergo during the natural processes of development, maturity, and decay, and in diseases to which they are subject, is the greatest problem for the anatomy and physiology of the twentieth century; and when this problem is solved, a complete revolution in psychology must be the result. At present, however, we are only on the threshold of this inquiry, which is perhaps the most difficult and complicated of any which may present themselves to the human mind.

I cannot attempt, in the limits of the present paper, to enter at all fully into the labyrinth of these convolutions, but must be satis-

fied with a rapid survey of what is best known with regard to the functions of some of them.

One of the most suggestive results of recent researches has been to show that the faculty of intelligent language, as distinguished from simply articulate speech, is situated in that portion of the hemispheres which is called the third left frontal convolution, and its immediate neighbourhood. We have already seen that the pronunciation of letters and words is effected in the lowest portion of the brain, viz., the medulla; but this and all the other inferior organs concerned in speaking form only as it were the instrument, on which that small portion of the brain's surface which I have just named is habitually playing. Lower centres are able to hear spoken words, and to see written words; but the intelligent appreciation of the connection which exists between words and ideas, and the faculty of expressing thoughts in sentences—that is, what the Greeks called *logos*—only reside in the third left frontal convolution. This discovery was foreshadowed by Gall, but actually made by Broca, who likewise found that the left hemisphere is altogether more important for intellectual manifestations than the right, and is chiefly trained for talking as well as for most of the finer kinds of work which we have to perform in daily life. This appears to be owing to the following circumstances. The left hemisphere is originally heavier than the right; the convolutions are more abundantly developed in the left; and finally, the left is more abundantly provided with blood, on account of the larger calibre of the blood-vessels which supply it. Most people therefore train chiefly the left hemisphere for talking, writing, &c.; they are left-brained as they are right-handed. A preponderance of the right over the left hemisphere, on the other hand, seems, according to the most recent researches, to be characteristic of certain forms of insanity.

Physiological experiments on animals point to the convolution I have just named as being concerned in language; for when electricity is applied to the part in the living monkey or rabbit, the animal opens its mouth, and alternately protrudes and retracts the tongue. But far more convincing proofs have been furnished by numerous cases of disease in which there was loss of language during life, and where after death a lesion limited to the part just named was discovered.

A boy, aged five, who was a great chatterbox, fell out of the window and injured the left frontal bone, which was found depressed. There was no paralysis, but the boy had entirely lost his language. The wound healed in twenty-five days; but the child, although intelligent, remained dumb. A year afterwards he was accidentally drowned, and at the autopsy it was found that the third left frontal convolution had been destroyed by the injury he had received.

A man fell with his horse, but got up, took hold of the reins, and was going to jump into the saddle, when a doctor who happened to accompany him expressed the wish to make an examination. It was then found that he could not speak, but had to make himself understood by pantomime. A small wound in the left side of the forehead was found, with depression of bone; but there was no paralysis. Inflammation set in, the patient died, and at the post-mortem examination it was found that a fragment of bone had penetrated into the third left frontal convolution, which had become softened.

Talking, writing, drawing, &c., are habitually done by the left hemisphere alone, while both hemispheres have to be trained for musical performances. Pianists educate them both equally, while violinists and violoncello-players have to train them dissimilarly; and this is probably the reason why it requires more practice, and is more difficult, to play well on string-instruments than on the piano.

A man who has, by disease or injury, lost the faculty of talking, is generally also unable to write; and it is only in exceptional cases that one of these functions persists while the other is in abeyance. Cases of this latter kind show, however, that there are really two separate centres for the two faculties which are lying very close together, and therefore generally suffer at the same time. If the disease affecting them be still more extensive, the faculty of intelligent pantomime or gesticulation is likewise abolished. Persons who have entirely lost their language may still be able to play chess, backgammon, and whist; and they have been observed to cheat at cards with some ingenuity. They may also be sharp in business matters—facts tending to show that speech and intellect do not run in identical grooves.

Those portions of the hemispheres which correspond to the parietal region or crown of the head, and which are called the *parietal lobes*, constitute the true motor region of the brain's surface, and, being in intimate connection with another portion which is the material base of the intellect and mind, have been called *psycho-motor centres*, in order to distinguish them from the lower motor centres in the medulla, the central ganglia, &c. The special functions of these psycho-motor centres have been studied by the application of electricity, by destroying them in the living animal, and also by observation of certain symptoms at the bedside; and it has been shown that each one singly serves some definite purpose, as, for instance, clenching the fist, swimming, grasping something, raising the hand to the mouth, &c. Destruction of these centres causes paralysis of such movements, while irritation of them leads to a peculiar form of epilepsy, in which the convulsions affect only one (the opposite) side of the body, and where there is generally no loss of consciousness.

The next great division of the brain's surface is that which corresponds to the temporal region of the skull. These *temporal lobes* of the hemispheres are intended to act as centres for sensory perceptions. This is likewise shown by galvanising them in the living animal, and by localised destruction of the same. One portion of the temporal lobe is the centre of the sense of hearing. If it be destroyed, deafness on the opposite side is the result; on the other hand, if it be electrified, the animal is seen to prick up its ears and to assume the attitude of listening, just as it does when a sudden noise is made close to its ear. In those animals whose habits of life render their safety dependent upon the keenness of their sense of hearing, as, for instance, the wild rabbit and the jackal, galvanisation of that part causes not only pricking of ears and listening, but also a quick jump to the side, as if to escape from some danger which would be announced by a loud or unusual noise.

The centre for the sense of smell is situated close by. If it be electrified, the animal begins to sniff, as if it smelt something strong, just as it does when odoriferous substances are placed to its nose. Destruction of this centre causes loss of smell. It is particularly developed in animals which are endowed with a keen sense of smell, such as dogs, cats, and rabbits. A centre for the perception of taste is in its immediate neighbourhood. Other portions of the temporal lobes are intended for the sense of touch, and there is also a visual centre, destruction of which causes blindness of the opposite side. All these centres are symmetrically arranged on both sides, the left in the brain serving for the right side of the body, and *vice versâ*.

A third portion of the hemispheres which we have to consider are the *posterior* or *occipital* lobes, which correspond to the back of the head. Their structure differs greatly from that of the parts more in front, and they receive their blood-supply from quite a different set of blood-vessels. Electricity has apparently no influence upon them, and destruction of their substance causes neither paralysis nor loss of sensation. Animals from which these lobes have been removed continue to see, hear, touch, taste, smell, and move about just as usual. They generally, however, refuse to eat, and succumb rapidly. We are inclined to look upon these lobes as specially connected with the digestive tract, more especially the stomach and liver, and also with the reproductive organs; yet the symptoms of disease of these lobes are contradictory and perplexing, and our knowledge concerning them is as yet in its infancy.

The last and most important portion of the hemispheres consists of the *anterior* or *frontal* lobes, which correspond to the forehead. They are the actual seat of the intellect. Injury or disease of these lobes does not cause any impairment of motion or sensation; and large portions of brain-matter have occasionally been lost through

wounds in these parts without any very striking symptoms, such as paralysis, &c., following, more especially if the lesion was confined to one side. Patients have now and then recovered from the most fearful injuries to the anterior lobes, and yet been able to go about and to attend to the ordinary routine of certain occupations; but it has always been shown, on close examination, that there had been a profound change in the character and behaviour of such persons, and that their temper and their mental and moral faculties had become deteriorated. In a very marked case of this kind, which occurred some years ago in a previously steady and clever workman, there was, after recovery from the injury, such a change in the mind of the man that his employers had to discharge him. The balance between his intellectual faculties and his animal propensities had evidently been destroyed. He had become capricious and vacillating, fitful, impatient, obstinate, and, as far as intellectual capacity was concerned, appeared to be a child, which, however, had the animal passions of a strong man. In consonance with such cases is Ferrier's experience with monkeys in whom he had destroyed these lobes. The animals did not appear to have lost the power of motion or sensation, but there was an alteration in their character. While previously to the operation they were actively interested in their surroundings, and pried into everything which came within their sphere, they had after it become dull and apathetic, readily dozed off to sleep, or wandered to and fro in a listless manner; so that it was evident that they had lost the faculty of attentive and intelligent observation.

The anterior lobes have therefore to be looked upon as the organic base of the highest intellectual and moral faculties. The principal part of the work done in life consists of certain movements or actions, which are the more or less immediate consequence of sensations and desires which we experience; but apart from the power of performing such actions, we possess the faculty of restraining or inhibiting them, in spite of being urged to their performance by sensations or desires. This inhibitory action is again most intimately connected with the power of concentrating attention, without which none of the higher intellectual operations are possible. The anterior lobes are therefore inhibitory centres, intended for the highest kind of mental work and moral control. They are small in idiots and the lower animals, larger in monkeys, largest in man; and their peculiarly large and abundant development is found to coincide with the highest development of intellectual power.

It is probable that a special evolution of certain parts of these lobes will be found to coincide with the presence of certain special aptitudes and talents in individuals; but of this nothing definite is known, and there is in this direction an immense field still open for patient and intelligent inquiry.

JULIUS ALTHAUS, *in Nineteenth Century.*

ON THE UTILITY TO FLOWERS OF THEIR BEAUTY.

THE question which I propose to consider in this paper is how far the beauty of blossoms can be accounted for by the utility of this beauty to the plant producing them. It is manifestly only one particular case of a larger inquiry whether the beauty which Nature exhibits can be accounted for by its utility.

These questions connect themselves with some of the highest points of the philosophy of the universe. Is the system of the universe intellectual, or is it purely material? Is there an ordering mind, or is there merely blind and struggling matter? Are there final causes as well as material causes, or are there material causes only?

These questions have been asked and answered in opposite senses, from the first dawn of philosophy to the present hour; and during all that period of time the battle has been raging—and has spread, too, over the whole realm of Nature. Scarcely any branch of natural science exists which has not furnished materials for at least a skirmish; so that it requires an experienced and impartial eye to be able rightly to understand the true fortunes of the contest over the whole field of battle. True it is, that for every man the question between the two theories has to be decided by somewhat simpler considerations than any such survey. Something in every man seems inevitably to determine him towards either the intellectual or the material theory of things.

The existence of beauty in the world is a very remarkable fact. On the theory of a Divine and beneficent Creator, this fact has seemed no difficulty; but the theory of a mere blind fermentation of matter gives no account of it, except as a mere accident, which, on the doctrine of chances, should be perhaps a very rare and unusual accident. Hence the existence of beauty has from of old been a favourite theme of the theistic believers. "Let them know how much better the Lord of them *is*," says the author of the Wisdom of Solomon, speaking of the works of Nature, "for the first Author of beauty hath created them . . . . for by the greatness and beauty of the creatures proportionably the Maker of them is seen."* The same familiar view has lately been presented by the Duke of Argyll in his "Reign of Law":†

"It would be to doubt the evidence of our senses and of our reason, or else to assume hypotheses of which there is no proof whatever, if we were to doubt that mere ornament, mere variety, are as much an end and aim in the workshop of Nature as they are known to be in the workshop of the goldsmith and the jeweller. Why should they not? The love and desire of these is universal in the mind of man. It is seen not more distinctly in the highest forms of civilized art than

* Wisdom, xiii., 3–5. † P. 209.

in the habits of the rudest savage, who covers with elaborate carving the handle of his war-club or the prow of his canoe. Is it likely that this universal aim and purpose of the mind of man should be wholly without relation to the aims and purposes of his Creator? He that formed the eye to see beauty, shall He not see it? He that gave the human hand its cunning to work for beauty, shall His hand never work for it? How, then, shall we account for all the beauty of the world—for the careful provision made for it where it is only the secondary object, not the first?"

But even if beauty be always associated with utility and have in fact been brought about by its utility, it may nevertheless have been an object in the mind of a Divine artificer, who may have been minded to use the one as a means and end to the other. We may therefore, I think, approach the subject with a perfect freedom from any theological bias.

The whole subject will, I believe, be felt by some persons to be a piece of moonshine—the whole discussion fit for cloudland, not for this practical solid world of ours.

Beauty, such persons would say, is not a real thing, an objective fact: it is a part of man, not of the world—it is in him who sees, not in the thing seen . it is seen by one man in one thing—by another man in another.

To this it seems a sufficient answer to say that the relation of any one external thing to any one mind which produces the peculiar condition which we call the perception of beauty, is *a* fact, and, like every other single fact, must have an adequate cause. But when we find that there are forms of beauty, such as the beauty of sunlight, which operate alike on all men, and, it would seem, on all sensitive beings—when we find that the brilliant flowers which attract the child in the field or the lady in the drawing-room, attract the insect tribes—we feel ourselves in the presence of a great body of persistent relations, which it is impossible to pass over as unreal or as unimportant.

But, again, there is ugliness in the world; and one ugly thing, it is suggested, destroys all your deductions from beauty. This, no doubt, is a very important fact for any one to grapple with who proposes to give any theoretical explanation of the presence of beauty in the universe; but for me, who am only inquiring whether and how far beauty is useful, it is not really material, because there can be no doubt that beauty as well as ugliness exists in the world. This much I will say in passing, that, to my mind, the balance of things is in favour of beauty and against ugliness—the tendency is in favour of beauty, not ugliness, and that tendency may be a very important thing to think of.

Furthermore, the fact that we recognize ugliness seems to make our recognition of beauty more important; for it shows that the perception of beauty is not mere habit, and that we have an inward and independent judgment on the matter—we are able to approve

the one thing on the score of beauty, and to reject the other as ugly.

Even allowing fully for the existence of ugliness, it must be conceded that the world around us presents a vast mass of beauty—complex, diverse, commingled, and not easily admitting of analysis. It is common alike to the organic and the inorganic realms of Nature. The pageants of the sky at morning, noon, and night, the forms of the trees, the beauty of the flowers, the glory of the hills, the awful sublimity of the stars—these, and a thousand things in Nature, fill the soul with a sense of beauty, which the art neither of the poet, nor of the philosopher, nor of the painter can come near to depict. We are moved and overcome, sometimes by this object of beauty, sometimes by that, but yet more by the complex mass of glory of the universe.

"For Nature beats in perfect tune,
And rounds with rhyme her every rune;
Whether she work on land or sea,
Or hide underground her alchemy.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And ripples in rhyme the oar forsake."

As yet no attempt has been made to show the utility of this promiscuous and multitudinous crowd of beauties—and it seems not likely that such an attempt can yet be made with success; and the phenomena of Nature are therefore likely for a long time to come to impress most men with the sense of beauty for beauty's sake. But in respect of certain particular and separable instances, the attempt has recently been made to show that the beauty exhibited is useful to the structure exhibiting it, and consequently that it may be accounted for by the strictly utilitarian principle of the survival of the fittest—one instance in which this has been most notably attempted being in respect of the beauty of flowers. Let us consider how far beauty can thus be accounted for in this particular case.

There will be a great advantage in this course; for beauty is a thing about which it is not very easy to argue; it is too subtle, too evanescent, too disputable, to afford an easy material for the logical or scientific crucible; and these difficulties we shall best surmount by in the first place isolating certain beautiful things for our consideration, and limiting to them our inquiry into how far each of the rival theories is sufficient to explain their existence. We shall thus try to narrow the great controversy to very definite and distinct issues.

"Flowers," says Mr. Darwin,* "rank amongst the most beautiful productions of Nature, and they have become, through natural selection, beautiful, or rather

* "Origin of Species" (4th Ed.), p. 239.

conspicuous in contrast with the greenness of the leaves, that they might be easily observed and visited by insects, so that their fertilization might be favoured. I have come to this conclusion, from finding it an invariable rule, that when a flower is fertilized by the wind it never has a gaily-coloured corolla. Again, several plants habitually produce two kinds of flowers: one kind open and coloured, so as to attract insects; the other closed and not coloured, destitute of nectar, and never visited by insects. We may safely conclude that, if insects had never existed on the face of the earth, the vegetation would not have been decked with beautiful flowers, but would have produced only such poor flowers as are now borne by our firs, oaks, nut and ash trees, by the grasses, by spinach, docks, and nettles."

No one can doubt who watches a meadow on a summer's day that insects are attracted by the scent and colours of the flowers. The whole field is busy with their jubilant hum. These little creatures have the same sense of beauty that we have. What room there is for thought in that fact! There is a subtle bond of mental union between ourselves and the creatures whom we so often despise. There is a joy widespread and multiplied beyond our highest calculation. What a deadly blow to that egotism of man which thinks of all beauty as made for him alone!

But I return to the argument. We have presented to our notice three kinds of attraction which operate upon insects—the conspicuousness of colour and form, the beauty of the smell, and the pleasant taste of the honey. No one, as I have said, who watches a meadow or a garden on a summer's day can for a moment doubt the operation of these causes, or question the direct action of insects in producing the fertilization of flowers. In that sense the beauty of a flower is clearly of direct use to the flower which exhibits it. It is better for it that it should be fertilized by insects than not fertilized at all; but is it better for it to be fertilized by insects than not fertilized at all? but is it better for it to be fertilized by insects than by the wind, or by some other agency, if such exist?

This shall be the subject of inquiry. But before we can answer it, we must go a little afield and collect some other of the facts of the case.

The conclusion that beauty is useful for the fertilization of the flower does not rest merely on the general phenomena of a summer meadow. It is confirmed by many other observations. Flowers are not merely attractive in themselves; they are frequently rendered attractive by their grouping. Sometimes flowers individually small are gathered into the heads, or spikes, or bunches, or umbels, and so produce a more conspicuous effect than would result from a more equal distribution of the flowers; sometimes yet more minute flowers or florets are gathered together into what appears a single flower, and often have the outer florets so modified both in shape and colour as to produce the general effect of one very brilliant blossom, as in the daisy or the marigold.

Sometimes the same result is produced by "the massing of small flowers into dense cushions of bright colour."* This, as is well known, is of common occurrence with Alpine flowers; and this mode of growth, as well as the great size of many Alpine blossoms, as compared with that of the whole plant, and the great brilliance of Alpine plants as compared with their congeners of the lowlands, have all been explained by reference to the comparative rarity of insects in the Alpine heights, and the consequent necessity, if the plants are to survive, that they should offer strong attractions to their needful friends.† A similar explanation has been offered for the brilliant colours of Arctic flowers.‡

Furthermore, this curious fact exists, that of flowering plants a large number do not ripen or put forward their pistils and stamens at the same periods of their growth: in some cases the pistil is ready to receive the pollen whilst the anthers are immature and not ready to supply it: such are called preterogynous. In other cases the anthers are ripe before the pistil is ready to receive the pollen: these are proterandrous. In either case the same event happens—that the ovules can never be fertilized by the pollen of the same blossom, nor without some foreign agency, generally that of insects.

Lastly, there is a large number of plants, including a great proportion of those with unsymmetrical blossoms, of which the flowers have been shown to be specially adapted by various mechanical contrivances for insect agency. Nothing, as is well known, is more marvellous than the variety and subtlety of the arrangements for the purpose which exist in orchidaceous plants, as explained by the patience and genius of Mr. Darwin.

In view of these facts it would be impossible to deny that conspicuousness is one of the agencies in force for the fertilization of flowers; that, to use the recent language of Mr. Darwin, "flowers are not only delightful for their beauty and fragrance, but display most wonderful adaptations for various purposes."§

So far we have considered the evidence which is affirmative and in favour of the explanation of the existence of beauty in flowers; we have found clearly that beauty, or rather conspicuousness, is in many cases useful to the plant. But beauty is by no means the only agency in this necessary process. On the contrary, the agencies actually in operation are very numerous.

As Mr. Darwin points out in the passage I have cited, and still more at large in his work "On the Different Forms of Flowers," a large proportion of existing plants are fertilized by the action of the wind; and again, many plants bear two kinds of flowers, the

* Wallace, "Tropical Nature," p. 232. † *Ibid.*, p 232. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 237.
§ "Flowers and their Unbidden Guests," by Kerner, translated by Ogle. Prefatory Letter.

one conspicuous and attractive to insects, the other inconspicuous and which never open to admit the activity either of insects or of the wind. Moreover, there are various other agencies called into play. Some plants, such as the *Hypericum perforatum*, one of the commonest of the St. John's Worts, and probably the bindweed, are, it seems, fertilized by the withering of the corolla, which naturally brings the stamens into contact with the style, and so transfers the pollen grains from the one to the other.* Other plants, again, such as the common centaury (*Erythræa centaurium*) and the *Chlora perfoliata*, are fertilized by the closing of the corolla over the anthers and stigma, not in the death but in the sleep of the plant.† In the brilliant autumnal *Colchicum*, and in the *Sternbergia*, again, according to Dr. Kerner, Nature has recourse to a more complex machinery: the corolla first closes over the anthers, which are at a lower level than the stigma, and takes off some of the pollen; a growth of the corolla carries the pollen dust to the level of the stigma, and a second closing of the corolla transfers the pollen to the stigmatic surface. The pollen has been made to ascend to its proper place by an arrangement which reminds one of the man-engine of a Cornish mine.‡ A similar arrangement is described as occurring in the bright-flowered *Pedicularis*.§

Let us take another group of beautiful flowers which adorn our greenhouses and our tables: I mean the *Asclepiadæ*, to which the *Stephanotis* and the *Hoya* belong. The former is distinguished by the beauty of its scent as well as of its flowers. Both present flowers not merely conspicuous in themselves from their size, form, and colour, but conspicuous also by reason of their grouping. Here, if anywhere, we should expect that beauty should justify itself by its utility. But the facts appear to be just the other way. The pollen is collected together into waxy masses, which are arranged in a very peculiar manner on the pistil; and the pollen tubes pass from the pollen grains whilst still enclosed within the anthers, and so bring about fertilization without the intervention of insect agency. It is difficult to suppose the *Asclepiadæ* can have become beautiful for the sake of an agency of which they never avail themselves.

Our common Fumitory has not very conspicuous flowers, but still they have considerable attractiveness of form and still more of colour, due both to the individual blossom and to their grouping together; and yet *Fumaria* is said to be self-fertile.‖

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* Henslow, "On Self-Fertilization." Trans. Linn. Society, 2nd series, "Botany," i., p. 325. *Query:* Is not this the case with the *Tacsonia* of our greenhouses?

† Henslow, *ubi. sup.*, 329.

‡ Kerner, p. 11. These statements appear to me, though made by a very accomplished observer, to require verification. My own observations on the *Colchicum* (which have been only very imperfect) would have led me to incline to a different conclusion.

§ Kerner, p. 12.

‖ Lubbock's "Wild Flowers in Relation to Insects," p. 56.

A much more brilliantly coloured member of the same family is the *Dicentra* (*Diclytra*) *spectabilis*, so familiar in our gardens. Any one who examines the flowers of this species will continually find the pollen grains transferred to the stigma without the slightest trace of the flower ever having opened so as to allow of insect agency. Dr. Lindley * has given an account of the mechanism for self-fertilization; and this flower has recently been the subject of an elaborate study by the German botanist, Hildebrand,† and he concurs in the view that the anthers inevitably communicate their pollen to the pistil, and that as the result of a very complicated and subtle arrangement of the parts, which it would be useless to attempt to describe without diagrams. But he believes that in addition to the arrangements for self-fertilization, another arrangement exists for producing cross-fertilization by insects; but as the plant has never produced seed under his observation, he is unable to tell whether one mode of fertilization is more useful than the other. I think the evidence of the self-fertilization is far clearer than that of the cross-fertilization.

Now, if the *Dicentra* has become beautiful in order to attract insects, it must have done so through a long series of developments, for its adaptation to their agency is of the most complex kind. It is difficult to suppose either that, side by side with this development for cross-fertilization, there has been also developed another complex arrangement for self-fertilization, or that an earlier complex arrangement for self-fertilization should have survived through the changes necessary to render the flower fit for insect fertilization. The co-existence in one organism of two complex schemes for different objects, and the interlacing of those two schemes in one beautiful flower (which, if Hildebrand be right, occurs in the *Dicentra*), seem to be things very improbable if the beautiful flower has become what it is in the pursuit of one only of those objects. These speculations may be premature as regards the particular flower; but the co-existence of two modes of fertilization is not peculiar to *Dicentra* and seems to furnish material for important reflection.

Yet one more plant must be considered. The *Loasa aurantiaca* is a creeper which grows freely in our gardens, and has large and brilliantly coloured scarlet flowers turned up with yellow. Its seeds set freely in cultivation. The means by which fertilization is effected are—unless my observations have misled me—very peculiar. When the flower first unfolds, the numerous stamens are found collected together in bundles in depressions or folds of the petals; after a while the anthers begin to move, and one after the

* Lindley, "Veg. King.," 436.

† "Ueber die Bestaubungsvorrichtungen bei den Fumariaceen," in Pringsheim's "Jahrbuch," vol. vii., part iv., p. 423. 1870.

other the stamens pass upwards from their nests in the petals, and gather in a thick group round the style; subsequently a downward and backward movement begins, which brings the anthers against the pistils, and restores the stamens nearly to their old position, but with exhausted and faded anthers. I have never seen any insects at work on the flowers, and yet I find the plant to be a free seeder.

So long ago as 1840 M. Fromond enumerated several conspicuous flowers in which, according to his observations, fertilization was effected without the agency of either the wind or insects.* And much more recently an American writer, Mr. Meehan, has given a list of eleven genera, amongst others, in which he has observed the pistils covered with the pollen of the plant before the flower has opened, and in the one case which he submitted to the microscope, it was found that the pollen tubes were descending through the pistil towards the ovarium.† Amongst the genera he names were *Westaria, Lathyras, Ballola, Circes Genista, Pisum,* and *Linaria.*

The instances which I have given are mostly from plants familiar in our fields, our gardens, or our greenhouses. They are, I think, sufficient to make us pause before we conclude that all conspicuous flowers are fertilized by insect agency. It may be that Bacon's warning to attend as carefully to negative as to affirmative instances has been a little forgotten. Moreover, these instances seem to show that it would be a great error to suppose that all flowers are fertilized either by insects or by the wind; and it is probable that the more the subject is considered the more complex will the arrangements for fertilization be found to be.

The agencies to which I have last referred exist, it will be observed, in beautiful and conspicuous flowers; and yet act independently of that beauty and that conspicuousness: so that in each instance these facts are, on the utilitarian theory, unexplained and residual phenomena. They, therefore, demand earnest inquiry. For the existence of a single residual phenomenon is notice to the inquirer that he has not got to the bottom of his subject; that his theory is either not the truth or not the whole truth.

Do the facts justify us in concluding that insect fertilization is more beneficial to the plant than fertilization by the wind or any other agency? Do they afford any sufficient cause for that change from the one mode of fertilization to the other which has been suggested? The facts bearing on these questions are very remarkable; for, as we have already seen, many plants produce two kinds of blossom, the one conspicuous and the other inconspicuous; the one

* Link, "Report on Progress of Botany during 1841," translated by Lankester (Ray Society, 1845), p. 65.

† Meehan, "On Fertilization by Insect Agency." *Gardeners' Chronicle,* September 11, 1875.

visited by insects, the other self-fertilizing. Recent observation shows that those cleistogamous flowers, as they are called, are present in a great variety of plants.* In the violet they are found to exist, being seen in the summer and autumn, when all the more brilliant flowers have gone. The one flower has everything in its favour—honey and a beauty of colour and of smell that has passed into a proverb—and it opens its blue wings to the visits of the insect tribe in the season of their utmost jollity and life. The other has everything against it: it is inconspicuous, scentless, ugly, and closed. And yet, which succeeds the better? which produces the more seed? The cleistogamous, and not the brilliant flowers: the victory is with ugliness, and not with beauty.

The same is true of the *Impatiens fulva*. This is an American plant, closely akin to the balsam of our gardens, which has now thoroughly established itself on the banks of some of our rivers, as the Wey, and the tributary stream that runs through the Abinger and Shere. It has attractive flowers hung on the dantiest flower-stalks. It has also little green flowers that never open and almost escape attention; and yet they, and not the large flowers, are the great source of seed vessels to the plant—the great security that the life of the race will be continued.† Again, ugliness has borne away the palm of utility from beauty.

So, too, in America the same happens with the *Specularia perfoliata*: in shady situations all its flowers are said to be cleistogamous, and to be wonderfully productive and strong.‡

The conditions of the problem in these cases are such as to make them of the last importance in our inquiry into the utility of beauty; for in each case we are comparing a conspicuous and an inconspicuous flower in the very same plant. The conditions seem to exclude the possibility of error in the result.

Two explanations have been suggested of the origin of these cleistogamous flowers: according to the one, they are the earliest form of the flowers; according to the other view, they are degraded forms of the more beautiful flowers.§ For our purpose it is immaterial whether of the two explanations is correct; for either the development of beauty has diminished the utility of the flower, or the loss of beauty has increased the utility: in either event, utility and beauty are dissociated one from the other.

Another experiment Nature presents us with, in which the con-

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* For the whole subject of these most curious flowers, see Mr. Darwin's book "On the Different Forms of Flowers"; Rev. G. Henslow, Tr. Linn. Society, "Botany," 2nd series, vol. i., p. 317; Mr. Bennett, Journal of Linn. Society, "Botany," xiii., p. 147, xvii., p. 259.

† Bennett, Journal of Linn. Society, "Botany," xiii., p. 147.

‡ Meehan, "On Fertilization." *ubi supra*.

§ Bennett, "On Cleistogamous Flowers," Linn. Society's Journal, "Botany," xvii., p. 278, has shown that the latter is probably the correct view.

ditions are nearly, if not quite, as rigorously exclusive of error. The vast majority of orchidaceous plants are, as already mentioned, dependent on insect agency for fertilization, and present a marvellous variety of contrivances for affecting cross-fertilization through their activity. But one of our orchids (the Bee orchis) is self-fertilized. I hardly know anything in vegetable life more striking or beautiful than to see its delicate pollinaria at a certain stage of its inflorescence descending on to the stigmatic surface and so yielding their pollen grains to the fertilization of their own blossom ; and yet the Bee orchis has been found by observers to be as free a seeder as any of its tribe. Here the beauty and conspicuousness of the blossom, which are very great, are, as far as can be seen, useless ; the plant gains nothing by the attractiveness which it offers, and the colouring and ornamentation of the blossom are, on the theory of utility, residual phenomena.

It is difficult to imagine that the change from wind or self-fertilization can, so to speak, commend itself to the flower on the score either of economy or success. If the anemophilous blossom must produce somewhat more pollen than the entomophilous, it saves the great expenditure of material and vital force requisite for the production of the large and conspicuous corolla. The one is fertilized by every wind that blows; the other, especially in the case of highly-specialized flowers like the orchids, may be incapable of fertilization except by a very few insects. The celebrated Madagascar orchid *Angræcum* can be fertilized, it is said, only by a moth with a proboscis from ten to fourteen inches long—a moth so rare or local that it is as yet known to naturalists only by prophecy. It is difficult to suppose that it would be beneficial for the plant's chance of survival to exchange as the fertilizing agent the universal wind for this most localized insect.

And here another line of evidence comes in and demands consideration. The face of Nature, as we now see it, has not been always exhibited by the world. The flora, like the fauna, of the world has changed : how has it changed as regards the beauty of the flowers? Does it give any testimony to that *becoming* beautiful of the flowers of plants to which Mr. Darwin refers? The answer is not a very certain one, by reason of the imperfection of the geological record, of the probability that beautiful plants, if they had existed, and had been of a delicate structure, would have perished and left no trace behind. But so far as an answer can be given, it is in favour of the increase of floral beauty in the vegetable world. The earliest flower known (the *Pothocites Grantonii*) occurs in the coal measures; its flowers cannot have been other than inconspicuous in themselves, though it is possible that by grouping they were made more attractive to the eye ; in the period of the growth of the coal, when this plant lived, the vast forests seem principally to have been composed

of trees without conspicious blossoms, huge club mosses and marestalls, and many conifers; in the earlier periods of this earth we have no trace of conspicious blossom, and it is not till the upper chalk that the oaks and myrtles and *Proteaceæ* appear as denizens or the forest. In like manner, if we refer to the appearance of insects on the earth, we have no clear trace in very early strata of those classes of insects which now do the principal work of fertilization for our conspicuous flowers. In the coal measures there have been found insects of the scorpion, beetle, cockroach, grasshopper, ant, and neuropterous families; but of a butterfly or moth there is only evidence of great doubt. It seems probable, then, and one cannot say more, that with the progress of the ages, flowers, as a whole, have become more conspicuous and attractive. But if we inquire whether the dull flowers of one era have grown into the conspicuous flowers of another, the answer is negative. The conifers of the coal age were anemophilous then, and are anemophilous still; they show no symptom of becoming more conspicuous; the same is true of the oaks of the chalk period, and of all other inconspicuous plants. The difference between conspicuous and inconspicuous flowers appears a permanent one; and the page of geology gives no evidence in favour of the supposed change.

Another observation must yet be made. Comparing flowers fertilized by insects and by the wind, it has never, so far as I can learn, been observed that the former are more certain of being set or more prolific than the latter; and, as already shown, the inconspicuous flowers are often more fertile than the conspicuous ones. What motive would there be, then, for the inconspicuous flowers of the early geologic periods to convert themselves into the brilliant corollas of our day?

Carefully considered, the passage which I have cited from Mr. Darwin does not account for the beauty of the flowers of plants at all; it accounts only for their conspicuousness, as the writer himself points out; and the two things are so different, that to account for the one is not even to tend to account for the other. If any one will consider the beauty of every inflorescence, whether conspicuous or not—a beauty which the microscope always makes apparent where the unaided eye fails to perceive it; or, again, the easily perceived beauty of many inconspicuous plants; or, lastly, the beauty of many conspicuous plants which does not tend to their conspicuousness—he will see how true this is.

For in many conspicuous flowers there are delicate pencillings and markings which certainly do not tend to make them such, but which nevertheless add greatly to their beauty, as we perceive it. In the regularly shaped flowers these markings often start from the centre of the blossom like radii, and they may be conceived as guiding the insects to the central store of honey. Such guidance can hardly be

needful, as the shape of the flower itself generally does all, and more than all, that the markings can do in the way of guidance. But it is by no means true that all the markings lead to the centre of the flower; many are transverse; many are marginal; some are by way of spot.

Again, take the irregularly shaped flowers, which are supposed to be the exclusive subjects of insect fertilization; how infinite are the beauties of the flower over and above those which make it conspicuous, or can assist to guide the insect. Take the orchids, for example: the labellum is generally the landing-place of the insect visitors; but the other flower-leaves are almost always the subjects of a vast display of delicate beauty which cannot be accounted for by the necessity of conspicuousness or guidance. All this beauty is, on the theory in question, an unexplained fact.

But, again, take the grasses, which depend for fertilization exclusively on the wind, and have no need to woo the visits of the insects. The beauty of the markings of the inflorescence of many of the grasses is very great, though far from conspicuous: take the delicately banded flowers of our quaking grasses; take the rich crimson of the foxtails; take the brilliant yellow of the Canary *Phaleris;* and it is impossible to refuse the attribute of beauty in colour to the wind-loving grasses. And all this beauty is unexplained on the theory in question.

It is impossible to speak of the grasses and not to have the mind recalled to the beauty that resides in form as contrasted with colour. Elegance, grace of form, characterizes most (but not all) plants, whether fertilized by the wind or by insects; and yet this grace, in many cases, perhaps in most, adds nothing to their conspicuousness. It is, on the theory in question, a piece of idle beauty; and yet it is all-pervading—a persistent, though not universal, characteristic of the vegetable world.

But to revert to conspicuousness. It is not true to say that all self-fertilized plants have inconspicuous flowers. I have adduced the *Stephanotis* and *Hoya* on this point. Nor is it true to say that all anemophilous flowers are inconspicuous as compared with the green of their leaves. The large but delicate yellow groups of the male flowers of the Scotch pine (not to travel beyond very familiar plants) are very conspicuous in the early summer—much more so, to my eye at least, than many flowers which are supposed to stake their lives on attraction by being conspicuous. Hermann Müller has observed on this same fact, and considers it to be clear that the display of colour can be of no use to the plant, and must therefore be regarded as "a merely accidental phenomenon," *—*i. e.*, a phenomenon not accounted for by utility.

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* *Nature*, ix., 461.

The crimson flowers of the larch, again, are certainly very conspicuous as well as beautiful on the yet leafless boughs; and yet they owe nothing to insects.

One other remark must be made on this passage from Mr. Darwin which has formed my text. It does not pretend to account for the production of beauty or even of conspicuousness. It only seeks to account for the accumulation of that quality in certain plants, and its comparative absence in others. The tendency in Nature to produce beauty is a postulate in Mr. Darwin's theory.

The beauty of mountain blossoms has been referred to as supporting the utility of beauty: it is not perfectly clear that even this can be accounted for merely by the need of attracting insects. It is said by the American writer to whom I have already referred, Mr. Mehan, that the flowers of the Rocky Mountains are beautifully coloured, produce as much seed as similar ones elsewhere, and yet that there is a remarkable scarcity of insect life—so great, I understand him to mean, as to render it highly improbable that the races of the flowers can be perpetuated by insect agency.

We have hitherto, according to promise, been considering the beauty of flowers as detached from all surrounding facts, and isolated from all other parts of the plant. But, in fact, this beauty of the inflorescence of plants is only one phenomenon of a much larger class. The petals and sepals are only leaves; and it is difficult to argue about the character of the flower-leaves and omit from thought the stalk and root-leaves; and these leaves continually possess a wealth of beauty both of form and colour for which no intelligible utility has ever been suggested. The use made of conspicuous leaves in the modern style of bedding-out and the cultivation in hot-houses of what are called foliage plants, will recall this to every one. In many cases the stems of plants, often the veins of the leaves, and often the backs of the leaves, are the homes of distinct and beautiful colouring, for which, so far as I know, no account can be given on the score of use. To enlarge our view yet a little more, the brilliant colours of the fungi and of the lichens, mosses, and sea-weeds, and, lastly, the outburst of varied colours in the autumn—the crimson of the bramble, the browns of the oaks, the red of the maple, the gold of the elm, "the sunshine of the withering fern"—all these present themselves to us as so closely akin to the painted beauty of flowers that we cannot think of the one without the other; and we may well hesitate to accept as satisfactory a theory which can offer no explanation of phenomena so closely akin to those of flowers, except, forsooth, that they are merely accidental. Once again, to widen the range of our mental vision, the beauty of the vegetable world is but a part of that great and complex mass of beauty from which we agreed to segregate it: and viewed as part of that, it must have the same explanation applied to it as the other beautiful phenomena of the world.

It is worth while to remember that Beauty is no outcome of a long period of evolution; it is no late event in the geologic history of the world. The lowest forms of organic life no less than the highest are clad in beauty. Many beings that are "simple structureless protoplasm"—to use the language of Professor Allman as President of the British Association this year—"fashion for themselves an outer membranous or calcareous case, often of symmetrical form and elaborate ornamentation, or construct a silicious skeleton of radiating spicula or crystal-clear concentric spheres of exquisite symmetry and beauty." *

So, too, in the Silurian period, the corals and other marine structures were no doubt endowed with every grace which could please the eye of man, if he had been there. Beauty is the invariable companion of Nature. It is difficult, therefore, to account for it as a result of evolution; and, as for the theory that it was made for man's delectation only, a single diatom or a single fossil from a Silurian bed is enough to put the whole vain egotism to flight.

What are the results fairly deducible from these observations? They seem to be the following:

1. That conspicuousness is *a* step towards fertilization in one mode, and might, therefore, well be used by an artist loving at once beauty and fertility.

2. That there is no such preponderating advantage in beauty as should convert the ugly anemophilous flowers into the brilliant entomophilous flowers.

3. That in an infinite number of cases beauty exists, but without any relation to the mode of fertilization.

4. That it is maintained in many cases where the ugiier and less beautiful plant is more useful, as in the case of the violet.

5. That even where conspicuousness is useful, it furnishes no complete account of the whole beauty of the flower.

Let us apply these facts to the two rival theories. If, on the one hand, nothing has become beautiful but through the utility of beauty, beauty will be found where it is useful and nowhere else. But we have found beauty without finding utility; so that theory, on our present knowledge, is inadmissible.

If, on the other hand, there be an artificer in Nature who loves at once utility and beauty, he may use the one sometimes as a mean to the other, or he may use beauty without utility; and the presence of beauty without utility is intelligible.

And here I conclude. I see in Nature both utility and beauty; but I am not convinced that the one is solely dependent on the other. I find a grace and a glory (even in the flowers of plants) which, on the utilitarian theory, is not accounted for, is a residual

* *Nature*, xx., p. 386.

phenomenon; and that in such enormous proportions that the phenomenon explained bears no perceptible proportion to the phenomenon left unexplained. Whether this be so or not, it appears to me, for the reasons I have already given, that we may still entertain the same notions about the beauty of the world as before. Our souls may still rejoice in beauty as of old. To some of us this glorious frame has not appeared a dead mechanic mass, but a living whole, instinct with spiritual life; and in the beauty which we see around us in Nature's face, we have felt the smile of a spiritual Being, as we feel the smile of our friend adding light and lustre to his countenance. I still indulge this fancy, or, if you will, this superstition. Still, as of old, I feel (to use the familiar language of our great poet of Nature)—

> "A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
> A lover of the meadows and the woods
> And mountains; and of all that we behold
> From this green earth: of all the mighty world,
> Of eye, and ear."

Hon. Justice EDW. FRY, *in Contemporary Review.*

WHERE ARE WE IN ART?

"No doubt education is a fine thing!" said I, meditatively, laying down my thirteenth newspaper. It was a rainy November day, and the reading-room was nearly empty. I had been told the great fact over and over again in some form or other in all the "Dailies" and "Weeklies." It had been repeated in every variety of tone in the little pile of "Monthlies" at my elbow, of which I had skimmed the cream (no one in these days can be expected to go through the labour of a whole article)! The "Quarterlies," in more ponderous fashion, had reiterated the sentiment. We had got hold of the right thing; all that was wanted was more and more of the same. Let everybody be served alike; what is meat for the gander is meat also for the goose, repeated the advocates of women's education, magniloquently (though not exactly in those words). Let everybody learn the same thing that I am learning! How much better and wiser we are than our forefathers! How

beautiful for us to be able to say, as in the old story of the French Minister of Instruction when he pulls out his watch, "It is ten o'clock; all the children in the schools in England are doing their sums. It is half-past eleven, they are all writing their copies!"

"What everybody says must be true," thought I; "the schoolmaster has got the better of the world, and rules the roast despotically; but then how great is the result!" I repeated, with pride.

Such perfection was rather oppressive, and I could not help yawning a little as I went upstairs, looking round as I went. The decorations of the club were wonderfully fine, no doubt, but perhaps an Italian of the "Cinque-cento" would not have thought them quite successful. Probably, however, he would have been wrong. He was certainly much less "instructed" in art than we are. I strolled to the window, and looked out at a stucco palace on either hand and over the way, with pillars and pilasters added *ad libitum*, and a glimpse of a long wall with oblong openings cut in it, stretching the whole length of the street. One of the abominable regiments of black statues which disfigure London stood near the corner, the nicely-finished buttons of whose paletôt, and the creases of whose boots (the originals of which must have been made by Hoby) had often been my wonder, if not admiration.

"Yes, there certainly is a lost art or two, which have somehow made their escape from this best of all worlds, in spite of our drilling and double-distilled training," I sighed.

There was a portfolio of photographs lying on the table, which I turned over abstractedly. The Venus de Milo, and the Theseus of the Parthenon; the Raphael frescoes of the great council of the gods in the Farnesina Palace at Rome; a street in Venice; Durham Cathedral; the decorations of the Certosa at Pavia; some specimens of old Japanese porcelain; some coloured patterns of Persian shawls and prayer-rugs and of Indian inlaid work. Each of them was good and appropriate of its kind, expressing a national or individual taste and feeling, or, best of all, a belief. And none of them were the results of education, but of a kind of instinct of art which no instruction hitherto has been able to give, of which it seems even sometimes to deprive a race, as a savage generally loses his accurate perception of details and his power of memory and artistic perceptions, with his delicacy of hearing and smell, as a consequence of so-called civilization.

The Hindoo arranges colours for a fabric with the same certainty of intuition that a bird weaves his nest, or a spider its web. His blues and greens are as harmonious in their combinations as those of Nature herself; while the "educated" Englishman is now introducing every species of atrocity in form and colour wherever he goes, ruining the beautiful native manufactures by instructions from his superior "standpoint;" forcing the workers to commit

every blunder which he does himself at home, in order to adapt their fabrics to the abominable taste of the middle classes in England. Even the missionaries, male and female, cannot hold their hands, and teach the children in schools and harëems crochet and cross-stitch of the worst designs and colours, instead of the exquisite native embroidery of the past. Arsenic greens, magenta and gas-tar dyes, are introduced by order of the merchants into carpets and cashmere shawls; vile colours and forms in pottery and bad lacquer-work are growing up, by command, in China and Japan. There seems to be no check or stay to the irruption of bad taste which is swamping the whole world by our influence. The Japanese have even been recommended to make a museum of their own beautiful old productions quickly, or the very memory of their existence, and of the manner in which they were made, would be lost.

It is commonly supposed that the taste of the French is better than our own, and the pretty, the bizarre, the becoming, may indeed be said to belong to their domain; but high art is not their vocation. A certain harmony is obtained by quenching colour, as in the "Soupir étouffé," the "Bismarck malade," the "rose dégradée," the "Celadon" of the Sèvres china, all eighth and tenth degrees of dilution; but pure colour, like that of Persia and of the East generally, they never now dare to dip their hands into. The gorgeous effects of their own old painted glass, the "rose windows" of the churches at Rouen and in many other towns of Normandy, are far beyond their present reach.

The stained glass of all countries in Europe, indeed, belonging to the good times, is a feast of colour which none of the modern work can approach. There is a "Last Judgment," said to be from designs by Albert Dürer, which was taken in a sea-fight on its road to Spain, and put up in a little church at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, which dazzles us with its splendour; and the scraps which are still to be found all over England in village churches (many of which are now believed to be of home manufacture) are as beautiful as the great Flemish windows thirty feet high. At the present day the pigments used, we are told, are finer; the glass is infinitely better rolled, all the manufacturing processes have made wonderful progress, as we proudly declare; only the results of it are utterly and simply detestable—the colours of the great modern windows in Cologne Cathedral and Westminster Abbey set one's very teeth on edge—the temptation to use a stone (if it had come under one's hand) would be frightfully great in front of that at the east end of Ripon.

There lies before me an old Persian rug, all out of shape and twisted in the weaving, but full of subtle quantities in colour, perfect in the proportions of its vivid brilliancy, and a grand new Ax-

minster carpet alongside, of faultless construction, with a design as hideous as its colours are harsh.

It is not only now with productions destined for the English market, but the degradation of art is beginning to spread all over the world—the standards of "instructed" European taste are vitiating the very well-springs of beautiful old work. The "mantilla" of Seville, and the "tovaglia" of the Roman peasant, are supplanted by frightful bonnets; the striking old costumes are disappearing alike in Brittany and in Algiers; in Athens and in Turkey they are giving way to the abominations of Parisian toilettes for the women, while the chimney-pot hat is taking the place of the turban and the kalpac for the men.

The picturesque quaintness of the narrow Egyptian streets dies away, as under a frost, under the hand of Western architects; the delicate pierced woodwork of their projecting balconies is changed for flat windows with red and green "jalousies;" and the Khedive builds minarets, it is true, but like enlarged Mordan pencil-cases. The harmony of the lines in an ancient Arabian fountain or mosque at Cairo, the interlacing patterns of fretwork in the Saracenic buildings at Grenada, are marvellous in their exquisite variety; yet the secret of their construction in their own land is nearly gone, the very tradition of the old work seems to have perished in the race—they cannot even imitate their own old creations. "Oh for a touch of a vanished hand!" we say over the ruined tombs of the Memlook Sultans in their desolate beauty, standing lonely in the desert near Cairo, or the wonderful mosques of the deserted city of Beejapore in the Bombay Presidency, whose photographs have lately been printed.

Each nation in the old time had an expression of its thoughts in the buildings in which it housed its gods, its government, and its individuals, which was as distinctive as its language: a tongue, indeed, in stone, in colour and in form, as plain as, indeed plainer than, ever words could frame.

The Egyptian, with the flat square lines of the gigantic slabs placed across the forests of enormous rounded pillars closely packed, the avenues of sphinxes and obelisks leading up (never at right angles, curiously to our sense of conformity) to the temples—solemn, heavy, magnificent, mysterious—with a sentiment of dignified repose, though little of beauty or proportion, but full of symbolism and suggestion and grandeur.

The exquisite Greek buildings, where proportion was almost like music in its scientific harmony of parts, so exact, so modulated, so severe, so lovely—with sculpture forming an almost necessary portion of the architectural design when at its highest point of excellence.

The Saracenic, with its simple grace of construction and delicate

detail of ornament, with holy words and combinations of lines in place of natural forms, and soaring beauty of domes, and pierced marble work.

The Middle Age Italian, with its inlaid and decorated façades and wealth of columns, and traceries of gay-coloured stones, and contrasts of brilliant light and dark shadows in the deep-set windows and doors—bright and lovely like Giotto's Campanile at Florence, rising like a flower over the city, or great churches like those of Orvieto and St. Mark's,* with their rich profusion of mosaic and carved stone and quaint modifications of brickwork.

Or the buildings of the Gothic nations (our own included), which often, like those at Mont St. Michael, seem to have so grown out of the situation—where the Art is so interwoven with Nature, that it is hardly possible to discover where one begins and the other ends. There is something also of the manner in which Nature works, in the feeling with which the curves interlace, seeming almost to grow into each other, in a Gothic cathedral. In the perspectives of heavy round arches of Winchester and Durham, in the upward soaring of the Salisbury spire, there is the same impression—they seem to have "come" so. It is like a living organism, the parts of which are as natural and necessary to the whole as is the growth of a tree: like the recipe of old for a poet, they seem to have been "born, not made."

All these different races invented for themselves what is called a "style;" that is to say, an original manner, peculiar and adapted to their special idiosyncrasies, of fulfilling those wants which every nation, as soon as it emerges from the savage state, must feel and provide for in some fashion.

Even to descend to very inferior work—there is character and expression in the old King William houses on the river-bank at Chelsea, in the pretty little Queen Anne Square in Westminster; it is too neat and pretty to be high art, with its unobtrusive moulded brick, its shallow projections, and the carved shells over the doorways; but it is not unlike the poetry of Pope in the delicate finish and adaptation of its parts, while no one can deny that it has an individuality which the smart new houses in Grosvenor Place are totally without, where costly granite and excellent stone seem to have been employed to show the moral lesson that the best materials are of little service unless mixed "with brains, sir," as Opie advised. Every capital of the columns is carved by hand, but of the poorest design and all alike—it is hardly possible to conceive the poverty of invention involved in making every house and every ornament an exact copy of its neighbour, in a situation which in-

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* Now, alas! under sentence of "restoration"; the age of creation in Italy appears to be over, and that of destruction to have b gun.

vited picturesque treatment—after, too, it had been shown at the Oxford Museum that carving was done both quicker and better when the workers exerted their minds in such inventions as they possessed (and some of their renderings of natural forms were beautiful) than when they merely followed a stereotyped pattern.

At present we can as soon invent a new style for ourselves as a new animal; we copy, we combine—that is, under the Georgian era we added a Mahometan cupola to Roman columns in the Regent's Park; or, still later, we made one pediment serve for the whole side of a Belgravian square—*i. e.*, a form intended for a nicely-calculated angle over the front of a temple with a particular number of columns, is stretched as on a rack over the roofs of an acre of houses; or we build a portico designed as a shelter against the cloudless sunshine of the Greek climate to darken a sunless English dwelling-house. Our last achievement has been to make a "pasticcio" of the high "mansarde" Parisian roofs, with hideous little debased Italian porticoes, a quarter of a mile of which may be seen in the Grosvenor Gardens district.

Also we can patch and imitate—that is, rebuild a sham antique—from which, however ingeniously done, the ineffable charm of the original has escaped like a gas. Why the portico of the capital at Washington, or the monument on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh, whose columns are said to be "an exact copy of those at Athens," are so utterly uninteresting, it would take too long to explain; but no one will deny that they are mere lumps of dead stone, while the Parthenon itself, ruined and defaced, wrecked and ill used, still stands like a glorious poem in marble, which no evil treatment can deprive of its charm. There is mind and soul worked into the material, and somehow inextricably entangled into it, which no copy, however exact, can in the least reproduce.

No doubt we have improved in our street architecture; there are isolated specimens of red brick, a shop-front in South Audley Street, and one in New Bond Street, several excellent buildings in the city, &c., &c., legitimate adaptations of gables, dormers, and windows, exceedingly good of their kind; but these are not original creations, only developments of what already exists.

There is one point in which our present shallow, unintelligent education has wrought irreparable mischief. We have learnt so much of respect for art as to desire to preserve the works of our forefathers, but not so far as to find out how this is to be done. We set to work to "restore" them. Every inch of the surface of an old church is historical as to the manner of the handiwork of the men of the twelfth, thirteenth, or whatever may be the century, and we proceed to put a new face on it, which, at the best, must certainly be that of the nineteenth century; we find a defaced portrait statue on an altar-tomb (as in a church in Devonshire), and we

insert a smooth mask out of our own heads; we find an Early English tower with walls fourteen feet thick, and think a vestry would be "nicer" in its place, and the tower is therefore pulled down and rebuilt at the other end of the nave (as in a church in Bucks); or a curious monument to the fifth son of Edward III., or a couple of kneeling figures, clad in ruffs and farthingales, of an old rector and his wife, are within the communion rails (as in two other churches in Bucks); the incumbents do not approve of tombs in such "sacred places," and, regardless of the curious historical fact shown by the very position itself in pre-Reformation days, they are ruthlessly rooted up, and in the latter case a flaming brass to the rector's own family substituted.

Even a little art education would show us that this is not "restoration;" it may be a much finer and smarter kind of work, as many people seem to consider it; but the cutting down an inch of the splendid carved stone porches at Chartres to a new surface is not "restoring" that which was there before—the face of the fifteenth-century lady cannot be "restored" without a portrait which no longer exists—the new tower may be very "pretty," but it is certainly no longer a specimen of rare old Early English work. Like the monks of old carefully scratching their invaluable parchment manuscripts, to put in their own words and notes, we have at one fell swoop scratched the history of English ecclesiastical art off the land, and archæologists are inquiring sadly for instances of unrestored churches, which, alas! now are scarcely to be found.

What may be the reason why architecture, sculpture, painting, and even poetry—*i.e.*, the combination of stone, brick, marble, metal, colours, and, lastly, of metrical forms of words—should all suffer by the advance of our (so-called) civilization and education, is still a mystery; but few will be found to doubt the fact in detail, though they may deny the general formula.

Perhaps our self-consciousness as to our great virtues, our "progress," our knowledge, the learning of the reason of our work, the introversion of our present moods of thought, check the development of an idea, even if we may be fortunate enough to get hold of one. Self-consciousness is fatal to art; there is a certain spontaneity of utterance—singing, as the birds sing, because they cannot help it—"composing," almost as the mountains and clouds "compose," by reason of their existence itself, not because they want to make a picture—which produces natural work, grown out of the man and the requirements of his nature, to which it seems, with very rare exceptions, that we cannot now attain.

In sculpture, a modern R.A. has acquired ten times as much anatomy as Phidias: dissection was unknown, and not permitted, by the Greeks. Chemistry has produced for the painter colours which Raphael (luckily for us) never dreamed of. Yet one cannot help

wondering at the strange daring which permits the honourable society at Burlington House to hang yearly the works of the ancient masters of the craft on the same walls where their own productions are to figure a few weeks later, as if to inform the world most impressively and depressingly from how far we have fallen in pictorial art; to string up our taste, as it were, to concert pitch—to give the key-note of true excellence, in order to mark the depth to which we have sunk.

We now teach drawing diligently in all European countries, and are surprised that we get no Michelangelos. Did Masaccio go to a school of design, or Giotto learn "free-hand" manipulation? Education, as it is generally defined—meaning thereby a knowledge of the accumulation of facts discovered by other people—is good for the general public, for ordinary humanity, but not for original minds, except so far as it saves them time and trouble by preventing them from reinventing what has been already done by others. True, there can be but few "inventors" (in the old Italian sense of creators) in the world at any one moment, and training must, it will be said, be carried on for the use of the many; but one might still plead for a certain elasticity in our teaching, a margin left for free-will among the few who will ever be able to use it. And, meantime, it is allowable to lament over the number of arts we have lost, or are in danger of losing, which can only be practised by the few—whose number seems ever to be diminishing, under our generalizing processes of turning out as many minds of the same pattern as if we wanted nail-heads or patent screws by the million.

This is not education in its true and highest sense—*i. e.*, the bringing forth the best that is in a man; not simply putting knowledge into him, but using the variety of gifts, which even the poorest in endowment possess, to the best possible end. And this seems more and more difficult as the stereotyped pattern is more and more enforced in board-schools, endowed schools, public schools, universities; and each bit of plastic material, while young, is forced as much as possible into the same shape, the only contention being who shall have the construction of the die which all alike are eager to apply to every individual of the nation.

Of all races which have yet existed there can be no doubt that the Greek was the one most highly endowed with artistic powers of all kinds; yet the Greek was certainly not, in our sense of the term, an educated man at all; his powers of every kind, however, were cultivated indirectly by the very atmosphere he lived in. His sensitive artistic nature found food in the forms and colours of the mountains and the islands, the sea and the sky, by which he was surrounded; by the human nature about him in its most perfect development; by every building—his temples, his tombs, his theatres—every pot and pan he used, every seat he sat upon; whereas

no man's eye can be other than degraded by the unspeakable ugliness of an English manufacturing town, or, what is almost worse, by the sham art where decoration of any kind is invented or attempted by the richer middle class.

The theory that soil and climate and food produce instincts of beauty, as well as varieties of beasts and plants, is, however, evidently at fault in these questions; for if this were the case at one time in the world's history, why not at another? and the present inhabitants of Greece are as inapt as their neighbours in sculpture, painting, and architecture. Nothing, even out of the workshops of Birmingham, can exceed the ugliness of their present productions—*e. g.*, a Minerva's head without a forehead, done in bead-work on canvas, fastened on to a piece of white marble, which was given as a precious parting gift from the goddess's own city to a valued friend. There seems now a headlong competition in every country after bad art. If we ask for lace and embroidery in the Greek islands, or silver filligree in Norway—if we inquire for wood-carving from Burmah, or the old shawls and pottery from Persia and the East—the answer is always the same; we are told that there is "none such made at present." It is only what remains of the old hand-made work that is to be obtained; the present inhabitants "care for none of these things." Sham jewellery from the "Palais Royal," Manchester goods, stamped leather, and the like, are what the natives are seeking for themselves, while they get rid of "all those ugly old things" to the first possible buyer for any price which they can fetch.

Manufacturing an article (whatever be the real derivation of the word, but), meaning the use of machinery for the multiplication of the greatest number of articles at the least cost, however admirable for the comfort of the million, is evidently fatal to art. When each bit of iron-work, every hinge, every lock scutcheon, was hammered out with care and consideration by the individual blacksmith, even if he were but an indifferent performer, it bore the stamp of the thought of a man's mind directing his hand; now there is only the stamp of a machine running the metal into a mould. When every bit of decorative wood-work was "all made out of the carver's brain"—when the embroidery of the holiday shirt of a boatman of "Chios' rocky isle" took half a lifetime to devise and stitch, and was intended to last for generations of wearers, art found a way, however humble, through nimble fingers interpreting the fancies of the individual brain: "Fancy work," as an old Hampshire woman called her stitching of the fronts and backs of the old-fashioned smock-frocks, each one differing from the one she made before, as her "fancy" led. It was always interesting, and almost always beautiful.

Now the hinges are cast by the ton, all of one pattern; fortunate,

indeed, if the original be a good one (a very hopeful supposition !). The sewing-machine repeats its monotonous curves of embroidery ; the wood-carving is the result of skilfully-arranged knives and wheels worked by steam, which only execute forms adapted for them. The initial thought of their designer must be, not what is in itself desirable, but that which the machine can best produce. What is right in a particular place, is the natural object of the workman artist ; how to use what has been already cast or stamped, is the object of the present ordinary builder ; and what he calls "symmetry"—*i. e.*, motonony, every line repeated *ad nauseam*—is the result his education aims at. Symmetry, in the sense of the repetition of the infinite variety of exquisitely modulated curves in the two outlines of the human body, is beautiful and harmonious ; but there is neither beauty nor harmony in the repetition of the self-same horizontal and perpendicular lines of windows and doors in a London street. A feeling of what in music are called "contrary motion," "oblique motion," is all required in the impression produced by really fine architecture. Yet, if the ordinary builder is asked to vary his hideous row of houses by an additional window or a higher chimney, he exclaims with horror at such a violation of "symmetry," his sole rule of beauty being that all should look alike.

The effect, indeed, of machine-made work is to impress upon the tradesman mind the belief that perfection consists wholly in exact and correct repetition of a pattern, which may be said to be true in his craft ; whereas constant variation and development is the law of healthy art, the need being expressed by the design. To save the expense and trouble of fresh drawings, also, as soon as the pattern becomes popular in one material, it is immediately repeated *ad nauseam* in every other, however incongruous. A bunch of fuchsias has been supposed to look well in a lace curtain ; it is then cast in brass for the end of a curtain-rod ; is used for wall-papers and stone-carving alike. Whereas if a Japanese artist has designed a flight of cranes on his screen or his paper, it is impossible to get another exactly the same ; to reproduce a sketch exactly being, generally, as every artist can tell, more laborious than to make a new one, where the brain assists the fingers in their work.

There is another result of our present shallow "general" education which has a most depressing effect upon art. Every one now can read and write, and it would be considered an infringement of the right of private judgment to doubt the ability of every writer or reader to criticize any work of art whatsoever. In the case of buying a kitchen range or a carriage we should not trust to our own knowledge, but should apply to the experienced expert ; but "every one can tell whether he likes a picture or not !"

Now, good criticism in art demands at least as long and severe an apprenticeship as that in ironmongery—the training of the eye by

long experience, reading, historical, scientific, mechanical—real study of all the various subjects connected with it; and this can be acquired only by few. It has been said, with perfect truth, that it will not do to depend on the fiat of artists themselves for the value of a picture, statue, or building. With some, the admiration of the technical part of art is too great; the passionate likes and dislikes for particular styles or particular men warp the judgments of others; and this is, perhaps, inherent in the artist nature. But this is only saying that we must not go to the ironfounder for the character of his kitchen range; there are other skilled opinions to be had besides those of the authors of a work.

At the present time, the art of criticism has got so far beyond our powers of creation that it becomes more and more difficult to bring forth a great work of art. The hatching of eggs requires a certain genial warmth to bring them to perfection; creation is a vital act, but the reception which any new-fledged production is likely to meet with is either the scorching fire of fault-finding or the freezing cold of indifference.

It was not thus that great works of old were produced; Cimabue's picture of the Virgin was carried in a triumphal procession through Florence, from the artist's studio to the church which was to be honoured by its possession. It was a worthy religious offering to the goddess Mary, a subject of rejoicing to the whole city, and the quarter of the town where it was first seen, amid cries of delight, was called the "Borgo Allegri," a name which it has kept six hundred years. And the sympathy of the people reacted on the artist, and helped him to carry out his great conceptions. They were proud of him, and he worked at his picture as a labour of love to do his nation honour.

Now, when a man has spent perhaps years over a religious picture, working with all his heart and soul and strength, instead of its being taken into a church, and seen only with the associations for which it is adapted, it is hung up between a smirking lady, clad in the last abominations of the fashion, on one side, and a "horse and dog, the property of Blank, Esq.," on the other; while the artist is fortunate if the best of the critics, who has just glanced at it as he passes by, does not entirely ignore his meaning and mistake the expression of his idea, only discovering that "the drawing of the toe of the left foot is decidedly awkward." So it may be, and there are probably faults in it still more considerable; yet the picture, with all these faults, may be one of great merit.

Is it possible to conceive the Madonna di San Sisto painted under such conditions? The cold chill of the indifferent public would have reacted on the artist, and quenched the fire of his inspiration. The picture was intended to be the incarnation of the religious feeling of the whole Christian world, in the divine expression of the

infant Christ gazing into futurity, with those rapt, far-seeing eyes —in the holy mother, who carries him so reverently, yet with such power and purity in her look and bearing. It was honoured sympathetically by all who had the joy of seeing it borne as a banner through a great city as an act of the highest worship; not cut up into little morsels and set on a fork by every man who can write smart articles for a penny paper, bestowing a little supercilious praise and much wholesome advice on Holman Hunt and Tennyson, on Stevens * and Street alike.

But the result is that the world is poorer by the want of the work which only a sense of sympathy between the artist and his public inspires. "Action and reaction are equal," we are told, in science, and the artist cannot produce the best that is in him alone, any more than the most finished musician can play on a dumb piano. The receivers must do their share in the partnership. Mrs. Siddons once said that she lost all her power when annihilated by the coldness of the cream of the cream society of a *salon*, and preferred any marks of emotion of an unsophisticated if intelligent audience, to the chill of fashionable indifference; and when we complain of the poorness of our art, we must remember for how large a share of this we, the present public, are responsible. It may be all very well for the skylark to "pour his strains of unpremeditated art" for his own pleasure and that of the little skylarks; but Shelley must have had the hope that "the world will listen then, as I am listening now."

The poet and the painter require intelligent cordial belief and sympathy, which is just what we have not to give, and therefore the reign of the highest art is probably at an end: no Phidias or Michelangelo, no Homer or Shakspeare, are likely again to arise. This is pre-eminently a scientific age—a time for the collection and co-ordination of facts; and what imagination we possess we use in the discovery of the laws by which Nature works, and in the application of our knowledge to the ordinary wants and comforts and pleasures of the human race. Electric telegraphs, phonographs, photographs abound; every possible adaptation of steam in majestic engines (almost, it seems, as intelligent as man), to promote our means of communication and locomotion over the surface of the earth, and of production in every conceivable form; great ships and engines of destruction in war, and (curious antithesis) ingenious contrivances for the saving of pain in disease—everything, in short, connected with the comprehension and subjugation of the material world, is more and more carried to perfection. Yet in spite of these marvellous achievements, unless we can manage to secure a supply

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* The monument to the Duke of Wellington has never received its due meed of praise. With all his faults, poor Stevens was a man of true genius.

of good art, there can be no doubt that there will "have passed away a glory from the earth" which we can ill afford to lose.

There is no use in preaching what is called the common sense of the matter, and telling Keats (though he may have died of consumption, and not of the *Edinburgh Review*) that the critique on his poems was flippant and unintelligent; or one artist that the account of his picture was written by a man who did not understand painting, and the next by a writer who had no notion of the requisites of true poetry. The artist is by necessity of his nature a thin-skinned, impressionable being, with sensitive nerves and perceptions, without which the power of creation does not exist. He writes and paints and acts and sculpts—in short, composes, invents creates—to make the world feel as he is feeling. Fame is a vulgar word for the sentiment which inspires him; the longing after sympathy is a much truer expression of what the true artist desires. That of his own family and friends is not sufficient; he wants the world at large to hear and understand and join in what he has to say, whether it be in marble or on canvas, in music or in words. To grow such a creature to perfection is very rare in the history of mankind, and when our aloe does flower, we should make the most of it, and feed it with food convenient. Our blame depresses him, even stupid,* unintelligent blame, more than our praise elevates him. "He is absurdly sensitive," says the hard-headed man of the world; but that is the very condition of the problem with which we have to deal; if he were not so, we should not have great works of art from him. He is an idealist by nature. If we declare that it is very absurd of our vines to require so much care and kindness, and that a little roughing and neglect will do them a great deal of good, we shall not get many grapes; and, after all, what we want is grapes—results, great artistic works.

It is almost pathetic to see the nation doing the best it knows, offering its patronage and its public buildings, its monuments of great men and its money, and then to mark the results. It is fortunate that most of the frescoes are scaling off the walls of the Houses of Parliament. It is fortunate that Nelson and the Duke of York are hoisted up so high that they cannot be scrutinized at all; it is fortunate that most of the public statues are generally so begrimed with dirt and soot that few can make out their intention. But it is we who are responsible for half at least of their failures.†

* "Quoique les applaudissemens que j'ai reçus m'aient beaucoup flatté, la moindre critique, quelque mauvaise qu'elle eût été, m'a toujours causé plus chagrin que toutes les louanges ne m'aient fait de plaisir," writes Racine to his son. He was silent for twelve years after the "insuccès de Phèdre." "Quoique le 'Mercure Gallant' était au dessous de rien, les blessures qu'il fait n'en sont pas moins cruelles à la sensibilité d'un poëte," adds the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

† The group of "Asia," by Foley, in Prince Albert's Memorial, is one of the few exceptions to the indifferent character of out-door statues in London.

We have, as a nation, neither the artistic feeling which delights in the beautiful with a sort of worship, nor the sensuous religious instincts which require an outward and visible sign of our inward faith. Therefore our best chance of great work seems to be when the common-sense necessity is so large in its demands, that carrying it out even on merely utilitarian principles may give a grand result by the force of circumstances, almost without our will,—the very fulfilment of the working conditions on an enormous scale forcing a certain grandeur on the work. As, for instance, when a viaduct is carried over a deep valley and river, upon a lofty series of arches, as in many Welsh railways and at Newcastle, there are elements of strength, durability, might, and therefore majesty, which the barest execution of the requirements cannot take away. The Suspension Bridge hung high in the air above the ships in the Menai Straits, and that over the narrow hollow of the Avon, have a beauty of lightness and grace all their own—Waterloo Bridge, which Canova declared to be worth coming to England to see—are all specimens of a kind of work which we may hope to see multiplied, and even improved upon, as the adaptation of art to the common necessities of our civilization becomes more common, and is taken in hand by a higher and more educated class of men.

Nothing, however, can well be more depressing than the experience of the United States in respect to this question of art and education. Here is a country (in their own magniloquent hyperbole) "bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, and on the west by the setting sun," &c., &c., whose proud boast it is that every man, woman, and child (born on its soil) can read, write, and something more,—which has just celebrated its centenary of independent existence, and is in the very spring-time of its national life when the "sap is rising,"—a season which among other nations is that of their greatest artistic vigour—yet which has never produced a poet, painter, sculptor,* or architect above mediocrity. Strangely, as it would seem at first sight, it is originality which is chiefly wanting in their art; it is all an echo of European models; they have no independent action of thought or interpretation of Nature. Here, again, it is probably the want of culture of the public which is to blame. Evidence is difficult to obtain on such a vast subject as the use made of the reading and writing so freely imparted at the schools in the United States, but there is very good testimony showing that, with the exception of great centres of civilization, like Boston, the nation, as a nation, reads little but newspapers and story-books; and these clearly would produce a soil utterly unfit for the growth of real art.

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* Mr. Story may perhaps be considered an exception; but even the "Cleopatra" and "Sibyl" were produced under the influence of Rome.

Lastly, let us not forget Mr. Mill's warning how much the nation, as well as the individual, must suffer by the stifling of original thought in the rigid conformity to system which our present mechanism of Government regulations, of centralized hard-and-fast rules, is bringing about in education.

The State has a right to exact a certain amount of training in the individuals who compose it, but has no right whatever to interfere as to how that result is obtained. Every encouragement should be held out to original action of all kinds, tending to develop the faculties—artistic, scientific, as well as practical—which remain to be utilized among the millions who are now coming under an influence hitherto painfully narrow, rigid, and shallow in its operations, in spite of its magnificent promises and high-sounding notes of self-satisfaction.

Lady F. P. VERNEY, *in Contemporary Review.*

THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE ITALIAN POETS.—ALFIERI.

"IN a word, you have formed for yourself a habit of mind such as it behooved you to have, in order to become the great poet that you are. But *nil admirari* is the motto of the true philosopher; for what we admire is, for the most part, a delusion." Thus writes to his friend Vittorio Alfieri, the Abbé Tommaso di Caluso, in a letter in which he discusses certain social and political theories of the former. Certainly nothing was further from Alfieri's mind than the *nil admirari.* Burning admiration, and its complement, burning contempt—enthusiastic loves and unquenchable hatreds—possessed his soul from youth upwards; and we have in his autobiography a portrait of his own character limned with a firmness and truth such as few men have achieved in the painting of themselves.

Vittorio Alfieri was born in the city of Asti, in Piedmont, on January 17th, 1749, "of noble, rich, and virtuous parents," to use his own words. His father was the Count Antonio Alfieri; his mother, Monica Maillard de Tournon, of a great Savoyard family resident for some generations at Turin. When Count Antonio Alfieri married her she was, although still very young, the widow of the Marchese Cacherano, also of Asti, by whom she was the mother of three children, two girls and a boy. Count Alfieri was considerably past fifty at the period of his marriage, and he died in his sixtieth year, leaving two children—a daughter, named Giulia, and our poet, then an infant not a year old. His widow married again.

Her third husband was the Cavaliere Giacinto Alfieri di Magliano, of the same family as the Counts Alfieri, but of a younger branch. This Cavaliere Giacinto was a man near her own age, of a handsome person and excellent character. His stepson Vittorio speaks of him with constant esteem and affection, and his union with Count Alfieri's widow was a perfectly happy and well-assorted one.

If my readers should chance to be familiar with the name of Asti, it is probably in connection with a sweet effervescing wine, *Asti spumante*, which is a favourite vintage in Italy, and which is grown in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. Travellers who come through the Mont Cenis tunnel into Italy, and pursue their southward way from Turin towards Genoa, pass by the station of Asti. It lies in the midst of a highly cultivated district, interspersed with low hills, and within view of the magnificent chain of snowy Alps, with Mont Blanc supreme above all. The city now possesses somewhat over thirty thousand inhabitants. At the time of Alfieri's birth this number was, of course, much smaller —probably not one-half of the present census. There is a fine Gothic cathedral in it, dating from the first half of the fourteenth century, and containing some interesting old frescoes. For the rest, the town possesses little of interest beyond the Palazzo Alfieri, where visitors go to look at the chamber in which our poet first saw the light, and a statue of him erected by his townsmen in 1862.

Little Vittorio was far from being considered an infant prodigy. He had his naughty fits and his good fits, his lazy days and his industrious days, like other little boys; and he professes to have but a dim and faint reminiscence of those first three or four years of his life, which he denominates "the stupid vegetation of infancy." But his Autobiography abundantly proves that those first years contained a great many emotions, impressions, and sentiments quite incompatible with a mere "stupid vegetation." When he was nearly seven years old his sister Giulia (his senior by nearly two years) was placed in a convent in Asti, to be educated. The parting from this sister—although at first he was permitted to visit her every day—was intensely painful to him. Nearly forty years afterwards in writing of it he says he well remembers the tears and grief which it cost him; and the same keenness of sensibility remained with him to the end of his days. His stepbrother and sisters—the children of the Marchese Cacherano, his mother's first husband—were sent to school in Turin; and thus little Vittorio remained the only child at home, and was put under the care of a good priest called Don Ivaldi, to be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and, later, Latin enough to construe Cornelius Nepos and Phædrus.

The Autobiography gives several little anecdotes of Vittorio's childhood, as illustrating the dominant traits of his nature. I will

give one in his own words, merely compressing the original here and there, but altering nothing:

"Of all the punishments inflicted on me, the one which afflicted me beyond measure, and indeed to the point of making me ill—so that it was only given to me twice—was sending me to mass with my nightcap on my head." (It must be explained that this nightcap was a green silk net, of the form worn by Andalusian dandies, as Alfieri subsequently observes, and therefore by no means an unbecoming headgear in itself.) "The first time I was condemned to it (I no longer remember for what offence) I was dragged by my tutor's hand to the neighbouring church of the Carmine; an unfrequented church where there were never as many as forty persons to be found assembled in its vast space. Nevertheless, so greatly did this punishment affect me, that for more than three months afterwards I continued irreproachable. . . . . I fancied that the eyes of everyone must necessarily be fixed upon my net, that I must look terribly disfigured in that guise, and that everybody must consider me a real malefactor, seeing me punished in so dreadful a manner. . . . . But the extraordinary effect produced on me by this punishment had highly delighted my parents and my tutor; so that at the least shadow of misbehaviour, being threatened with the abhorred net, I became tremblingly dutiful at once. However, having one fine day committed some unusual fault, and having told my mother a solemn lie to excuse it, I was once more sentenced to the net; and, what was more, it was decreed that, instead of the deserted church of the Carmine, I should be taken to San Martino, a long way from home, situated in the centre of the city, and much frequented about midday by a crowd of fashionable idlers. Oh, what misery I felt! I begged, I wept, I raved, all in vain! That night, which I really thought must be the last of my existence, not only did I not close my eyes, but I cannot remember in any subsequent sorrow having passed a more wretched one. At length the hour arrived; night-capped, sobbing, and crying, I was dragged by the arm by my master, and pushed from behind by a servant, and in this fashion we passed through two or three streets, where we met nobody. But no sooner did we approach the more thickly populated neighbourhood of the Piazza and church of San Martino than I immediately left off crying and screaming, and, letting myself be dragged, and walking quietly, and even quickly, close to the priest, Don Ivaldi, I hoped to pass unobserved, pressing myself close to his elbow, and half hidden by the folds of his flowing ecclesiastical robe. I arrived at the crowded church, guided by the hand like a blind person; and indeed I shut my eyes at the door, and never opened them again until I had knelt down in my place for hearing mass; and even then I did not raise them sufficiently to distinguish anyone. On going out I made myself blind again in the same way,

and returned home with death in my heart, thinking myself dishonoured for evermore. All that day I neither ate, nor spoke, nor studied, nor even wept; and in short, such was the grief and tension of my mind, that I fell ill for several days; and from that time forward the punishment of the nightcap was never even mentioned in our house, so terrified was my affectionate mother by the despair I had exhibited. And on my side for a long time to come I never told a lie; and who knows whether I may not owe it to that blessed nightcap that I have grown up to be one of the least untruthful men with whom I am acquainted?"

On the death of his father, Vittorio had been placed under the legal guardianship, so far as the care of his property was concerned, of an uncle, his father's younger brother, the Cavaliere Pellegrino Alfieri, a man of influence and consideration at the Court of Turin. When the boy was nine years old, this uncle caused him to be removed from his mother's and stepfather's roof to a college at Turin, called the Accademia, frequented by lads of good family. This Accademia was a sumptuous edifice, consisting of four sides, with an immense courtyard in the centre. Of these four sides two only were occupied by the scholars; the other two consisting of the Royal Theatre and the king's muniment-room. The Court pages, to the number of twenty or twenty-five, were also lodged in an angle of the huge building on the first floor. Thus the boys who were sent to be educated at the Accademia were, oddly enough—and, as Alfieri says, badly enough—placed between a theatre which they were never permitted to enter, except four or five times during Carnival—the pages, who with their lounging Court service, their hunting parties and riding parties, appeared to the young scholars to be leading a life of enviable ease and diversion—and a number of rich foreign youths, English, Russians, and Germans principally, who formed a class apart in the academy, and were subjected to scarcely any supervision, nor to any rule save that of returning to their rooms before midnight. Add to this, that all the masters and teachers were ecclesiastics, very ignorant of the world, and, in most cases, very ignorant of the subjects they professed to teach, and one has a curious picture of confusion and incongruous things and persons jumbled together, to the bewilderment of childish minds.

Such was the "home," such were the "haunts" of our poet during eight years. Of education, properly so called, he had none; of instruction very little, and that imperfectly imparted. He spoke habitually the rough and barbarous Piedmontese dialect, knew a little French most incorrectly, and was so ignorant of Italian—he, the future author of works which are counted among the classics of the Tuscan tongue—that when a stray volume of Ariosto fell in his way he boggled and stumbled and perplexed himself over it in

the vain effort to comprehend the bare signification of the words! His health was bad, and he was subject to an eruption on the head which, from its disgusting nature, caused him infinite suffering of mind—far more than discomfort of body. By way of polite accomplishments he had lessons in music, fencing, and *dancing*. The two former he learned but little of, principally, as he alleges, because those lessons came at an hour when he had only just risen from table, and was heavy and unable to fix his mind on the close parallel lines, with their mysterious black dots, or to follow deftly the rapid movements of the fencing-foil. But dancing he never learned, for two reasons: the first being that he abhorred "that puppet-like art," as he calls it; and the second that he detested the dancing master, a Frenchman, newly come from Paris. And here I will transcribe a passage from the autobiography, because it reveals what was possibly the first root of an animosity and hatred which absolutely coloured his whole mind for the rest of his life:—

"Things went so far that after a few months I gave up the lessons altogether, and I have never been able to dance even half a minuet. The very word, indeed, has ever since made me laugh and shudder at the same time;—which two effects have always subsequently been produced upon me by the French people and by all their doings, which are nothing else but a perpetual, and often very badly performed, *minuet*. I attribute, in great part, to that dancing master the unfavourable opinion (perhaps even a little *too* unfavourable) which has always remained at the bottom of my heart respecting the French nation; notwithstanding that it possesses some pleasing and desirable qualities." Anyone familiar with Alfieri's writings, especially the *Misogallo*, can easily conceive the effort it cost him to make the latter not very large admission, and the stern clutch of the pen and set of the scornful mouth with which he magnanimously wrote it down!

In 1763 Alfieri's uncle and guardian, who had been sent as viceroy to the island of Sardinia, died in Cagliari; and by his death a great change was made in all the material circumstances of the boy's life. According to the laws of Piedmont at that time, minors were released *à statu pupillari* at the age of fourteen years. That is to say, they ceased to be subject to the power of a guardian, properly so called, and passed under the lighter yoke of a *curatore*—a sort of trustee, whose business it was to see that they did not alienate their principal, whilst leaving them absolute masters of the income derived from it. And this state of things lasted until the minor was twenty years old; after which he was quite free. Thus at fourteen years of age Vittorio Alfieri found himself in the untrammelled possession of a handsome income derived from his own patrimony, together with the not inconsiderable fortune of his uncle the viceroy, whose heir he was! It is scarcely necessary to

say that he forthwith plunged into various extravagances more or less absurd. The wonder is that a boy brought up as he had been, utterly inexperienced and ignorant of the world outside the walls of his school, inclined by nature to lavishness, and endowed with a considerable dose of vanity, should not have made a worse use than he did of his intoxicating wealth and freedom. One of his first acts was to go to the riding school. He had long ardently desired to learn to ride, but had hitherto been refused permission to do so —he does not say why. Possibly the exercise may have been deemed too violent for him, for he was still a very delicate, weakly boy. However, it turned out that the riding was of great benefit to his health; and he says that from the time of commencing it he began to grow tall and strong, and rapidly acquired vigour and robustness. He soon became an expert horseman, and retained to the end of his days a passion for horses.

The years from sixteen to about nineteen were passed by our hero in a restless round of trivialities which made him despise himself, and never really satisfied a nature meant for higher things. There is something almost appalling in the picture he gives of a fiery spirit filled with genius and ambition, stifled in the exhausted atmosphere of a microscopic capital and a stagnant court. Not that Vittorio ever was, or would be, a courtier; but that all his relatives, connections, and friends lived and moved and had their being in the pompous trivialities of court employment; and looked upon literature and art as mere vehicles (when properly employed) for the amusement and relaxation of the lords of the creation, who are well known (or were thought to be so in Turin once upon a time) to consist of gentlemen of long unblemished descent and Catholic principles. I have used the words "literature" and "art"; but in truth at this period Vittorio was almost as ignorant of both as his noble compeers. Only he *divined* their existence, as a sunflower in a dark cellar might gropingly turn itself towards a chink to the eastward.

In 1766 he obtained a commission in the provincial regiment of Asti—a species of militia which made much lighter demands on his time and attention than would have been the case in other branches of the service. But even the slight amount of military duty he had to perform he soon found intolerably irksome. And in the course of that same year he sought and obtained leave of absence to make a journey to Rome and Naples. The permission of his military superiors by no means sufficed for this purpose. At that time in the little kingdom of Piedmont the king, as Alfieri bluntly says, "interfered in every little matter." Especially were those who had the privilege or misfortune to be born noble subject to his majesty's paternal supervision. Indeed, no member of that class, young or old, rich or poor, civil or military, could quit his

dominions without the king's personal permission asked and obtained. And the king (at this period Charles Emanuel the Third, a just ruler and a worthy man, according to his lights) was peculiarly averse to the idea of his nobles travelling in foreign parts. However, all obstacles were at length overcome, and Alfieri set forth on his Southward way in the company, and in a measure under the care, of an English Catholic priest, who was travelling with two pupils, a Fleming and a Dutchman.

It is very strange to read the account Alfieri gives of this his first journey. Travelling was then, and continued to be for many years, a passion with him. And yet he was in the year 1766–'7 utterly incapable of enjoying those associations which make Italian travel so unique an experience to cultured minds. For example, at Milan, in the Ambrosian Library, when an autograph MS. of Petrarch's was put into his hands, he says: "I threw it down, like a true barbarous Allobrogian, declaring that I cared nothing about it. But, in truth, at the bottom of my heart, I had a certain spite against Petrarch; because once, a year or two previously, when I was still at school, a Petrarch having chanced to fall into my hands, and I having opened it here and there, at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end, and having read, or rather spelled out a few verses, I was unable to construe or understand the sense of a single passage. And upon this I had passed sentence on him, in chorus with the French and other ignorantly presumptuous persons, as a tiresome writer of cold conceits and affections; and had thus unworthily treated his most precious manuscript." But it is manifest here, as in many other passages of the autobiography, that Alfieri's was not the calm self-sufficiency of stupid presumption, but the proud, irritable sensitiveness of a mind ashamed of its ignorance, and ashamed of being ashamed.

The rest of the journey, through Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Bologna, to Florence, and thence to Rome and Naples, need not be dwelt upon. Everywhere Alfieri was restless, ill at ease, dissatisfied with himself, unable to understand and appreciate the artistic treasures around him, and devoured by a noble discontent with the trivialities of fashionable society which there, as now and in other communities than Italian cities, made up the daily life of a rich young man of rank. He was, indeed, shy and solitary to the verge of savageness. Yet, despite his lamentable lack of education, it is clear that even then, as a mere boy of eighteen, he looked at many things with the seeing eyes of genius, which supplied his total want of experience. For instance, he says of King Ferdinand the Fourth of Naples, to whom he was presented: "Although he" (the king) "was but fifteen or sixteen years old, I observed his demeanour to be precisely similar to that of the three other sovereigns whom I had seen up to that time; namely, my good King Charles

Emanuel, an old man ; the Duke of Modena ; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Leopold, a mere youth. So that from that time forth I understood very well that all princes have but one face, and that all courts are but one antechamber."

After some rather difficult negotiations at Turin he succeeded in obtaining an extension of his leave of absence, and permission to go to France and England. With the eager and restless rapidity which characterized his journeyings at this time, he pushed on night and day, looking neither to the right nor to the left, so to speak, until he reached Paris. It was on a morning of the middle of August, 1767, that he first entered that city, the object of his dreams and desires for some time past. Here is his own description of his first impression of it : "It was a cloudy, cold, and rainy morning. I had just left the bright skies of Provence ; and I had never in my life seen such dirty fog—especially in the month of August. My entrance into Paris by the most wretched faubourg of Saint Marcel, and my progress through what seemed like a stinking, muddy sepulchre to St. Germain, where I was to put up, so oppressed my heart, that I do not remember in all my life to have felt a more painful impression from a cause so slight. After all my fatigues, my panting haste, my mad illusions of a heated fancy, to find myself plunged into a fetid sewer !"

The picture is not inviting. But it was probably scarcely overcharged ; for we must remember that we are looking at the Paris of a century ago, and that Louis the Well-beloved was reigning over a devoted people.

Alfieri was thoroughly disgusted with Paris, and admits that he did not attempt to mitigate his first impressions by looking at the other side of the medal. He determined to proceed at once to England ; but his anticipations of that country were considerably cooled by the great shock of his Parisian disappointment. And he says that he already began to appreciate Naples, Rome, Venice, and Florence better than he had done before his ultramontane travels. But before departing to cross the Channel, his Ambassador offered to present him at the French Court in Versailles, and he accepted the offer, chiefly from curiosity. "I was presented," says he, "on New Year's Day, 1768. Although I had been forewarned that the king did not speak to ordinary strangers, and although I certainly cared nothing about that privation, yet I found it hard to swallow the Jove-like manner of Louis the Fifteenth, who, having stared at the individual presented to him from head to foot, gave no indication of having received any impression whatsoever. . . . But this negative kind of disdain troubled me no longer when I perceived that the king went about giving precisely similar looks to personages of much greater importance than I was. Having made a brief prayer between two prelates, of whom one, if I remember rightly, was

a cardinal, the king betook himself towards the chapel, and between one door and another there advanced to meet him the *Prévôt des Marchands*, chief officer of the Municipality of Paris, who stammered out the usual compliments of the New Year. The silent monarch replied to him by a movement of the head ; and, turning to some of his courtiers who were following him, he asked what had become of the *Échevins* (Sheriffs), who, according to custom, accompany the Provost on such occasions. A voice issuing from the midst of the crowd of courtiers made answer jocosely, 'They have stuck in the mud ;' whereupon all the Court laughed and the king himself smiled, and passed onward to the mass which awaited him. Inconstant Fortune so willed it that, in little more than twenty years afterwards, I saw in Paris, in the Hôtel de Ville, another King Louis receive much more benignantly a very different sort of compliment made to him by another Provost, under the title of *Maire*, on the 17th of July, 1789 ; and that time it was the courtiers stuck in the mud on their way from Versailles to Paris. And I should, perhaps, thank God for having witnessed such a thing, were it not that I fear, and, alas ! believe, that the influence of these mob-monarchs may be still more fatal for France and the world than that of the Capet kings."

In the middle of January, 1768, Alfieri arrived in England, disembarking at Dover. After his description of Paris one is prepared for no very flattering words about London from this beauty-loving, enthusiastic Italian poet in embryo. But, for the satisfaction of our national self-love, I must hasten to transcribe the passage in which he gives an account of his first impressions of this island : "Quite as much as Paris had disgusted me did England, and especially London, please me at first sight. The streets, the inns, the horses, the women, the universal well-being and life and activity of this island, the cleanliness and comfort of the houses (although extremely small), the absence of beggars, the perennial movement of money and industry, distributed equally in the provinces as in the capital—all these real and unique endowments of this fortunate and free country transported my soul at first sight. And in two other visits which I subsequently made to it I have never altered my opinion ; so enormous is the difference between England and all the rest of Europe in these numerous branches of public felicity, resulting from a better government. And although I had not then studied the constitution which produced such prosperity, yet I was able to observe and appreciate its divine effects."

We are not accustomed to look back on the early part of the long reign of George III. as a period remarkable for civil liberty, social well-being, or national prosperity ; and yet to the eyes of a foreigner imbued with a genuine love of rational freedom, England, even in that pigtailed and pipeclayed stage of her development,

appeared a paradise of liberty and civilization in comparison with the oppressed countries of the Continent.

In London Alfieri was introduced into the most fashionable and aristocratic society of the day, and for a time frequented balls, routs, supper parties, and all the scenes of fashionable dissipation. But after about three months of this life he became intolerably weary of it. Indeed, at all times he found what is technically called "society" to be as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. And he then took an eccentric resolution: instead of acting the part of fine gentleman at these festivals, he determined to play coachman outside the doors! One of his intimates was a young gentleman of a noble Piedmontese family, and nephew to Prince Masserano, Spanish Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. The young fellow was an Adonis in his way, and had no troublesome, ill-bred genius in his composition, to make him despise or mistrust the all-sufficing pleasures of a fashionable life. Him, therefore, did our Alfieri drive about London, hither and thither, late and early, to all the places of public and private entertainment frequented by the *beau monde*. He boasts a little of the skill he achieved as a whip, and of being able to hold his own even with the famous London coachmen. Many a time did he extricate himself from a crowd of vehicles waiting for the fine company at Ranelagh or the theatres, and came off with honour, and without damage to the carriage or the cattle. Surely this is as odd a kind of "haunt" as ever tragic poet frequented! Fancy the tall, fair, handsome, well-born Vittorio Alfieri, the future author of the "Antigone" and the "Saul:" the melancholy, moody, sensitive, enthusiastic genius, fighting and struggling, and swearing, and cutting in and out, amidst a mob of periwigged coachmen and powdered lackeys, and a mass of heavy splendid coaches, and a clatter of stamping hoofs and rattling wheels; whilst the fine ladies in hoops and the fine gentlemen in their court suits, and with rapiers by their sides, crushed and elbowed each other in the alleys of Ranelagh or on the staircase of some grand mansion in the fashionable purlieus of St. James's!

On leaving England Alfieri passed a short time in Holland, where at the Hague he made the acquaintance of a man of culture and intelligence, in the person of Don José d'Acunha, the Portuguese Minister. This gentleman, besides being the confidant of a love affair of Alfieri's, was his counsellor on points of intellectual study and improvement. He urged him to read assiduously the great Italian poets and the most distinguished prose writers. He also made Alfieri a present of a copy of Machiavelli, which, however, was not read and studied until many years later. Still, d'Acunha must have fanned the smouldering fires of imagination in his young friend to some purpose; for upon Alfieri's return to Turin,

after two years of travel, he began to occupy a portion of his days in reading. At Geneva, on his way home, he had bought a trunkful of books—the works of Rousseau, Helvetius, Montesquieu, and others; and these he began to study as soon as he was settled in his sister's house at Turin. Rousseau did not attract him. Voltaire's prose he found delightful, but his poetry tiresome;—not a bad judgment for an educated lad of twenty! Montesquieu he read through twice with wonder, delight, and "perhaps some little improvement." *L'Esprit*, Helvetius's famous work, made a profound but painful impression on him. "But," says Alfieri, "the book of books for me, which made me pass hours of absolute rapture during that winter, was Plutarch's Lives. Some of these, such as Timoleon, Cæsar, Pelopidas, Brutus, Cato, and others, I read over four or five times with such a transport of cries, tears, and sometimes fury, that anyone who should have heard me from an adjoining room would certainly have supposed me to be mad."

In May, 1769, Alfieri, having once more obtained the indispensable permission of the king, set off on a second tour.

This time he travelled to Vienna, passing through Milan, Venice, Trent, Innspruck, Augsburg, and Munich; but staying the shortest possible time at all these places. From Vienna he went by way of Prague and Dresden, to Berlin; and thus he speaks of his first entrance into the States of Frederick the Great:—"The sight of this country, which seemed to be but one vast guard-house, redoubled and tripled my horror of the infamous trade of soldiering, sole and most infamous foundation of arbitrary authority, which is the necessary fruit of so many thousands of hired satellites I was presented to the king. I felt on beholding him not the slightest movement of admiration or respect; but, on the contrary, an intense rage and indignation. And these sentiments were increased in me daily by the sight of so many wrong things which impudently pretended to be right! Count Fiüch, the king's Minister, who had presented me, asked me why I, who was in the service of my own king, had not put on my uniform on that occasion. I replied, because I thought that in that court there were uniforms enough. The king only said to me two or three words of course. I observed him profoundly, respectfully fixing my eyes on his; and I thanked heaven that I was not born his slave. About the middle of November I took myself out of that huge barrack called Prussia, abhorring it very sufficiently."

He pursued his way Northward, going to Denmark, Sweden, Finland, and Russia. Of Copenhagen he says it pleased him from a certain air of activity, commerce, industry, and general well-being, which reminded him of Holland; and he adds: "Of all these things not one was to be found in the Prussian States, although Frederick the Great had commanded arts, letters, and in-

dustry to flourish *under his shade!*" In May he reached St. Petersburg. He does not enter into much detail respecting things Russian, but some of his words have a certain interest for us now. "I had read Voltaire's history of Peter the Great," he says, "and I had met many Russians in my college days at Turin, and had heard that rising nation greatly magnified. Consequently on my arrival in St. Petersburg I was in an extraordinary palpitation of expectation. But, alas! no sooner had I set foot in that Asiatic encampment of booths drawn up in line, than, remembering Rome, Genoa, Venice, and Florence, I burst out laughing. And all that I subsequently saw in that country only confirmed my first impressions. So much did I dislike everything there (excepting the beards and the horses), that, during my six weeks' sojourn among those barbarians disguised as Europeans, I made acquaintance with nobody; nor would I be presented to the famous autocrat, Catherine II. . . . . Seeing the accursed military rabble ruling at St. Petersburg, perhaps even more than at Berlin, was, no doubt, the cause of my contempt for both those people, and my abhorrence of their infamous rulers. I would not even go to Moscow, as I had at first intended, but longed to get back to Europe (*sic*) without delay. I departed from St. Petersburg towards the end of June, by way of Riga, Königsberg, and Dantzic. The latter city, up to that time rich and free, was beginning in that very year to be tormented by its evil neighbour, the despot of Prussia, who had already caused his vile ruffians to enter it by force. Thus, cursing Russians and Prussians, and all others who, under the mask of men, suffer themselves to be oppressed even as brutes by their tyrants; and spreading abroad on my way my name, age, quality, character, and intentions (for all these things are demanded of you in every village by a sergeant, on your coming in, passing through, staying still, going out!)—thus, I say, I at length reached Berlin for the second time. Passing through Zorendorf, I visited the battle field of the Russians and Prussians, where so many thousands of both herds were freed from their yoke by leaving their bones there. The vast sepulchral trenches were unmistakably indicated by the thickness and brilliant green of the springing wheat, which in all the rest of that arid and ungrateful soil was coming up miserably sparse and poor. I was forced to make the sad but too true reflection, that slaves are really born to manure the earth. And all these *Prussianisms* (*queste Prussianerie*) made me the more appreciate and long for happy England."

Towards the end of November Alfieri once more arrived in "happy England." But it must be owned that, however highly he valued her public felicity, private existence was not without some considerable troubles and perils even in that blessed island. He gives, at great length, the history of an adventure which made

a great noise at the time, and furnished the gossips of the town with savoury fare for many a month. As a mere page of *chronique scandaleuse* the story would not be worth giving; but as a contemporary picture of manners, and a vivid illustration of Alfieri's life and character at that period of his life (ætat. 22), it is curious and interesting.

On this his second visit to London, he fell violently in love with a woman of the first fashion, whom he frequently met at the house of Prince Masserano, the Spanish Ambassador. He had no opportunity of visiting her in her own house, but they saw each other every morning, either in Hyde Park or some other public promenade; every evening, at some crowded rout or at the theatre. And it was not long before the lady persuaded Alfieri that she returned his passion with equal ardour, and contrived to admit him clandestinely into her house in London during her husband's absence. For the said husband was devoted to his beautiful wife, and "as jealous of her," says Alfieri, "as an ultramontane knows how to be." (!) In the course of the season—it was in the month of May—the lady was carried by her husband to a country house, some sixteen miles from town, where they were to pass a week or ten days. Immediately the lovers arranged an assignation. The husband was an officer in the Guards, and was obliged to go to town for a grand review, passing the day and night there. Alfieri rode down on horseback to within three miles of the country-house, left his steed at a village tavern, and proceeded on foot through a postern-gate giving access to the park (which gate had been purposely left open by the lady) and so to the house; having been, as he imagined, unobserved by any human eye. Emboldened by the success of this first visit, he arranged to go down once more, when the husband should be again called to London by his military duties. But on the day before the second appointment, in leaping his horse over a fence, the animal fell with him and dislocated his shoulder. The surgeon who was called in to see him, having set the shoulder and bandaged it, naturally bade him remain quietly in his bed. But Alfieri's ardour was not to be so quenched. He insisted on rising the next evening, and with his bandages on, and his arm (the left arm) in a sling, put himself into a postchaise, with one postillion, and set off to keep his appointment. He left the postchaise at the village inn, as he had previously left his horse, and went his way on foot, *with his drawn sword in his hand underneath his cloak.* On reaching the postern-gate he found it fast shut; and this obliged him to climb the park paling—a task which he accomplished with infinite difficulty on account of his crippled arm. But at length he reached the house, where his mistress herself admitted him, and neither of them gave much heed to the circumstance of the postern-gate being fastened, although the lady remembered having opened

it with her own hands some hours previous. By dawn the next morning he returned to the inn, where he re-entered his chaise, and was carried back to London by seven o'clock, tormented by pain of mind at having to leave his mistress, and by pain of body from his dislocated shoulder, which the jolting of the chaise had greatly aggravated. "The surgeon once more bound up my arm," he says, "and I remained in bed, in a state of mind so mad and desperate that I cared for no dangers, though I foresaw many. On the Tuesday evening I would not remain any longer in the house, but went to the Italian Opera, into the box of Prince Masserano, who was there with his wife, and who, having heard of my accident, and supposing me to be crippled in my bed, was immensely surprised to see me walk in, with my arm merely hanging in a sling. I sat there apparently listening to the music, but inwardly a prey to a tempest of feelings, although my face remained, as usual, impassible as marble. All on a sudden I thought I heard my name pronounced by some one at the door of the private box. Mechanically I jumped up, opened the door, and, instantly closing it again behind me, I found myself face to face with the husband of my mistress. I had long anticipated this meeting, and although unable in honour to provoke it myself, had desired it more than anything on earth. 'Here I am,' I cried. 'Who seeks me?' 'I was seeking you,' he answered. 'I have a word to say to you.' 'Let us go,' said I; 'I am ready to hear you.' And without another word we left the theatre. It was about half an hour before the Ave Maria, according to Italian reckoning; as the theatres in London during the long days of May begin about the twenty-two hours." (That is to say, that in the year 1771 our fashionable forefathers went to the Italian Opera about six o'clock of a summer's evening.) "From the Opera House in the Haymarket we proceeded, some distance, to St James's Park; and from thence by a gate we entered a great meadow called the Green Park. There, as it began to grow dusk, in a retired corner, we drew our swords without further parley. On our way along Pall Mall he had several times reproached me with having come to his house clandestinely, and had interrogated me about it. I merely replied that it was not true, but that if he believed it I was there ready to give him satisfaction. I perceived, however, that he was minutely informed of everything. In the act of drawing our swords he noticed that I had my left arm in a sling, and was generous enough to ask if that would not prevent me from fighting. I thanked him, but answered that I hoped not, and forthwith attacked him. I have always been an extremely bad fencer; and on this occasion I set upon him like a madman, regardless of all rules of art; and in truth my object was to get myself killed. We hammered away for some time, I thrusting, and he parrying. And I believe that if he did not kill me it was be-

cause he wouldn't; and if I did not kill him it was because I couldn't. At length, in parrying a furious lunge of mine, he wounded me slightly between the wrist and the elbow, and, immediately lowering the point of his sword, declared himself satisfied, and asked me if I were so also. I replied that I was not the offended party, and that the matter rested with him. Whereupon he at once sheathed his sword; I did the same, and he walked away. Having lingered a moment to examine my wound, and finding it a mere scratch, I bound it up as well as I could with a handkerchief by the help of my teeth—for I could not use my left arm—and, moved by I know not what wild folly, returned to the Opera and to Prince Masserano's box. He enquired why I had rushed out so suddenly, and where I had been. I answered that I had remembered an appointment, and said no more. But in spite of all my self-command I was in a state of the most violent agitation, thinking what might be the results of that affair, and especially how it might injure my mistress. After about a quarter of an hour, therefore, I left the theatre." The rest of the story may be briefly told. The injured husband, having irrefragable proof of his wife's infidelity, resolved to obtain a divorce, which in fact he did; the suit being brought by "the Right Honourable Edward Ligonier, Esquire, Viscount Ligonier of the Kingdom of Ireland," against "Vittorio Amadeo Alfieri, otherwise Count Vittorio Amadeo Alfieri." And at first Alfieri in his infatuation rejoiced at the idea of marrying Lady Ligonier. But the wretched woman was soon compelled by circumstances of public notoriety to confess herself guilty of conduct which repelled Alfieri with horror. She was, in fact, a thoroughly depraved woman, who had deceived both husband and lover, and had degraded herself by a *liaison* with one of Lord Ligonier's grooms. Thus ended this singular episode in our poet's life. Viscount Ligonier refused to ruin Alfieri by heavy damages, as he had refrained from running him through with his rapier in the Green Park; and this moderation Alfieri acknowledges, though not without a half-suppressed sneer.

In 1772 Alfieri returned to Turin. The succeeding years up to 1777 may be briefly passed over. They brought the gradual awakening of the poetic faculty in him, and witnessed his first literary effort. This was a tragedy on the subject of Cleopatra, of which he himself speaks very slightingly, as a juvenile production full of errors and unworthy of preservation. He visited Florence, Parma, Pisa, and Siena, becoming daily more sensitive to their artistic beauties and more appreciative of their historic glories. But in the year 1777 he began a connection which was destined to be lifelong.

The name of Louisa Countess of Albany is as indissolubly connected with that of Vittorio Alfieri as is Laura's with Petrarch, or Eleonora's with Tasso. She was the daughter of Gustavus Adol-

phus, Prince of Stolberg-Gedern, and the wife of Charles Edward, son of the Chevalier St. George, the Pretender. On the occasion of her marriage her bridegroom presented her with a medal bearing the inscription, "Louisa, Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, 1772." But however gratifying such a medal may have been to the vanity of a bride of twenty, she had to pay no cheap price for it. Without entering into the maze of gossip and scandal which surrounded her in Rome, it is undoubted that her husband was an habitual drunkard, and that her life with him was unhappy in every respect. It was in Florence, in the year 1777, as I have said, that Alfieri formed a passionate attachment to this lady, which she appears to have reciprocated. And to the end of his life he expressed the greatest devotion and esteem for her, and declares in more than one passage of the autobiography that she was not only a loving companion in his domestic hours, but that she encouraged and inspired on all occasions the highest efforts of his muse. Indeed, from this time forward he dedicated himself wholly to a literary life. But in order to do this it was necessary for him to find some means of overcoming certain obstacles. There existed at that time a law in Piedmont which ran thus: "It shall moreover be forbidden to anyone whosoever" (of course to any Piedmontese subject, that is) "to print books or other writings out of our States without the leave of the Censors, on pain of a fine of sixty *scudi*, or more, and of *corporeal punishment*, should such be deemed necessary by way of public example." "Add to this," says Alfieri, "that other law which says: 'The vassals inhabiting our States shall not be allowed to absent themselves from the same without our written permission,' and it will be seen that I could not continue to be at once a vassal of the king and an author." Under these circumstances he determined, after much reflection, to make a donation of the whole of his estates in Piedmont to his sister, the Countess Cumiana, securing them to her children after her, and reserving to himself during his lifetime an annual income equal to about six hundred pounds sterling. Moreover, from the sale of some other property, plate and furniture, belonging to him in Turin, he realised a sum of some three or four hundred pounds sterling in ready cash. During the long and difficult and tedious negotiations which preceded the final settlement of this affair there was a moment when Alfieri conceived the possibility of his being left absolutely destitute of means; and he then with all the fervour of his imagination began to picture to himself what method he could resort to to earn his living (literature in that time and country clearly would not suffice); and he says that he thought the trade he was best fit for was that of a *horse-breaker*, "in which I am, or think myself, a master; and it certainly is one of the least servile. And I thought, moreover, that that business would be more easily combined with

my profession of poet than any other: since it is far easier to write tragedies in a stable than in a court." A true touch of satiric bitterness!

However, as it turned out, there was no need for the author of "Orestes" to resort to the ancient and classic art of horse-breaking for his livelihood. The donation to the Countess Cumiana was made in due form, and Alfieri found himself, for the first time in his life, a free man. And finally the death of her husband rendered the Countess of Albany entirely mistress of her own conduct. This took place in Rome, in 1788; but the Countess and Alfieri had been living together in Paris for some time previously. Alfieri's object in establishing himself in a city and a nation which he abhorred was to superintend the printing of his poetical and other works, at the press of Beaumarchais. Beaumarchais' chief printing establishment was at Kehl, but he himself resided in Paris, and Alfieri had all the proofs of his works sent to him regularly for correction to the latter city. Here he established himself in the Faubourg St. Germain, in the street of *Mount Parnassus*—a singularly felicitous name! He was wholly occupied with writing, and correcting the proof of his writings, some of which he had printed by Didot, notably the ode entitled "Paris un-Bastilled" (*Parigi Sbastigliato*), written by him as an eyewitness of that stormy time.

One of Alfieri's great griefs was to behold the noble principles of liberty which he had always ardently upheld travestied by vile and ignorant men; and the cause of freedom throughout the world thrown into discredit by the outrages and excesses of that tremendous outbreak called the Great French Revolution. He longed day by day to leave Paris; but the interests of the Countess Albany detained her there. He also had invested the greater part of what property remained to him after the donation to his sister, in France; and so they lingered on there. Day by day their difficulties and dangers increased, however. The wretched paper-money which had replaced specie payments diminished in value with frightful rapidity. And the mutterings of the revolutionary tempest swelled into a menacing roar. In the August of 1792 took place the famous attack on the Tuileries, and the massacre of the Swiss Guards. Alfieri at once perceived the imminence of the danger which hung over the heads of the Countess of Albany and himself, and determined at any sacrifice to fly from Paris.

With infinite difficulty they obtained passports for themselves and their servants, and had decided to start on August 20. But finding all was in readiness earlier, and being moved by a strong presentiment of evil, Alfieri anticipated the day of departure and set off on the 18th, in the afternoon, he and the Countess, and their suite, in two travelling carriages loaded with luggage. Their way lay through the Barrière Blanche, as being the nearest route to Calais.

whither they were bound. At the barrier they found only three or four soldiers of the National Guard and one officer. These men having examined the passports, and finding them in order, were about to open "the gate of that huge prison," as Alfieri says, and let them pass on their way. But close to the barrier there was a low wine-shop, from whence all of a sudden there issued forth some thirty ragged vagabonds, drunk and furious. These fellows, seeing two carriages richly laden and a train of servants, fell to crying that all the wealthy wanted to fly from Paris, and to carry away their property, and to leave them (the populace) in wretchedness and poverty. Then ensued a noisy altercation between the three or four soldiers and the thirty or forty men of the mob; the former insisting that the fugitives should be allowed to pass, the latter that they should be detained. Meanwhile a greater crowd was gathering around the two vehicles, and voices were heard suggesting that they should be attacked with showers of stones or set on fire! The most moderate proposition was that the aristocrats should be dragged back to the Hôtel de Ville; and had this been acted upon, there is scarcely the shadow of a doubt that Alfieri and his companion would have ended their days on the scaffold. But finally, by Alfieri's courage and persistence (he says he was too angry and excited to consider the enormous peril which hung over him from moment to moment), by his jumping out amidst the crowd, showing them his passports, declaring that he was a foreigner, out-screaming and out-swearing them, he fairly tired them out. In a momentary lull or relaxation of the energies of the mob, the guards saw their opportunity, signed to Alfieri to re-enter his coach, opened the barrier, and bade the postillions whip forward! And so they galloped out of Paris, pursued by the hisses, howls, insults and maledictions of the rabble

The terror of those horrible minutes had prostrated the Countess of Albany, so that she was fain to rest and recruit her shattered nerves for a month at Brussels with a married sister of hers: although both she and Alfieri were eagerly desirous to put a still greater distance between themselves and France, and to cross the Alps into Italy. Letters from Paris soon proved how right had been the instinct or presentiment which had induced Alfieri to hasten their departure; for on the very day they had first fixed upon to start (August 20) the members of their "Section," who had given their passports, came in a body to prevent their leaving Paris, and to convey the Countess Albany to prison! Then followed in quick succession the horrors which all the world knows of; so that our two fugitives were beyond measure thankful to have escaped as they did But they by no means got off scot-free; for all the property they had left behind them—horses, furniture, books, everything—was confiscated, and their names were struck

off the rolls of the public debt, as *émigrés* (which, of course, they were not, being foreign subjects), and they were thus deprived of all the income they had derived from French sources.

At length, travelling by way of Aix-la-Chapelle, Francfort, and Innspruck, they crossed the Alps into Italy, and on November 3 arrived in Florence, from whence he removed no more. Early in the following year (1793) Alfieri and the Countess established themselves in Casa Gianfigliazzi, on the sunny Lung' Arno, near to the bridge of Santa Trinità. A marble tablet on the outer wall of this house records that Vittorio Alfieri, the tragic poet, inhabited it and died in it. And few visitors to Florence can have failed to notice the spot. This, then, was the last tranquil retreat of our poet's agitated life. Here, happy in the society of the woman whom he loved, and of a few chosen friends, and, above all, in the company of the mighty dead whose works he studied with the passionate fervour that belonged to his character, he passed his last years. In 1797 he undertook to teach himself Greek! The task was a hard one, for several reasons: his age—he was now forty-eight—his lack of natural facility in acquiring languages, and of any systematic knowledge of grammar; and a physical difficulty he experienced in fixing and following with his eyes the minute and complex Greek character. But his indomitable will vanquished all obstacles, and within two years he was able to read and understand the principal Greek authors, and to revel in the new paradise of poetry thus opened to his mind. Besides enjoying the works of others, he composed several of his own masterpieces during this period; amongst them the tragedy of "Alcestis," partly imitated from Euripides.

A brief illness, aggravated, it was thought, by over-work, and a mistaken system of abstinence in diet, terminated his life at the age of fifty-four. He died on October 8, 1803, in his house at Florence, lovingly attended to the last moment by the Countess of Albany. The scope of the present paper is not to examine Alfieri's works or characterize the special nature of his poetic genius. It has only been attempted to indicate within the limits at command some of the stranger and more striking incidents of his many wanderings. But it may be asserted that Vittorio Alfieri always aimed at the highest species of poetry; firmly avoided the tendency of his contemporary countrymen towards a weak diffuseness of style, and the substitution of sound for sense; did much to bring back a taste for the virile and intense brevity of Dante and the Latin writers; and never prostituted his great powers to flatter injustice and tyranny, whether they were crowned with the diadem of the Bourbons or the red cap of the *Sans-culottes*.

FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE, *in Belgravia*.

SHAKSPERE'S FOOLS.*

THERE is an increasing tendency at the present day to study the works of any great author in connection with his life and its surroundings, and this method of criticism has of late been applied, most successfully, to Shakspere. We are no longer content to think of characters merely in connection with the drama or story in which they play their parts; but we look upon them as parts of their author's life-work, reflecting his inner nature at different times and under varying circumstances. It is the object of this paper to apply this mode of treatment, in part at least, to Shakspere's Fools or Clowns. That they differ both in conception and execution no one can dispute, and it might seem at first sight as if this difference were merely owing to the exigencies of the plot or story in question; but a more careful study of these characters will show that there must be something far deeper than this, that the Fools reflect the mind of their great originator at different stages, and Shakspere could no more have given us Lear's Fool when he first began to write plays than he would have introduced characters like Speed and Launce into the works of his maturer genius.

The traditions of the drama, young as it then was, added to his natural inclination, had induced Shakspere from the very first to make the Clowns or Fools important characters. He saw that tragedy and comedy are not separate and distinct, but run into and overlap each other, and that the humour which is the foreground of the one becomes the background of the other; whilst tragedy, with more serious and solemn elements in the front, has its background of humour more or less ghastly or ironical. He saw, too, that the ludicrous is often strangely allied to the sorrowful, that true humour has always a dash of pathos combined with it, and that the spring of laughter is generally very near to the fountain of tears; touch the one, and, by a slight transition, the other may be evoked. It has been well said that "man is the only animal that laughs and weeps, for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between things as they are and things as they ought to be." Shakspere saw all this and more: he saw that man's best wisdom is often folly, that folly may show sparks of sense, and that many a truth may be uttered in jest. How could all this be better expressed than by a Fool, a half-witted jester, sometimes more than half-witted, and using his folly "but as a stalking horse" behind which to shoot his wit?

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* The substance of a paper read before the New Shakspere Society on February 14, 1879.

We need not here inquire as to the origin of the Fool in the English drama. I feel convinced that he was to some extent the descendant of the Vice in the old Moralities. But, besides this parentage, the Fool was to a great extent drawn from real life—from those professional jesters who were to be found in every great household in the middle ages, and who were certainly not extinct in Shakspere's time.

In my arguments and illustrations I cannot possibly confine myself to the true professional jesters that Shakspere has given us. About Lear's Fool, Touchstone, Feste, and the Fool in *All's Well that Ends Well*, there can be no doubt; they never wore aught but motley, and we never think of any one of them without his cap and bells and bauble. These, however, were all the retainers of some prince or great personage; and when there was no such character in the play, or when it was not convenient or suitable to link the jester to one of great social position, Shakspere did not scruple to give the Fool's part to an ordinary domestic servant. So we have the two Dromios, Speed, and Launce, the clown in *Measure for Measure*, and Launcelot in the *Merchant of Venice*, though the latter, after he leaves his first master the Jew, attains to something like his proper position and dignity, since Bassanio orders him a livery "more guarded than his fellows;"—if not motley, certainly something very like it. But, whilst extending the title of Fool to such servants as Launce and Launcelot, I would not grant it generally to the country clowns introduced into some of the plays, and who, though ludicrous enough, are not important characters, and do not fill the place of the professional jester.

As Shakspere developed in mind and art, he showed this development in depicting his Fools as much as in aught else. He gave more character and individuality to them, and bestowed more pains on minor touches. He made them more necessary to the plot or story, and thus linked them more closely to the greater creations of his genius. He made them more philosophic, and at the same time more tender and pathetic—in short, more thoroughly human—giving to one at least an intensity of tragic pathos never equalled before or since.

He began with "mirth and youthful jollity," reckless good humour and abounding animal spirits, a love of fun and broad jesting almost boyish in its nature; he then took little or no thought for the deeper mysteries of life, or of the links that bind wit and humour to our higher nature. Later on this boyish mirth was chastened; it became clearer and brighter, but more human, more hearty, more manly in short; throwing out arms on every side, and embracing the whole of this complex existence of ours. Then when "a damp fell o'er his path," irony in its truest sense took the place of youthful merriment and manly humour; laughter be-

came to him part of life's tragedy, and at times even added horror to it. It needed the peace and repose of later years to bring back some of the early joyousness which peeps out once and again as the end draws nigh, especially in *A Winter's Tale;* and it is pleasant and profitable for us to know that, after all the sadness of life's dreariest and darkest hours, the light of honest, hearty mirth may shine again. "There's pippins and cheese to come."

In several of the early plays there are characters which by a very slight effort might be included amongst the Fools. Such a one is Costard in *Love's Labour Lost;* but he is by no means such a fool as he looks, and manages in the end to outwit that most magnificent of euphuists, Don Adrian Armado. Costard, too, has little or nothing in common with the professional or household jester. In the *Comedy of Errors* the twin Dromios are nearer to the mark—they at any rate are servants; but their position as such outweighs anything they do as the jesters of the piece. What can be said of the servants in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* will apply in some measure to these also.

No one will dispute that the two Dromios are very early work, and that much of the fun they arouse is due almost entirely to the oddity of the situations in which they are placed. Unlike Launce and the later Fools, they frequently talk in verse; and quite as much amusement is got out of the beatings they receive as from aught they say. Of the two, Dromio of Syracuse is much the more humorous, and he far oftener talks in prose than does his brother; and, as is the case also in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the sharper fool is servant to the simpler and more straightforward master. It is from him, and not from the Ephesian, that we get anything like real humour; and the description of the kitchen-wench, which prepares us for the more humorous and somewhat more refined catalogue of charms in the case of Launce's beloved, is given to the Syracusan. He has, too, a greater power of enjoying the game of cross purposes which all are engaged in; and, above all, he takes his thrashing with a better grace. In short, Dromio of Syracuse corresponds to Launce, and Dromio of Ephesus to Speed; but the twins are inferior to their successors.

Speed and Launce are the characters that may be taken as the representative Fools of the first period. In the play these clownish servants serve their purpose far better than a professional jester, who must have been a retainer of the Duke's, for we need the pair to reflect and contrast with their masters. And a well-matched couple they are, though wanting the striking individuality of the later Fools. They pair off with their masters and make the contrast all the more marked; Speed has much more of the professed wit about him, and contrasts with his simple-minded master, just as the duller, more kindly, more foolish Launce is a foil for the

shrewdness of Proteus. They differ as wit and humour differ; Launce is the prototype of his greater successors just by reason of his greater powers as a humourist.

It is in the comic part of this play, though not one of the very earliest, that we see what Mr. Furnivall has so aptly designated Shakspere's "young-manishness;" a pleasure in the mere play of wit, a love of fun pure and simple, comical surprises and grotesque incidents; for instance, how we laugh at the sharp-witted Speed kept hard at work spelling out the catalogue of the charms of Launce's sweetheart, whilst his master is kept waiting, and he thereby earns a thrashing! There is more of wit than humour in Speed's reasons for knowing Valentine to be in love: "To wreathe your arms like a malecontent; to relish a love-song like a robin redbreast; to walk alone like one that had the pestilence; . . . . to watch like one that fears robbing; to speak puling like a beggar at Hollowmas." He can turn and twist words and ideas; but his wit is, after all, only skin deep. There is far greater depth in the character of Launce, dull-witted though he is at times; he is kindly and tries to do his best, even when he loses the pet dog that was sent to Sylvia, and substitutes his own cross-grained nondescript cur. One cannot help fancying that he chuckles quietly over Crab's delinquencies; and he certainly loved the dog, or he would have drowned it long before. What a picture Launce gives us of him—a dog that could part from all his friends without shedding a tear, when a Jew would have wept at the parting! This is all very excellent fooling, but it is not humour of the highest order. Neither of these worthies has any refinement or fine feeling; many of their jokes are coarse, and it is the sense of high animal spirits that makes all so enjoyable.

Neither Speed nor Launce has anything to do with the working out of the story, and, except for the hearty laughter they afford us, they might be omitted, and others put in their place. The only artistic reason for their existence is, that they may serve as contrasts to their masters, and so make up a quartette; the contrast between each master and man having some slight resemblance to that between Don Quixote and his trusty squire.

But we must leave these earlier productions, and pass into a somewhat loftier region. Youth, with its joys and sorrows, has passed away; manhood takes up the tale, and the heart rebounds to a steadier strength. The fun and merriment are still there, though somewhat chastened and subdued; there are broader views of life, and consequently more of real humour, and that humour more life-like, more truly human. Launcelot is the first figure that meets us; very like his namesake of the past, but yet a different being.

The points of similarity between Launce and Launcelot are both

numerous and striking; they both have a trick of soliloquising, and picture to themselves an imaginary scene, with actors and dialogue; but whilst Launce recalls the parting from his family, and the lamentations of his afflicted relatives, Launcelot invents an argument between his conscience and the foul fiend, and at the end reconciles himself to conscience by considering Shylock as "the very devil incarnal." The imaginative power, at any rate, is greater in Launcelot's case. Both of these worthies dwell on their somewhat peculiar relations with their parents; and though Launcelot does banter his "sand-blind" father, it is done not unkindly. They both, like wiser people than themselves, have a weakness for long words, and make sad havoc of them, and, "for a tricksy word, defy the matter." But Launcelot is not a mere reproduction of his namesake—he has marked characteristics of his own, his self-importance being one of the most striking. Like Touchstone, though far inferior to him, he sets up for a man of judgment—one whose opinion is worth having; and his banter of Jessica shows off his superior knowledge and attainments. His self-sufficiency is admirably shown by the way in which he tries to make jokes; and, when he fails or misses the point, he takes no notice of the failure, but feels almost as grand as if he had succeeded. I think, too, we ought to notice a change in Launcelot's manner after he has served Bassanio and been to Belmont. He looks on the "livery more guarded than his fellows," as a mark of distinction, and is proud of his share of motley. His increased importance in his own eyes is shown in the scene where, after advising Jessica "to be of good cheer," for truly she is damned, he imitates the self-sufficiency of Lorenzo, who in his way is almost as conceited as the Fool. Perhaps Launcelot has wit enough to see this, and his obsequious manner hides real sarcasm.

The part played by Launcelot in the drama is not very important; still he is there for a purpose. His interview with his father throws into darker shade the relation between Jessica and Shylock; even the Fool has some love for his father, and asks for his blessing, whilst Jessica looks on her home as Hell. Launcelot, too, helps us to understand the evil nature of the Jew, grasping and mean in his own house as on the Rialto; and by his affection for Jessica we are induced to think the better of her, as well as of him. He is somewhat greedy and selfish, though even Shylock has to confess that "the patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder." He has none of the poetic characteristics of Touchstone or Feste; but he has marked individuality, and the little part he plays is necessary, though but slightly, to the development of other characters in the story.

So far we have had no mingling of the tender or pathetic with the witty or humorous elements of the Fool's character; such a

union was to come at a later period, when a higher stage of development had been reached. It is worthy of notice, also, that after this the Fools give up soliloquising, and are brought into closer contact with the other characters. As we advance, it becomes more and more difficult to separate them from their surroundings; they are fitted into their places more closely, and become an essential part of the life-drama.

We have now come to the period of the great comedies; the broader fun of the early plays has been left far behind, and the gloom of the tragic period is as yet in the distance. Shakspere had come into possession of all his powers, had a clearer insight into human life, but as yet was not troubling himself greatly about the problems of existence and the riddle of good and evil. Between Launcelot and Touchstone there is a wide interval, but that interval is partly bridged over by the nameless Fool in *All's Well that Ends Well.*

There seems to be every probability that this play as we now have it is a new version of *Love's Labour's Won,* mentioned by Meres in 1598. Probably the new play was written about 1602–'3, and the older one ten years previously. Much of what the Fool says looks like early work, but here and there we see traces of a later and more perfect style. He does not serve any marked purpose in the play save to brighten the somewhat gloomy story; his place might almost be filled by any other Clown, and many of his witticisms in their broadness and absurdity remind us of the sayings of Launcelot. His boast of the one answer, "Oh Lord, sir!" which is to serve every purpose, and his jesting with Parolles are assuredly early in tone; but there are bits where he is more philosophic and quite as much knave as Fool:—

"*Clown.*—I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire, and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. I am for the house with the narrow gate which I take to be too little for pomp to enter; some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire."

All this is suggestive of Touchstone, and the last sentence reminds us of the "primrose way to the everlasting bonfire" and the "flowery path of dalliance." He can sing, too, like Feste, though to a somewhat different tune; and he has considerable sarcastic power; the prince he can serve has 'a fisnomy more hotter in France than here," though "he has an English name." He thinks, too, that one good woman in ten would be a proportion to be thankful for. Like Touchstone he loves the court, and longs to show off his good breeding there; for "if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court." But what attracts us most is his mistress's affection for him, since he recalls the mem-

ory of her husband: "My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here." And it must not be forgotten that the whole moral of the play may be summed up in the Fool's words, "That man should be at woman's command, and yet no harm done." But, beyond this, he has no marked link with the plot, and we may conclude that he represents the earlier Fool with many more highly finished touches added after, and he serves to link Launcelot to Feste and Touchstone.

As You Like It and *Twelfth Night* bring us to the mid-time, the very central point of Shakspere's work. Written, as these plays probably were, about the same time, they show great similarity of treatment; but, even amid the sylvan sunshine of *As You Like It*, we can see the first signs of the cloud that was, for a while at least, to overshadow the poet's life. These plays present us with two Fools alike in their superiority to what has gone before, but differing greatly in other points. On one point at least they agree—viz., that a fool is better than a wise man.

In conception and execution, as regards his connection with the story and his marked individuality as shown by every word he utters, Touchstone is far in advance of any Fool that precedes him. About his importance in the story there can be no doubt; and *As You Like It*, with Touchstone omitted, would be only one degree less ridiculous than *Hamlet* with the hero's part left out.

One always thinks of Touchstone as a middle-aged man, with serious face and solemn manner; his cynicism and irony hide traces of a kindly nature, and his affection for his mistress redeems him from any charge of hardness or want of feeling, "material fool" though he be. "He'll go along o'er the wide world with me," says Celia; and he con ents to do so, though he grumbles as he goes. "Ay! now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content." He has no real love of a country life for its own sake, but much prefers the court; it is all very well for country folk, "in respect of itself it is a good life;" but for a man of good breeding who could flatter a lady, pursue a quarrel to the very verge of a duel, and undo three tailors, why the court is the only fit place. His affection for Celia must have been very real, and it is this which links him to his greater brother in *King Lear;* even his love for Audrey, which seems at times only a fantastic humour, may have been deeper than he cared to show. That he knew his privileges, "to have as large a charter as the wind," and availed himself of them, is very certain, else we should scarcely have so many sarcastic allusions to topics of the day: the manners of the age, the absurd rules about quarrels and duels, the would-be wise philosophers of the day, the affectation of melancholy creeping into society in Shakspere's own time—all are satirised by him, nothing escapes

his notice. And he has wit enough to know that men take him for a greater Fool than he is; I fancy he does not care to be patronised, and at times feels his position keenly; there is a tinge of melancholy amounting almost to pathos in his reply to the Duke's commendation, "he is very swift and sententious;" "according to the fool's bolt," he replies, "and such dulcet diseases." The fool's bolt is soon shot, and he must be a Fool to the end.

His chief importance in the play is to serve as a reflex to Jacques and to burlesque his melancholy. One great charm of it is that Jacques never sees this; never sees that he is often quite as ridiculous as the Fool lying in the sun, and railing at Lady Fortune in "good set terms." When Touchstone tries to jeer the shepherd into discontent with his lot in life, is it not much the same as when Jacques endeavours to convert Rosalind and Orlando to melancholy? As a philosopher and a satirist, in his unconscious parody of Jacques, and his childlike affection for Celia, he is throughout one of the most important characters in the play. "Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good as anything, and yet a fool."

How indignant must Shakspere have been at any actor who dared to meddle with such a part; and I am convinced we have an evidence of such wrath in Hamlet's advice to the players. Shakspere's *Hamlet* was most probably written not long after *As You Like It*, and some such injury may have been very present to him at the time. "Let those that play your Clowns speak no more than is set down for them." The introduction of "gag" into such a part as Touchstone's would necessarily be a far more serious offence than in the case of any previous Fool; "villainous," indeed, and showing a "most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

Even Shakspere could not always equal himself, and so we need not be surprised that Feste in some points falls short of Touchstone; not that he ever comes into rivalry with him. If Touchstone be the Fool as Philosopher, Feste is the Fool as Poet. If the latter be inferior in philosophic and sarcastic power, he is assuredly the greatest of all as a musician. Feste has less reasoning power, is more of a natural fool than Touchstone; there is a similar difference to that between Sir Toby and Sir Andrew. According to the view of the latter, Touchstone does it "with a better grace," but Feste does it "more natural." The Countess, Malvolio, and Maria in their conversation all show that Feste is "a natural born Fool." But we must not underrate his wisdom; he can see through the Duke's melancholy; he gives sharp hits to the Countess, his mistress, who is "the more fool to mourn" for her brother's soul "being in heaven," and, after an encounter with him, Viola is constrained to say:—

> This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
> And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

When the much abused Malvolio is in the dungeon the Clown enters thoroughly into the plot, and plays the part of the parson with such vigour as to call for the most marked commendation from Sir Toby: he has wit enough to see what a fool they make of Malvolio, and, like Touchstone, can burlesque the logicians of the day. "That, that is, is; so I being Master Parson am Master Parson; for what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?" He certainly is very fond of money, but it is the liking of a child rather than the greed of a miser; even in his most barefaced begging he laughs at himself, and we laugh rather than reprove. But, after all, nothing endears him to us so much as his songs. There must have been in his nature an undercurrent of sweetness and poetic fervour that could make him choose such a song as "Come away, come away, Death," with all its mournful sadness and fitness for the Duke's melancholy; or that other joyous lyric that declares "Youth's a stuff will not endure."

It has been said that Shakspere's songs are not flowers planted at random here and there, but that each is fitted for its place, and not to be plucked without losing some of the beauty and sweetness. In a similar way, also, the songs are fitted to the nature of those who sing them, and we may fairly judge the Fool by the songs he sings —"Silly sooth," and "dallying with the innocence of love like the old age." And he is quite as good at a merry song or a catch; and could roar out his, "Hold thy peace, thou knave!" as well as the best, on the night when they made "the welkin dance" and roused the night-owl in a catch that would "draw three souls out of one weaver." What a trio they are—the humourist, the fool, and the philosopher! for Sir Toby is the humourist, Sir Andrew is the fool, and the Fool is the philosopher.

But besides marked individuality of character, and, under the guise of folly, a shrewd yet tender nature, Feste has also a very important part to play in the drama; without him the story would suffer, and we should know less of the other characters. He makes a third to that precious pair Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, and at times we wonder which is the greatest fool. He helps to show us the overweening self-conceit of Malvolio, who is so "sick of self-love" that he is jealous even of a Fool; and thus the truth of Feste's aphorism is proved—"those wits that think they have thee (wit) do very oft prove fools." He assists in giving Malvolio his well-merited punishment, and stands generally in somewhat the same artistic relation to him that Touchstone holds to Jacques. He helps us to appreciate the characters of Olivia and Viola, and even lets out the secret of Maria's weakness for Sir Toby. Our interest in him never flags, and at the last he sings the epilogue. Some critics have said that this song has no connection with the play or the characters. That I deny; it is the most philosophic Clown's song

on record, and tells the history of man's life from the "little tiny boy," till he is laid on his bed; "by swaggering could I never thrive"—so, doubtless, Malvolio must admit; "with toss-pots still had drunken heads"—Sir Toby will agree to this. Men and women, even a Clown can see, are always the same, though "a great while ago the world began." If Shakspere had not attached some importance to this song, he would scarcely have given us an echo of it under such altered circumstances in *King Lear*. If Touchstone be linked to Lear's Fool by his affection for his mistress, Feste has his link also in the philosophic song.

So far the gloom had been only like a passing cloud on a summer's day; but with the third period of Shakspere's development we come to the great tragedies, and the cloud seems to envelop the whole of the horizon; Shakspere's laughter is now tragic and terrible as well as pathetic. The innermost secrets of man's being, his overmastering passions and their consequences, the evil which in this world is ever at war with good—these and the like subjects engrossed his attention. Yet the humour somehow does not disappear, but remains to give reality to the most solemn pictures of human life, and to add fresh horror to scenes of the most tragic interest. Most of the great tragedies have humorous scenes and characters, but not in all do we find a Fool. Yet the part is often played by other characters, as by the Gravediggers in *Hamlet*, and even by the Porter in *Macbeth*.

Amongst the Fools of Shakspere, I would always include Yorick, though he never appears upon the scene. The way in which he is described shows clearly that if Shakspere had given us a Fool as a living character in *Hamlet*, he would have been one of the later group. Hamlet's loving memory shows him to have been no ordinary jester, but a man not only of "infinite jest," but also of some refinement and tender feelings. We can scarcely imagine Hamlet as a child kissing a Fool like Launce or Launcelot, or even riding on his back. No! if Yorick had been represented on the stage he would have been, of a certainty, not unlike Touchstone, though with individual characteristics of his own, since he once "poured a flagon of Rhenish" on the head of the old Gravedigger.

No one can read or listen to that elegy on Yorick without feeling the exquisite tenderness and pathos of it all; it thrills us again and again, and we know not why. Possibly the elegy was a personal matter, and was Shakspere's regretful remembrance of Tarleton, the most famous jester of his day. In the first quarto of *Hamlet* it is said that Yorick has been buried "this twelve year;" now if Shakspere's *Hamlet* were written about 1600 or 1601, twelve years back bring us to 1588–'9, the time of Tarleton's death. Why should Shakspere have chosen a jester, if not for some such reason? Of course this is all a matter of supposition, but it is pleasant to

imagine that the lines which have charmed us so often had such a meaning.

Whilst noticing these minor characters, it would not be well to overlook the fact that the Clown in *Antony and Cleopatra* is a veritable Fool, and, though he appears but once, is of considerable importance. The pathos of that last tragic scene is heightened by his presence. There is a ghastly irony in his advice that the "worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people, for indeed there is no goodness in the worm;" and, again, that they are to give it nothing, "for it is not worth the feeding." There is bitter satire, also, if unconscious, and most appropriate force in what he says of women: "I know that a woman is a dish for the gods if the devil dress her not. But truly these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five." Was not Cleopatra herself a dish fit for the gods, and had not the devil dressed her, and marred her, too, in the dressing? This, as I take it, is thoroughly tragic humour, and is as characteristic of Shakspere's third period as anything said even by Lear's Fool.

With reference to Lear's Fool words are more than ordinarily inadequate to express or realise our feelings. That from every point of view he is the greatest of Shakspere's Fools, both in conception and execution, all will admit. Here we reach the climax; to go further is impossible. Whether we consider his marked individuality, the pathetic yet tragic interest that clings to him throughout, or his position in and connection with the play, we are convinced that he has no equal. Mr. Hudson says that our estimate of the drama as a whole depends very much on the interest we take in the Fool, and this is scarcely an exaggeration; he is in great measure the key to the play. As with the play as a whole, so with this character, we feel the truth, the majesty, the terror of it all, but we fail in giving it expression. "The secrets of Nature have not more gift of taciturnity." The Fool is no mere jester, no clown to make merry at another's bidding; he is a half-mad, half-inspired child of Nature, giving up his heart, nay, his life itself, in a love that was very precious. The infinite tenderness of the Fool is perhaps his most marked characteristic; his whole being was centred in his master and in one of his mistresses, and with their loss he made shipwreck of his life.

In happier times he might have been as merry and light-hearted a jester as Yorick, and set the table in a roar with his jests and flashes of merriment; but it was not to be. The loss of his young mistress had chilled his heart—"Since my young lady's going into France the fool hath much pined away;" and Lear loves him for this, though he will not have it named. Neither Lear nor the Fool ever names Cordelia to each other, and this shows that their

hearts are too full for speech. There is a slight though subtle link between the Fool and his young mistress throughout, from this first introduction to the last despairing cry of Lear, "and my poor fool is hanged," as he holds in a last embrace the lifeless body of his daughter. But the Fool forgets, for a time, his sorrow in his endeavour to do something, however little, for his master. He rouses himself, tries by caustic sarcasm to rouse the King also; for from the first he seems to discover by instinct the incipient madness, and would fain charm it away, even by his very bitterness. "Faithful among the faithless," he clings to Lear, and can value fidelity in others, though he seems at times to scoff at it. His jests, his snatches of song, his every word, have a pathos that is most pitiful, and amid the dark scenes of the play are like "rockets in a midnight sky."

I think that the Fool's intellectual powers, slightly balanced as they were at the first, grow weaker; and as the end draws nigh, his madness or mental aberration becomes more apparent, and he declares that "this cold night will turn us all to Fools or madmen." Strange it is, too, amid the howling of the tempest, to hear the far-off echo of Feste's song:

> With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.

But amid much that is tragic and pathetic, there is naught more so than the scene where the mad King arraigns a joint-stool as Goneril, and commands that most "learned justicer," Edgar, and the "sapient" Fool to act as assessors. Edgar's tears flow freely, and, instead of criticising, we can only cry "the pity on't." Even the Fool seems to know that all is lost. What little wit he has ever had is forsaking him, and life ebbs low. "I'll go to bed at noon," is his last despairing cry, and we see him no more. What became of him? We are left to guess. Perhaps he died of a broken heart; and when Lear says, "And my poor fool is hanged," he is looking on the lifeless body of Cordelia in his arms, and mingling recollections of her with dim memories of that one other human being who had loved him through all, and for whom one part in his heart was sorry yet. The mystery of life was too much for the Fool, and all that was left for him was "to go to bed at noon."

There is nothing like this in all the wide compass of human literature; and the only thing that even recalls it, or suggests a comparison, is the picture of Dagonet, Arthur's Fool, in the *Last Tournament*. Like his great prototype, he was faithful to the last; and when Arthur returned that dark night to find that Gunevere had fled—

> About his feet
> A voice clung sobbing till he questioned it,
> "What art thou?" And the voice about his feet
> Sent up an answer, sobbing, "I am thy Fool,
> And I shall never make thee smile again."

We have now reached the climax; beyond this even Shakspere could not go; he would not repeat himself, and there was no possibility of excelling Touchstone or Lear's "poor boy." Not that he was done with wit and humour in combination with philosophy and pathos, but that they took different forms. Once again, before the end, his mirth was bright and unclouded; and in the later plays, with much that is great and noble, and which shows the deepest insight into life, there is cheerful, honest laughter. But, with the exception of Trinculo, we have no professional jesters. He reminds us somewhat of the Fools in the early comedies; he soliloquises, plays on words, and affects to despise Caliban, but his chief dramatic purpose is to make two for a pair with Stephano; and his single philosophic remark is, that "Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows." We must not forget, too, that to an Elizabethan audience Caliban would seem to fill the Fool's place, and by his strange antics please "the groundlings." Trinculo, then, is of so little importance, that he scarcely interferes with the course of my arguments.

Of all the humorous figures in the later plays, Autolycus is the one that most fitly plays the fool. We often hear of what Shakspere's characters might have said or done when off the stage; and it is no great stretch of imagination to suppose that, before we made his acquaintance, Autolycus, amongst other callings, honest or otherwise, may have been a jester. Certainly his songs and witticisms would have found favour in any court; and he, like Touchstone, loved the court, and affected the manners thereof. As Professor Dowden says, when Shakspere conceived him one spring morning as the daffodils began to peer, there might seem to be a return to the light-heartedness of youth. But, instead of a Fool in the guise of a professional jester, we have the most delightful of rogues, who simply plays the fool. In the early plays, the humorous and pathetic characters are kept quite separate. Each has a marked sphere of action allotted to him, beyond which he never passes. But in the later periods the various characters are combined; wise men play the fool, whilst fools talk and act like wise men. Humour and pathos run together, and the result is a picture more true to nature than was the first. So, after showing the possibilities of the Fool's part in Touchstone and Lear's Fool, Shakspere discarded the character and gave the part to a rogue, combining the elements of folly and knavery so closely that we can no longer separate them. Is not this more natural, and nearer to real life? Does not the man who plays the fool for us in society often prove rather slippery? I think this is what Shakspere felt and acted on; and as we laugh at the jests of Autolycus and condone his snappings up of "unconsidered trifles," we know that some such character might meet us any day and cheat us before our eyes. We get to like the rogue so

well that we end by taking his part, and rejoicing at the success of his schemes. How is it possible for any one to find fault with a "merry heart" that "goes all the day," laughing and singing as it goes, whom "Fortune will not suffer to be honest?" Touchstone and Lear's Fool may be more pathetic, more philosophic, and greater in poetic intensity; but they are not more true to human nature than this prince of knaves and fools.

A goodly figure this to close the procession, which began with the twin Dromios and Launce, and which includes a host of worthies, who are as dear to us as all the heroes of old romance.

As they pass by, one by one, they serve not only to amuse us and arrest our attention, to move alike smiles and tears, but they also serve to show that Shakspere's laughter is as truly human as aught else in him; that tragedy becomes more tragic when the humour of everyday life surrounds it; and that even these minor characters, as they have been called, reflect each varying phase of thought in the growth of their author's genius. The joyous and, at times, boisterous merriment of youth, the steadier mirth of manhood, the bitter irony of disappointment, and the wild laugh of despair, all are presented by the Fools.

J. NEWBY HETHERINGTON, *in Cornhill Magazine.*

A CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC FOR ENLAND.*

No one can view without surprise and—unless he is of Théophile Gautier's opinion, that music is the only noise that one is expected to pay for—without regret, the astonishing musical deficiencies of the provincial towns of England. Places like Liverpool, Bradford, and Birmingham—not to mention such towns as Hull, Exeter, or Derby—have no local orchestra, opera, or orchestral concerts of their own. In fact the great provincial towns are practically dependent for their music upon the Manchester band of Mr. Charles Hallé, which even had to provide the orchestra for the last Bristol Festival. The good work, so spiritedly begun in the latter city by Mr. George Riseley, may in time grow into a permanent enterprise if it meets with the encouragement it deserves. At present, however, it is a mere individual experiment. Contrast this state of things with that of German towns such as Breslau, which, with not half the population of Liverpool, has a regular opera, a regular series of orchestral concerts on the same scale and in the same

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* Report of the Proceedings of Prince Christian's Executive Committee since its formation by the Prince of Wales.

style as those at the Crystal Palace, and several sets of independent chamber concerts; or, with many a smaller place, which, though able to boast only some 10,000 to 20,000 inhabitants, has in its measure nearly the same musical advantages as Breslau. The weekly list of concerts in the *Musikalisches, Wochenblatt* of Leipsic for Nov. 14 shows a long series of German towns of all sizes, each with its well-established concerts, performing both old and new works of the highest character, such as we can only hear as a rule in London, Manchester, or Liverpool. Again, look at our pleasure towns—Brighton, Hastings, Cheltenham, Eastbourne, Margate, Ramsgate, or Torquay—and contrast their barren musical state with the rich provision made for visitors at Wiesbaden or Homburg. No watering-place in England has any permanent systematic means of music. That is to say, no one of them has any institution providing music for the town which is not dependent on mere private enterprise, or which is kept up by the municipality, as the opera and orchestra in German towns are kept up by the authorities for the enjoyment and culture of the inhabitants. No doubt one of the places mentioned, Brighton, is indebted to that excellent and enterprising musician, Mr. Kuhe, for an annual festival and for occasional concerts; but supposing Mr. Kuhe were to leave, where would Brighton get its music? In fact, our pleasure towns, like many of our large provincial cities, are too often dependent on the leading music-seller of the place, who gives a periodical concert with a starring company, at which the modern ballad form the staple fare; or at best gets down an eminent pianist for a couple of recitals on spec; and if an orchestra were wanted for a concert in aid of the local music-master, few among the crowded resorts just mentioned could provide anything but that excellent and martial body the local volunteer band, of which, although adequate for its own purposes, the bass-drum solo forms a rather too prominent feature. It is too true that, except in rare cases, our noblest cities have no organized, permanent means of providing music for their inhabitants.

Still, great as are our deficiencies, the opportunities of hearing music, and good music too, have increased enormously during the last quarter of a century. And so, too, have the various choirs and societies for the practice of music. The Madrigal Society of London was founded in 1741, and was soon afterwards followed by the Madrigal Societies of Bristol and Exeter, which may be regarded as the true product of the growth of English taste for a class of music which had taken a firm root in our country. During the whole of last century and the beginning of the present, musical societies and concerts multiplied largely. Amongst them may be mentioned the Academy of Antient Music, the Castle Society, the Concert of Antient Music, and the Professional Concerts. The Philharmonic So-

ciety, a body of true English growth, whose timely munificence cheered the dying bed of Beethoven, was founded in 1814, and the Three Choirs Festival dates from a still earlier time. The Sacred Harmonic Society, the great Hullah and Mainzer movement, and the Tonic-sol-fa effort, came later. Even in our own day societies and concerts have multiplied till they are almost too numerous to mention. A stranger coming to London would find there, if not in the provinces, so much going on in the way of music that he would be almost inclined to doubt whether the popular impression that the English are an unmusical people is a correct one.

The fact is, that the instincts of the English people are very far from being unmusical. They have great aptitude for music; but they have had very little opportunity up to this time of cultivating that aptitude, and they have had no means of education. The interest in music has recently increased so largely in response to the demand, that concerts and amateur choirs abound, and even amateur orchestras are not wanting; but it cannot be said that means of education in music have advanced with the same strides with which the taste itself has advanced. We have many opportunities now of cultivating our taste, and if our ambition goes no further than the ambition of an amateur generally goes, of educating ourselves. This, in the case of the ambitious amateur, means paying an eminent professor at the rate of one guinea for a lesson of three-quarters of an hour, and in that of a less ambitious amateur, joining one of the many excellent choirs or orchestral societies, which have been started in London of late years. For the professional musician the case is different—he will find it very difficult to attain success by an education exclusively pursued in England. He may obtain a certain amount of preliminary teaching; but he knows that sooner or later he must go to one of the foreign Conservatoires, for which he very likely has not the means, and must therefore, unless he be a Macfarran or a Hullah, content himself with remaining in the second or third rank of his profession. To be sure, up to the beginning of the present century, he would have been still worse off, for he would have had even more difficulty in obtaining instruction. Indeed, almost the only persons who at that time gave anything like teaching for professional pupils were the organists of the cathedrals, who took articled pupils, and trained their choirs at the same time. Oxford and Cambridge, it is true, gave musical degrees, but the candidates were few, and the standard of proficiency was not high. Now, however, we have two institutions which profess to give a complete education to a professional pupil—namely, the Royal Academy of Music, founded in 1822, and the National Training School for Music at Kensington, opened in 1876. Of both these institutions we shall have something to say further on, but neither of them can yet be said to fill the gap quite satisfactorily,

or to do away with the necessity of a foreign education. The Royal Academy has many pupils of whom it has good reason to be proud, and who have made names for themselves. Among these Sullivan, having at an early age obtained the Mendelssohn scholarship, went to Leipsic for his systematic education, while Blagrove, Carrodus, and Holmes, our three leading native violinists, Mr. Cusins, conductor to the Philharmonic Society, and master of the Queen's Band, Madame Goddard, Franklin Taylor, the Baches, J. F. Barnett, Cowen, and C. V. Stanford, among our pianists and composers—all received or added to their musical training abroad. Among our vocalists it is sufficient to point to Lemmens-Sherrington, Sims Reeves, Santley, and Shakespeare, every one of whom was educated on the Continent. It is certainly strange that a nation which has recognised music as one of the elements of education by an Act of Parliament and which grants capitation fees for attendance at musical instruction should have no institution which is recognised by all as a National musical centre. It is a significant fact as showing the liking of the people for music that ninety-nine per cent. of the pupils in the Elementary Schools receive musical instruction, and that the capitation grant on this head alone amounts to over 100,000*l.* per annum. It will be remembered, too, that the Public School Commission, of which Lord Clarendon was chairman, recommended that music should be taught as well as drawing; a suggestion which was adopted by Harrow, Rugby, and Uppingham, and latterly by Eton, where the knowledge of the rudiments of music is now obligatory, and where that branch of education is under the able direction of Mr. Barnby.

It would seem then that in England it is the non-professional or listening element that is strong, and the professional or performing element that is weak, with many exceptions, which will occur to every one without its being necessary to mention them. Our professional musicians are, with few exceptions, confined to the large centres, and the cathedral towns; and are very unequally distributed, or, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, not distributed at all, over the rest of England. Every conductor of a band knows the difficulty and sometimes the impossibility of finding a substitute for a contumacious or incapacitated second violin or violoncello in many of our largest provincial towns.

The mass of the people show their taste for music by the eagerness with which they attend any musical entertainment provided for them. They show their aptitude for music by the excellence of their performance with the easiest, if not the most beautiful of instruments, the human voice. The excellence of our choral singing no one will deny. For vigour of tone and intonation it will bear comparison with that of any nation, as every one who has any experience of choral singing would testify. Mendelssohn, writing

to the Sacred Harmonic Society after a performance of *St. Paul* at Exeter Hall in 1837, at which he was for the first time a listener, is a strong witness on this point. "I can hardly express," says he, "the gratification I felt in hearing my work performed in so beautiful a manner. The power of the choruses—this large body of good and musical voices—and the style in which they sang the whole of my music gave me the highest and most heartfelt treat; while I thought on the immense improvement which such a number of *real amateurs* must necessarily produce in the country which may boast of it." The excellence and finish of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir is matter of common notoriety. Mr. Hullah, in his report to the Committee of Council for Education for 1870, says that the Training Colleges whose students are derived from the West Riding of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Wales, present bodies of voices which for quality and force he does not find equalled anywhere.

It is very interesting to read through Mr. Hullah's reports from the first to the last, and to remark how the gift for music which he recognises in every one is developed by opportunities of learning and a proper system of teaching. Mr. Hullah more than once complains of the want of knowledge of music shown by the pupils on entering the Training Colleges, but the very satisfactory results obtained before leaving appear at any rate to show that at least one class of English men and women have a real aptitude for this study.

If, then, it is a fact that the mass of the people have this gift, the question arises, How is it that we have not done better? The answer is not far to seek. Because as yet we have had no chance. Where we have had a chance, we have done as well as any nation. Let us first take Church music, which formerly was the only school in which an English composer had much opportunity. In this—not to speak of the living—we can show names like Tallis, Byrd, Farrant, Gibbons, Blow, Pelham, Humphreys, Wise, Purcell, Croft, Green, Boyce, Attwood, Crotch, and the Wesleys. In madrigals, we have Wilbye, Morley, Weelkes, Benet, Bateson, and Ward; in glees, Webbe, Calcott, Mornington, Spofforth, Stevens, Horsley, Walmisley, and Pearsall; in opera, Arne, Hook, Dibdin, Bishop, Barnett, Balfe, Wallace, are our principal writers, though we have practically no operatic stage of our own; while for orchestral and chamber music no better name can be wished than that of Sterndale Bennett.

In the department of execution—a thing of modern date—we are perhaps not so strong in the past. But even here we may claim some names of renown—John Field, Cipriani Potter, Mrs. Anderson, and Sterndale Bennett; Parish Alvars and Balsir Chatterton; the Wesleys, Adams, Gauntlett, the younger Walmisley, George Cooper, and Henry Smart; Lindley and Lucas; Mrs. Billington,

Bartleman, Henry Phillips, and Braham; and as conductors, Joah Bates and Sir George Smart.

We have surely then this aptitude for music, and we have done well in the exact proportion in which there has been demand for a particular class of music, just as on the accession of Charles the Second, Pelham Humphreys, Purcell, and Blow came to the front in response to the changed tastes of the court. Now our taste is more catholic, and although in obedience to it English musicians are increasing in number and reputation, it is to be deplored that we have no system of education which gives a fair chance to native talent, especially if the possessor of the talent be, as is too often the case, both here and elsewhere, unblessed with much of this world's goods.

Let us see what are our appliances for scientific teaching. There has been a good deal of talk lately about a National Theatre, and a very sensible letter of Mr. Hare to the *Times* showed that what is wanted by the profession is not so much a theatre as a school. True musicians are better off than actors, but can it be said that England possesses at this moment any musical institution which commands at once the confidence of the profession and the public, and to which we can point with pride as worthy of the country? As regards the professsion, the proof of this, as we have endeavoured to show, is that few of our musicians receive at best more than a portion of their education in England. For instrumental and general musical study they go to Germany, for vocal instruction to Italy. But why should English men and women be forced to the expense of travelling to Germany and Italy to obtain that which our wealth and our practical power would easily enable us to command at home? What is wanted in this country is a central Institution corresponding to the State Conservatoire in the capitals of Europe, but adapted to English wants and requirements. Such an Institution ought to be to music what our public schools and universities are to their own branches of education, offering to all comers the highest and most complete instruction in music and the kindred studies, such as modern languages, musical history and literature, and declamation; it should be also a centre for all matters connected with music, and for the settling of such questions as the long-disputed one of musical pitch. It should hold examinations and grant certificates; and last, but not least, it should fix the standard for what is to be taught in Elementary schools, and should control them by efficient inspection.

Such an institution we have not got, and to form it on a fresh basis would be about as difficult as the foundation and endowment of a National Theatre; but it happens that at the present time there is an opportunity which has never occurred before, and is very unlikely to occur again. We mean the project for the forma-

tion of a new Musical College on the basis of a union beetween the Royal Academy of Music and the National Training School for Music, the negotiations for which have been going on for a long time. The consent of both bodies has been obtained; the support of all the most influential persons, both professional and lay, in the kingdom has been given; large pecuniary assistance has been promised, and more may be counted on.

Let us glance briefly at the constitution and position of the two bodies referred to. The Royal Academy of Music was, as we have seen, founded in 1822, chiefly through the instrumentality of Lord Burghersh—better known as the Earl of Westmoreland; and at first the system of education contemplated, and for some time carried out, was exactly the same as that which afterwards formed the leading idea in the foundation of the National Training School, namely, that a complete and almost gratuitous instruction should be provided for deserving pupils. The scheme contemplated a literary as well as a musical education, and that pupils should be boarded in the house. The success of the Academy does not, however, seem to have been equal to its aims, for fees did not abound, and it was driven to collect funds by various shifts, amongst which even fancy balls are said to have taken their place. At present it derives its support from donations and subscriptions—including a hundred guineas a year from her most gracious Majesty—from fees paid by pupils, and from a contribution by the Government to the extent of 500*l.* per annum in lieu of a house. There is a Board of Directors, with Lord Dudley as president, and a Professional Committee of Management, with Professor Macfarren as chairman, which latter has the entire management and superintendence of the students, appointment and removal of the professors and teachers, and regulation of expenditure. The body corporate consists of members, associates, and honorary members. All branches of music are taught, as well as elocution and modern languages. There are about fourteen scholarships and prizes competed for by the pupils, the most valuable of which does not exceed thirty guineas, while some are of very small amount. A few of these are funded, but the majority are provided by annual subscriptions, and may cease at any time. It will be seen therefore that the Royal Academy is essentially an institution at which no one can be educated who has not private means.

The National Training School for Music at Kensington is an offspring of the Society of Arts, and is situated on ground granted for the purpose by the Royal Commissioners of 1851. Its successful establishment was due mainly to the personal interest and exertions of the Duke of Edinburgh, whose practical devotion to music is well known, and who received the warm support of the Prince of Wales at the great meeting at Marlborough House in 1875,

when, as will be fresh in the recollection of my readers, the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the city of London attended in support of the project. The building was erected by Mr. Freake, and munificently presented by him to the Prince of Wales in trust for the nation. The fundamental principle of the School is the institution of free scholarships for all ranks of society, endowed by individuals and public bodies in all parts of the country. Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the City of London, many of the City Companies, the Society of Arts, Mr. Freake, and many distinguished individuals and institutions are amongst the founders.

In 1876, fifty scholarships having been established of an amount of 40*l.* each, and upwards of twenty more promised, the school was opened for study. A Committee of Management was formed, with the Duke of Edinburgh at its head, consisting of the representatives of the Commissioners of 1851, of the Royal Albert Hall, of the Society of Arts, and of the donors of scholarships. The Principal is Dr. Arthur Sullivan, and there is a large staff of professors and examiners. The educational course contemplated seems very complete, and includes all branches of music, elocution, foreign languages, deportment, history and literature of music; and the institution differs from others in this most material point—that while on the one hand it grants by open competition a free education to real talent, it, at the same time, obliges the student to remain under strict control until the course of education is fully completed. The weak point in the scheme is evidently the fact that the scholarships are only promised for five years, and it is stated that the income is insufficient to give the highest education to the best pupils.

Surely then, if what we require is a Central Institution, an amalgamation of these two academies is the obvious starting point. The older, the Royal Academy of Music, would bring to the new College the advantage of experience. It has had some fair results, and although its system of teaching has failed to leave that definite impress upon the character and cultivation of music in England which it is desirable that a National Academy should produce, yet its success has been satisfactory according to the means at its disposal, and it has a certain following amongst the professional musicians who have been educated at it. From the younger, the National Training School of Music, though started so recently, the results, if we may judge from the concerts given by the pupils, have been progressively encouraging. It represents the true principle of granting an opportunity of free education to real talent—taking up indeed the original idea of the Royal Academy; and in the shape of its scholarships, which have now reached sixty-six, it has received an immense amount of active support and sympathy.

The amalgamation has been under consideration for some time. In June, 1878, a number of gentlemen obeyed the summons of the Prince of Wales to attend a meeting at Marlborough House, to take into consideration the advancement of the art of music by the establishment of a Central Musical Institution. A proposal was made to secure this end by effecting a union between the two leading academies. The scheme being cordially endorsed by the meeting, an Executive Committee was formed, with Prince Christian and Lord Spencer as Chairman and Vice-Chairman. Negotiations were entered upon between the two institutions, and in response to a letter from Prince Christian, the directors of the Royal Academy held a meeting in July, 1878, when the following resolutions were adopted :—

I.—That it is expedient to promote the further advancement of the art of music in the United Kingdom by the establishment of a Royal and National College of Music on a more permanent basis than any existing institution.

II.—That it is expedient that a union should be effected between the Royal Academy of Music and the National Training School on terms that may be agreed upon as a basis for the constitution of the new college, and that a Committee be appointed to confer with the Executive Committee of the proposed College as to terms of union; the terms of union when agreed upon to be submitted to the Directors for approval.

A similar letter having been addressed to the Committee of Management of the National Training School, that body, at a meeting held later in the same month, adopted similar resolutions to those passed by the Royal Academy. Members of the committees of both institutions were appointed to confer with Prince Christian's Committee.

The principle of amalgamation has thus been assented to by both bodies. Numerous meetings were held between the Executive Committee and the representatives of the institutions, to arrange the details and terms of union; and a draft charter was drawn up and submitted to both, which provides carefully for saving the existing rights of the various officials and members of the two bodies, and placing the new corporation on a satisfactory legal footing. To this draft the National Training School seems to have agreed without demur. By the Royal Academy, however, various objections were raised; but it would appear that in the end the only material point at issue was as to the name, the Royal Academy making it evident that they regarded the retention of their name as a *sine quâ non*, while the Executive Committee maintained that the question must be left to her Majesty for decision.

Various further meetings were held, and in May last, the charter was finally amended, and copies were again forwarded to the two institutions, accompanied in each case by a letter from the Executive Committee, stating that the charter was now sent in the form in which it was intended finally to recommend it for adoption, and

asking each whether it was prepared to resign its present constitution, and accept the new charter in the event of a sum of 3,000*l.* per annum being provided within a limited time, for the purpose of carrying into effect the special objects of the Committee. These were stated to be :

I.—The sufficient payment of the staff of the new institution.
II.—The establishment of open scholarships.
III.—The establishment of studentships involving the maintenance (either wholly or to a great extent) as well as the free education of pupils who are unable to maintain themselves, and carry out their education.

The letter further intimated to the Royal Academy that the National Training School consented to the name of the Royal Academy of Music being retained, but that the Executive Committee deemed it more in accordance with precedent to leave it to her Majesty to name an institution of which the Prince of Wales had accepted the presidency.

Soon after this the National Training School passed a resolution agreeing to the proposal, but owing to the illness of Lord Dudley, the President of the Academy, no answer has yet been received from that body, with whom it only now remains to confirm their resolutions of July, 1878.

An institution to be formed upon this amalgamation would start under peculiarly favourable circumstances.

First let us take the pecuniary prospects. There is reason to hope that the 3,000*l.* a year mentioned in Prince Christian's letter will be furnished by the Commissioners of 1851, provided that the new charter is accepted by both institutions ; further, we may expect that the existing scholarships of the Training School, amounting to about 3,200*l.* a year, will be renewed, if sufficient stability and permanency are obtained to ensure the results which the donors have a right to expect. We may also hope that the Government will continue and possibly increase the sum of 500*l.* a year which it at present contributes to the support of the Royal Academy.

In looking to the money point of view, it must not be forgotten that the pecuniary success of our institution would probably be much assisted by the opportunity which it would give to the large and increasing class of earnest and wealthy amateurs already mentioned, of obtaining the instruction of which they are in search, on more moderate terms than those of private teachers.

One point has not been touched upon—the absolute necessity of a proper building for the institution. A school of music requires a larger physical space than any other school. Separate rooms must be provided for singing and playing, and a building which would contain one hundred pupils for a grammar school would scarcely be adequate to contain twenty-five for a musical school.

It is impossible to view with satisfaction the situation of the ex-

isting site of the Royal Academy. The rooms are known to be inadequate for the requirements of a school of music, and yet it is situated in a locality where expansion is impossible, and where space for the recreation of the pupils cannot be obtained. One place only would seem to be specially adapted for a College adequate to the present state of music—the estate of the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 at South Kensington. There are to be found there the two great requisites—space for adequate buildings, and a garden in which the students could obtain healthful recreation without expense or interference. The Commissioners are understood to be well disposed towards the creation of a new College, and we may therefore hope that they would not be unfavorable to granting a site on their estate for the erection of the necessary buildings. Why should not a portion of those long corridors that surround the vast building of the Albert Hall, be used for secondary purposes? Where could practising and even refreshment rooms be found better adapted for the use of a large school such as that which we are now advocating?

As regards support, the proposed Executive Committee is composed, besides the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Cambridge, and Prince Christian, of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York; Lords Aberdare, Beaconsfield, E. Bruce, Spencer, Dudley, Coleridge, Carnarvon, Granville, Hampton, Hartington, Ripon, and Wilton; Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir R. Wallace, Mr. Lyon Playfair, and the Presidents of the Royal Academy and of the Royal Society. Amongst professional musicians, Sir M. Costa, Sir F. Gore Ousely, Sir Robt. Stewart, Professor Macfarren, Dr. Sullivan, and Messrs. Cusins, O. Goldschmidt, Hallé, Hullah, Leslie, and Stainer. Amongst outsiders, Messrs. Chappell, De la Rue, Grove, Samuel Morley, M.P., and Kellow Pye. With such a Committee the success of any institution is assured.

There is one other thing which is essential to the complete success of an English Conservatoire, namely, that it should be recognised by the State on the same principle, though perhaps not exactly in the same manner, as foreign Conservatoires are recognised by their respective Governments. If the success of the institution is such as we have every reason to hope it will be, there will not be any necessity for any very large subsidy; for it will be to a great extent self-supporting. The subsidy need only cover what may be termed extra expenses—such as prizes, including one or two corresponding to the *Prix de Rome* of the French Conservatoire; purchase of pianos and instruments for the orchestra, foundation and maintenance of a museum and library of music. But the moral value of recognition by the State would be enormous, especially if the Government were to make it a condition that the institution

should undertake the important task of controlling and inspecting the musical instruction in the Elementary Schools of the country. The Institution would itself be inspected, and its arrangements as to the Elementary Schools reviewed by officials appointed by the Government. It is satisfactory to know that such a plan is considered feasible by the first authority on the subject, Mr. Hullah; for in the memorandum subjoined to the official report of his foreign tour during the present year, and addressed to the Executive Committee of the proposed Conservatoire, he suggests that a limited number of the Training College students be annually selected and placed for a certain period at the Conservatoire, to be transferred at the end of their residence to large towns or other centres, in which they might assist in teaching music in the Elementary Schools; and further, that the annual inspection of schools so taught be made by or under the direction of the professors of the Conservatoire, and that the annual grant of the Education Department be in future awarded to each school on the reports of such professors.

With reference to the movement on foot amongst some of the leading English actors for the establishment of a school of declamation, we may suggest that they could not do better, in order to place it on a permanent footing, than affiliate it to the English Conservatoire in the same way in which the French school of elocution is connected with the French Conservatoire. A Conservatoire must have elocution classes, and it would be to the advantage of both to combine.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the *Nineteenth Century* for last August, urges the organisation of the English theatre, and remarks that we have left it to take its chance. This is very nearly what the country has done with music. We have had great musicians as well as great actors. We have many good musicians, and English music is, in spite of difficulties, in a better state than the English theatre, but in both it is our organisation which has been defective. This we propose to remedy by the establishment of an institution which will appeal to the sympathies of every class. The theatre, as Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt says, may be "irresistible," but music is even more irresistible, and appeals to a wider class than the theatre can ever appeal to. Some people may have scruples about voting public money for a National Theatre, but none could object to the kind of State recognition which we ask for the National College of Music. Our project appeals to all.

CHARLES SUMNER MAINE, *in Macmillan's Magazine.*

BUDDHA'S FIRST SERMON.

THE Buddha's First Sermon is especially worthy of attention from the fact that it presents to us in a few short and pithy sentences the very essence of that remarkable system which has had so profound an influence on the religious history of so large a portion of the human race. And it is the more noteworthy since the scheme of salvation which it propounds, the Kingdom of Righteousness of which it is called the Foundation, are supported by none of those conceptions which underlie the teachings of other religious founders, are entirely independent of the belief in a soul, of the belief in God, and of the belief in a future life.

The First Sermon occupies among the Buddhists a position similar to that held among the Christians by the Sermon on the Mount, and the day on which it was delivered is as sacred in the Buddhist Church as the Day of Pentecost in most of the Churches of Christendom. It is somewhat strange, therefore, that so little stress has been laid upon "The Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness" by writers on Buddhism. But the reason is not far to seek. A mere translation of the sermon would be scarcely intelligible without an elaborate commentary; and it is a most difficult task to give a clear and simple account of a system so utterly foreign to the habitual conceptions and modes of thought of Western minds. If in my present endeavour to make a dark subject plain, I seem to dwell too long on more familiar topics, and to keep the reader too long from the sermon itself, I can only hope that the end will, in some measure, justify the means.

Buddhism is often described as a philosophy rather than a religion; and a pessimist view of life is generally supposed to underlie its philosophy. It is somewhat difficult to tell what the word "pessimist" means in popular phraseology, so different and so contradictory are the vague, inaccurate meanings in which it is often used. It is most generally, perhaps, intended either to brand the man who is everlastingly complaining, and whose mental vision is blind to everything but misfortune and disaster, or to express contempt for the man whose weak heart takes fright at the ills of life, who thinks that all is evil and must remain evil, and who gives up in despair instead of trying manfully to take up arms against the sea of trouble, and by opposing end them. It is no wonder that so one-sided a view, so unworthy a character should be unpopular; and pessimism will scarcely obtain a hearing until it succeeds in removing the misconceptions involved in, and sustained by, such applications of the term.

Neither the great Indian thinker and reformer nor the modern advocates of pessimism, have advanced any such views as are thus

stigmatized with what has become an opprobrious epithet. Their pessimism is confined to the answer which they give to the question, "Is life worth having?"—a question which they answer from two points of view: first, that of life in general, the sum total of existence; secondly, that of life in particular, the life of the individual. On the first point pessimism is a denial of the Christian doctrine that if we rightly consider all things that have been made, we must conclude, in the words of the First Chapter of Genesis, "Behold, it is very good." If a pessimist be an adherent to the theory of a personal first cause, he would deny that the Creator could at the same time have been both omnipotent and benevolent; and in any case he would maintain that the sum of the happiness of all creatures is in part outbalanced by the sum of their misery. It is this opinion, whether true or false, to which the term pessimist is by some writers strictly confined; but it may, I think, be fairly applied also to the corresponding opinion on the second point, so closely do the two questions depend upon each other.

On this second point the pessimist would answer, that the sum of the happiness enjoyed by each individual is far outbalanced by the sum of the troubles and evils and sorrows to which he is subject. To form a correct judgment on this question it is necessary to look away from one's own case, to think of the thousand millions of the toiling multitudes who spend lives of poverty and labour, and to try to answer from an impartial point of view whether, for them, life is really a thing they would have chosen had they had the choice?

To this question, as to the last, it is not intended here to offer any reply. I would only point out that a pessimist, in the stricter sense of the term, need not give to it a negative reply; and that any answer that can be given is purely a matter of speculative inquiry, and has but little bearing on practical life. For whatever the answer to it may be, one thing is abundantly clear, and must be granted by optimist and pessimist alike—and that is, that whether life be worth having or not, whether a wise man ought or ought not to have chosen it, had he had the choice, life at all events we have, the choice has not been given us, and the only right thing for each of us to do, our bounden duty to ourselves and to humanity, is, here and now, wisely and manfully, to make the best of it.

As discussions on pessimism are too often vitiated by an ignorance of what is the real question at issue, so discussions on the future life are too often vitiated by a neglect of the curious history of the doctrine. It is impossible to estimate rightly the value and significance of the modern Christian belief on the subject without understanding the long history of which that belief is only one of the latest phases. It was a long time before men believed in a future life at all, and even now it is by no means universal. It was

longer still before some began to believe in an endless life hereafter, and to make a distinction between heaven and hell. In later times the belief became general that heaven was the reward that the good might look to as their compensation for the unjust distribution here of happiness and woe. In our own time the inheritors of these beliefs have sought to defend their hopes of heaven, and to justify their views of hell, by new modifications of the older theories. An orthodox dissenter attempts to prove that eternal life begins with faith in Christ, and that the unbelieving are doomed not to punishment, but to death. A clergyman, who claims to be orthodox, attempts to rob of its sting the horrible doctrine of hell by promising the unconverted, not, indeed, exemption from punishment, but the hope of penitence and pardon; and an earnest and eloquent Comtist attempts the task of infusing an entirely new meaning into words by which the ancient creed was expressed. But those who have made themselves free from the inherited beliefs, and who attempt to come to some conclusion on the scanty evidence at their command, either cherish a vague and lingering hope (as John Mill did in his later years), or feel that the evidence is insufficient even for that.

Now on the question of future life, opinion had reached in India, in the fifth century before Christ, a similar stage to that we have now reached here in the West. The affirmative doctrine had had a similar history, and was, in some form or other, universally held by all except a few of the most advanced materialists; while its defenders put forward regarding it views as various as the many modifications of the doctrine now taught among ourselves. On the two pessimist questions as to the value of life, the Indians were already somewhat more advanced than Europeans now—whether more accurate or not it is not necessary to consider—for pessimists were in as great a majority there as they are now in a minority here.

It was then that there arose the mightiest thinker India has produced, and one of the greatest and most original thinkers on moral and religious questions whom the world has yet seen, and he propounded a scheme of salvation without any of the rites, any of the ceremonies, any of the charms, any of the various creeds, any of the priestly powers, without even any of the gods in whom men so love to trust. This, at least, is a service which may explain, if it cannot justify, the blind idolatry with which he was subsequently regarded, and by which his teachings were overshadowed and destroyed. But the Buddha had his answer, too, to the questions we have now been discussing, and it will be for the reader to judge to-day whether that particular and positive part of his system was as original and as far-reaching as the negative side of it undoubtedly was.

The importance which he at least attached to his answer may be estimated not only from the fact that it formed the subject alike of his first and of his last discourse, but from the name which he gave to its fundamental ideas—the Four Noble Truths and the Noble Eightfold Path.

The sermon is preserved to us in the Pali text of the Buddhist Pitakas in the so-called Sutra of the Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness,* and is certainly among the very oldest records of the Buddhist belief. The following is a literal translation :—

"There are two extremes," said the Buddha, "which the man who has devoted himself to the higher life ought not to follow—the habitual practice, on the one hand, of those things whose attraction depends upon the passions, and especially of sensuality (a low and Pagan † way of seeking gratification, unworthy, unprofitable, and fit only for the worldly-minded); and the habitual practice, on the other hand, of asceticism [or self-mortification], which is not only painful, but as unworthy and unprofitable as the other.

"But the Tathagata ‡ has discovered a Middle Path, which avoids these two extremities, a path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment—in a word, to Nirvana. And this path is the Noble Eightfold Path of

Right views,
High aims,
Kindly speech,
Upright conduct,
A harmless livelihood,
Perseverance in well-doing,
Intellectual activity, and
Earnest thought."

And here I would pause a moment to observe how strange a fact it is that such a scheme of salvation should have been deliberately propounded at all at so early a period in the history of our race; how almost incredible and how painful a fact it is that after having been once widely accepted and eagerly followed, it was yet overshadowed, smothered, lost, and chiefly through the very love and adoration which were felt towards its propounder. A similar fate attended the Buddha's Kingdom of Righteousness as attended that new and strange Kingdom of Heaven founded afterwards in Galilee—a brief period of splendid though limited success, and then many centuries of battling creeds and bitter dogmas, religious persecutions, pious legends, and vain idolatries; the sky filled with myriads of semi-deities, the hollow creations of a sickly imagination; the teacher deified, his teaching forgotten; and at last the lowest depth—a return in the very monasteries of his religion to the "low, pagan, and unworthy extremes" of sensuality on the one hand, or self-torture on the other.

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* The Dhamma-cakka-ppavatana Sutta of the Anguttara Nikaya in the Sutta Pitaka; found also in its proper context at the commencement of the Maha Vagga of the Vinaya Pitaka. On the Sanskrit version see Léon Feer in the *Journal Asiatique*, vol. xv., pp. 364–366.

† *Gamma*, a word of the same meaning and the same derivation as our word pagan.

‡ That is, the Buddha. He is so called as being the successor and imitator of the many previous Buddhas.

It is true that through the centuries of its decline, the Kingdom of Righteousness, like the later Kingdom of Heaven, has not been without its mighty kings and faithful subjects; it has been the source of the support of all that is good within its realm, and its history is not yet done. But it is necessary to realize how little mankind were prepared to receive it, and how grievously, on the whole, they misunderstood it, in order to realise how far it was raised above the ordinary grasp of average men, and how truly it deserves its name of the Noble Path.

But to return to our sermon and to a more recondite and metaphysical part of it, the way in which it attempted to sum up all the conditions which are productive of sorrow :—

"Birth," said the Teacher, "is attended with pain; and so are decay and disease and death. Union with the unpleasant is painful, and separation from the pleasant; and any craving that is unsatisfied is a condition of sorrow. Now, all this amounts, in short, to this, that wherever there are the conditions of individuality, there are the conditions of sorrow. This is the First Truth, the truth about sorrow.

"The cause of sorrow is the thirst or craving which causes the renewal of individual existence, is accompanied by evil, and is ever seeking satisfaction, now here, now there—that is to say, the craving either for sensual gratifications, or for continued existence, or for the cessation of existence. This is the Noble Truth concerning the origin of sorrow.

"Deliverance from sorrow is the complete destruction, the laying aside, the getting rid of, the being free from, the harbouring no longer of, this passionate craving. This is the Noble Truth concerning the destruction of sorrow.

"The path which leads to the destruction of sorrow is this Noble Eightfold Path alone—that is to say, right views, high aims, kindly speech, upright conduct, a harmless livelihood, perseverance in well-doing, intellectual activity, and earnest thought. This is the Noble Truth of the Path which leads to the destruction of sorrow.

There followed a few words of personal explanation, but here the real sermon was, in fact, ended; so that it had at least a merit often accounted great in sermons—that of brevity. In this respect I shall try to imitate it while explaining the deeper meaning of these pregnant sentences. For, as in all such cases, a mere translation into English words is quite inadequate to convey the ideas expressed in the original. Where the conditions of individuality are there is sorrow, is the summing up of the First Truth. Now sorrow is a word easy enough, too easy, to understand; but behind the expression, individuality, lies a fuller meaning than is at the first sight apparent.

Let us picture to ourselves a river, deep and rapid, hurrying on its course through and past a bridge. A man standing on the bridge will see, as the water whirls along past the buttresses or pillars of the bridge, that eddies form and bubbles take shape. For a moment they seem to have a separate existence, they move hither and thither as though endowed with life. But almost immediately they are seen, as people say, to burst; the thin film which gave

them their individuality is dissolved, and they have a separate existence no longer.

Or let us imagine ourselves on the battlements of some hill-fortress watching a horseman as he urges his horse far below over the distant plain. The driver is full of the consciousness of his individuality, and the horse seems to scorn the earth from which it thinks itself so separate. But to the watchman above horse and driver seem to crawl along the ground which it is beyond their power to leave; they seem to be as much a part of the great earth as the horse's mane, waving in the wind, is a part of the horse itself.

And the watchman, according to Buddhism, is right. Never for one moment do men escape beyond the influence of the rest of existence which is ever drawing them back into itself. For a brief interval, and by a great effort, they may resist the force of gravitation; and so also for a brief period, by a continual effort, they may resist the powers of the great non-self in the midst of which they live and move and have their being. But each effort leaves them weaker for the next. Before long the dream, the struggle of life will be over; the thin film which separates them, which gives them individuality, will dissolve, and, like the bubble in the river, they will fall back into the great permanent stream of existence, and as separate entities their place will know them no more.

Now it is the effort, the struggle necessary to maintain individuality which, according to the Buddha, is the essence of sorrow; and the conditions of this individuality are the conditions also of sorrow. At birth, at the starting into life of the individual, there is a mighty effort; Nature is arrayed, as it were, against itself, and there follows a pain, severe because the effort is severe. With a bound and a leap, full of the strength born with the pain, the individual starts along his course. But the new strength soon flags and becomes exhausted. To maintain itself as a separate being, the effort must be continually maintained; but the effort is pain—the pain of decay—and dies out at length in its last flicker in the pain of death. And in its course from birth to death, whenever the individuality, the separateness, is brought most distinctly into play (in the severance from what it loves, for instance, or in the union with what it hates), there, with the assertion of the individuality, is found also the production of pain. This is the first Noble Truth, the truth about sorrow.

I can scarcely ask the reader to acknowledge the accuracy of a theory which must be so new to him and so strange. But it is surely not premature to claim for it the credit of being a bold and most original attempt to deal earnestly with perhaps the greatest problem that the human mind has ever grappled with, and to maintain that it contains at least a great amount of truth.

The second Truth carries the argument somewhat farther. These being the conditions of sorrow, what is its cause? Its cause, says the teacher, is a strange and almost irresistible craving felt by every individual—a craving it seeks to gratify in various ways, but especially in the lust of the flesh, or the lust of life, or the attempt to escape from the consequences of its separation.

The protest against sensuality is common to all religions and all philosophies, and the universal existence of this first form of the craving will not be disputed. On the second point a few words of comment are necessary. The protest against the craving for existence includes the desire for that future life of which we have been speaking. And necessarily so, for what can future life be unless it is a continuation of individuality? Without that no future life is conceivable. Even in the very highest heaven of heavens the individual must be separate, finite, conscious, or its life would cease. If finite, how will it maintain itself against the infinite without the effort which there, as here, will show itself in pain? If finite, how can it be otherwise than ignorant? But if ignorant, capable of error, and liable therefore to the fruits of error, painful here and painful also there. No future life, in short, is possible without just those conditions which are inseparable from sorrow, and the craving for continued existence will be a hindrance, not a help, on the only path to the only true salvation.

The third protest is directed against the doctrine, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." "If you have so far accepted my system," a Buddhist teacher would say, "as to have discarded the current pagan notions of a soul, cast not therefore all scruples to the winds, devote not yourself therefore to the gratification of your baser capabilities. This would indeed be to escape one evil only to fall into a greater. You must get rid, indeed, of the delusions regarding your individuality, but it would be as vain to attempt now to escape from that individuality itself as it would be wrong to attempt to escape from its responsibilities. And it is only the base and cowardly whom the struggle against the lust of life, or the sense of the evils of existence, can drive to suicide or to despair." The only true corollary from the second Truth is the third. You must conquer the evils of life, which are due to this strange but undeniable craving, by the destruction of the craving from which they spring. And this is to be done in no other way than that laid down by the fourth Truth—the cultivation, namely, of the opposite condition of mind, of the equanimity that will result from kindness, from self-culture, and from self-control.

With the Noble Eightfold Path the argument begins, and with it the argument closes. It is at once the foundation and the top stone of the stately bridge which the great teacher tried to build over the mysteries and sorrows of life. The eight divisions of the

Noble Path contain the answers which he would give to the deepest questions that theologians have raised, and they are the description in detail of the only salvation that in his opinion is worth contending for—this middle path of intelligent self-culture which he declares "will open the eyes and bestow understanding, will lead to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to complete enlightenment—in a word, to Nirvana."

We are thus brought to the question of Nirvana; and I should not be doing justice to the subject before us if I passed the question by. I purpose therefore, as clearly and shortly as I can, to explain what is meant in the earliest Buddhist writings by this goal to which the Noble Path will lead, the highest aim for every wise and earnest man to seek. But before doing so, it is right to let the reader know that he will not have to grapple with any deep and difficult metaphysical reasoning. He will already have climbed the hill in mastering the doctrine of individuality, and, having mastered that, will have only to make a comparatively easy descent on the other side.

Every one, according to the Buddha, ought to be walking along the Noble Path; but the entrance is narrow and the path is long. There are lions, too, in the path, and few are they who conquer all its difficulties and reach the end of it. The chief of these difficulties are ten in number, and are called the Ten Fetters of Hindrances.

These are, firstly, the Delusion of Self; and it is instructive to find that this is made the first of the series, the very entrance to the Noble Path. So long as a Man is wholly occupied with himself, chasing after every bauble that he vainly thinks will satisfy the cravings of his heart, there is no Noble Path for him. Only when his eyes have been opened to the fact that he is but a tiny part of a measureless whole, only when he begins to realise how impermanent a thing is his temporary individuality, has he even entered upon the narrow path. After what has been said above, the meaning of this First Fetter will be easy to grasp.

The Second Fetter is Doubt, Indecision. When a man's eyes are opened to the great mystery of existence, the impermanence of every individuality, he must make up his mind to follow the teacher, to accept the truth, and to enter on the struggle, or he will get no farther.

The Third Fetter is Dependence on the Efficacy of Rites and Ceremonies. No good resolutions, however firm, will lead to anything unless a man gets rid of the low, pagan, and degrading error of ritualism; of the belief that any outward acts, any priestly powers, any holy ceremonies, can afford him any assistance of any kind. It is scarcely surprising to find this doctrine so close to the entrance of the Buddha's Noble Path, but it is interesting to learn

the curious fact that it is under this Fetter that the modern Buddhist ranks all those representations of Christianity that have been urged upon his acceptance by missionaries of different schools. When he has broken this Fetter, and not till then, a man has reached the state of Conversion, he has fairly "entered upon the stream," and sooner or later he will win the victory.

The next Fetter consists of the Bodily Passions, and the fifth is Ill-will towards other individuals. With this long battle against the powerful temptations of these great foes to progress, two entire stages of the path are occupied, and to have conquered them is to have reached the fruit of the third stage of the Noble Path.

Then begins the acquisition of what is called the Highest Fruit, the result of the breaking of the last remaining fetters: First the Suppression of the desire for a future life with a material body, and next of the desire for a future life in an immaterial world. By the first of these the hope and belief of the early Christians is anticipated, and its wisdom denied; by the second a modification of that early belief often held by modern Christians is equally repudiated and condemned.

The next on the list are Pride and Self-righteousness. These are the last Fetters but one to be broken—the temptations to which the most advanced are the most liable; the failings which, with one exception, it is most difficult for men to conquer, and to which superior minds are peculiarly liable—a Pharisaical contempt for those who are less able and holy than themselves.

Lastly (and the fact is again most instructive and most interesting) is placed the Fetter of Ignorance. When all else has been conquered this will ever remain, the thorn in the flesh of the wise and good, the last enemy and the bitterest foe of man.

Of course the order in which the Fetters are given is not intended as an actual representation of the order in which a man always conquers his weaknesses and errors; but it is an attempt in a general way to suggest the course the Buddhist must pursue, and to compare with one another the difficulties with which he will meet in his progress along the Noble Path. As the Eight Divisions of the Path show the qualities of the mind he should sedulously cultivate, so the Ten Fetters show the temptations he should most earnestly contend against. From the two combined the reader will be able to gather a very accurate idea of the state of mind called in Buddhist writings *Arahatship*, or the FRUIT of the Noble Eightfold Path. It would be easy to fill pages with the awe-struck and ecstatic praise lavished in Buddhist writings on the condition of mind in which this state has been fully reached, the state of a man made perfect according to the Buddhist Faith, when the Noble Path has been traversed and all the Fetters broken; but everything that could be said is implied in the word by which this state of mind is designated, the word Nirvana.

There have been many mystic and long-drawn discussions as to whether Nirvana means the annihilation of the soul, or an eternal existence of the soul in a state of trance. It can mean neither, for the simple reason that the Buddha did not teach the existence of any soul at all in the Christian sense; and the confusion which gave rise to these varied interpretations was entirely in the minds of the interpreters. They took for granted that the *summum bonum* must be in a future life. That any one could seek for a salvation to be perfected here, on earth, did not occur to them. That the highest aim of man could be considered to consist only of an inward subjective change, during this llfe, was an idea so strange that it was beyond the grasp of those who were accustomed to think the highest happiness could only be obtained in heaven, when all the *outward* conditions of men's existence would be changed. When they were told, therefore, that the Buddhist salvation was Nirvana, they not unnaturally presumed it to be some sort of future life; and in attempting to apply to a future life and to a soul expressions meant to apply to a state of mind to be reached here on earth, and used by thinkers whose system was independent of the idea of soul, they inevitably fell into those curious errors and misconceptions which make their discussions of Nirvana as wearisome as they are unreliable.* These misconceptions might, perhaps, have been avoided had the disputants gone to the original Pali texts, instead of to second-hand authorities; but probably such errors are inevitable whenever two systems, whose elementary principles are so radically opposed, come first into contact.

The fact is, that in spite of the general belief to the contrary, Christianity is at heart more pessimist even than Buddhism. To the majority of average Christians this world is a place of probation, a vale of tears, though its tears will be wiped away and its sorrows changed into unutterable joy in a better world beyond. To the Buddhist such hopes seem to be without foundation, to indulge in them is only possible to the foolish and ignorant; while thus to despair of the present life, thus to postpone the highest fruit of salvation to a world beyond the grave, is base, unworthy, and unwise. Here and now, according to the Buddhist, we are to seek salvation, and to seek it in "right views and high aims, kindly and upright behaviour, a harmless livelihood, perseverance in well-doing, intellectual activity, and earnest thought."

One question remains which ought to be cleared up. Has then the Buddhist salvation, the salvation of a religion which once counted among its adherents half the human race, and which has

* The etymology and meaning of the word Nirvana play a great part in the discussions referred to; but Nirvana, of cour e, for the reason stated, cannot be the "going out" of the soul: it is the going out in the heart of the three fires of lust, anger, and delusion, and of the craving from which they arise.

even now more followers than the Roman Church, the Greek Church, and all other sects of Christians put together—was this a salvation without any reference at all to God? Strange as it may seem, it was so. Doubtless the doctrine would have changed, certainly its expression would have changed, had it been formulated in modern times, and in the West, where the faith in one God has driven out the faith in many. But the popular gods of India—as numerous and as varied in character as their relations, the gods of Greece and Rome—seemed to the Buddha to form no exception to his rules. They were liable to all the evils inseparable from individuality. Their characters were such that they themselves stood in need of salvation, and to salvation the only way, for men and gods alike, was along the Noble Eightfold Path. Hindu thinkers, indeed, before the time of Buddha had evolved a unity out of the many popular impersonations of the forces of nature, had postulated under various names a Primeval Being of whom all the other gods, and all men, and all matter, were but the sportive and temporary manifestations. But this belief was still confined to the schools, and the Buddha denied the cogency of the arguments by which it was supported. He only regarded the newer and purer divinities, born of Hindu philosophy, as more well-meaning and more powerful than the gods of the multitude. But they were alike liable to error, dazed with the delusion of individuality, and in need of salvation; and the Arahat, the man who had reached Nirvana here on earth, was, in spite of his lesser material advantages, in spite of his less favourable outward conditions, better, and wiser, and greater than they. This was one of the most important tenets of early Buddhism, and very fairly represents the position which the gods have always occupied in the varying creeds of Buddhist believers. We find it not only in the earlier books, but in later and popular representations of Buddhist belief: and I annex a curious story from the Jataka Book as evidence of the form which this belief had afterwards adopted among average Buddhists in India.

But to return now from this theological digression to our sermon. Without attempting to estimate its value as a permanent solution of the questions with which this paper opened, it may fairly be contended that it marked a great advance on the systems of salvation supported by its principal opponents in India, and that some of its most essential doctrines are not without their value even now. But its chief value, after all, is historical. It shows us that in India, as elsewhere, after the belief in many gods had given rise to the belief in one, there arose a school to whom theological questions had lost their interest, and who sought for a new solution of the questions to which theology had given inconsistent answers in a new system in which man was to work out his own salvation. In

this respect the resemblance, which Mr. Frederick Pollock has pointed out, between Nirvana and the teaching of the Stoics, has a peculiar interest; and their place in the progress of thought may help us to understand how it is that there is so much in common between the agnostic philosopher of India, and some of the newest schools in France, in Germany, and among ourselves.

T. W. RHYS DAVIDS, *in Fortnightly Review.*

ON TRUE DIVINITY.

Long ago Brahma-datta was king in Benares, in the land of Kasi. At the time the Bodhisatwa was conceived in the womb of his chief queen, and on the naming-day they called him Prince Mahingsasa. When he could run alone, another son was born to the King, whom they called the Moon Prince. And when he could run alone the mother of the Bodhisatwa died, and the King appointed another lady to be chief queen. She became very near and dear to the King, and in due course she had a son, whom they called the Sun Prince. When the King saw his son, he said in his delight, "My love, for this son I will give you whatever you ask!" But the Queen postponed her choice to some more suitable time, and so kept the gift in reserve.

And when her son had grown up, she said to the King, "Your Majesty, on the day my son was born, offered me anything I would ask. Give me the kingdom for my son!"

"My two sons," said the King, "are glorious as pillars of fire! I cannot give your son the kingdom." And he refused her. But when he found her beseeching him again and again, he thought, "This woman may devise some mischief against the boys." And sending for his sons, he said to them, "My children, when the Sun Prince was born I pledged myself to grant a boon; and now his mother is demanding the kingdom for him. I am not willing to grant this; but womankind is cruel—she may plot some evil against you. Do you retire into the forest, and when I am dead, rule over this city, our family's hereditary right." Thus weeping, and lamenting, and kissing their foreheads, he dismissed them.

Now the Sun Prince himself was playing in the palace yard, and saw them descending from the palace after taking leave of the King, and perceiving how the matter stood, he said to himself, "I too will go with my brothers," and went away with them.

They entered the Himalaya Mountains, and the Bodhisatwa, leaving the path, sat down at the foot of a tree, and said to the Sun Prince, "Dear Sun, go to yonder pond, and first bathe and drink yourself, and then bring us too some water in the leaves of the lotus plant."

Now that tank had been granted to a water-sprite by Wessawana

(the king of the bad fairies), Wessawana saying to him, "All those who go down into this pond, save only those who understand divinity, are your prey; but you have no power over those who do not enter the water." Thenceforward the evil genius asked all those who went down into the water what were the divine beings, and devoured those who did not know.

Now the Sun Prince went to the tank, and without hesitation descended into the water. And the evil genius seized him, and asked him, "Do you know what beings are divine?"

"The gods," said he, "are the Sun aad the Moon."

"You don't know divinity!" was the reply; and dragging him down, he put him in his cave.

The Bodhisatwa, finding that the Sun Prince delayed, sent the Moon Prince. The evil genius seized him, and asked him, "Do you know what beings are divine?"

"Certainly I do! The divine being is the far-spreading sky,"* answered he.

"*You* don't know divinity," said the genius; and seizing on him too, put him in the same place.

And when he, too, delayed, the Bodhisatwa, thinking some accident must have happened, went there himself. Seeing the mark of both their footsteps, as they had gone down, he was convinced that the pond must be haunted by a demon, and took his stand with girded sword and bow in hand. The water-sprite, seeing that the Bodhisatwa did not enter the water, took the form of a woodman, and said to him, "Well, my man, you seem tired with your journey. Why don't you get into the pond, and bathe, and quench your thirst, and then go on merrily eating the edible stalks of the water-lilies?"

When the Bodhisatwa saw him, he knew "this must be the demon," and he called out, "It is you who have seized my brothers!"

"Certainly, it is I!"

"What for?"

"I have been granted all who go down into the pond."

"What, all!"

"All, save only those who know theology."

"And is, then, theology any good to you?"

"Yes, it is."

"Well, if so, I will teach you divinity."

"Speak, then, and I shall hear who have the nature of gods."

"I would tell you who they are," said the Bodhisatwa, "but I am all unclean."

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* Literally, "the four directions." The elder of the lads is more advanced in his theology

Then the demon bathed the Bodhisatwa, and gave him food, and brought him water, and decked him with flowers, and anointed him with perfumes, and spread a seat for him in a beautiful bower. The Bodhisatwa seated himself with the demon at his feet, and saying, "Give ear, then, attentively, and hear who it is that have the real attributes of gods," he uttered this stanza :—

"Pure men, and modest, kind, and upright men,
These are the so-called divine beings in the world."

The genius, when he had heard the discourse, was converted, and said, "Oh, Pundit, I have received peace through you! I will give you one of your brothers; which shall I bring?"

"Bring the younger."

"Pundit, you know all theology, but you act not up to it."

"Why so?"

"Because in passing over the elder, and telling me bring the younger, you do not pay the honour due to seniority."

"I both know theology, O demon, and walk according to it. It is on his account that we came to this forest. For him his mother begged of our father the kingdom, and our father, unwilling to grant the boon, permitted us for our own safety this life in the forest. That lad came here all the way with us. Should I now say, 'A demon has eaten him in the wilderness,' who would believe it? Therefore is it that I, fearing reproach, tell you to bring *him*."

"You speak well, teacher, most well! You not only know theology, but walk according to it," said the water-sprite, honouring the Bodhisatwa with believing heart; and he brought his two brothers and gave them over to him.

Then the Bodhisatwa said to him, "Friend, it is by the evil you have done in a former birth that you are born as a demon, feeding on the flesh and blood of others. Yet now you still sin. This your sin will prevent your being saved from hell. Henceforth, therefore, put away sin, and do good." And he succeeded in subduing him.

After converting the demon, he continued to dwell in that very spot, under his protection, until, one day, when observing the stars, he found out that his father had died. Then, taking the water-sprite with him, he returned to Benares and assumed the sovereignty, and appointed the Moon Prince heir-apparent, and the Sun Prince Commander of the Forces. And for the sprite he had a residence prepared in a pleasant spot, and made arrangements so that he should get the best flowers and food supplied to him. And ruling the kingdom in righteousness, he passed away according to his deeds.

THE LATE JOHN BLACKWOOD.

Born at Edinburgh, 7th December, 1818; died at Strathtyrum, St. Andrews, 29th October, 1879.

LARGE, indeed, is the circle which the death of John Blackwood has touched with a sense of personal loss and regret; and fully and gracefully has the press already given expression to this widespread feeling. There is, however, an inner circle of friends and collaborators who were bound to him by a tie of peculiar significance; for in it what may be termed the "business element" derived at once strength and dignity from the personal regard and the intellectual sympathy with which it was interwoven. And to this small society his death means a real calamity; for while it bereaves them of a beloved friend, it takes from them a literary companion and counsellor whose value was truly inestimable. In this Magazine, then, over which he so long presided, and for which they have worked—feeling, indeed, that under such presidency their labours were labours of love—it seems fitting that some memorial of him should appear, at their instance.

The present writer holds it a high privilege to be permitted to act, in this matter, as their representative, though he is not so presumptuous as to suppose that he has any claim to do so other than that which rests upon the very affectionate intimacy which subsisted between their departed friend and himself.

The life of John Blackwood, outside the sphere of that literary work which filled it, and in so far as it was unconnected with the lives of eminent men of letters, was not an eventful one, and its simple annals can be recorded in a very brief space. One of the younger children of William Blackwood, the eminent publisher and founder of this Magazine, he was born in Edinburgh on the 7th December, 1818. The earlier part of his education he received in the High School of Edinburgh, and it was completed, as far as the ordinary routine of instruction was concerned, at the University of his native city. And here we must not omit to remark, what may have had a considerable influence in shaping the bent of his young intelligence, that the home of his childhood and early youth was a place of daily and familiar resort to such men as Sir Walter Scott and Christopher North, not to mention a dozen other names all associated with the best of our literature; and it is difficult to think that such an atmosphere—so surcharged with wit and wisdom—could be habitually breathed by a bright youth without yielding him some intellectual nutriment and inspiration. Be that as it may, his education was not to be confined to the training and influence of home, with the tuition of school and college. His eldest brother, who, from his father's death, acted as the lad's guardian and second parent, had very early detected that he was possessed of no ordinary gifts, and even of a special aptitude for the career

which he was destined eventually to adopt. He resolved, therefore, that "the little editor," as John was playfully nicknamed, should have every benefit which a "liberal education," in the largest sense, could afford; and, as a consequence, the young student, at the close of his college career, was sent abroad to travel and reside on the Continent for a period which, in the event, extended to three years. During that time he enjoyed all the advantages which the wisdom of our ancestors attributed to what was called "the grand tour," and which were then looked upon as the monopoly of youths of aristocratic condition. He enjoyed them, indeed, in an exceptional degree; for while, like the rest, he saw men and cities, with much of the profit implied in the phrase, he was not permitted to drift from place to place, at the dictates of youthful caprice. On the contrary, he was accompanied by a tutor of much erudition, who had already acquired a public reputation for refined scholarship and literary taste; and he also enjoyed, during a portion at least of his travels, the companionship of his brother Alexander, by this time the editor, but obliged temporarily to abandon his post in search of health. Under the guidance of these two admirable mentors, Blackwood studied much of the history of the past in the scenes of its most stirring events. His taste was cultivated by the study of Art's finest triumphs, ancient and modern; while his mental stores were enriched by the acquisition of new languages, by an introduction to new fields of literary excursion, and by association with a great variety of clever men, who looked upon life from points of view hitherto unfamiliar to him. We doubt not that his shrewd faculty for discerning character owed much to this early and well-directed acquaintance with the literary, political, and diplomatic society of the Continent. Blackwood himself ever and most gratefully recognised the obligation which his brother had conferred upon him in thus directing his youth; and he always looked back with fondness to that period, and especially to the months then spent at Rome, which he regarded as the spring and budding-time of his intellectual life.

But a double career lay before him; he was to be a publisher as well as an editor, and hitherto his training had been conducted with exclusive reference to the editorial function. It was now necessary that he should leave the pleasant fields in which he had been expatiating, and acquire in a London office the knowledge and habits of a man of business. We can well imagine that to pass from the Pincian to Paternoster Row involved somewhat of a wrench; but the movement was effected, and, in 1839, he entered the well-known house of Whittaker & Co. "to learn business." It would appear that he devoted himself to the work set before him with characteristic thoroughness, for his term of probation was short; and in the following year he was placed in charge of a branch of the Edinburgh house which was at that time opened in Pall

Mall. His management was very successful, and secured the cordial recognition of his elder brothers—Alexander, Robert, in later years, of Major William Blackwood—for whom we can well believe that he worked *con amore*, remembering, as we do, that he always spoke with enthusiastic gratitude of their solicitude for his welfare, and of their thoughtfulness in relieving him, as much as possible, of mere business drudgery, in favour of more congenial duties. During the six years of his superintendence of the London business it was considerably developed; and while the books which he obtained for publication were neither few nor insignificant, as a recruiter for the staff of the Magazine he achieved several marked successes. As one of the first magnitude may be instanced the case of Lord Lytton, whose first connection with the Blackwoods was due to their young London representative; and beginning, in 1842, with the publication of the translation of the "Poems and Ballads of Schiller," ended, at the very close of the noble author's life, with the appearance in the Magazine of that remarkable aftermath of his genius—"The Parisians."

Though Blackwood's life in London was at this time mainly occupied by business pursuits, the years spent there had an important influence on his future career as an editor. By inheritance, through professional connections and from personal bias, the young man's friends and associates were almost exclusively individuals of intellectual mark. Of these, some of the seniors had achieved their fame in the earliest days of "Maga's" glory; others were destined to assist their young contemporary in maintaining her matured reputation; while others, and these, it must be admitted, not the least eminent, had reached, or were reaching, positions of distinction and authority through other channels. Foremost among the latter may be mentioned Thackeray, whose literary productions were now beginning to place him in the foremost rank of novelists; and Mr. Delane, who already, though a mere youth, was editing the "Times" with the success which attended the whole of his connection with that great journal. Between these three there were few apparent points of similarity, while many grounds of controversy were to be found in their several literary and political convictions; but, as iron sharpens iron, this circumstance was an obvious advantage to young men, all destined to occupy editorial chairs; and, as a matter of fact, it only served to tighten the bond of fraternity which connected them till death severed it. We may here mention that Thackeray, though so close a friend of Blackwood's, and sometimes for weeks an inmate of his house in Scotland, was never a contributor to the Magazine.

In the year 1845 Blackwood returned to Edinburgh, on the death of his eldest brother Alexander, and in the following spring he succeeded to the editorship. Six years later, the death of his brother Robert placed him—along with Major Blackwood, who joined him

in Edinburgh in 1850—at the head of the publishing business also ; and in this position of double responsibility he continued for the rest of his life, with a resulting influence on the national literature, which will undoubtedly prove neither ephemeral nor insignificant. His marriage followed two years later ; but of it we shall only venture to say that it was the crowning happiness of a singularly happy life. Henceforth he settled down in the pleasant lines of a routine, which, though a routine, was full of freshness and variety. Winter and the early spring were spent in Edinburgh ; then followed a sojourn of some weeks in London, occasionally varied by a Continental trip ; and the remainder of the year was given to Strathtyrum—a country residence in Fife, of which he was the tenant for the last twenty years of his life. This was the part of the year which he most enjoyed ; here he was seen to the best advantage ; and those who were in the habit of visiting him at Strathtyrum will not cease to cherish their recollections of that delightful place. It is situated within a mile of St. Andrews, which, in addition to its academic and historic associations, enjoys the distinction of being the metropolis of the national game of golf, to which Blackwood was devoted. From the grounds around his house glimpses of the far-famed *Links* could be obtained ; and when the sunshine of a summer morning lighted them up, revealing here and there a group of red-coated players, the editor used to utter serio-comic lamentations over the hard fate which drove him to study, and kept him from "the only occupation worthy of a reasonable being." For, although he played the game almost daily, it was only on occasion that he allowed it to seduce him in the forenoons, when two or three hours were almost invariably given to work. That such a moderate portion of his time sufficed to overtake the vast amount of reading and correspondence exacted by his editorial position, was often a marvel to his friends ; but the true marvel was his singular power of concentration ; and another solution of the mystery lay in the fact that his work—in which he took the greatest delight—was never entirely relinquished for a formal holiday. Those who chanced to associate with him when he was away from home—in London or on country visits—will remember that his table was always covered with manuscripts and proofs of articles. For he carried his work with him wherever he went, and always found a spare hour or so to devote to what was not more a duty than a relaxation. When the elements of labour and recreation are thus happily blended, it can scarcely be doubted that the results, as to the success and happiness of the worker, will be infinitely superior to those extracted from a life divided between feverish spasms of high-pressure application, and almost equally feverish spasms of laborious holiday-making. Blackwood's case is a strong one to the point. When his business was over for the day he sallied forth to the links, and brought to bear on the game as much

concentration and energy as he had devoted to the forenoon's work. Most golfers who have graduated on the Links of St. Andrews will remember the skill and ardour with which he played the game, in some divisions of which he had few superiors; nor will they forget his humorous perception of the exaggerated earnestness and solmenity with which he himself and his *confrères* discussed the incidents of a match when it was over. His pleasant face and unfailing geniality and humour will long be held in affectionate remembrance at the Royal and Ancient Golf Club—of which he was a captain a few years before his death—by all connected with it, from the gallant and venerable gentleman who is its chairman to the whole clan of "professionals," with honest Tom Morris at their head.

The evenings of these happy summer days were given to the society with which he loved to fill the walls of Strathtyrum in an unbroken stream. Many celebrities, both English and foreign, were often to be met in the circle of which he was the centre; but on looking back, we are inclined to say that to the host himself, though ever the least pretentious of all, was due in a very large degree the charm which is associated in our memory with these often remarkable gatherings. For, though an unaggressive talker, and sometimes even too silent, his fund of anecdote, grave and gay, was inexhaustible, while his quaint humour and taste enabled him to employ it to the best advantage; and added to this was his peculiar faculty of extracting from the genius of others its best contribution to the requirements of the hour. Thus, when he was in the vein and his company was congenial, we have been present at *symposia* which were worthy of the best traditions of the "Noctes," and might have made the immortal revellers of the "Blue Parlour" look to their laurels. On the other hand, we have also been present when graver converse occupied the night, and when the first conceptions of literary schemes and achievements, destined one day to be famous, sprang from the friction of genius with his suggestive and often inspiring mind. On other evenings, when the claims of society permitted, almost no amount of bad weather would keep him from his favourite stroll on a charming walk within the grounds of Strathtyrum, which, leading through the shelter of a high plantation, commanded, from one of its extremities, a view over the sea. To catch a glimpse, from this point, of the revolving light on the Bell Rock, was the ostensible object of the promenade; and the "viewing" of the light, if the state of the atmosphere permitted, was a duty never overlooked. But it served more important ends, for on the journey to and fro, in moonlight, by starlight, or in the dark, Blackwood always found the influence of this place and this quiet hour very quickening to thought; and when any knotty point had to be solved, or if any momentous decision were in suspense, it was here that he very often found the happy inspiration which relieved his mind. Such was the quiet tenor of his life, the great

facts of which were the great books he published. The red-letter days in his calendar were those on which he discovered a "new genius," or witnessed the triumphs of others whose powers his acute perception had been the first to recognise.

An idea got abroad long ago that the editorship of "Mago" was, even from the earliest days, in, so to speak, commission; and, in spite of many authoritative assurances that "'Blackwood's Magazine' has never, in any sense, been edited by any one but a member of the Blackwood family," statements to the contrary have been persistently, we had almost said perversely, reiterated. When John Blackwood first assumed the editorship, the great Christopher North—as was natural, perhaps, in so old a friend and bulwark of the Magazine—was inclined to offer his advice more frequently, and in a more dictatorial manner than was altogether palatable to the young editor, who often told us that one of the most unpleasant moments of his life was that in which he felt constrained to intimate to his illustrious friend, firmly, but with the great respect which he always entertained for him, that, as he himself was alone responsible for the conduct of the Magazine, so he always meant to conduct it according to his own views,—exactly as his father had done before him. This declaration, which in no way affected the pleasant relations subsisting between the two friends, may perhaps finally dispose of any false impressions which still exist as to the editorship in past times. Their existence may be explained by the personal unobtrusiveness of John Blackwood and his predecessors, which was so great that perhaps many, even constant, readers of the Magazine have, up to this time, had but a hazy notion as to the editor's personality, and no conception whatever of the manner of man he was. The same self-subordination concealed, even from people who knew his position, how remarkable were the qualities which fitted him to adorn it; and, indeed, we believe that his powers and acquirements, and his tact and *savoir faire* which distinguished him, were never fully apprehended by any but his intimates and collaborators.

Of this latter class, two representative men—Wilson and Aytoun, to whom the editorship was frequently ascribed—always spoke of his literary judgment as worthy of an extraordinary consideration; and we happen to know that they admitted that, on many occasions, the late editor's tenacity of his own opinion, when it had been in conflict with their own, was justified by the event.

The more recent testimony of a man of letters of world-wide celebrity is before us. In connection with Blackwood's lamented death, he writes: "I have known no man—I think I may say there is no man left among us—in whom was joined so much literary culture with so clear an understanding of the nature of his business. As a critic he was excellent, joining to the appreciation of what was absolutely good, the much rarer faculty of perceiving what

was, for the purpose, good enough. Added to this there was an exquisite feeling of what a gentleman should, or should not, do, in all emergencies. His loss will be very difficult to fill to the literary world at large. To those connected with him in business there can be no supplying it."

With regard to his editorial qualifications, we are reminded that from earliest life he had been an extensive reader, and that his knowledge of English *belles lettres* was complete. Another of his strong points was familiarity with the history of modern English and Continental politics, which included an intimacy with what may be called the "inner life" of the Conservative party, from the days of Catholic Emancipation downwards. All this knowledge was made readily available by a very clear and tenacious memory, so that, in his office, it was often considered as safe to consult him as to appeal to an authoritative book of reference. But as to exactitude about matters of fact he was anxiously sensitive, and constantly warned his contributors to verify statements before committing them to paper.

In his literary judgment he was equally self-supporting, and, indeed, absolutely self-reliant. No man was ever less affected by "the fallacy of great names." In appraising the value of a contribution he was able to forget either the *prestige* or the obscurity of its author; and the article was accepted or rejected on its merits alone. This habit had its reflection in the anonymous system to which he jealously adhered in this Magazine; and thus, while in no other periodical had young authors of genius so fair a chance of immediate recognition, on the other hand, the greatest celebrity knew that, here, he could not hope to pass careless work under cover of his reputation. Whatever argument there may be for a contrary plan, we are confident that the anonymous system was best suited to the far-reaching scheme of the Blackwoods, which did not merely seek to provide for the present wants and success of the Magazine, but equally comprehended its requirements even in the remote future.

A very notable characteristic of the late editor was the rapidity with which he got at the gist of a book or an article; and he seemed able to discover, by a mere glance or two through the manuscript, whether a contribution had merit enough to justify farther perusal, or whether it might safely be laid aside. And if his literary judgments were rapid, when reached they were final. He decided once and for all, and there the matter rested, without any farther worrying over *pros* and *cons*. This, with his power of concentration, enabled him to compass in an hour what would have exacted from most other men the sacrifice of half the day. Another gift which largely contributed to his success as an editor was an intuitive perception of the kind of work likely to exercise the genius of this or that writer to the best advantage. It is to this that readers of the Magazine have been mainly indebted for one of its most attractive features in recent years, and which has consisted in the treatment of a variety of important topics in serial articles, often extending over a good many numbers. These series were almost always undertaken at the direct suggestion of the editor, who was constantly on the look-out for subjects on which the public appeared, from time to time, to require or to desire instruction. When the proper subject had been detected, he laid his hand unhesitatingly on the proper person to deal with it. The same remark applies to the series of works which has already opened the treasury of ancient classic lore to English readers, and also to that other series which is now introducing the masterpieces of foreign literature to the same class of students.

To this keen perception of the qualities of men and books, and of the ever-shifting phases of public taste and opinion, he added that tact and temper and generosity in his dealings with literary men, without which the highest editorial qualifications would almost be as nothing. What was true in the days of Horace

of the irritable brotherhood is true at the present hour ; and he who would control the varied developments of what Americans would call their "cussedness," must indeed have the iron hand in the glove of velvet But we may safely say that no firmer and yet gentler grasp ever held together a more varied and at the same time loyal team, and controlled them to his and their own complete content. His sense of humour stood him in good stead here. Often, when an editorial suggestion had fallen, like a spark, on combustible vanity, and produced an explosion, a perfectly good-tempered reply arrested farther conflagration ; some quaint illustration would give a comical aspect to the dispute, and, while it soothed the susceptibilities of the author, generally left the editor master of the situation. We have seen scores of such instances, and have ourselves retired from such contests in mirthful discomfiture. But, in truth, his suggestions were always made in a way to disarm irritation. The author of an accepted contribution might, indeed, lay his account with receiving evidences of editorial care in the copious annotations on the proof-sheets which reached him ; but these were always put forward as the remarks of a sympathetic and respectful critic, and by no means obtruded as the dictatorial decisions of superior intelligence. Those who have worked longest with him will most readily admit that, as time went on, they were more and more inclined, in all disputed points of literary taste, to submit to the decision arrived at by his acute and watchful critical faculty.

It was his constant desire to maintain happy personal relations with his contributors, and almost all who worked for him enjoyed and returned his friendship, which in many cases ripened into the warmest regard. It was also his amiable ambition to establish between the contributors themselves a footing of acquaintanceship, and, where practicable, of friendly intimacy. Thus any one who joined the fraternity was generally introduced to as many as possible of its existing members, and especially to such as were likely to have a good deal in common with the novice. All this was prompted by the impulse of his kindly nature, and by that alone ; but no outcome of a deliberate policy could better have subserved the interests alike of editor and contributor, of author and publisher. In pecuniary dealings with literary men he was discreetly munificent. He appeared to have the interests of his clients as much at heart as his own ; and his evidence before the Copyright Commission showed him to be the true friend of authors. So much so, indeed, that, from the publishers' point of view, he must have been somewhat heterodox ; for certain it is that he did not look upon the filling of a publisher's pockets as the final cause of all literary creations. From the report of a speech which he delivered at the Scott Centenary Banquet at St. Andrews, we extract his own account of his own relations with the author class : "Much was said of quarrels between authors and publishers, but he was happy to say that they were not within his knowledge ; on the contrary, he could tell a very different tale. Authors had been his dearest friends and companions all the days of his life. To them he could turn in joy or sorrow for safe and certain sympathy." In the same speech he alluded to some of his special literary friendships, and paid a touching tribute to the memory of Aytoun, who was the dearest of all his intimates.

In politics, Blackwood's well-known Conservatism, if strong, was enlightened and progressive ; for it recognised the spirit of the age, it was subservient to the logic of facts, and constantly subordinated mere party considerations and personal predilections to what he conceived to be the true interests of the country. As a good instance of the point of view from which he regarded measures theoretically repugnant to him, but which he accepted as inevitable from the state of public opinion, we may quote two sentences from his speech at the Disraeli Banquet in Edinburgh in 1867. Talking of the Reform Bill of that year, he says : "It became our duty to make the best of it for the country. . . . I rejoice, therefore, to see such a gathering as this, which, from its constituents, proves abundantly that the old party are determined to come forward and work for the country, under the new state of things as under the old. I hold such conduct wiser and bolder far than that of those—happily few in number—who, having failed to give effect to their own opinions, throw up their hands and retire from the struggle." But it is unnecessary to enlarge on his political opinions, as they have been expressed continually and accurately in the pages of the Magazine ;

and we shall only add that they did not affect his literary alliances, which included writers of many different shades of political conviction.

The creative and the critical faculties are seldom combined in a very high degree in one person; and partly, perhaps, for this reason—partly from a determination to keep his editorial judgment unclouded by the preoccupations of personal authorship—his own contributions to his own Magazine, from first to last, would not occupy more than a very few pages, and chiefly took the shape of obituary tributes to contributors whom he had highly valued. Those who had the happiness to correspond with him, however, were charmed with the ease and grace of his epistolary style, and with the fine humour which made his letters so racy and delightful; and they would sometimes remonstrate with him against his unwillingness to address a larger audience. But he always excused himself on the grounds above stated, and he would modestly add that nothing from his own pen had ever satisfied his own critical fastidiousness.

We have spoken of his editorial qualifications and method; his editorial success speaks, we venture to think for itself. We shall only remark that, under him, the Magazine has maintained, and even increased, the circulation and influence which it enjoyed under his predecessors, and this in spite of a greatly increased competition. And perhaps we, the humblest of the band of authors whom he gathered around him and maintained loyal to their allegiance, may be permitted to point to the fact, that among their number have been several whose fame in the future is not only as assured as their contemporary renown, but whose names Posterity will deem illustrious among the most illustrious in the annals of British literature.

We have dwelt much on Blackwood's intellectual power and on his literary attainments; and we feel that we have given too little prominence to those noble qualities of the heart which so deeply endeared him to his friends. Those who knew him well will not accuse us of over-partiality when we say that we cannot recall an unlovable trait in his character; and never was a man's nature so clearly discernible even by a superficial observer. When we think of the absent we remember them in connection with some particular attitude or gesture, or inflection of the voice, or characteristic look or phrase. And as we recall him, we recall the joyous heartiness, the unmistakable content, which lighted up, as it were, his manner as well as his face, when he welcomed an old friend. Nor shall we ever forget the quaint, half shy, but altogether courteous fashion of his address, when a stranger was introduced to him; nor the rapidity with which his irresistible *bonhomie* levelled any barrier of formality; nor the obvious zest with which he surveyed one of his special parties at "The Garrick" or at Strathtyrum, when the *personnel* promised that the fun would be good; nor the gleeful and humourous way in which he would obtain a hearing for some one of the party who displayed symptoms of desiring to disburden his mind of "a good thing." On these and a hundred more of his familiarly-remembered social aspects, there was a delightful impress of freshness, simplicity, cordiality, and good heartedness (especially charming in a man who had seen much of the world), which did not fail to captivate all, even the most morose and moody of men. But of his many claims to affection we can hardly trust ourselves to speak; and, indeed, it is more in harmony with the gentle life that has just closed, that no high-sounding rhetoric should phrase an eulogium over it. We have remarked that, except as connected with his profession, it was uneventful; and as a nation is said to be happy which has no annals, so was his tranquil career undisturbed by those stormy episodes which light the page of history and biography with a lurid glare, but which bring anything but peace to the lives of men and nations. We have called his life a happy one, and it would be hard to see how such a life could fail to be happy, ennobled as it was through its whole course by unselfishness, and made gracious and beneficent by unfailing sympathy with the joys and sorrows of others.

As the twilight of life deepens, it is man's sad lot to see the comrades of his youth and manhood drop in swift succession by his side, depriving him, even at his utmost need, of the solace and delight which love and friendship give. And we close this tribute to our departed friend, feeling that henceforth for us the way must be more difficult and comfortless without that guiding light and kindly warmth which came to all from his companionship. *Blackwood's Magazine.*

LANDLORDS AND LAND LAWS.

"Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth!"—ISAIAH 5 : 8.

THERE is no ingredient in what may be called the raw material of society more important than landed property, and no fact connected with this ingredient more important than its well-proportioned and well-balanced distribution through all the classes of which the state, as an organized society of human beings, is composed. How this arises we may readily see; because, before the growth and expansion of manufactures, which are always secondary in the development of the social forces, and in their full blossom deal in much that is superfluous, in all countries the land was the quarry out of which the possibility of existence was evolved, the foundation on which depended both the number and the character of the men that formed the nucleus and were to remain the bones and sinews of the body social. The land was the scene on which the great drama of social life was enacted; the root out of which the most necessary element of popular well-being firmly grew; that part of the social organism which was at once most permanent in its character, most firm in its hold, and most vivifying in its associations. If *Pro aris et focis* be the great and most potent battle-cry of all nations, who by virtue of this cry achieved for themselves a place among noble and independent peoples, *pro agris* might have been present by implication to complete the triad; for the patriotic passion is robbed of its most powerful feeder when the *family* and the *fireside* are left without their natural adjunct in the *field*. A man with gold in his pocket may prosper anywhere, and a lucrative trade in articles for which there is a large demand may be carried on by the sagacious capitalist in any part of the world; but the possession of landed property makes a man naturally belong to a definite spot; and the facts and the forces and the associations of the spot make him feel a home there, and there only, as a bird feels in its nest. It must, therefore, be the aim of every wise state to have as many persons as possible brought up under the influence of this firmest of social bonds and this most potent of patriotic inspirations; in other words, a well-calculated distribution of landed property among the citizens is, and always must be, one of the principal objects of a wise government.

This being the case, we shall not be surprised to find that this matter of the wide distribution of landed property among the citizens

was one of the principal points on which the legislation of the most notable free peoples of antiquity turned ; and the great point kept in view by these legislators seems to have been equality ; at least such a distribution of the landed property—the qualification for citizenship—as would prevent its becoming a monopoly, and, as such, an instrument of oppression, in the hands of a few. Citizens were not to be beggars ; and in order to prevent them being such, arrangements must be made to hinder the common soil of the fatherland from being usurped and used for purposes of private aggrandizement by the few. In his account of the foundation of Rome, an ancient writer tells us that two jugers of land were allotted to each citizen. Now, though no man who has any critical knowledge of history would accept this statement with regard to these early times as a literal historical fact, it may certainly be taken as representing an almost universal notion entertained by the ancients that, if not an absolute equality, certainly a very free distribution of landed property among the citizens was an essential condition-precedent of a constitutional state. Aristotle, accordingly, in his "Politics" * (a book which ought to be the *vade mecum* of every practical politician), while he disapproves of certain laws proposed by theoretical speculators in order to create and perpetuate a race of absolutely equal proprietors, has no hesitation in condemning emphatically the later development of the Spartan constitution, according to which the land had become concentrated in the hands of a few, and the many left in landless misery ; for this monopoly of the land in the natural course of things led to the depopulation of the country and the diminution of the number of free and independent Spartans ; whereas the state requires not only a large population for public service, but a population as much as possible founded on the distribution of landed property among the citizens. And, besides this, as he states again and again, great inequality in this important adjunct, or rather foundation, of citizenship is apt to cause discontent, and to set class against class in a constant fret of jealousy, hatred, and strife. Indeed, his opinion on this subject is only the unavoidable application of the great cosmical principle which he was the first to set forth categorically and to illustrate in detail, that *all extremes are wrong*, a principle in every respect well worthy to be sealed forever with the name of an intellect at once the most comprehensive, the most commanding, and the most practical that the world has ever known. In obedience to this maxim we may certainly start with the postulate that in all agrarian questions very small properties and very large properties, as a rule, are equally wrong ; and as for equality, we may say yet further, that in the way that doctrinaire theorists and communists conceive it, it is neither desirable nor possible. Not desira-

* ii. 9.

ble, because monotony and an absolute level of any kind is tiresome and stupid ; not possible, because the all-wise and all-wealthy Creator has made luxuriant variety, and not bald uniformity, the key-note, so to speak, of the sublime hymn of His creative energy which we call the world. Plant two seedlings from the same nursery, upon the same hillside, on the same soil, and under influences apparently identical, yet they will not grow up exactly alike ; and if this be the case with two trees, it will be the case much more with two hundred or two thousand trees ; with the number planted and the space of ground covered, the chances of variety in size and solidity, in leafy luxuriance and in graceful symmetry, continually increase. Absolute equality among men, as among trees, is a dream. Let us suppose that a new colony is founded by a company of exiles from their native country altogether destitute of capital, having only brain and muscle to subdue to the use of man the rich extent of the uncultivated wilderness. Let it be taken as a just arrangement (though for many reasons it might be both unjust and inexpedient) that the occupied land should be divided among a hundred colonists equally in lots, say, of twelve acres ; it is manifest that if, in order to realize the speculative paradise of a certain class of doctrinaire thinkers, this arrangement were made by law perpetual, so that none of the original colonists or their descendants could, by any possibility, be left landless in the midst of their landed brethren, the effect of this would be to stifle altogether the impulse to exertion in the hands of the more industrious, and, what is worse, to maintain the idle and worthless upon the soil which they had neither the capacity nor the desire to cultivate. Not that any of the colonists should set his heart absolutely on the acquisition of more territory at the expense of his neighbor, but simply that when his neighbor fails to do his duty to the soil it is for the public weal that no hindrance should be set in the way of its falling into the hands of the man who knows how to use it. If a man will not work, neither shall he eat. The state can have no interest in keeping a man upon the land with the nominal dignity of a citizen proprietor who lets his lot lie fallow, cherishing the grand growth of rushes, dock, and ragweed, rather than salubrious corn and barley and rye. It is far better that his prudent and industrious neighbor should grow big at his expense than that he should be protected in his indolence, as a cumberer of the ground, and the breeder, belike, of a spawn of children more worthless and more profitless than himself. Let accumulation, therefore, as in other cases, have its natural scope in land. The survival of the stronger in its own province is a very proper law. A wise forester increases the value of his forest by seasonably thinning the trees ; no wise statesman will endeavor artificially to prevent the natural thinning process of Nature in society which she achieves in favor of those who have insight to discern, enterprise to start, and resolution to

follow forth any fruitful scheme that advances by grades of steady growth to the natural climax of a well-merited accumulation.

But accumulation how far? Ay, there's the rub; for if accumulation is to go on beyond a certain point, more and ever more, we have Aristotle pulling the rein immediately—Aristotle, who never errs, and Nature at his back, and the evangelical prophet Isaiah, too, as our text seems most distinctly to assert. We must, therefore, set ourselves to inquire where and how, in the wonderful remedial processes which, through much tribulation occasionally, she is always instituting, Nature has provided some self-acting machinery by which the great evil of land-monopoly in the social state may be prevented. And here, happily, we have not far to seek. When a man dies, his property, by the law of Nature, is either divided among his children or, as belonging to nobody, it falls to the state; or it may be disposed of in any way that the laws of the state have chosen to mark out. In other words, family claims and laws of succession are the machinery provided by Nature for the redistribution of lawfully accumulated property. But this matter requires to be looked into more narrowly. In the first place, it may be asked, *Is a man, by the law of Nature, entitled to make a testament, so as to have it respected after his death?* Certainly not. The claims of the family to the land of the deceased father no doubt are natural; and a father may, if he please, as in the evangelical parable, give to each of his sons, during his lifetime, the portion that falls to him; but when he is once gone the stage is clear, and, whatever his wish and preference while alive may have been, the survivors have rights to assert above which the desire of a departed person can have no call to despotize. On the demise of a land-owner there may be very valid reasons, both economical and political, why the sons should take the property rather than the daughters, or the eldest son rather than the other sons, or the elder brother rather than any of the sons; in short, in many ways the succession to a landed estate may be so doubtful and leave room for so many disputes that it will require an express enactment of the state to vest firmly any property in the act of passing from the dead to the living. Here, therefore, the wisdom or the folly of legislators comes in, and here is the well-head of all the blessing or bane that has followed to society from the legal right of making a testament, and the laws of heritable succession which rule the cases where a testament may not have been made. Nature evidently, by the claims of the children, which arise out of the natural social monad—the family—as we have already said, means distribution; but how that distribution shall be managed she leaves to man, as the natural agency by which she carries out her purposes. Well, it is manifest, as Aristotle also remarks, that the equal distribution of the land, after the death of the owner, if the property be small, tends to beggary; of which examples are easily found beneath our eyes here, in

the subdivision of small farms in Ireland and in the Highlands, which has turned certain districts of our country for a season, to use MacCulloch's favorite phrase, into "a rabbit warren." Nature does not desire this, aiming, as she always does, at the best: therefore the state and the landlords, as her servants, are bound to see to it that the subdivision of very small properties, or small tenancies, shall in no case be allowed; that the eldest son, or some efficient member of the family, according to a regulated scale, shall succeed to the property, and that as a compensation to the other members of the family, who have no share in the land, a proportionate share of its fruits shall be allotted to them as their legitimate portion. Of course this is a matter in which consuetudinary law, parental prudence, and good feeling among the claimants may, under favorable circumstances, often be much more efficient than any formal legal prescription; but, anyhow, the evil of excessive subdivision must be provided against before the process of Nature for a wise redistribution of large properties, by the death of the proprietor, can be carried out. But, sure provision being made against this perilous relapse into lots too small for the maintenance of a substantial class of small proprietors, the direct object of all wise legislation must be to prevent, not to further, the massing of many properties into one. That the adventurous cultivator should have free scope, during his lifetime, to add field to field in the way of legitimate growth, and also by special grace of the state enjoy the privilege of leaving his accumulations safe in the hands of his family when he dies, is all that a sound policy demands, with the view of giving free sweep to the natural instinct of acquisition; beyond this much accumulation tends to evil, and ought to be watched with a jealous eye by the law, whose business it is not to pamper the few but to feed the many. In the general case, therefore, we must say, if we are to carry out the process of redistribution after death, which seems both natural and politic, such a law as the English law of primogeniture is to be condemned. Leaving it perfectly free to any large proprietor to leave his whole landed property to his eldest son, by testament—not, of course, because it is wise in every case, but because testamentary freedom is desirable—there is no reason why, if he happen to die intestate, the property should not be redistributed fairly among his sons and daughters, for whom any special provision may not have been made. To interfere here were directly to thwart Nature in her beneficial tendencies toward restoring that equipoise of social forces which is constantly being disturbed by the existence of properties spreading beyond the proportions of a manageable magnitude. Much less should any considerations of family pride or aristocratic importance be allowed to forge fetters for the land beyond the term of its natural usage by the proprietor. As free as the original holder received the land to dress it and to improve it, so free ought every suc-

cessive holder to receive and to use it. Nature, in wishing redistribution, wishes that the partition should be made for the sake of use, not for the sake of possession ; and that the use may be fruitful it must be free. All entails and settlements of land, beyond the actual living progeny of the person who disposes of it, are to be looked upon as invasions of the rights of posterity, and monstrous usurpations by the fancies of the dead over the faculties of the living. To perpetuate a property by entails and settlements in favor of unborn parties is, by a stroke of most unwarrantable intervention, at once to hinder those who possess the land from making a free use of it, and to prevent those from possessing it who could make a wise use of it. Such selfish and unfruitful exclusiveness is directly in the teeth of the grand liberality of competing forces which is everywhere manifest in the constitution of the universe.

But it will be said, no doubt, Why all this zeal against large properties and old families? If it can be shown in fact that large properties, large farms, and old families are the very staple of which English grandeur and prosperity is made up, it will be vain to preach against these things from a mere abstract text, even with Aristotle's great maxim to back it—that *all extremes are wrong*. We have discovered many things since Aristotle's days ; and modern States are managed on principles of which the Stagirite, from the narrow range of his old Greek experience, could form no conception. Well, let us examine the action of large properties in detail ; I am not a Radical, and can have, assuredly, no prejudice against them, because they are, in this country, a notable adjunct of an aristocracy whom I have every reason personally to love and publicly to respect. It is plain, for one thing, that a large proprietor is possessed of a leverage which can belong to no small one, in the free range of action which is open to him in any course of improvement which may seem expedient. He is an absolute monarch in his own domain ; and, if his resources are only equal to his power, he can drain more bogs and plough more waste land in a year, sometimes, than a colony of half-starved dwarf proprietors could do in a century. Of this we have a notable example in the improvements made in the Sutherland property at the commencement of the present century, of which an account was placed before the world by Mr. Commissioner Loch,* and in the yet more gigantic operations of the present duke with the steam-plough on his land, whose praise is in all the churches. A similar halo of economic glory enriches the name of the noble family of Bedford, connected as it is with the famous works in the Fen District of East England for redeeming vast tracts of morass from water, and vast tracts of land from the incursions of the sea. The

* "An Account of the Improvements of the Estates of the Marquis of Stafford in England and Ireland." By James Loch, Esquire. London, 1820.

princely house of Torlonia stands wedded in the same way to the drainage of the Lago di Lucino on the Abruzzi side of the Apennines. But it is the special boast of England that, more than any other country with a powerful aristocracy, she can connect the most illustrious names in the blazoned roll of her nobility with the peaceful exploits of agricultural improvement and the kindly amenities of the ancestral manor-house and the resident squire.* But the large landlord is not only, in his best Avatar, the most liberal in expenditure for agricultural improvement and the most rapid in the march of economic progress; he may also, if he chooses, and in this country he generally does, add the charm of luxuriant decoration to the profit of a bald utility with which the small proprietor must perforce have stood contented. It is only the large proprietor who can conceive the idea of what is technically called landscape gardening; even our biggest farmers are mostly Utilitarians; and a country cut out into thousands of five or ten acred separate allotments, whatever riches it may possess when well-managed in respect of productiveness, certainly never can compete with the large-property system in the matter of beauty. And when we consider with what a large-hearted generosity so many of our great British proprietors open their beautiful grounds, not only to the neighboring residents but to the general company of tourists, who are not always innocuous in their traces or gentlemanly in their freedoms, we shall not be disposed to grumble very grimly at the tradition which has kept Donolly Castle in the hand of the M'Dougalls, or Taymouth in the hand of the Campbells. The remarks here made on the benefits resulting from large properties, with the exception of the æsthetical adjuncts, apply naturally to large farmers as opposed to small farmers. The large farmer is a man of some capital; and capital means power; he lives not, like the small farmer, for a subsistence on the soil, or a mere trifle more; but he boasts a liberal profession, to the practice of which he brings all the concentrated action of well-directed labor and all the subtle appliances of science; and is thus in a condition to daw the greatest material product from the soil with the least proportionate outlay. This process, in which his transforming energy triumphs gloriously over the inform domain of the unfruitful clod, is called "high" farming a process, of course, in which the Highland crofter will find it impossible, and the Westphalian peasant proprietor extremely difficult, to be his competitor.

So much for what may be said in favor of what may be called the greatest possible accumulation principle in the matter of landed property; a principle which, of all countries in Europe, has found its greatest exemplification in Britain, and particularly in Scotland.

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* See the account of Lord Dufferin's improvements on his Irish estates, in Godkin's "Land War in Ireland," p. 182. London, 1870.

Nevertheless, Aristotle is not wrong. For, in the first place, we must remark that in all questions of magnitude there are degrees; and what is true and beneficially true of large properties, that is, properties of a size considerably above the largest of the small, may not be true of very large properties. There are diseases produced by high feeding similar in type and identical in results with those produced by low feeding; and so it may be, if Aristotle's doctrine of the mean is universally valid, in rural economy. As to the æsthetic part of the business, to take this first, any person who travels the country with his eyes open may observe that men of moderate property, say with a rental of from £2000 to £4000 a year, or even less, have done as much to improve the look of the country as mightiest millionaires and thanes with some £20,000 or £50,000. Of this there are various causes. Your very big proprietor, whose domain may stretch from twenty to thirty miles across the country, cannot be everywhere present; he can use personally only a small part of what he possesses; and he may content himself with environing with a special girth of beauty the favored spot of his own residence, while all the rest of his domain, especially the more remote districts, lie in comparative neglect or rot in utter squalor. Let this not be thought strange. Your lord with £50,000 a year can afford to lose or not to gain a thousand or two annually, without notice; but the small proprietor must turn every clod; hence his industry and thrift and fruitful triumph over adverse circumstances, as in France and Flanders and many parts of Germany, are not less notable in their way than the steam-plough achievements of his Grace of Sutherland or the well-registered profits of Mechi and the high farmers. Nay, it is certain that the small peasant proprietors of the Continent, and even the much-abused and often most inhumanly treated Highland crofter, under wise superintendence, will by perseverance and diligence turn a waste into a garden where neither mighty lord nor rich high farmer would condescend to turn a sod. High farmers are like high-bred race-horses; they will not be found dragging dray-carts. To æsthetical decoration of course your peasant proprietor can pay little attention; but even in point of neatness and a look of substantial comfort he will often be found outshining the large proprietor in those parts of his domain which do not lie immediately beneath the master's eye. But this is not all, nor the worst. Your large proprietor, even when a good man and with social sympathies, is by the necessity of his position an enemy to the growth of a numerous and influential local gentry; he needs but one manor-house; and whatever amenities and utilities are wont to grow out of the manor-house, as a centre of local culture and a nucleus of local prosperity, are found at only one point, it may be a remote corner of a widely extended district. In the economic distribution of the soil, the families of the gentry scattered through a county are like the ganglions

in the nervous system of the human body, centres of potential local action—little subordinate brains, so to speak—whence the motive and sensitive apparatus of the different organs is supplied In all such cases, of course, distance from the centre implies feebleness of the conveyed force. As in a large hall the light of a candle in one corner radiates feebly and more feebly till in the most distant parts of the room utter darkness prevails, only to be prevented by the introduction of other lights, with establishment of new centres of radiation, so a number of comparatively small proprietors, in respect of what we may call social radiation, act more beneficially than one large proprietor. Take an actual case. The Island of Mull, for instance, with which I happen to be intimately acquainted, is possessed at present by some sixteen or seventeen proprietors of considerable importance. Now imagine the whole of this beautiful island to be bought up, or to fall by succession into the hands of any of our great territorial nobility, or any of those cotton, iron, or coal lords, who have made their phylacteries so broad in these last days of John Bull's transcendental prosperity ; does any person imagine that the Island of Mull would, in any respect, be the better of this consolidation of many small into one large property ? Certainly in respect of population and society it would be a great deal worse ; in respect of produce it would, in all likelihood, not be better ; nay, it is quite possible that the big man who bought it might buy it for the express purpose of turning it into a deer-forest ; and a very nice deer-forest it would no doubt be, thirty-eight miles long by twenty broad, and with the sea all round it, to save the expense of a fence. Nor would this be all. Without exactly turning the whole island into a deer-forest, he might do on a large scale what I much fear has already been done by selfish proprietors on a small scale : turn all the peasantry out of their rural holdings that they may settle in the neighboring boroughs, and save the landlord, by one bold stroke, at once from poachers and poor-rates. All this, according to British notions, British law, and British practice, might be quite correct, and would find advocates, no doubt, in quarterly reviews and daily leaders, sufficiently eloquent, with a whole storehouse of phrases from authoritative books on political economy, to prove that all this was quite right, that every Englishman is entitled to do what he likes with his own, and that Mull,

> " The fairest isle that spreads
> Its bright green mantle to the Celtic seas,"

has every reason to be congratulated on the change. But social instincts, I imagine, in this instance, and that rude confronter of inexorable logic called common-sense, might prevail at once over political economy and the deer-stalking proclivities of our sporting aristocracy. People might begin to say that property in the soil of a

country is a somewhat different thing from property at a fireside in a cosey chair or in a well-buttoned pocket; that in a civilized state of society absolute property, even in moveables, may not exist, inasmuch as by taxation, laws of succession, and otherwise, even moveables may be forced to pay their tribute to the common good; but that the owners of land are in a peculiar sense the holders of property, not for their own pleasure or profit only, but for the general protection, cherishing, and furtherance of the local population. Landed proprietors, in fact, are in some sense trustees for the public good; and, as a matter of history, the great lords of the soil received their privileges from the crown on the condition of certain prestations for the public service; and though it is quite true that these special services, from changes in the social machinery, are no longer required to be performed, the absolute disposal of large tracts of national property is of a kind which involves too many grave social issues to be tolerated by any wise government; and the principle remains that a man, for instance, cannot be allowed to fence round Ben Muicdhui exactly as he fences his private garden, or to obstruct the passage from the sources of the Dee in Braemar to the floods of the Spey as he might close a lane leading from one field of his ancestral manor to another. Landed property, as has been well said, has its duties as well as its rights; but the duties, however obvious, have not seldom been neglected without social discredit, while the rights, however impolitic, have been enforced by legal authority and sanctioned by that usage of centuries which passes for right with the unthinking.

But I have yet a worse charge to bring against large properties: they necessitate vicarious administration, and readily become the fertile mother of one of the worst of all social sins which a landed proprietor can commit, habitual ABSENTEEISM. If a landlord be, as it appears, a proprietor of a peculiar kind, intrusted with a special sort of property, on which the local prosperity of the country in a great measure depends, it is plain that, as in other cases, the duty of overseership will be best performed by persons who do not live at the end of the world, but rather at home with their eye directly over the district of which they are the guardians. Now the greater the district, of course, the more difficult, even in this age of ready locomotion, the duty of personal presence and personal inspection, and the stronger will be the temptation—or, may we not rather say, the necessity?—to the proprietor to hand over his ownership wholesale to a resident factor or factors. In this case, while the maxim *Qui facit per alium facit per se* will satisfy all legal claims on the lord of the soil, the conscience of the community may justly think itself entitled to pronounce a verdict not in any wise so favorable to this practical assignation of proprietary duties into the hands of a third party. Government by commissioners and factors is not, and never can be, so considerate, so equitable, and so kindly as the direct admin-

istration of the proprietor. A factor on a large property is, in fact, very often in the position of a trustee on a bankrupt estate; his principal, though not formally bankrupt, wants money, and it is his duty to get it as quickly as possible, no matter how harshly and how unceremoniously. This is the secret of what has taken place, to our knowledge, not unfrequently in the Highlands; the factor has been guilty of acts of social severity, which were forthwith disallowed by the great proprietor as soon as they came to his knowledge. A good factor, that is, a kindly and humane-hearted factor, once said to me that half the bad things that had been done in the Highlands were done by the factors. It can scarcely be otherwise. The factor has not the parental feeling toward the people that belongs to a good resident proprietor; moreover, he has often a great deal more to do than a man can manage conscientiously in detail; so he applies an unbending general law to all cases; and then, like other mortals, anxious to save himself trouble, he is no friend of a numerous population, and prefers, from reasons of personal convenience rather than of public utility, getting £1000 yearly from one big absentee owner, resident perhaps a thousand miles away, to the same sum paid in parts by ten small resident farmers. And thus large estates, large farms, and factorial management have formed together an unholy alliance by which the absentee lord of the soil has been acquitted of all social duty, and the people who lived under his protection sacrificed, in a manner equally impolitic and inhuman, to the convenience of a practically irresponsible mandatary, the crotchet of a doctrinaire economist, or the greed of an intrusive speculator.

Among the many acts of baseness branding the English character in their blundering pretence of governing Ireland, not the least was the practice of confiscating the land, which, by Brehon law, belonged to the people, and giving it not to honest resident cultivators (which might have been a politic sort of theft), but to cliques of greedy and grasping oligarchs, who did nothing for the country which they had appropriated but suck its blood in the name of rent, and squander its resources under the name of pleasure and fashion and courtliness in London. Now this takes place in Scotland also, though not to the same extent. Some of our biggest landholders, thank Heaven, are our best landlords, and never more pleased than when they are among their own people; but generally we must say that small proprietors are more likely to be resident proprietors, because they cannot afford to spend eight months of the year in London or Paris; and it would be in vain to deny that there are large landed proprietors who are seldom seen on their properties except in the shooting-season, and who, from their general style of administration, are suspected of being much more anxious to preserve the game than the human population on their estate. These are bad landlords and worthless citizens, and only a shade better sometimes than the un-

conscientious nobles and the grasping graziers who have, at different epochs and under different circumstances, juggled the Irish people out of their natural inheritance in the soil.

There remains one other count in the indictment, which, in Great Britain particularly, demands to be brought into special prominence: I mean the social, political, and juridical power which our law, consuetudinary and statutory, has vested in the owners of the soil. In Scotland, not only are the large proprietors and those who hang by their skirts absolute lords of districts much larger than many a German principality sometimes, but they are the actual makers of the laws which regulate the relations of the great lords to the small people on the soil; and the makers of these laws would have been miracles of human virtue indeed if, under such influences, they had made them otherwise than with a special kindly regard to the interests of their own class. No man, speaking from the platform of common worldly morality, can blame them for this; they are men; they have been intrusted with absolute authority over the lives and properties of thousands of their fellow-men; and being so intrusted they will surely use it as the instinct of their class directs, and abuse it too; and unless the old Greek adage—*οἱ πολλοὶ κακοὶ*—be altogether false, the majority will always be found to have been in favor of the abuse. Nay, has it not been well said that power, pleasure, and pence are the three baits of the devil; and the greatest of these three is power? Now I believe no person not living in the country and in a dependent position has the slightest idea of the tyrannical character and essentially oppressive, or if not positively oppressive, certainly repressive operation of the existing landlord-made laws, under the shield of which our large proprietors of this country legally override the natural rights and equitable social claims of the people under their jurisdiction. Our laws of tenant-right, or rather of no-right, were evidently devised for the express purpose of keeping the class of people who cultivate the soil as much as possible under the thumb and at the mercy of the great man of the district; and the well-known servility with which it is expected that agricultural tenants shall vote with their local lord on political matters—and sometimes on ecclesiastical matters too—is of itself a public proclamation of the great economic truth that large landed properties, when combined with land laws made by the landlords of these properties, have a direct tendency to crush personal liberty and to prevent the growth of all sturdy manhood that may come under the upas influence of their monopoly. If the greatest manhood of the greatest possible number be the highest ideal which a wise polity can strive to attain, very large properties and very oligarchic laws are certainly not the best machinery for attaining that object.

Let me now sum up what has just been said in a single proposition.

While large properties, under wise administration, certainly possess their own peculiar vantage-ground, which renders them tolerable, enjoyable, and even profitable as a variety, their general influence on the social state of a country is not such that any wise government should feel justified in giving them encouragement, much less in upholding special laws tending to prevent them breaking down into smaller properties, when, in the course of nature, such a redistribution of property in the soil may normally take place; and, as in other matters, with regard to the distribution of land, all one-sidedness is to be avoided, and that state of possession is to be regarded as normally the best where large, small, and medium properties are found through the country, with a wise regard to the circumstances of the district and the capacities of the cultivator. On this basis I shall now proceed to state, shortly, the duties of landed properties, so far as the size of estates is concerned, and what changes in our British land laws ought to be made, in order to give effect to the principles of natural equity and social position in this matter. Let us suppose—a very common case in this country—one who, by diligent attention to a profitable business, combined with some lucky chances, has some fifty or sixty thousand pounds at his credit in the bank more than he knows what to do with. Being of a cautious temperament, and not liking to cast his anchor in distant waters—eschewing foreign bonds and foreign mines—he buys an estate of a moderate magnitude, yielding a rental of say about £2000 a year. Though, as is well known, landed property yields only a small return for the purchase-money, no person will consider this an unwise investment, being, in the first place, more surely rooted and more permanent than any other, and conveying with it not only certain graceful amenities of rural life, but a social position, a dignity, and an influence which, to most men, is more valuable than any percentage, however high, obtained from floating capital. Well, the man who buys land buys it not merely to possess but to use and to improve; at least this is the only natural and legitimate motive for the purchase of land; just as a scholar buys books, not to fill his benches but to read and to consult. We shall suppose, therefore, that our prosperous trader has retired from business, or holds to it only as a sleeping partner, with the view of possessing land for the purpose of improving it, and of causing blades of grass to grow and blossom of trees to flourish where only waste and barrenness had been before. We shall suppose, further, that the superintendence of this portion of the soil, and his sphere of action as a land-improver and the bishop of his people in secular matters, give him full, healthy, and pleasant employment, and then ask what motive may he legitimately have for further acquisition of territory? Not the mere boast of possession, certainly, or the vain-glory of being called the lord of many leagues; for this is an illegitimate motive as much in the court of social utility

as on the platform of pure reason. But if, on the other hand, the property of an idle or worthless neighbor comes naturally into the market he is quite entitled to buy that if he thinks he can superintend it to good purpose, and perhaps, at the same time, round off the corners of his estate and make a scientific frontier to his domain. To prevent an enlargement of this kind would be to declare war against the instinct of acquisition, which God, for the wisest purposes, has implanted in every human heart, and which cannot be cut off without cramping the energy and limiting the productive powers of the community. A man also may legitimately enlarge his property in order to make a provision for his family—that is to say, he may purchase as much property as, when divided, will suffice for a portion to his sons and daughters ; but he is not entitled to add acre to acre and field to field for the purpose of building up his eldest son into the dimensions of a county magnate, and founding, as the phrase goes, a family. This is a vanity, and a peculiarly British one : a vanity not merely empty in its conception, but unjust in its principle and pernicious in its operation ; pernicious in many ways, but specially, so far as concerns our present purpose in this—that it encourages the growth of enormous properties and prevents the action of that redistributive process which, as we have seen, Nature wishes for the proper balance and equipoise of landed property in the community. No doubt there may be cases in which it is right and proper that a man's landed property should be left to his eldest son after his death : the liberty of testing, therefore, in this respect should remain free. But what we say is—and the moral law, whether proclaimed by the wise Greek or the most evangelical of the inspired Hebrews, imperatively commands us to say it—that the founding of a family and the locking up of the land in a succession of generations is an excess and an abuse which, like the Scottish thirst for much whiskey or the Turkish lust for many women, does not tend either to the real profit of the individual or the general good of the community. For, to omit all other considerations, it is manifest that a law or practice which at once hampers the worthy possessor of land in the use of it and props up the unworthy users in the possession of it claims no countenance and deserves no encouragement on the ground either of public policy or of personal virtue. The two great duties which a landed proprietor has to perform to society are to improve the ground and cherish the population. If it can be proved that the so-called founding of families and creation of very large properties in an uninterrupted succession of eldest sons is favorable to the exercise of those two main functions of a landed aristocracy, let this practice be favored ; if, as I believe, no such proof can be adduced, but rather some pretty strong indications to the contrary, let it be discouraged, and all laws which give artificial support to such unreasonable and unprofitable practices be swept from the statute-book without mercy.

From the tenor of the above remarks it will be sufficiently obvious what changes in our land laws are necessary in order, with the least possible disturbance of existing interests to restore the lost balance of property in the soil, so necessary to a well-constituted civil polity. In the first place, all laws of entail and practices of settlement going beyond the life of the direct inheritor must be abolished. In the second place, all feudal formulas or other cumbrous machinery of legal verbalism making the transfer of landed property difficult, slippery, and expensive, must be abolished, and a public compulsory register established, by means of which it may be possible in England, as in the Colonies, to transfer a lot of land, by a single registered writ of assignation, as easily as a ship. In the third place, while the freedom of testing, which we derive from the law of the Twelve Tables, shall not be interfered with, so as to prevent any proprietor, if he pleases, from bequeathing all his land to an eldest son, at the same time, when a man dies intestate, the presumption of law shall be that he meant his property to be divided equally among his heirs, and such division accordingly shall be made. In the fourth place, a law might be made that when a landed proprietor marries an heiress the property that she brings into the connubial estate shall in nowise, after death, go to the same son of the marriage who succeeds to the paternal property but shall always devolve either to the second son or daughter or to some other issue of the marriage, as the heiress by testament may direct. In the fifth place, the whole law of landlord and tenant ought to be so revised as to give to the tenant a position as independent as possible in his social relation to the proprietor, and, as far as law can do it, prevent the proprietor from the exercise of the unconditional supremacy which at present may often make him the absolute monarch rather than the limited sovereign of his domain. Of course before all these changes can be effected there will be hard work to be gone through, and loud outcry among large classes of people whose ideal of life is sitting on easy chairs and doing as their fathers did before them. But the difficulties, as in many matters of social reform, will consist rather in the want of will to do than in the toughness of the work to be done. Such changes will be opposed, first of all, by the landed proprietors who have been bred on false principles of artificial privilege, selfish monopoly, family vanity, and monstrous accumulation. Fed upon bad food for many generations, the blood of any animal will be poisoned and the race degenerated; and so from hugging narrow and exclusive notions century after century, with mutual admiration and no strong signs of public disapprobation, it is no wonder that a class of people should have grown up who believe that the prosperity of the commonwealth depends upon the wideness of the gap which shows itself between themselves and the mass of the community. Closely allied with the landed proprietors are the lawyers, not a few of whom,

whether as conveyancers or as factors, contrive to exercise more real power over the estate than the actual owners. In no country are the abuses of the law, specially the laws relating to land, more monstrous and more clamant than in England; and the statesman has yet to make his epiphany who shall gain a more unsullied and more durable reputation by the codification and simplification of the English laws than can be achieved by a long procession of democratic Reform Bills or pandering to the sectarian lust of pulling down Established Churches. But neither lawyers nor landlords would have any power to keep entire the vexed tissue of perversities and monstrosities which we call our land laws, were it not for the third great difficulty of the case—viz., the indifference of the great mass of the people. Occupied as they are with fruitful industries in the great towns, and having their whole social energy exhausted in the accumulation of cent per cent returns on mercantile speculations stretching from the rising to the setting sun, they allow the lawyers and the landlords to take their own way in country matters, and play the local despot or the local fool, as the case may be, with impunity. Besides, the very rich among our urban middle classes not unfrequently become infected with the virus of oligarchic exclusiveness, eager to imagine themselves somebody by walking over some thousands of acres they can call their own; and this mercantile plutocracy and the aristocracy of birth combine in an unholy alliance to fence off the land in huge untenanted solitudes from distribution among the people who could occupy and improve it; while the poorer classes of shopkeepers, artisans, and professional men of various kinds, looking on the land as a thing altogether out of their reach, leave the plutocracy and the aristocracy, with only an occasional growl, to manage or mismanage it at their pleasure. This I confess to be the great difficulty that besets the path both of land and of law reform in this country. If the great mass of the urban population were as intelligently interested in the reform of the land laws and of the law as they are feverishly excited in the political contentions of the hour, there would be a clean sweep of entail laws and long settlements by the first strong ministry that might get into power; and even the encouragement of the growth of a race of peasant proprietors—the favorite butt of contempt in the vulgar English mind—might be looked upon as a most safe and conservative measure of social policy by the wisest men of all parties. For the real fact unquestionably is that measures tending to a large redistribution of the landed property of this country now locked up in the hands of a few, though generally looked on as radical, and somewhat of a red hue, are in their nature essentially conservative, and are conceived by all sober thinkers in this country not more in the interest of the landless many than of the landed few. If it be a good thing for the now excluded many to have some real stake, however small,

in the soil of the fatherland, and if it be a good and a wise thing for persons of moderate fortune in this country to have the opportunity of investing their savings rather in the safe ground of home soil than in the slippery quicksands of Egyptian bonds and Peruvian mines, it is no less a good and a wise thing that the living aristocracy of this country should not be hampered in the management of their property, by enthrallment to the capricious restrictions of the dead, and that the influence of substantial noble families should be increased by two centres of social influence instead of one in the vast district over which their present lordship extends. The wisest thing that many a wide-acred duke or earl in this country could do in the way of increasing his family influence would be to divide his immense property into two halves, keeping the one half to himself as sufficient for all practical purposes, and dividing the other half, as independent properties, among his sons and daughters. The present lack of popularity in some local magnates, of whose excellent character no man doubts, is caused partly by the fact that the magnate is so very mighty, and by virtue of this very mightiness contributes nothing to the social life of the district of which he ought to be the soul. Let our great local thanes rather extend themselves among the people as strawberries do along the ground, by throwing out rootlets forthwith to establish themselves as separate plants, and their popularity will become as wide as the wise multiplication of their roots. In this natural system of expansion, I believe, lay the wonderful strength of the Highland chieftains before the commercial system made its cold invasion, substituting money for men in all the glens; the tacksmen in those days were the near kinsmen of the great lord, stout social centres of a numerous lusty population, where an absentee Dumfries farmer now hires a solitary shepherd to watch the browsing of a few melancholy sheep on the braes. And if at any time to take their stand on a monstrous extension of exclusive domain, a legal claim of absolute lordship, and a bristling fence of class privileges, is a most impolitic procedure for any landed aristocracy, it is so specially in this democratic age and in this country of decidedly popular institutions. In such an age and in such a country the social isolation of the aristocracy, whether by virtue of land laws or by any other cause, fraught as it is with frequent occasions of recurrent irritation, has a tendency to alienate the hearts of the people from their natural social lords, and to generate hatred, as Aristotle remarked long ago, betwixt class and class, instead of the mutual love, confidence, and respect which is the only sure cement of society. Let them, therefore, bethink themselves in time, and concede to the people spontaneously what they may not be able to maintain against them in the long run. But even if they should ultimately succeed in that unhappy policy by which they have already contrived in some districts to rob the British army of its best sol-

diers, our soil of its most effective laborers, and our country of its most trustworthy citizens, it will be a poor tribute to their memory if a future historian shall sum up their exploits in a curt repetition of the sad sentence of Pliny, LATIFUNDIA PERDIDERE ITALIAM,* large properties have ruined Britain!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE *in Contemporary Review.*

JUSTINIAN.

"THE world is weary of idolatries:
Pan and Apollo and great Zeus are dead,
And Jesus Christ hangs cold upon the Cross.
Nay more, the light of Science newly born
Hath slain the night of the Divine Idea,
So that, for calm assurance of our souls,
We mathematically demonstrate
Infinite God as infinitely false
To infinite impossibility.
Henceforth a grievous shadow quits the earth,
While Man, the fruitage and the flower of things,
Walks fetterless and free." Thus much and more,
With many hints of cell and protoplasm,
And of the dusk beginnings of the brain,
The mild Professor said.

Professor Day,
A little gentleman with soft gray eyes,
Whose spectacles had faced the very Sphinx
And read the cosmic riddle wrought therein,
He, having lived to thirty years of age,
Had hate for nought but ambiguity;
Knew all that Science and the schools could teach,
Lived for Truth only, and, had these been days
Of any necessary martyrdom,
Would cheerfully have given his life for Truth.
Meantime, he served her cause. How wrathfully
He rose his height, while angry pulpits wail'd,
And from the platforms of the great Reviews
Demolish'd the theistic fallacy,
Pluck'd the bright mantle from the verbal form
And show'd the syllogistic skeleton!

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* "Modum agri in primis servandum antiqui putavere; verumque confitentibus, latifundia perdidere Italiam, jam vero et provincias."—*Nat. Hist.*, xviii. 6.

Dear gentle heart, he who could be so fierce
In hating what he did not deem to be,
Was full of love for all the things that are;
Wherefore God loved him for his unbelief
And sent a ministering angel down. . .

He often thought, "If I should have a child,
If ever life should issue out of mine,
I shall uprear it on the gracious food
Of Knowledge only. Superstition haunts
Our very cradles: in our nurses' hands
Dangle the fetish and the crucifix
That darken us forever till we die.
No child of mine, if I should have a child,
Shall know the legend of the Lie Divine,
Or lisp the words of folly that profane
The wish of wisdom. Prayer is cowardice:
No child of mine shall pray. Worship is fear:
My child shall never know the name of fear.
But when its eyes are ready to behold,
Its ears to hear, my child shall wander forth,
Fearlessly leaning on its father's strength,
Serene in innocence and mastery."

And so he wedded, hoping for a child,
A tender toy to cut his creed upon,
And wedded wisely: a virgin not too young,
And not too good, and not too beautiful,
But gently reared, and of a learnèd race
Who held that over-learning suits but ill
The creed and need of women. To his side
She came not trembling, trusting in his strength,
And wise enough to dimly comprehend
Her gentle lord's superiority.
Two years they grew together, as two trees
Blending their branches; then a child was born,
Which, flickering like a taper thro' the night,
Went out ere dawn; but when the mother wept,
And reach'd her thin hands down the darkness, whither
The little life had fallen like a spark,
The pale Professor (though his eyes were dim)
Sat by the bedside presently, and proved—
As gently as a poor man praying to God—
That what had never known potential life,
In all its qualities and faculties,
Had never absolutely lived at all.

Nay, 'twere as wise, perchance, he thought, to mourn
Some faint albuminous product of the Deep,
As weep for something which had ne'er achieved
The motions and the mysteries of Mind,
Which things are Life itself. The mother moaned;
And creeping thence to his laboratory,
The wise man wiped away a foolish dew
That shamed the gloss of his philosophy.

But comfort came a little later on;
Another crying life arose and bloom'd,
And faded not upon the mother's breast,
But drew its milk with feeble lips, and breathed.
It was a boy, and when they brought him down,
And placed him in the pale Professor's arms,
He laugh'd and reach'd his little rosy hands
To greet his father; and the wise man said,
Holding the babe and blushing awkwardly,
"How naturally mammals love their young!
Thus, even thus, the archetypal Ape
Dandled its rough first-born!" Whereat the nurse
Exclaim'd—not comprehending, pious soul—
"Thank God for sending you so fine a boy!"
And when the wise man thro' his spectacles
Look'd lightnings of philosophy and scorn,
She took the babe and murmur'd, kissing it,
"Now God Almighty grant the pretty dear
A long and merry life!"
The wise man's cheek
Grew pallid, for already, ere he knew,
It seem'd that Superstition's skinny hand
Was clutching at his pearl of innocence.
He fled into his study, and therein
Added a fragment to a fierce review
Upholding Haeckel, proving Tyndall tame,
And rating Virchow and Agnosticism.
And having thus refreshed his learnèd soul,
He sat by the bedside of his pale wife,
Holding her hand in silence for an hour,
Feeling a nameless fear upon his heart,
Blent with a sense of blessing one less wise
Might have mistaken for a sense of prayer.

Thenceforward, with a curious scrutiny,
Such as he brought to bear on things minute
Dredged from the fishpond or the river's bed,

He watch'd the tiny life expand and grow,
Stretching sensorial tendrils softly forth,
Sucking its mother's milk with rosy lips,
As tiny creatures of albumen suck
Their nurture from the tidal ooze and foam.
Then with a span he measured the small head,
And watch'd the soft pink circle, where the skin
Closed on the milk-white matter of the brain,
Hardening slowly into skull and bone;
And all the while the little azure orbs
Look'd upward meaningless as flowers or stars,
Full of a faint flame issuing from within.
Then thought he, "It is well; a goodly child;
A brain of weight above the average,
And phrenologically excellent!
And yet how helpless in their dim beginnings
The higher mammals seem, this babe of mine
Nor less nor more; a feeble crying thing,
Feeling with blind progressions like a plant
To the full sunshine of potential life.
Prick the gray cells, it dies, and has not lived;
Deny it nurture, as of sun and rain,
And even as a leaf it withers up,
Without a sign that it hath ever been.
Yea, what we bring it, it absorbs, and turns
To highest use and issue; as we train
Its tendrils, so it grows; and if denied
Such nurture as the nobler species need,
Would surely, slowly, dwindle back to beast.
As is the wont of many human types
Stunted and starven in their infancy.
But this one, bone of mine and flesh of mine,
This will I watch with ministering care,
Till it rewards my patience and becomes
Perfect in knowledge and in mastery,
The living apex and the crown of things."

A little later, when the mother rose,
And with the consecration of her pain
Clothed softly still, sat pallid by the fire,
She, after resting silent for a time
And casting many a hesitating glance,
Said softly, "Dear, have you reflected yet
How we shall christen him?" Stung by the word,
The wise man murmur'd, "Christen?—christen him?"
Then, flush'd with wrath, "The very word is rank

With superstition and idolatry—
Do not repeat it, as you love the child."
Whereat the mother, timorously firm,
Said, smiling, "But the child must have a name!
What shall we call him?" Puzzled for the time,
The wise man pursed his lips and shook his head,
And scrutinized the little rosy face,
As if for inspiration and for help.
Then one by one they named the names of men,
From Adam down to Peter, Paul, and John,
And scorning these as over-scriptural,
They counted o'er the legion heathen names,
But found them fraught with superstition too.
"Our infant," the Professor moralized,
"Heathen no more than Christian, shall receive
No gift from Heathendom or Christendom,
Not even that slightest of all shades, a name.
Could I invent?—but no, invented names
Ever sound barbarous—I will rack my books,
And find one fitting; there is time to spare;
Take thought, and wait!" So many a quiet night
They talk'd it o'er, and after hovering long
O'er Thales ("Evolution's Morning Star,"
The wise man styled him, while the mother's ear
Was shocked at the mere sound of "Thales Day"),
Rejecting Bruno and Galileo,
They found the thing they sought upon their shelves,
And pausing at the famous "Institutes,"
They chose the learnèd name—Justinian.

Not at the font with painted windows round,
Not through the office of a priest in lawn
Sprinkling with white hands the baptismal dew,
The infant took his name; but quietly
One Sunday morn, in the laboratory,
With casts and fœtal forms around about,
The wise man, kissing him upon the brow,
Named him "Justinian;" and the mother's voice
Echo'd "Justinian;" and the naming him
Would have been wholly joyful and complete
But for a jangling sound of bells that rang
Suddenly from the churches round about,
Calling the folk of Christendom to prayer!
Pass o'er the seasons when with baby lips
The infant drew its nurture from the breast,
And when with tottering steps he first began

To walk erect upon the ground, and shape
The first faint sounds, to mimic human speech.
Behold him, then, at five years old, a child
Large-eyed, large-brow'd, and somewhat pale of cheek.
Clutching a thin forefinger as he ran
And prattled at the pale Professor's side.
Companions now they grew from day to day,
For while within his study 'mong his books
The wise man sat, the infant at his feet
Sat looking up; or, on the table perch'd,
Blink'd like a pretty gnome; and every morn
When for a hurried constitutional
The father trotted over Hampstead Heath,
The little one would toddle by his side,
Happy and garrulous, and looking up
With question after question. Thus the child
Heard, at an age when other children feed
On nursery rhymes and tales of fairyland,
The wondrous song of Science; how at first
The nebulæ cohered, how this round orb
Rose out of chaos, how it lay in space
Eyeless and dark until the sun's red hand
Touch'd it upon the heart and made it live,
And how the first faint protoplasmic forms,
Amœbæ, infusoria, stirr'd and moved
In troubled depths of some primeval ooze.
All this, and more, translated tenderly
Into soft words of just one syllable,
Justinian heard, not understanding yet,
But turning all the solemn cosmic fact
To pretty fancy such as children love.
What solemn truth, what sad solemnity,
May not an infant turn to poesy?
Instead of Gorgon and Chimæra dire,
His fancy saw the monstrous mastodon;
Instead of fairies of the moonlight wood,
Strange shapes that lurk in strata or disport
In some green waterdrop; instead of myths,
He read the faery story of the World.

From childhood upward, till the end, he knew
No teacher save his father, and, indeed,
Since never teacher could be tenderer,
He did not miss the lore of love itself.
As patient as a woman, firm yet fond,
Hoarding his very heart up in the boy,

The father tended, taught him, watch'd him grow.
At eight years old Justinian lisped in Greek,
And readily construed Lucretius—
Had read the great stone Book whereon is writ
The riddle of the world from age to age ;
Knew the fair marvels of the Zodiac,
The stars and their processions ; had by heart
The elemental truths of chemistry. . . .
And zealously, within a mental maze,
As dense as that which covered Rosamond,
His teacher guarded him against the creeds.
For gospel, he had knowledge, and for God,
His gentle human father ; and indeed
No child that lisps a heavenly Father's name
Could lisp it with a fonder, fairer faith
Than fill'd him when he named his earthly one.

Now when the boy was scarcely ten years old,
Wise far beyond the wisdom of his years,
The mother, wasting of a long disease,
Died, leaving a great void within his heart
Only the father's larger love could fill.
The wise man sorrow'd little, having view'd
His helpmate with a calm superior care,
Approving her, but hoarded in his boy ;
And thenceforth, sire and son were all in all
To one another. Oft the pair were seen
Seated in scientific lecture-halls,
The wise man blinking thro' his spectacles,
The boy, his little image, by his side,
Like small by greater owl ; and evermore
When, hastening home, they pass'd some shadowy Shrine,
The father drew his treasure closer to him,
Lest some dark Phantom from within the porch
Should mar the crystal mirror of his soul.

The seasons sped ; at sixteen years of age
Justinian was famous in the haunts
Where wise men gather, and in deep debate
Could hold his own among gray honor'd heads
And pass with pedants for a prodigy.
At seventeen, he wrote that bold review,
Attributed for several weeks to Mill,
Denuding Buckle and his theory
Of History's four stages. How men smiled,
When some one blabb'd and the strange truth was told,
To find the grown man's pompous periods
Dissected into folly by a boy !

Now for the first time on the father's heart
There fell the shadow of a nameless fear
Lest all this building of a noble mind
Should fail and perilously come to nought.
For lo! despite the glow of happy pride,
Justinian's cheek was pale, his gentle eyes
Deep sunken, and he stoop'd beneath the weight
Of too much wisdom; oftentimes his face,
Tho' firm in faith and beautiful resolve,
Seem'd set in silent sorrow. At last, one night,
After a crowded meeting of the learned,
A great physician and his father's friend
Took him apart and whisper'd in his ear:
"Take care, my dear professor, of your boy!
I do not like that cough—he works too hard—
His life is very precious to us all—
Be sure to watch him well."
From that day forth
The father's heart was burthen'd with a dread
He never phrased to any human ear.
Hungrily, with sick hunger of the soul,
He watched his treasure, sleepless ev'n by night,
Like some wan miser who forever hears
The robber's foot upon the creaking stair
Coming to take his gold. He watch'd and watch'd,
Hiding his terror with a cheerless smile,
Each light or shade that softly chased itself
On the sweet boyish face. Was it a dream?—
Or did Death pass, and with a finger-point
Leave one deep crimson spot on either cheek
As signal of decay? No, no, not Death!
Not Death, but Life, now made the blue eyes gleam
So marvellously bright; the small hands grow
Thin and blue vein'd, with pink blood glimmering thro'
Like light thro' alabaster; the brave brow
So marble-cold and clear! Yet presently
He led him to the great physician's house
And asked for counsel. "Take him to the sea,"
Said the physician; "keep away all books;
Let brain and body rest for three months' space—
Then, when we know what sun and sea can do
To make him rosy, come to me again."

They went together to the sea, and there,
Fann'd by the potent breath, the young man's cheek
Grew brighter, and the father's heart took cheer.

But one day, as they sat upon the beach,
Watching the great smooth billows break themselves
With solemn lapse upon the shell and sand,
Justinian said, not loudly, in a voice
As if communing softly with himself,
"Father, if I should *die!*"
The very word
Seem'd sad and terrible and fraught with fear.
And starting at the sound, the wise man cried,
"Die? and so young!—that is a foolish thought!
You cannot, will not, die!"
But with his eyes
Fix'd on the ever-breaking line of foam,
Justinian answer'd, "Soon or late, Death comes—
A little earlier, or a little later,
What matter? In the end we falter back
Into the nothingness from which we rose.
Well have you taught me, father, that our life
Is but the climbing and the falling wave.
I do not fear to die. No foolish tale
Of priest or pope affrights me; I have read
The secret of the world, and know indeed
That death is silence and an end of all."

"But you will live!"
"For what? To read again
A tale thrice told; to hear a few more years
The same cold answer to my questionings;
To be a little wiser possibly,
And being so, a little sadder? Nay!
I am weary of it all—I have lived my life!"

"Lived?" cried the wise man, holding the thin hand,
"Lived? you, a stripling still, not yet a man—
You know not what you say. When you are well
(And 'twill be soon) you'll laugh at these sad moods,
And gather up your force to face anew
For many a merry year the shocks of Time.
Have comfort!—I am sixty years of age,
And am not weary yet!"
The young man smiled
And press'd the gentle hand that held his own.
"Dear father, since we do not measure time
Merely by seasons past, 'tis *I* am old,
And *you* that are the boy! How cheerfully
You con the lesson you have learn'd by heart

So many a busy year. Why were we born?
To come into the sunlight and demand
Whence come we, whither go we, then to pass
Back into silence and to nothingness.
You say that life is long—alas! that life
Which ends at all, is far too brief for me.
Sixty years hence, if I could live till then,
I should be no less bitter to depart,
To pass into a silence and a sleep,
Than this day, or to-morrow. Dearest father,
My faith is firm as yours. I know full well
There is no God or Gods, as mad folk dream,
Beyond these echoes: that with man's last breath
All individual being ends forever,
And with the chemic crystals of the brain
Dries up that gas the preachers christen Soul.
Were I to live an hundred years and ten,
To realize old wives' and prophets' tales
Of man's longevity, what could I learn
Not taught already? I could hear no more
Than I have heard;—than you have taught me, father,
Almost with my first breath."

Then, in a voice
Broken and thick with tears, the wise man cried,
"I have taught you over-much!—My son, my son,
Forgive me for my love and over-zeal!
I have been too cruel, placing on your strength,
Too slight to bear it, such a weight of work
As pales the cheek and rusts the wholesome blood.
But you shall rest! throwing all books aside,
We two will seek the breezes on the sea
And on the mountains! Then you will be strong,
And casting off these sad distemper'd fears,
Become a man indeed!"

From that day forth
The silken thread of love that ran unseen
Between the hearts of father and of son
Tighten'd with many a pang of hope and dread.
Now for the first the father realized
Parting was possible, and with sick suspense
He watch'd the shadow and the sunbeam fight
For victory on the pallid patient face.
When winter came they flitted to the south,
And there, amid a land of pine and vine,
Under a sapphire sky, Justinian seem'd

To gather strength and walk about renew'd.
Then ever in that fair land they heard the sound
Of soft church-bells, and ever in their walks
They came on rudely painted images
Of Jesus and Madonna, and beheld
At every step the shaven face of priest.
Among these signs of blind and ignorant faith
They walk'd like strangers in an alien clime,
Wondering and pitying, pitied in their turn
By all who saw them slowly pass along;
The tall boy leaning on the father's arm,
The old man with a woman's tender care
Uplooking in his face, with sleepless eyes
Watching his pearl of pearls.

At last they came
Unto a place most peaceful and most fair,
Upon the margin of a crystal lake
Set in the hollow of Italian hills.
There an eternal summer seem'd to dwell,
In an eternal calm. On every side
The purple mountains rose, with filmy lights
And slender scarfs of white and melting mist,
While down below were happy orange groves
And gleaming emerald slopes, and crimson crags
Upon whose sides hung chalets white as snow
Just peeping from deep fringe of flower and fern.
And all, the crag and chalet, grove and wood,
With snow-white gleams of silent cataracts
Forever frozen in the act to fall,
Were imaged, to the tiniest flower or leaf,
In the cerulean mirror of the lake—
Save when across the stillness crystalline
A gondola with purple shade crawl'd slowly
And blurr'd the picture with its silvern trail.

Here then they rested, in a cottage set
Upon the green of a promontory,
Where, sitting side by side, with images
Reflected in the azure sleeping lake,
They often heard the boatman's even-song
Come from the distance like a sound in sleep;
And often faintly from the crags o'erhead
Tinkled the chapel bell. But day by day
The young man felt the life-blood in his heart
Fail more and more, till oftentimes his life
Would seem as sad and faint and indistinct

As those soft sounds. Once as they linger'd there,
A gentle Lutheran priest whose home was near
Came, hearing that the youth was sick to death,
And sought to give them comfort ; but the sire,
With something of a learnèd anger left,
Tho' gently, warn'd him from the sufferer's side.
Then coming to his son, " How far these priests
Scent sorrow !—they would make the merry world
A charnel-house to do their office in !
I sent the preacher packing ; he seemed vex'd
To hear that you were growing strong and well
And did not need his prayers ;" and with a smile
Of sad entreaty, " Yes, you are growing strong !
And you will soon be well !"

Divinely blue
The heavens were bending o'er the young man's head,
Blue lay the peaceful lake, and in its breast
Another heaven as divinely blue
Throbb'd through its own soft sunlight, rapturously.
Propp'd in his chair Justinian gazed around.
" Father," he said, " dear father, hold my hand—
In all the world there is no comfort left
Like feeling your kind touch. Now listen to me !
I know I shall not leave this place alive—
My time has almost come !"—

" No, no !"

" Dear father !
When the faint flame of life is flickering low,
They say that even mindless beasts and birds
Know that the end is near ; and lo, *I* know it,
For all my sense grows dim. A little while,
And I shall be a part of that soft sleep
Upon the lake and on the purple hills,
And in the quiet grave where no shape stirs.
But now it does not seem so hard to go,
Since all life seems a dream within a dream,
And I myself the strangest dream of all.
To those fair elements whence first I came—
Water and earth and air—I shall return ;
And see ! how tranquil and how beautiful
They wait for me, the immortal ministers
Of Man and all that shares mortality !"

Then in a voice that seemed the very sound
Of his own rending heart, the father cried,

"My son! Justinian! child of mine old age!
Sole comfort of my dark and dreary days!
You cannot go! you cannot fade away!
No, no, you must not die! How shall I live
Bereft of you? Where shall my soul find rest,
When all I cherish, all the loving mind
That I have nurtured so, depart so soon?
No, I will hold you—I will clasp you to me—
Nothing shall part us, nay, not Death itself;
For if you die, my only boy, my pride,
I will die too!" Then, as he clasped his son,
And looked into the thin and tearful eyes,
And felt the slight frame tremble through and through
As if with chill of some cold blighting breath,
He suddenly raised up his face to heaven,
And unaware, with a great gush of tears,
Moan'd, "God! God! God!"

Startled at that strange cry,
Justinian murmur'd, "Father!"—and the two
Clung close to one another tremulously
In pain too quick for speech; but when the storm
Of sudden agony had passed away,
There came a pause—a long and tearful pause—
And each could feel the other's beating heart
And the quick coming of the other's breath.
Then presently their eyes met, and a light
Of some new wonder fill'd Justinian's eyes,
While softly, quietly, he said, "My father!
Since I was but a babe upon the breast,
And ever upward through the happy years,
Your eyes have been the source of all my seeing,
Your mind the living font of all my thoughts.
Tell me, dear father—now, before we part—
And tell me firmly, with no thought of fear,
Is it *forever?* Have I read, indeed,
My lesson truly? Tell me, am I right?
For you have taught me truth is best of all—
Is this the utter end of all our love,
And shall we never meet and know each other
Again, as we have known each other here?"

Then sobbing like a child the old man cried,
"Ask me not!—Pity me, and ask no more!
For lo, I seem as one whose house has fallen
About his feet in ruins, and who stands
Living, aghast, with ashes on his head,

Clouded with horror, half awaked from sleep.
I know there is no God—Nature herself,
More mighty and more terrible than God,
Hath taught me that—but till this piteous hour
I never craved for God or named his name.
I asked not for him, craved no alms of heaven,
Nor hunger'd for another, better life
Than this we live ; all that I sought on earth
Was you, my child, my son. Stay with me here,
Let us remain a little more together—
And I shall be content."

Then with a smile
Angelically sad, Justinian said :
" It is enough—torture your heart no more.
Hold to our faith—be strong—for though I die,
Fairer than I shall live. Now, read to me
That sweet preamble of Lucretius
I always loved so much—because it brought
The very breath of fields and happy flocks,
With that great animal content and joy
Which fills the earth to which we all return."

Then trembling, in a voice made thick with tears,
The old man at the bidding of the boy
Read the rich periods of the only bard
Who faced with fearless front unconquerable
That Shape so many see—a Skeleton
Standing amid the universal snow
Of seeds atomic, pointing dimly down.

" For of the mighty scheme of heaven and gods
I now shall sing, unfolding to thy gaze
The everlasting principles of things—
Whence Nature forms, increases, and sustains
All forms that are, and whither as they die
She evermore dissolves each form again.
These principles we in our human speech
Call matter or the generative seeds,
Bodies primordial whence all things that be
Were marvellously fashioned from the first."

With eyes half closed, his face suffused with sunlight,
The pale boy listen'd, while the verse flow'd on.

" This darkness, this deep shadow of the mind,
Neither the sunrise nor the darts of day

Have power to scatter ; but it shall dissolve
Before the light of reason and the face
Of Nature's self. First, for exordium,
Lay thou to heart this first great principle—
Nought e'er is formed from nought by power divine. . . .
But when we have studied deep and comprehend
That power divine can ne'er make nought from nought,
Then shall we know that which we seek to know—
How everything is fashioned first and last,
And all things wrought without the help of God !" [2]

So far he read, and paused ; and as he paused
A change came o'er the face he gazed upon,
As if a finger touch'd the brow and eyes.
The father shriek'd and shudder'd, shrinking back
In nameless awe, for in a moment's space,
Though all the air was sunny overhead,
And all the lake was golden at their feet,
The twain were cover'd with a shadow cast
By some dark shape unseen.
"Hold my hand, father,
For I am dying !"
Then the white face flash'd
To one wild look of passionate farewell,
And silently, without another word,
The last sad breath was drawn.
They bore him in—
How and by whom the gentle deed was done
The father knew not, being dazed and stunn'd,
But follow'd moaning, while upon his bed
They placed him down ; and when that afternoon
A pallid Sister from the convent came
To do the last sad offices of death,
The old man only watch'd her in a trance
And made no sign ; but when, her kind task done,
She touch'd him, saying in her own soft speech,
" Signor, I trust he died in the full faith
Of Christ our Lord !" he gave a laugh so strange,
So terrible and yet so pitiful,
She thought his wits were gone.
Fair as a star,
Justinian lay upon his bed of death,
And seeing him so young and beautiful
The Sister gathered lilies in the garden
And strew'd them on his breast ; then reverently
She bless'd him ; and the old man look'd at her,

Trembling as in a trance; but suddenly
Uprising, in a hollow voice he cried,
Pointing her to the door with quivering hands,
"Begone! profane him not! from life to death
I kept him safe from Superstition's touch!
My boy! you shall not take him from me *now!*"

ROBERT BUCHANAN *in Contemporary Review.*

The following is the original text of the passages of Lucretius translated in the text:

[1] Nam tibi de summa cœli ratione deûmque
Disserere incipiam, et rerum primordia pandam;
Unde omnes natura creet res, auctet alatque;
Quove eadem rursum natura perempta resolvat;
Quæ nos materiem, et genitalia corpora rebus
Reddenda in ratione vocare, et semina rerum
Appellare suëmus, et hæc eadem usurpare
Corpora prima, quod ex illis sunt omnia primis.

De Rer. Nat., Book i. 54–62.

[2] Hunc igitur terrorem animi tenebrasque necesse est
Non radii solis, neque lucida tela diei
Discutiant, sed naturæ species, ratioque:
Principium hinc cujus nobis exordia sumet,
Nullam rem e nihilo gigni divinitus unquam . .
Quas ob res, ubi viderimus nil posse creari
De nihilo, tum, quod sequimur, jam rectius inde
Perspiciemus, et unde queat res quæque creari,
Et quo quæque modo fiant opera sine divûm.

De Rer. Nat, Book i. 147–151, 155–159.

HERBERT SPENCER ON THE DATA OF ETHICS.*

WHEN a writer of the acknowledged power of Herbert Spencer proceeds to treat of Ethical Data, after a long series of works regarded as preliminary for this task, special importance is to be attached to his reasoning. Laborious preparation for a crowning effort lends increased interest to that effort when at last it is undertaken. Besides, Herbert Spencer has devoted himself to the exposition and defence of a theory of evolution which has gained wide popularity, and which has this obvious merit in a scientific sense, that it contemplates human life as an integral part of a grand whole. The full test of such a theory is not reached until the attempt is made to include ethical data within its boundaries. Only now, therefore, can the testing strain be said to have been applied to the entire

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* The Data of Ethics. By Herbert Spencer. Chapman & Hall.

theory of Spencer. How can an evolution theory, which traces all characteristics of human life to a process of development from lower forms of animate existence, account for the *right* and *dutiful* in human conduct? If the right and dutiful find no place in the life of the mollusk, how do they find a place by gradual evolution in the life of man? This is the question to which Herbert Spencer has now addressed himself, and the success of the answer is here to be considered.

A prefatory explanation of the reason for the appearance of this volume at the present time is the author's fear "of leaving the final work of the series unexecuted." Apprehension that "health may permanently fail," before he reaches "the last part of the task he had marked out for himself," has led the author to pass by certain intermediate stages in the treatment of Sociology, in order that he may deal now with ethical distinctions. The volume will receive a welcome, joined with the hope that Herbert Spencer may have granted him strength sufficient for deliberately completing the whole round of work he has laid down for himself. At the same time, the urgent need for dealing at once with *The Data of Ethics* is an admission of the fundamental importance of the ethical problem, an admission which will be fully accepted by those who differ essentially from him as to the true theory of moral life.

Before entering upon criticism, it is necessary to state, however briefly, the development theory upheld by Spencer, of which the ethical theory now presented is to be taken as the crowning feature. According to him, the science or philosophy of existence is to be found in evolution from lower to higher forms. The lowest stage is the physical; from that there is advance to the biological; the next advance brings us to the psychological; and thence we are brought to the sociological. Restricting attention here to *conduct*, as coming most closely on the present subject of investigation, there is evolution from the lowest forms of physical action, which gradually assumes a more developed aspect, keeping pace with the evolution of structure and of functions in the history of animate existence. Under this theory the laws of evolution are held to supply an adequate philosophy of human conduct.

That there is a progress from lower to higher in the *order* of existence admits of no dispute. In accordance with this, we can form systematic conceptions of the universe. But that an all-pervading law of evolution, taken as the scientific expression of a force operating through all forms of life, gives the *explanation* of a gradually increasing complexity of being, is a theory which must still occasion much debate. My present purpose, however, is not to discuss this theory, but only to find the point of junction which may set Spencer's ethical philosophy in proper position and in a suitable light.

The evolution theory which Herbert Spencer has been at pains to

develop clearly determines the line of his procedure as to ethics. Either the ethical theory must be a manifest outgrowth of the evolution theory—a crowning feature in it—or that theory itself must be abandoned as insufficient to meet the difficulties connected with the higher order of activity. Accordingly Herbert Spencer defines Ethics by reference to its subject-matter in the following terms: "Ethics has for its subject-matter that form which universal conduct assumes during the last stages of its evolution" (p. 20). So far this statement only affirms that ethical action is the highest type of action—a statement about which there may be general agreement. But whether this highest type of action, as seen in human life, can be accurately described as the last stages of evolution in the history of "universal conduct," may be disputed. Human conduct may warrantably be classified with conduct in general, but it does not thereby become a phase of universal conduct.

The intellectual demand meeting the evolutionist when he reaches the territory of ethics is to show that moral action is the product of higher structure and functions belonging to man. The evolutionist has to cut his way through a thicket of perplexities in attempting to make good this position. The test of the scheme must be found in generally recognized ethical conceptions, and the measure in which a rational explanation of these conceptions, and of the actions to which they lead, has been provided.

In the earlier stages of his discussion, Mr. Spencer deals 1st, with "Conduct in general;" 2d, "Evolution of conduct;" and 3d, "Good and bad conduct."

That conduct is a whole, and ethics a part of the totality; that conduct may be taken in a sense so wide as to include all actions except purposeless actions, that is, all actions adjusted to ends; and that ethical science is concerned with a restricted and advanced division of conduct—are positions which may be freely admitted. There is, indeed, an ambiguity in the description of purposeless actions, about which, however, there is no need to raise discussion. There is, however, a wide difference between an action which *serves* a purpose and an action by which an agent *executes* his own purpose; and there is a proportionate difference between the philosophic theories adequate to account for these two sets of actions. There is an immense distance separating the action of water pouring upon a mill-wheel from the action of a man conveying his thoughts to another in ordinary conversation. And between these two lies the vast and complicated set of *sensori-motor* actions characterizing various orders of muscular activity.

Let us here, however, keep hold of these two conceptions, which are favorites with Mr. Spencer, that conduct is a totality, and that moral conduct is a part in this whole. We have now to consider how moral actions come to be regarded as a distinct class within the

totality. To account for this, we must be able to point to distinguishing features belonging exclusively to such actions. What are these features? and how are they recognized? In accordance with the relation of whole and part, it is found convenient to dwell on the general classification of actions as *good* or *bad*. From this generality it is needful to discover the avenue to the more specific region of *right* or *wrong*. This requires discrimination, which brings the evolutionist on his first serious perplexity. There is, indeed, no great puzzle so long as we linger among evidences of growing complexity of animal structure, and adaptation to the accomplishment of higher ends. We freely apply the term "good," in a lax general sense, to all actions serving any end in animal economy, such as the support of the organism or the increase of happiness. So long as we continue observation in this region there can be no dispute as to Spencer's answer to the question, *What constitutes advance in the evolution of conduct?* Increasing complexity of organism provides for increasing complexity of action. On this line of progress, marking degrees of excellence, we may have a *good* and a *better*. From complexity within the organism itself we pass to what concerns the *species* to which the individual belongs, considering what is good in the sense of providing for the continuance of the race. Here we are concerned with the relation of parents and offspring, as exemplified in lower and higher orders of beings. From this we advance to what is *social*, and the good is that which contributes to the strength and comfort of the aggregate belonging to the same order.

All this is clear and certain, but it helps nothing toward an explanation of ethical distinctions. It is in some sense an obstruction to a proper understanding. For it deliberately leads us into a thicket out of which it is difficult to clear a way to open ground, where moral distinctions come within sight. "The struggle for existence"—the well-known auxiliary of the evolutionist—proves a source of great perplexity, as he seeks to become a moralist, vindicating an evolution theory as adequate to explain ethical actions. "The struggle for existence" has as its consequent "survival of the fittest," and that as its concomitant "destruction of the weakest." This struggle may be traced in the evolution of conduct up the scale of increasingly complex organism, with evidence of steadily increasing violence on the one hand and laceration on the other. Growing strength, with more powerful weapons of offence, may present evolution of conduct, appearing at length in fiercest encounters. But such evolution is not in the direction of morality, nor is it any help toward the evolution of thought bearing on higher conduct.

Nothing can conceal—or even materially obscure—*the vastness of the contrast involved* when we pass from such conflict to actions which come within the ethical region. We are introduced into a new sphere—as Mr. Spencer has said, it is introduction "by antithesis"

(p. 18). But "antithesis" is not to be found in evolution of structure and function and action. The evolution which leads to increased power of attack does not at the same time lead to restraint upon the disposition to be violent. It cannot warrantably be said that "this imperfectly evolved conduct *introduces us* . . . to conduct that is perfectly evolved," meaning by that last expression conduct which does not seek to injure, but expressly shuns all such injury, as deserving the condemnation of every intelligent being. In giving emphasis to this, we are not overlooking the fact that men often act irrationally—under the sweep of angry passion act even *brutally*. In such brutal conduct, too often to be deplored in the painful revelations of domestic life, we have the evolution of conduct *without antithesis*. We have evolution in accordance with the line of progress previously traced; but this is not evolution toward ethical conduct, but in an opposite direction. It is, indeed, true, as Mr. Spencer says, that "*contemplating* these adjustments of acts to ends which miss completeness, because they cannot be made by one creature without other creatures being prevented from making them, *raises the thought of adjustments* such that each creature may make them without preventing them from being made by other creatures" (p. 18). But such a statement is not the product of an evolution theory. Attention is not restricted to progress of conduct in accordance with the one accredited law of advance, but is directed on something quite different. The suggestion is not the product of a philosophy true to its own accepted basis. This is a process of cutting down the thicket which hinders progress, instead of discovering a philosophic pathway. We may, indeed, "contemplate" the survival of the fittest by destruction of the weaker, which had struggled for existence while strength remained, and we may regard the conduct of the survivor as no fit course for man. To us there may arise the thought of a line of action more admirably serving an adjustment of the rights and interests of others. But the contemplating of the action of lower animals in this way, and the raising of thoughts concerning a nobler line of action, are no illustrations of evolution of conduct; and what is still more important, they are not to be accounted for by any materials supplied by an evolution theory. Or, to put the objection in another form, moral conduct which scrupulously shuns infliction of injury cannot be described as "that form which *universal conduct* assumes during the last stages of its evolution" (p. 20). While granting that conduct is a whole, and moral activity a part of that whole, it is impossible to find any sense in which moral action can be described as a form which universal conduct assumes—as if the underlying, the lower and earlier, did actually lend support to ethical forms of activity.

From this dilemma I pass to Mr. Spencer's treatment of *good and bad conduct*. There is no need for lingering over the fact that very

large application is found for the word *good.* We have *things* which are good ; good in the action of physical *forces ;* good service from the lower animals ; and we have a vast variety of applications for the descriptive term among the actions of man toward his fellow-man. It was in view of this wide application of the word that Socrates so often pressed the question, Good for what? Good conduct is vast in range and complexity. This reference to a wider sense of goodness in conduct does not, however, help us toward an explanation of moral distinctions, but presses into view a worse perplexity than that which has just occupied attention. If there are such varied shades of meaning included under the general term *good conduct,* how do we explain the explicit restriction of the right in action—the definition of moral good—and how comes it that we assign a species of sacredness to moral actions, attaching special importance to moral sanction? I am willing, at this point, to waive all questions concerning "conscience," and also concerning a Divine authority imposing and enforcing moral law. We may leave these out of view for the present, that we may consider singly this question, How can the conditions of sentient life, with power of abstract intelligence superadded, lead to the recognition of moral distinctions? How have some actions come to be regarded as a distinct class, under the name "morals"?

With Mr. Spencer the good in conduct is the adjustment of means to ends, in accordance with the laws of sentient existence. With him, as with all who adopt the evolution basis, the good in experience is the agreeable ; in action, that which contributes to agreeable experience. No one will hesitate in allowing that the agreeable is good, for that is only to define the agreeable by another word accepted as synonymous. Whether the agreeable is synonymous with all good is a question which awaits solution. Now, as sentiency or sensibility depends upon external influence, Mr. Spencer treats of the good by reference to existing *interests.* According to him, the *first* set of adjustments is, "those subserving individual life ;" the *second,* "those which subserve the rearing of offspring ;" the *third* includes "the deeds by which men affect one another." Taking, then, *good* as designating the common end, as well as the conduct which leads to that end, there is, according to this view, a *threefold* aspect of human good—personal good ; the good of offspring, which is in a sense only an expansion of personal good ; and the good of others, or of mankind around us. All this is clear and indubitable. If the agreeable is "good"—as we all admit it to be—it is good wheresoever and by whomsoever experienced. If, however, there be experience of an agreeable kind, that is, "good" in the sense indicated, associated with action which in a quite different sense we name "*bad,*" that is, *wrong*—and this also is unquestionable—this is a disturbing consideration for the present treatment of ethical data, though I shall not

here dwell upon it. Meanwhile let us concentrate on this—that there are *three* distinct circles of personality with which conduct is concerned, in order to realize what is generally regarded as "good" in life. These are self, offspring, and persons standing in no closer relation to us than that of fellow-men. This may be taken as ignoring the ties of kindred; but no serious criticism need rest on this ground, as the threefold distribution sufficiently meets the requirements of the argument. Regarding these three, then, as sufficiently representative, it would seem that the agreeable is of the *same value* in the experience of all three classes, for the agreeable is the agreeable wherever experienced, and the agreeable is the "good." But Mr. Spencer proceeds to treat of varying degrees of clearness in recognizing its presence and in emphasizing the fact. The regard to the agreeable is much more prompt when personal satisfaction is the end of our actions, and yet we much more praise actions as "morally good" which seek the benefit of others. Mr. Spencer here points to the fact that our "ethical judgments" are much more explicit and obvious with one class of cases than with another. Those passed "on self-regarding acts are ordinarily little emphasized," and are sometimes obscure in application. On turning to the second class, "we no longer find any obscurity in the application of the words good and bad." "*Most emphatic*, however, are the applications of the words good and bad to conduct throughout that third division, comprising the deeds by which men affect one another" (p. 24). That this distinction of clearness and emphasis in the history of our moral judgments is strictly accurate, being upheld by a large body of evidence, admits, I think, of no doubt. But the fact tells adversely for a theory which takes it as the underlying assumption of all ethical judgments that the agreeable is the one necessary and uniform test of the right. For, on this assumption, the agreeableness connected with the attainment of personal advantage should be at least as clear as the fact of agreeableness to offspring, or to our fellow-men generally, when their interests are promoted. On the fundamental assumption of a happiness theory, there should be no ethical judgments so direct, unhesitating, and emphatic as those which pronounce upon the actions contributing to personal satisfaction.

How, then, has it come to pass that there is less inclination to emphasize the moral quality of actions bearing on personal happiness? Mr. Spencer's answer is this: "Those ethical judgments we pass in self-regarding acts are ordinarily so little emphasized; partly because the promptings of the self-regarding desires, generally strong enough, *do not need moral enforcement*, and partly because the promptings of the other-regarding desires, less strong, and often overridden, *do need moral enforcement*" (p. 23). The facts are as Mr. Spencer states, but they are unavailing for the contemplated purpose. Attention is turned aside to the need for special enforce-

ment of certain actions. It is directed on the *impulse* which leads to the pursuing of such lines of conduct, or the absence of it. Doubtless it is an important fact for the ethical student that men are much more eager to promote their own happiness than their neighbors' interests. And if our praise is directed upon personal merit, we may specially commend the man who rises above the impulse to seek his own good in order to benefit another. But, admitting this, it still remains true that if the agreeable is the sole test of the morally right, the clearest and most strongly emphasized moral judgments should be those directed upon the actions which gain personal gratification. But as the opposite is the case, there is a presumption that the agreeable is not the basis of moral distinctions.

The statement that the promptings within us to seek the happiness of others "need moral enforcement," leads to the wider and more important statement, that "conduct which seeks the good of *others is most emphatically termed good*" (p. 25). How, then, is this? Why should it be? This fact does not seem to harmonize with the theory that "the good is universally the pleasurable" (p. 30). For if it be, there can be no rational warrant for distinguishing the conduct which seeks the good of *others*, as somehow higher than the conduct which has for its end our own good. All actions producing equal happiness must, on this theory, be equally right. Yet there can be no doubt that seeking the good of others is *specially commended* by men. Why is it so? Not because the happiness of man is the sole good, for in that case the maxim would hold *equally* for self-satisfaction and for the satisfaction of another. On this basis, it could make no difference whether the agreeable experience were that of one individual or of another. The real explanation of the superiority assigned to action having for its end the good of our fellow-men is this —that man, as an intelligent moral agent, finds himself the custodian of the good of others. There is this marked difference in the two cases, that a man has his own pleasure at his disposal, *to part with as he will*, while the happiness of others is in his power under an entirely different condition or law of activity, requiring him not to abate it, but to increase it as he has opportunity. It is in this way that every man recognizes a law of *self-denial* as the law of rational life. Any theory which fails to place Benevolence in this independent and absolute position reduces morality to a more or less discriminating phase of self-seeking.

There remains the deeper question, How comes it to pass that actions most commonly and most emphatically commended are actions which most need to be enforced? But this question Mr. Spencer does not discuss, and it may be passed with this remark, that it waits solution, not only as a single question, but as an inquiry bringing in its train a whole series of problems as to the possibility of the good life—problems in the discussing of which the Greek philosophers were specially strong.

It is time now to consider Mr. Spencer's mode of dealing with the upholders of an absolute morality. "The moralist who thinks this conduct *intrinsically* good, and that *intrinsically* bad, if pushed home, has no choice but to fall back on their pleasure-giving and pain-giving effects. To prove this, it needs but to observe how impossible it would be to think of them as we do, if their effects were reversed" (p. 31). If the upholders of absolute morality could be so easily disposed of as this implies, we should not have had argumentation maintained for ages on the true philosophy of moral distinctions. Easy modes for disposing of the controversies of the ages are not usually reliable. The proof here offered in refutation of the doctrine of absolute morality is of the very slenderest kind. Only suppose the *effects* reversed, says our author, and it will appear that the actions are not intrinsically of the character we assign to them. "Suppose," he says, "that gashes and bruises caused agreeable sensations, and brought in their train increased power of doing work and receiving enjoyment, should we regard assault in the same manner as at present?" (p. 31). When murder turns out to be something else than killing, and falsehood something else than deception, we shall have to adjust our vocabulary to the unexpected change; but we shall not thereby show that pleasure-giving or pain-giving effects alone decide moral distinctions, and it will remain true as at present, that infliction of injury and deception of others are actions intrinsically wrong, whether the pain consequent upon them be great or small. If murder tended to the lengthening of life, we should think of it otherwise than we do; that is to say, we should have a use of the word "murder" exactly the opposite of that assigned by present usage, and our *thoughts* concerning the taking away of human life would remain as at present. This play over usage in speech obscures the question and explains nothing. How comes it that we regard the destruction of human life as iniquity, while mankind agrees to a daily slaughter of animals? The real problem is, How come we to *think as we do* of murder or deceit? What rational explanation can be given of our thoughts? We are agreed in our understanding that murdering is wilful taking away of the life of another, and that deceit is a wilful misleading of another. We admit that the two actions described under the names "murder" and "deceit" could not be *interpreted* without reference to their consequences, for both are actions done to others. Nevertheless, the measure of the consequences is not the measure of our thoughts. It is this fact which Mr. Spencer has not faced, and which is essential to the discussion. So far is our mode of thinking from being determined by the consequences which follow, that two men might lose their lives by the hands of two of their fellows in exactly the same manner, and we should call the one a case of murder, the other a case of accidental death. Thus it appears that we think as we do,

not merely by reference to consequences, but also to the intention of the agent and a rational law of self-direction. A moral action is something more than appears to an on-looker. A man may be deceived by statements made by two persons in succession, yet in the one case we may charge the narrator with deceit, in the other we may acquit the narrator of complicity. There was exactly the same result in both cases; but in the one case there was deceit, in the other there was not. We think of the actions as we do by reference to the intention of the agent. The moral action was the thing contemplated. To ignore this is merely to shut our eyes to the facts and attempt explanations while looking only at a part of the thing to be explained. Wrongness in conduct is not measured according to amount of suffering attendant on the action, nor is rightness according to the amount of attendant happiness. There is, indeed, no man proposing to construct a theory of ethics who can ignore consequences; assuredly no intuitionalist proposes to do anything so absurd; but to include all ethical data within happiness is to exclude what every moral agent must recognize as belonging to morality. In regarding ethical data as essentially connected with mere sentient existence, we may keep some hold on the lower phases of animal life, which the evolutionist cannot abandon; but we lose hold of the higher reaches of intelligent life, where morality becomes possible. Consequences may even be reduced to a minimum, and the injury to another be so slight that it is hardly worth dwelling upon, yet the action is regarded by us as absolutely wrong. In like manner, the advantage accruing from an action may be so small that we should feel reluctance in assigning distinct importance to it, yet the action is commended as right, and we have no hesitation in expressing admiration of the agent. It may, indeed, be assumed "to be self-evident that life is good or bad according as it does or does not bring a surplus of agreeable feeling" (p. 27); but this is nothing more than to say that life is agreeable when it is agreeable, which is self-evidently true, but worthless as a help toward the discovery of ethical data. A surplus of agreeable feeling may be interpreted in a variety of ways, leaving scope for great diversities in the ideal of life. To revive the reproach of the "pig philosophy" (p. 46) is not agreeable: but a vague formula which will suit animal even more readily than human life has the responsibility of pointing the eye down the scale. And if, as Mr. J. S. Mill most admirably said, "it is better to be a human being dissatisfied than a pig satisfied" ("Utilitarianism," p. 14), we need something higher than "a surplus of the agreeable" as the formula for moral life.

The further Mr. Spencer advances in his criticism of rival theories, the weaker his own position appears. His classification of these theories in itself betrays want of searching analysis, and consequent deficiency in critical treatment. He says; "Ethical systems

are roughly distinguishable according as they take for their cardinal ideas (1) the character of the agent; (2) the nature of his motive; (3) the quality of his deeds; (4) the results" (p. 32). This is a classification of ethical theories completely untenable. It is quite impossible to vindicate it by any enumeration of moral philosophers or of ethical schemes. A glance at the classification is sufficient to show that it wants logical cohesion. For example, if we take number 3, "the quality of his deeds," what ethical theory is there which does not profess to determine the quality of the agent's deeds? How could there be an ethical theory without this as its primary purpose? How could we, for example, otherwise describe a Utilitarian theory, enumerated under number 4, "the results," than as a theory which seeks to determine the quality of a man's deeds by their results? Again, by what contrivance can we separate a man's motive from the nature of his deed, or propose to regard a moral action otherwise than as involving *motive*, *act*, and *end?* And, once more, how can the character of the agent be the standard of ethical distinctions, or how can we judge of any man's character, "save by the quality of his deeds?" Or, if we contemplate the ideal of character as the end toward which men are to strive by persistent effort, how can men aim at this without a prior knowledge of the quality of their actions? This fourfold classification of "the standards of different moral schools" shows a disregard of the common characteristics of all ethical theories, and fails to mark out their distinguishing features.

How, then, can such a classification be illustrated? There is, I believe, no theory which can be placed under number 1, as finding the standard of right actions in "the character of the agent." Plato and Jonathan Edwards are named here, but no reference is given to any part of the works of either in support of the description. Mr. Spencer says, "It is strange that a notion so abstract as that of perfection, or a certain ideal completeness of nature, should ever have been thought one from which a system of guidance can be evolved, as it was in a general way by Plato, and more distinctly by Jonathan Edwards" (p. 32). Plato did point to an ideal excellence of character which men should strive to reach; but he did so only as Socrates had done before him, as Aristotle did after him, and as every moralist must do, whatever be his theory of the standard of moral distinctions. But it is impossible to maintain that Plato made the "notion of perfection" that "from which a system of guidance can be evolved." We have only to recall the leading conception pervading the "Republic," that the government of reason is the essential condition for the right guidance of conduct, in order to see how far Plato was from presenting an abstract notion of perfection as that from which a system of guidance was to be evolved. Or, to be more specific, we have only to refer to the Fourth Book, where he concentrates upon the theory of moral life, and consider his account of the Cardinal

Virtues, Wisdom, Courage, Temperance, and Justice ("Republic," B. iv., 428–33). When he maintains that man is to be guided by his reason, and that, so guided, he will cherish the right kind of fear, and will keep pleasure and passion in subjection, and will do his own part in society well, carefully guarding the rights and opportunities of others for doing the same, we are not dealing with an abstract notion of perfection, but with definite laws of life. It is by persistent regard to these that man is to advance toward perfection, discovering that virtue is the harmony of the soul.

When we take Jonathan Edwards, we do not find any example of the class of writers described, for while he points to perfection as the end to be sought, he deals expressly with certain qualities and acts of the mind as constituting virtue, and maintains that "true virtue most essentially consists in benevolence to being in general." ("Dissertation Concerning the Nature of True Virtue," chap. i.)

I shall advance only one consideration more in criticism of the fundamental part of Mr. Spencer's discussion of ethical data, bearing on his account of the *intuitional theory*. The description of the theory is singular, and the representative selected no less so. "By the intuitional theory I here mean, not that which recognizes as produced by the inherited effects of continued experiences, the feelings of likings and aversions we have to acts of certain kinds; but I mean the theory which regards such feelings as divinely given, and as independent of results experienced by self or ancestors. 'There is, therefore,' says Hutcheson, 'as each one by close attention and reflection may convince himself, a natural and immediate determination to approve certain affections, and actions consequent upon them'" (p. 38). This description of an intuitional theory is at fault in every particular. There is not, I imagine, a single representative of an intuitional philosophy who would accept the account here given of intuitionalism. This theory in seeking to account for our mode of distinguishing moral quality in actions does not refer to "feelings of liking and aversion," but exclusively to the rational nature, alleging that our reason contemplates self-evident truth. As the theory does not attempt to explain moral distinctions by pointing to "such feelings" as those described, it cannot speak of "such feelings as divinely given" to man for his guidance. But an intuitional theory holds, as Mr. Spencer says in the negative clause with which his statement opens, that self-evident truths are not "the inherited effects of continued experiences." Intuitionalism declares that self-evident truth was as clearly recognized two thousand years ago as it is now; and that it is as clearly perceived now as it will be two thousand years hence. The theory holds that we may just as reasonably speak of improving, developing, or evolving mathematical axioms "by the inherited effects of continued experiences," as we may speak of improving, developing, or evolving the maxims of

moral life by such means. Here is a clear enough line of attack for the opponents of the theory; but Mr. Spencer's criticism is utterly wide of the mark. Further, it is not distinctive of an intuitional theory to regard the power of intuition "as divinely given," any more than it is distinctive of a utilitarian theory to be atheistic. Whether the upholder of either theory is theistic or atheistic in his theory of the universe must depend upon other grounds altogether. These other grounds being recognized, however, it may be more natural for the atheistic thinker to be utilitarian in ethical theory, and probably—though that is less certain—more natural for the theist to be intuitional in ethics. But if the intuitionalist in morals refer the power of intuition to a Divine source, he does this not at all on account of the peculiar nature of intuition, but simply as he regards the five senses, the reasoning power, memory, and benevolent disposition as divinely given.

The selection of Hutcheson as the representative of intuitionalism is not easily explained. He did, indeed, hold that our recognition of moral distinctions is not the result of "inherited effects of continued experiences." He did hold, as expressed in the quotation given, "a natural and immediate determination to approve certain affections and actions." But Hutcheson belonged to a transition period in the history of philosophic thought, maintaining, along with Shaftesbury, the doctrine of "a moral sense," and showing signs of a tendency to pass on to a form of theory in which more is assigned to the rational nature. His distinctive theory of our knowledge of moral quality in action is stated thus: "We must then certainly have other perceptions of moral actions than those of advantage; and that power of receiving these perceptions may be called a moral sense, since the definition agrees to it—viz., a determination of the mind to receive any idea from the presence of an object which occurs to us independently of our will."* More recent thought has not favored the doctrine of a moral sense; but the intuitional school have preferred the view, as Mr. J. S. Mill accurately described it, "that our moral faculty supplies us only with the general principles of moral judgments." For, as Mr. Mill states in contrasting the positions of the intuitional and experiential schools, "they both agree that the morality of an individual action is not a question of direct perception, but of the application of a law to an individual case," the intuitionalist holding that "the principles of morals are evident *à priori*, requiring nothing to command assent, except that the meaning of the terms be understood."† This describes the present phase of intuitional doctrine, and it seems strange that Mr. Spencer did not introduce it in place of the quotation from Hutcheson, and did not think it needful to make account of Butler, and Reid, and Kant.

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* An Inquiry concerning Moral Good and Evil, sect. 1. † Utilitarianism, p. 3.

On the grounds thus presented in criticism of the earlier portion of "The Data of Ethics," it seems to me that Mr. Spencer's own theory fails to account for the facts which he himself recognizes as coming within the moral sphere; and, on the other hand, that he does not accurately represent the intuitional theory, and consequently his criticism of it is altogether wide of the mark.

H. CALDERWOOD, *in Contemporary Review.*

THE CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF CYRUS THE GREAT.

WRITINGS of Cyrus! the reader may exclaim; do such exist? Have we really any thing authentic from the hand of this great conquering chief, whose history reads like a myth in Herodotus, and like a romance in Xenophon? Was the "Warrior King," who nearly two thousand five hundred years ago overran Asia from the Suliman Mountains to the Ægean Sea, everywhere beating down opposition, and welding one half of the Eastern continent into an empire, an author no less than a soldier, a "learned clerk" no less than a "Hammer of Nations"? Kings in the olden time were more apt to write their histories in blood than ink—the sword was more familiar to their hand than the pen or *stylus*—not often did they drop the one to assume the other, or pause in their career of havoc and slaughter to cultivate the arts of peace and the graces of literary composition. Still, there were exceptions to the general rule. David, the "man of blood," who built up an empire which extended from the Euphrates to the borders of Egypt by a long series of successful wars, wielded nevertheless "the pen of a ready writer," and was known to his contemporaries as "the sweet psalmist of Israel." Three early Egyptian kings are said by Manetho to have composed treatises. The literary tastes of Orodes, the conqueror of Crassus, and of Chosroës Anushirvan are well known. Cyrus the Great cannot, let it be at once confessed, compete with such monarchs as these. It is not literature, in the proper sense of the word, with which he stands connected. But still, he has left writings. There exist, on clay or stone, three inscriptions or pieces of writing belonging to his time, of which he is in our opinion to be considered the author; and there exist two documents, embodied in the literature of the Jews, which we believe to be also faithful translations of decrees or proclamations, put forth in his reign and with his authority. These five documents constitute the "writings" whereto we propose to call attention in the present paper, and from them, in their combination, we expect that we shall be able to throw quite a new light on the character of the great Persian monarch.

There are, however, one or two preliminary objections to which we must address ourselves, before adducing the documents themselves. It may be said that the writings are not really the composition of Cyrus, but of his ministers, and that consequently they throw no light at all on the personal character or disposition of the king. And it may be held, as indeed it has been held of some of them, that their language has been so colored by passing through the medium of a foreign tongue as to render them an unsafe basis for speculations such as those on which we propose to enter.

We meet the first objection by remarking that, though royal proclamations would not nowadays, and among ourselves, be much evidence of the disposition of a monarch, yet in the despotic East, where kings "govern" as well as "reign," and with a king possessing the originality and vigor of mind which all agree in assigning to Cyrus the Great, the case would be different. Even modern Turkish *hatts* are some evidence of the disposition of an Abdul-Aziz or an Abdul-Hamid. Decrees of such energetic Persian monarchs as Cyrus, Cambyses, Darius Hystaspes, are, *à fortiori*, of weight, and must be regarded as really emanating from themselves. They run in the first person; and no subject whatever his rank, would dare to put into his royal master's mouth any words or phrases which did not express his known mind on the subject-matter of the proclamation. To make the great king say to his subjects that which he had not wished to say, would, if discovered, be a capital offence; and men were too anxious about keeping their heads upon their shoulders to run such a risk.

Much the same may be said with respect to the supposed "coloring" of a decree in the process of translation. The translation of state documents was a regular part of the Persian governmental system, and there must have been a class of officials trained to the duty, who no doubt knew their business. The documents which we possess in two or three languages (*e.g.*, the Behistun Inscription) are translated very carefully indeed. An interpreter would know that he might have to answer with his head for any important mistake that he made, and would be vigilant accordingly. It is in the highest degree improbable that the tone and spirit of any royal decree or proclamation would have been seriously affected by translation under any of the early Persian monarchs.

So much by way of preface. We proceed now to adduce the documents. And, first of all, we will bring forward the shortest. This is a bilingual legend, in the Persian cuneiform writing, and the (so-called) Median, still remaining in its original position on the jambs of a gateway,* in the immediate vicinity of that remarkable tomb at

* The inscription is repeated four several times on jambs and pilasters without any variations except slight ones in the form of the letters. See Rich's "Journey to Persepolis," pl. xii.

Murgab in Southern Persia, wherein most modern travellers and scholars have recognized the "Tomb of Cyrus," so graphically described by Arrian.* It runs in the Persian, thus:

> Adam Kurush, Khsháya-
> thiya, Hakhámanishiya."

Or "I (am) Cyrus, the King, the Achæmenian." Underneath is a winged figure, robed, and crowned with an Egyptian head-dress, which can scarcely be intended to represent the monarch, but may possibly be his protecting genius. The inscription is remarkable chiefly for its extreme simplicity. Whereas other Persian monarchs delight in multiplying their titles, calling themselves—"the Great King, the King of Kings, the King of Persia, and the King of the provinces," † or "the King, the Great King, the King of Kings, the King of the many-peopled countries, and the supporter also of this great world," ‡ Cyrus, the conqueror, the founder of the empire, is content with the bare title of "King" (*Khsháyathiya*, whence, by curtailment, the modern *shah*). Again, whereas others commonly give their pedigree, tracing themselves up through several steps to Achæmenes, Arsames, or Hystaspes, Cyrus here names no ancestor, but simply boasts himself an "Achæmenian." Whether he understood by this, as Darius did, actual descent from a man named Achæmenes (*Hakhámanish*), is uncertain. There is, perhaps, some reason to think that the personification had not as yet been made, and that Cyrus when he used the term *Hakhámanishiya* intended merely to designate the sept or clan to which he belonged.

A legend of Cyrus, somewhat longer than this, but still sufficiently brief, and unfortunately mutilated, occurs on a brick found at Senkareh, in Lower Babylonia, by the late Mr. Loftus, which is now in the British Museum. In its present condition it is almost illegible; but when first brought to England, in 1850, it was carefully examined by Sir Henry Rawlinson, who stated the contents to be as follows:

> "Kura[s] . . . . . bann
> Bit-Saggatu u Bit-tzidda,
> abil Kambuziya
> . . . . . dannu, anaku."§

This may be read in two ways—either as "Cyrus . . . . builder of Beth-Saggat and Beth-Zida, son of Cambyses the powerful [King], am I," or as "Cyrus, . . . builder of Beth-Saggat and Beth-Zida, son of Cambyses, the powerful King am I." When first discovered, it was read in the former sense, and was taken to prove Xenophon right in affirming, and Herodotus wrong in denying, that Cambyses, the father of the Great Cyrus, was a personage of royal dignity. It is now, however, read by Dr. Oppert, in the alternative mode, and

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* "Exp. Alex.," vi. 29. † "Behist. Ins.," Col. i. par. 1. ‡ "Elwand Ins.," par. 2.
§ "Journal of Biblical Archæology," vol. ii. opp. p. 148.

becomes interesting solely from its connecting Cyrus in some way or other with the two greatest of Babylonian temples, which were called respectively Beth-Saggat and Beth-Zida. The exact nature of the connection is, however, uncertain ; for the characters read by Sir H. Rawlinson and Mr. George Smith, as *banu*, and supposed to show that Cyrus "rebuilt" or "restored" these temples, are taken by Dr. Oppert to form the word *nibit*, which is explained to mean "priest." * Still, in either case, the fact noted is remarkable, and has a bearing on the character of Cyrus, which will appear in the sequel.

The documents, professedly emanating from Cyrus, preserved to us in the literature of the Jews, are well known to Biblical students, but have scarcely attracted so much attention as they deserve from historians. Ewald,† indeed, has some remarks upon them, which are not without value, and distinctly notes the preservation in the Hebrew Scriptures of more Cyreian documents than one, which has not been seen generally. But he deprives the documents of almost their whole importance by denying that they are correct translations of the originals, and maintaining that they have been abbreviated and "colored" by the Jewish writer through whom they have come down to us. This is a view which it is alike impossible to prove and to refute. To us it appears—on the grounds already stated—to be improbable. We shall therefore venture to assume that the "Decrees of Cyrus," preserved in Ezra, represent with sufficient fidelity the original Persian documents, which, if not the composition of Cyrus, must at any rate have been submitted to him, and have received his sanction, before they were circulated through the length and breadth of the Persian empire under his name.

The first "decree," or rather proclamation, of Cyrus is given partially at the end of the Second Book of Chronicles, completely in the first chapter of the Book of Ezra. It runs as follows :

"Thus saith Cyrus, King of Persia : All the kingdoms of the earth hath Jehovah, the God of heaven, given unto me ; and He hath charged me to build Him a house in Jerusalem, which is in Judæa. Who is there among you of all his people? His God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem, which is in Judæa, and build the house of Jehovah, the God of Israel (He is the God), which is in Jerusalem. And whosoever is still remaining in any place of his sojourning, let the men of his place help him with silver, and with gold, and with goods, and with beasts, besides the free-will offering to the house of God in Jerusalem." (Ezra i., 2–4.)

The second or supplementary decree is in these terms :

"In the first year of Cyrus the King, Cyrus the King made a decree concerning the house of God in Jerusalem : Let the house be built, the place where they may offer sacrifice ; and let its foundations be strongly laid ; the height of it sixty cubits, and the breadth of it sixty cubits ; three courses of great stones, and one course of new timber ; and let the cost be given from the King's palace ; and moreover, let the gold and silver vessels of the house of God, which Nebuchad-

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* "Records of the Past," vol. ix. p. 67, note.
† "History of Israel," vol. v. pp. 47–49 and p. 78.

nezzar brought forth out of the Temple which was in Jerusalem, and carried to Babylon, be restored and brought again to the Temple, which is in Jerusalem, to their own place, and be set in the house of God."

Of these two documents, the first is on every account the most remarkable. It contains the name of Jehovah twice, and exhibits Cyrus to us as acknowledging, not merely a divine character in the God of the Jews, but either an exclusive divinity, or, at any rate, a supreme divinity, a divinity transcending that of any other God. The words "He is *the* God" (*hu ha-Elohim*) can mean no less than this. Again, it presents him to us as claiming to have received from Jehovah at once the gift of universal dominion, and also a particular command or "charge." This charge is the restoration of the Temple at Jerusalem, which Nebuchadnezzar had destroyed some fifty years previously; and it is in consequence of this "charge" apparently that he both invites the Israelites generally to return to their own land and set about the rebuilding of the Temple, and also (in the second decree) gives orders with respect to the dimensions of the structure, its materials, and even the mode of its construction. Cyrus has always been considered by the Jews as one of their greatest benefactors—as their Deliverer from captivity, their Restorer to their own land and in a certain sense the Builder of their second Temple; and in this document (the first decree) we are given the reasons which he himself assigns for his conduct toward them. It will be important, in any estimate of his character that may be hereafter made, to recollect that he represents himself as actuated, in a matter of considerable political moment, not by political but by religious motives—by gratitude to the God to whom he ascribed his successes, and by an express order received from a divine source.

The last, the lengthiest, and in some respects the most surprising of the writings of Cyrus is one which has only very recently been recovered. In the summer of the present year some Arabs, working under directions received from Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, once the assistant of Mr. Layard in his Assyrian explorations, obtained from one of the Babylonian ruins, during the absence of their principal, a broken clay cylinder, which, on its arrival in England in the course of the autumn, was almost immediately seen to possess unusual interest. The cylinder is barrel-shaped, as are most cylinders of the time to which it (apparently) belongs, especially those of Nebuchadnezzar and Nabonidus. It is about nine inches long, with a diameter of three and a quarter inches at the ends, and four and one eighth inches in the middle. The inscription upon it is written from end to end of the cylinder, and consisted originally of forty-five very long lines, the number of characters in a line being from forty to fifty, and the number of words, on an average, about twenty. Thus the document originally contained nearly a thousand words, or nearly eight times as many as all the other extant writings of the great Persian

monarch put together. The language employed is the Babylonian cuneiform; and in general style the composition bears a nearer resemblance to the state documents of the native monarchs nearest to the time—Nabonidus, Neriglissar, and Nebuchadnezzar—than to the Babylonian transcripts of the trilingual inscriptions of Darius Hystaspis.

Unfortunately, the cylinder is imperfect. Besides minor *lacunæ*, there is a large gap in one side, which extends in parts almost across the whole document, and causes the loss of several entire lines and the mutilation of a still larger number. The beginning and end of the inscription are in this way lost; but still about two thirds of the characters remain, and the central part of the document, extending to twenty-five lines out of the original forty-five, has scarcely received any injury, and may be said to be, on the whole, in fine condition. It is in this part of the inscription that Cyrus once more comes before us as an author, once more puts forth a "proclamation" to his subjects, or a portion of them, using throughout the first person, and relating his actions and his feelings. The following is the general purport of what he says:

"I am Cyrus," he begins, "the supreme King, the Great King, the powerful King, King of Dintir (Babylon), King of the Sumir and Akkad, King of the four races; son of Cambyses, the Great King, King of the City of Ansan; grandson of Cyrus, the Great King, King of the City of Ansan; great grandson of Teispes, the great King, King of the City of Ansan. The ancient royal family, of which Bel and Nebo had sustained the rule in the goodness of their hearts, faded away when I entered victoriously into Dintir. With joy and gladness in the royal palace I established the seat of sovereignty. Merodach, the great lord, the ancient guardian of the sons of Dintir, and . . . . My widespreading rule was peacefully established throughout Dintir and the many districts of Sumir and Akkad. Their good order was not disturbed. The high places of Babylon, and all its fortresses, I maintained in good preservation. The sons of Dintir had neglected to repair their dilapidations; their fissures gaped, their walls bulged out. To the work of repairing the shrine of Merodach, the great lord, I addressed myself. To me (Cyrus the King) and to Cambyses, my son, the offspring of my heart, and to my faithful army [the God] auspiciously granted his favor, so that we succeeded in restoring the shrine to its former perfect state. . . . . Many of the kings dwelling in high places, who belonged to the various races inhabiting the country between the Upper Sea (*i.e.*, the Mediterranean) and the Lower Sea (the Persian Gulf), together with the Kings of Syria and the unknown (?) regions beyond, brought to me their full tribute at Kal-anna (the central part of Babylon), and kissed my feet. They came from . . . . as far as the cities of Asshur and Ishtar, from Agathé, Isnunak, the cities of Zamban, Mie-Turon, and Duran, as far as the skirts of Guti and the fortresses along the banks of the Tigris, where they had been settled from ancient times. The Gods who dwelt among them to their places I restored, and I assigned them a permanent habitation. All their people I assembled, and I increased their property; and the gods of Sumir and Akkad, whom Nabonidus had introduced at the festivals (or processions) of the Lord of the Gods at Kal-anna, by the command of Merodach, the Great Lord, I assigned them an honorable seat in their sanctuaries, as was enjoyed by all the other gods in their own cities. And daily I prayed to Bel and Nebo, that they would lengthen my days and increase my good fortune, and would repeat to Merodach, my lord, that 'Thy worshipper, Cyrus the king, and his son Cambyses . . . . '"

There were ten more lines of inscription which seem to have con-

tained prayers ; but the writing is too much mutilated to admit of any connected sense being extracted from it. Of the last six lines, each is more nearly obliterated than the preceding, until, finally, all is lost save some four or five characters at the extreme right-hand end of the cylinder.

Such are the "writings" of Cyrus at present in our possession. After the remarkable discovery of the present year, we feel that we may venture to hope—almost to expect—that further research in Mesopotamia and the adjacent regions may in the end considerably add to their number. But at present this is the sum total of the Cyreian documents. What may we gather from them? What light do they throw on the true character of that marvellous conqueror, whose rise "marks an epoch in universal history," *—with whose coming "the movement of history begins, and humanity throws itself into that restless march of progress which henceforth is never to cease? A vague instinct pushes them forward to the conquest of all around them. They throw themselves headlong on the Semitic races. They are not contented with Asia. The East under them seems to migrate toward the West. They do not halt even at the Hellespont, nor till they have reached the shores of Salamis." †

Before the late discovery, those who had the widest and firmest grasp of all the ascertained facts, while admitting that "little" comparatively was known "of the individual character of Cyrus," ‡ were inclined to believe—first, that in him alone, among early Oriental conquerors, was shown forth an example of something more than mere destructive vigor and despotic authority—that, if not the model prince of Xenophon, he was at any rate distinguished for justice and gentleness, for simplicity and kindness of disposition. Secondly, they saw in him a "great Monotheist" and iconoclast, one to whom the idolatry of the Semitic races was hateful, and in whose conquest of Babylon "the knell of Polytheism sounded throughout the world." There is undoubtedly a certain amount of agreement between the religion of the ancient Persians and that of the Jews ; and the conjecture was natural that Cyrus, when he took Babylon, and found Daniel in the lofty position in which the circumstances of Belshazzar's Feast had placed him, was led to inquire into the religious system of the Jews, and finding it in many points to resemble his own, was drawn toward the Jews by a true sympathy, while he was revolted by the coarse and sensuous polytheism of the Babylonians, their oppressors, and inclined to use his rights as conqueror to crush a creed so antagonistic to that of Zoroaster. The terms of the "first decree" in Ezra entirely harmonized with this theory, and lent it considerable support ; while the glorious epithets lavished upon Cyrus by

* M. Niebuhr, "Geschichte Assurs und Babels," p. 232.
† Quinet, "Genie des Religions," pp. 301-2.
‡ Stanley, "Lectures on the Jewish Church," Third Series, p. 53.

the Jewish prophets—notably Isaiah—seemed in this way only to become thoroughly intelligible and appropriate. Hence Cyrus was supposed to have treated Babylon as Cambyses treated Egypt.

"Yet more significant," it was said,* "even than the fall of the monarchy and the ruin of the city, was the overthrow of the religion of the Chaldæan world by the zeal of the Persian monotheists. The huge golden image of Bel, the Sun-God (?)—from which Babylon, 'the Gate of Bel,' derived its name—on the summit of his lofty temple; Nebo, the Thoth, the Hermes, the God of the Chaldæn learning, to whom at least three of the Babylonian kings were consecrated by name, in his sanctuary at Borsippa, of which the ruins still remain; Merodach, the tutelary God of the city, the favorite deity of Nebuchadnezzar, the eldest, the most ancient of the divinities, trembled; as the Israelites believed, from head to foot as the great Iconoclast approached: 'Bel bowed down; Nebo stooped; Merodach was broken in pieces.' The High Priest might stand out long against the conquerors, and defend the venerated images at the cost of his life; they could not resist the destroyer's shock; their vast size did but increase the horror, it may be said the grotesqueness, of their fall; the beasts of burden on which the broken fragments would have to be piled groaned under the expectation of the weight; the wagons which bore them creaked under the prospect of the unwieldy freight. With the fall of these greater divinities the lesser fell also."

With the discovery of the present year this view ceases to be tenable. A wholly new light is shed by it on the character of the great Persian monarch, who, instead of being inspired, as was supposed, by zeal for monotheism, and an almost fanatical hatred of idolatry, appears to have been a politic prince, cool and cautious, somewhat of a Indifferentist in religion, and, if not a renegade from the faith of his fathers, at any rate so "broad" in his views as to be willing to identify his own Ahura-Mazda, the Maker of Earth and Heaven, the All-Wise, All Bounteous spirit, alike with the One God of the Jews, and with the CHIEF god of any and every religious system with which he came into contact. Born and bred a Zoroastrian, he would naturally, and almost necessarily, recognize in the Jehovah of the Jews the Self-Existent One, his own Deity; and we seem to trace in the tone of Ezra's first decree something of a warmer feeling, of a heartier acquiescence and approval, than in the newly-recovered proclamation. There is also in that decree a peculiar feature, not reproduced in the newly-found document—the recognition of a real authority in Jehovah to direct and rule nations. The "charge" which Cyrus regards as laid upon him by Jehovah, to rebuild his "house" at Jerusalem, has nothing parallel to it in the Babylonian proclamation, where the repair of Merodach's shrine at Babylon is represented as a purely voluntary and spontaneous act on the part of the king. It would seem that Cyrus, finding the Jews to be, like his own nation, "people of a Book"—professors, that is, of a religion based upon a sacred volume—had the curiosity to inquire concerning this Book, and finding in it the well-known words, "That saith of Cyrus, He is my shepherd, and shall perform my pleasure; even say-

* Stanley, "Lectures on the Jewish Church," Third Series, p. 60.

ing to Jerusalem, 'Thou shalt be built,' and to the temple, 'Thy foundations shall be laid' " (Is. 44 : 28). accepted them as a "charge" to himself, and acknowledged their obligation. Hence there was something peculiar in the relations which he accepted toward the religion of the Jews, though nothing nearly so peculiar as has generally been imagined. His tolerance of the religion was not peculiar, but part of a general system of tolerance; his sympathy with it may have been to a certain extent peculiar, but was not wholly so. He was a Syncretist of the broadest kind, and saw in "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord;" in Ahura-Mazda, Merodach, Asshur, Melkarth, Rimmon —would have seen in Ammon, Indra, Woden, Tina, Mumbo-jumbo, had he known of them—merely different presentations of one and the same reality, embodiments, modified by ethnic diversities and perhaps by local associations, of one and the same notion of a Supreme Being, one and the same thought of a Divine Person, the Head of all things, the First, Best, Wisest. He may not have placed all the presentations upon a par, or have thought them all equally to be encouraged. He may have preferred his own Zoroastrian conception, his own "good, holy, pure, true God, the Holiest, the Essence of Truth, the father of all truth, the best being of all, the master of purity," * to the conceptions of other peoples and nations; but he cannot have recognized any essential contrariety, any irreconcilable antagonism, between his own God and theirs, between Ahura-Mazda, Merodach, Jehovah, Asshur, Rimmon.

Nor was he averse to Polytheism, in the form in which it has usually existed, where it has existed. The Zoroastrian system allowed the existence of many gods. In it Ahura-Mazda was only "the greatest of the gods" (*mathista baganam*, Persep. Ins. 3, line 1). "May Ahura-Mazda bring help to me," said Darius, "with the deities who guard my house" (*hada vithaibish bagaibish*, ibid., line 14). Mithra especially was worshipped as a great god, coupled with Ahura-Mazda, and invoked to protect and save. † Cyrus, when brought into contact with polytheistic systems, found no difficulty in assigning to the gods whom he was pleased to regard as secondary ‡ a position similar to that which, in his own religion, was occupied by Mithra, Vohu-mano, Asha, Armaiti, Serosh, and others—secondary Zoroastrian deities, inferior to Ahura-Mazda, but still possessing great power, and the proper objects of worship. So, as he tells us in the newly-recovered inscription, though he accepted Merodach

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* See the writer's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. iii. p. 96.

† See "Records of the Past," vol. ix. pp. 86, 87; Herod. i. 131; Xen. *Cyrop.* viii. 3, p. 24.

‡ It does not appear that in the general Babylonian system, Merodach really occupied the highest place; but he had been the *favorite* god of Nebuchadnezzar, and his son Evil-Merodach, and slighted by Nabonidus. These circumstances seem to have led Cyrus to accept him as the Babylonian equivalent of Ahura-Mazda.

alone as "*the* great lord," and as "his own lord," "yet he prayed daily to Bel and Nebo," beseeching them "to lengthen his days and increase his good fortune." He even placed them between himself and Merodach as intercessors, just as Roman Catholics place the saints between themselves and Christ, requesting them to convey to Merodach the petitions which he probably thought himself unworthy to prefer directly.

Even in the matter of idolatry, though, as a Zoroastrian, he ought not only to have abstained from all employment of images in religion himself, but to have considered the use of them by others "as a sign of folly," * yet his tolerance was so great, his syncretism so pronounced, that, on the contrary, he countenanced, supported, patronized idolatry of the most open and avowed character. Far from "utterly abolishing" the idols, which had trembled at his approach, he assigned to all the gods of the Babylonians—that is, to their images—"honorable seats in their sanctuaries." The colossal statue of Bel, made of pure gold, according to Herodotus, † and twelve cubits or eighteen feet high, was allowed to remain unharmed in the great temple of Babylon, and to continue the object of the people's veneration. The old worship remained unaltered in the Babylonian temples. Merodach and Nebo, Nergal and Ishtar, Adrammelech and Anammelech, still stood upright in their ancient shrines, and received the devout worship of their votaries. Nor was this all. Neighboring cities, recently at war with Babylon, and reduced to subjection, received back, by the generosity of the new conqueror, the images of their gods which the Babylonian monarchs had carried off as tokens of victory, and were enabled to restore them to the temples from which they had been taken, where they obtained "permanent habitations." Loved and long-lost idols, welcomed home by admiring crowds, provoked no doubt an access of religious fervor; and many perishing idolatries obtained a new lease of life through the spurious liberalism of a monarch, whose professed creed pledged him to oppose idolatry to the uttermost of his power.

It is not perhaps to be expected that this view of the character and policy of Cyrus the Great will be at once and universally admitted. Is a single mutilated inscription, it will be said, even supposing it to be correctly rendered, of such authority that on account of it we must entirely change our whole conception of one of the greatest characters and one of the greatest eras of history? Are the Babylonian priests, who were beyond all question the authors of the entire document, to be absolutely depended upon? May not the "proclamation" of Cyrus, which they quote, be a forgery?

Different answers to these questions will no doubt approve themselves to different minds. We are far from contending that the case

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* Herod. i. 131. † *Ibid.* i. 183.

is so plain as to render hesitation on the matter unreasonable. "*Sub judice lis est.*" But the date of the document being fixed by linguistic considerations to the reign of Cyrus, or at the latest to that of his son Cambyses, we cannot ourselves imagine that any Persian subjects would dare to utter a forgery which must necessarily be so offensive to the despotic monarch under whom they lived. It is difficult to see what could be gained by such an act, if it remained undetected, and it is clear that if detected it would have drawn down upon its authors a severe punishment. We feel forced therefore to accept the decree as genuine, and if really the utterance of Cyrus, it seems to us to involve all that we have deduced from it.

Moreover, we think that, independently of the document in question, there is evidence that Cyrus was not the Iconoclast which he has been often described as being, but the Syncretist which we have here represented him. We have already remarked that he left untouched the golden image of Bel, which was the pride and glory of the Great Temple of Babylon, and which stood unharmed until Xerxes, after his return from Greece, removed the image and slew the priest who resisted him.* He also, it is certain, left untouched the temple of Cybele at Sardis, which was burned accidentally at the time of the Ionian revolt, as well as those belonging to the Greek cities upon the western coast of Asia Minor, as that of Apollo at Branchidæ and that of Artemis near Ephesus. Further, in the short brick legend quoted above (p. 240), he distinctly states himself to have been either the "restorer" or the "priest" of the two principal Babylonian temples—a statement in complete harmony with the newly-recovered proclamation, and one clearly indicative of the friendly attitude which it pleased him to assume toward the religion of Babylon. Finally, his syncretic leanings are shown in the details of that angelic figure already mentioned, which still exists on the building, near his tomb, inscribed with his name—a figure modelled generally on an Assyrian type, but with a head-dress borrowed from Egypt, and symbolizing well that union of different and really conflicting creeds which he seems to have wished to bring about.

One further difficulty may be raised. Do not the Jewish prophets, it may be said, represent Cyrus as an Iconoclast, a "Hammer of the Nations,' who, smiting furiously on all sides, broke in pieces the idols, or tore them from their shrines and carried them off "upon the beasts," to be exhibited in his triumph at his capital? What else is the meaning of the phrases, † "Bel bowed down; Nebo stooped. Their idols were upon the beasts, and upon the cattle; your carriages were heavy laden; they are a burden to the weary beast. They stoop, they bow down together; they could not deliver the burden, but themselves are gone into captivity"? Why else does

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* Herod. l.s.c. † Is. 46 : 1, 2.

Jeremiah exclaim, * "Babylon is taken; Bell is confounded; Merodach is broken in pieces; her idols are confounded; her images are broken in pieces"? What else is intended, when it is said, † "I will punish Bel in Babylon; I will do judgment upon her graven images"? To us it seems that these expressions have been stretched beyond their natural meaning when they have been taken to indicate a violent iconoclastic fury, and that they are sufficiently appropriate to the occasion if no more occurred upon the capture of Babylon by Cyrus than was certain to occur, and no more change of the religious position was effected by the event than what it is absolutely certain was effected. When Cyrus conquered Babylon, it would, as a matter of course, be felt throughout Western Asia that the religion of the Semitic nations, the Babylonians, Assyrians, Syrians, Phœnicians, and the like, had received a great blow. Zoroastrianism was triumphant, was supreme. In this sense, "Bel *bowed down;* Nebo *stooped.*" The old Babylonian and Assyrian creed sank from a dominant to a subject religion, became one of many tolerated beliefs. This was the great fall, the great change; and it is this on which Isaiah and Jeremiah mean especially to dwell. But there was also something more. It was usual in the East for each conqueror to carry off from each conquered city trophies of his victory, and among these trophies the foremost and the most valued were the images of the city's gods. We see in the Assyrian sculptures triumphal processions, wherein the idols are being exhibited, supported on the shoulders of men, or carried in their hands.‡ There is no reason to believe that Cyrus would forego this practice, which was so apt to display the reality of victory in the eyes of the nations under his rule, and to bring it home to their hearts. Thus "the idols" would be "upon the beasts and upon the cattle;" the "carriages" would be "heavy laden;" the gods, who "could not deliver," would themselves "be gone into captivity." Nay, further; in the hour of capture, in the first furious rush of an almost undisciplined mob of soldiers into a conquered town, when lust for plunder was in the ascendant, and the temples were known to be the places where most wealth was stored, there would be, whether the commander desired it or no, something of that general destruction by the soldiers of such idols as they fell in with, which Dean Stanley so graphically describes (supra, p. 245). Bel would be "confounded;" Merodach would be "broken in pieces;" the gold and silver plating would be stripped off the images of wood or of the baser metals, and the temples would be scenes of havoc and horror. But, when the horrors of the sack were over —when the method of ruling conquered peoples had to be determined, a different policy prevailed—general iconoclasm would have caused

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* Jer. 50 : 2. † Jer. 51 : 44, 52.

‡ Layard, "Monuments of Nineveh," 2d series, pls. 30, 50.

general discontent, and have provoked continual rebellion—such iconoclasm was never practised by the Persian kings at all generally, or, indeed, otherwise than quite exceptionally ; and least of all was it practised by Cyrus. Even Cambyses was an iconoclast, so far as we know, only in Egypt, where he was exasperated against the people by their disposition to rebel, and disgusted by the low fetishism of the animal worship, and the hideosity of the images of Phthah, Bes, Tauris, Savak, and the like. And there is evidence in the inscription on the Pastophorus of the Vatican that even he relented, and became after a time a votary and patron of Neith, the goddess of Sais.* Cyrus, having to arrange for the pacification and permanent government of Babylonia, adopted the system of toleration—repaired the temples, restored, where he could, the images to their shrines, allowed the people the full and free exercise of their religion. Nay, he even went further. Anxious to conciliate those under his rule, he accepted Merodach as the Babylonian equivalent of Ahura-Mazda, as he had (with better reason) accepted Jehovah as his Jewish equivalent, and declared himself "his worshipper." He did not even deny a certain quasi-divinity to Bel, Nebo, and the other secondary Babylonian gods ; but, paralleling them with his own *izeds* and *amshashpands*, let them preserve their old position in the regards of the people, let their images rest undisturbed in their temples, and professed that he himself "daily addressed to them his prayers." How much of this was policy, how much conviction that under various forms all men everywhere were really worshipping the same Celestial Power, may, perhaps, be doubtful, but that iconoclasm was no principle of his general government is certain.

On the moral disposition of Cyrus—on his supposed justice, gentleness, kindness of heart, and simplicity—his writings throw but little light. They belong to him as a ruler, not as an individual. We may, perhaps, trace in them some slight deterioration of character, more especially in the matter of simplicity and absence of ostentation ; but otherwise they scarcely reveal ἦθος. Content, at first, in his Persian home, to call himself simply "king," he becomes after his conquests, first, "the powerful king," and then, finally, "the supreme king, the great king, the powerful king, the king of Babylon, the king of Sumir and Akkad, the king of the four races," accumulating title upon title, with all the pride and vanity of his predecessors in the lordship of Asia. In common with other Persian monarchs, he acknowledges himself to have derived his royal dignity from God (Ezra 1 : 2) ; but his inscriptions are, on the whole, less religious than those of his successors. A certain amount of tenderness is shown in the way in which he speaks of his son Cambyses, of whom he has no unworthy jealousy, and whom he terms "the off-

* "Records of the Past," vol. x. p. 49, et seqq.

spring *of his heart.*" Something more of kindliness and good-will toward his subjects than commonly appears in the official utterances of Oriental monarchs may also be traced in more than one of his proclamations or edicts, which enable us in some degree to understand why it was that the Persians characterized his rule as that of "a father." * Altogether, however, the evidence on this point furnished by his writings is negative rather than positive; and the moral character of Cyrus, as distinct from his policy and his religious views, must still be judged of rather from the statements of historians than from the literary remains which he has left behind him.

GEORGE RAWLINSON *in Contemporary Review.*

HEALTH AT HOME.

PART I.

THE old saying, "There is no place like home," has a singularly happy meaning when it is applied to health and the benefits which spring from health that is good and beautiful. We who are engaged in forwarding sanitary work may labor our lives out and still do little service until we can get each home, however small it may be, included in the plan of our work. The river of national health must rise from the homes of the nation. Then it will be a great river on which every blessing will be borne.

When I, as a physician, enter a house where there is a contagious disease, my first care is to look at the surroundings. What are the customs of the people there? Are they wholesome? Are they unwholesome? If the answer be, "Wholesome and common-sense," then I know that the better half of success in the way of treatment and prevention is secured. If the answer be, "Unwholesome, slovenly, disorderly, careless," then I know that all that may be advised for the best will be more than half useless, because there is no habit on which any dependence can be truthfully placed, and because habit in the wrong direction is so difficult to move that not even the strongest ties of affection are a match for it even in times of emergency.

If we could then get wives, mothers, and daughters to learn the habitual practice of all that tends to health, we should soon have an easy victory, and should ourselves cease to be known as the pioneers of sanitary work, the work itself being a recognized system and a recognized necessity to be practised by everybody.

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* Herod. iii. 89.

To me it always seems that no point in the warfare against disease is anything like so important as that of getting the women of the household to work heart and soul with us sanitarians. I am never tired of repeating this fact, and I never shall be until the fact is accomplished. We always look to women for the cleanliness and tidiness of home. We say a home is miserable if a good wife and mother be not at the head of it to direct the internal arrangements. We speak of slovenly women, so much importance do we attach to orderly women, twenty times to one more frequently than we do of slovenly men. A slovenly woman is a woman of mark for discredit, and there can be no doubt that the natural excellences of women in respect to order and cleanliness have, without any distinct system or mode of scientific education, saved us often from severe and fatal outbreaks of disease. In the cholera epidemics which I have twice witnessed, and in which I have taken visiting charge of affected districts, I have found the women by far the most useful and practical coadjutors. The men sat by the fire if they were at home; the women truly bestirred themselves. They saw that the water intended for drinking purposes was boiled before it was used for drinking purposes; they attended to details relating to ventilation and general cleansing; they washed the clothing and bedding of the affected persons; they attended in the sick-rooms; they prepared the food. In a sentence, they were acting forces for the suppression of the epidemics, and their devotion, and I say it faithfully, their readier and superior appreciation of details, were the great saving factors in relation both to preventive and curative art.

That which we sanitarians want, therefore, to see, is the scientific education of women to prepare them to meet emergencies at once, and not only so, but to prevent, by forethought and intelligent prevision, the necessity for emergencies. We wish them to understand the principles which suggest the details, instead of having to learn the details in moments of much excitement and anxiety and dread, when details, however important they may be, seem new, obscure, involved, and all but impossible, when habits which have been acquired have to be given up or much modified, and when new habits have to be, as it were, improvised and enforced with regularity at a moment's notice. For it is as true as it is simple that good health is after all, and bad health is after all, a matter of habit to an extent which few persons in the slightest degree acknowledge or comprehend.

To the domestic cleanliness which most women by habit learn to acquire, it should be easy to tack on many of the other forms of cleanliness which the physician wishes to enforce, but which the general public does not altogether or readily recognize. It is in relation to this further cleanliness, this more than commonplace cleanliness—but which should be commonplace for all intents and pur-

poses—that I wish to draw attention, and the attention of the women of the nation particularly in these papers on Health at Home. I promise to put forward not one suggestion that cannot be carried out. I will in these essays—

"Imagination's airy wing suppress,"

and give nothing more than plain rules for plain people of every grade of life.

SUNLIGHT AT HOME.

Whether your home be large or small, give it light. There is no house so likely to be unhealthy as a dark and gloomy house. In a dark and gloomy house you can never see the dirt that pollutes it. Dirt accumulates on dirt, and the mind soon learns to apologize for this condition because the gloom conceals it. "It is no credit to be clean in this hole of a place" is soon the sort of idea that the housewife gets into her mind; the "place is always dingy, do what you may," is another similar and common idea; and so in a dark house unwholesome things get stowed away and forgotten, and the air becomes impure, and when the air becomes impure the digestive organs become imperfect in action, and soon there is some shade of bad health engendered in those persons who live in that dark house. Flowers will not healthily bloom in a dark house, and flowers are, as a rule, good indices. We put the flowers in our windows that they may see the light. Are not our children worth many flowers? They are the choicest of flowers. Then again light is necessary in order that the animal spirits may be kept refreshed and invigorated. No one is truly happy who in waking hours is in a gloomy house or room. The gloom of the prison has ever been considered as a part of the punishment of the prison, and it is so. The mind is saddened in a home that is not flushed with light, and when the mind is saddened the whole physical powers soon suffer; the heart beats languidly, the blood flows slowly, the breathing is imperfect, the oxidation of the blood is reduced, and the conditions are laid for the development of many wearisome and unnecessary constitutional failures and sufferings.

Once again, light, sunlight I mean, is of itself useful to health in a direct manner. Sunlight favors nutrition; sunlight favors nervous function; sunlight sustains, chemically or physically, the healthy state of the blood. Children and older persons living in darkened places become blanched or pale; they have none of the ruddy, healthy bloom of those who live in light. We send a child that has lived in a dark court in London for a few days only into the sunlight, and how marked is the change. We hardly know the face again.

Let us keep, then, this word in our minds, light, light, light; *sun-*

light which feeds us with its influence and leaves no poisonous vapors in its train.

Before I leave this subject I want to say a word about light in relation to the sick. A few hundred years ago it became a fashion, for reasons it is very hard to divine, to place sick people in dark and closely curtained bedrooms. The practice to some extent is continued to this day. When a person goes to bed with sickness it is often the first thing to pull down the blinds of the windows, to set up dark blinds, or if there be Venetian blinds to close them. On body and spirit alike this practice is simply pernicious. It may be well, if light is painful to the eyes of the sufferer, to shield the eyes from the light, or even shut the light off them altogether; but for the sake of this to shut it out of all the room, to cut off wholesale its precious influence, to make the sick-room a dark cell in which all kinds of impurities may be concealed day after day, is an offence to nature which she ever rebukes in the sternest manner.

This remark presses with special force in cases where epidemic and contagious diseases are the affections from which the sufferers are suffering, for these affections, as they live on uncleanliness, require for their suppression the broadest light of day. Moreover, I once found by experiment that certain organic poisons, analogous to the poisons which propagate these diseases, are rendered innocuous by exposure to light. Thus, in every point of view, light stands forward as the agent of health. In sickness and in health, in infancy, youth, middle age, old age, in all seasons, for the benefit of the mind and for the welfare of the body, sunlight is a bearer and sustainer of health.

To secure the entrance of sunlight, every house should have a plentiful supply of large windows, and not an opportunity of any kind should be lost to let in light to every room. It is very easy to exclude light when it is too bright: it is very hard to let it in when by bad building it is systematically excluded. Lately, by an architectural perversity which is simply astounding, it has become a fashion to build houses like those which were built for our ancestors about two centuries ago, and which are called Queen Anne houses or mansions. Small windows, small panes, overhanging window brows, sharp long roofs inclosing attics with small windows: these are the residences to which I refer—dull, red, dark, and gloomy. I am told that their excellence lies in their artistic beauty, to which many advantages that we sanitarian artists wish for must necessarily be sacrificed. I would be the last to oppose either the cultivation of art in design or of art in application, and I do not for one moment believe that such opposition is necessary. But these beetle-browed mansions are not so beautiful as health, and never can be. I am bound to protest against them on many sanitary grounds, and on none so much as on their interference with the work of the sun. They produce shade, and those who live in them live in shadow

In many residences where there is plenty of window space there is much neglect in keeping the windows clean. Windows should be cleaned once a week at least, and a great desideratum is to bring into general use a simple mechanical contrivance by which the window-sashes can be easily removed and turned into the room, so as to enable the cleaning to take place without the perilous process of standing outside on the window-sill. Among the poor who cannot afford to have a professed window-cleaner the windows often become quite obscured, because the women of the household cannot get at them, as they say, on both sides, and the men are not at home in the day to give them assistance. Baker's new ventilating window promises to answer best for the object here stated. The sashes of this window hang on centres instead of sliding up and down. When they are closed the sashes fit neatly and exclude draughts and wet effectually; and when they are opened they can be set at any required angle to admit air. The greatest advantage of all is that each window-sash can be turned over, so that it may be cleaned with equal facility on its inside and outside surfaces without exposing the cleaner to the risk of standing outside at any stage of the cleaning process.

The introduction of daylight reflectors has been, in late years, a very great and useful advance. The dark basements of town houses can be so often completely lighted by these reflectors that I wonder they are not universally demanded in places where their action is effective. The light they afford is steady, often actually bright, and always pure.

SLEEP AT HOME.

I have been speaking about sunlight, and am led by this to refer to another and allied topic, I mean night and hours of sleep. If it be good to make all possible use of sunlight, it is equally good to make as little use as possible of artificial light. Artificial lights, so far, have been sources of waste, not only of the material out of which they are made, but of the air on which they burn. In the air of the closed room the present commonly used lamps, candles, and gaslights rob the air of a part of its vital constituent, and supply in return products which are really injurious to life. Gaslight is in this respect most hurtful, but the others are bad when they are long kept burning in one confined space. The fewer hours after dark that are spent in artificial light the better; and this suggests, of itself, that within reasonable limits the sooner we go to rest after dark the better. We require in the cold season of winter, when the nights are long, much more of sleep than we do in the summer. On the longest day in the year, seven hours of sleep is sufficient for most men and women who are in the prime of life. On the shortest day nine hours of sleep is not overmuch, and for those who are weakly, ten or

even twelve hours may be taken with real advantage. In winter children should always have ten to twelve hours of sleep. It is not idleness to indulge to that extent, but an actual saving, a storing up of invigorated existence for the future. Such rest can only be obtained by going to bed very early, say at half-past eight o'clock or nine.

It is wrong as ever it can be that our legislators should often be sitting up, as we know they do, times after times, in the dead of night, trying against life to legislate for life. It is most foolish that public writers, who hold so many responsibilities in their hands, should be called upon to exercise their craft at a time when all their nature is calling out to them—rest, rest, rest! It is said I am foolish for declaring these things. Is it so? I am standing by Nature, speaking under her direction, and, without a thought of dogmatism, I am driven to ask: May it not be the world that is foolish?—the world, I mean, of fashion and habit, which could, if it would, change the present systems as easily as it criticises the view that it ought to make the change. Anyway, this I know, and it is the truth I would here express, that in every man, woman, and child there is, at or about the early time I have named, a persistent periodical desire for sleep, which steals on determinately, which, taken at the flood, leads to a good sound night's rest, and which resisted never duly returns, but is replaced by a surreptitious sleep, broken by wearing dreams, restless limbs, and but partial restoration of vital power. I have said before, *make the sun your fellow-workman*. I repeat the saying now. I do not say go to bed at all seasons with the sun and rise with it, because in this climate that would not be, at all seasons, possible; but I say, as a general principle, as closely as you can, make the sun your fellow-workman; follow him, as soon as you are able, to rest, and do not let him stare at you in bed many hours after he has commenced his daily course. Teach your children, moreover, this same lesson, and the practice of it, whereupon there will be, in a generation or two, even in this land of fogs and dulness, a race of children of the sun, who will stand, in matter of health, a head and shoulders above the children of the present generation.

BEDROOMS AND BEDS.

From the subject of sleep I am led by as easy and natural a transition to the subject of bedrooms and beds, as I was before led from the subject of light to the subject of sleep. But perhaps some one will say, Why in speaking of a home and fireside topics should you begin with bedrooms? There is the drawing-room, surely, first to be thought of; that room in which the company gathers when company comes together; that room in which the lady of the house takes the most pride, shows the most taste, feels most at home. There is also

the dining-room, or sitting-room, or breakfast-room, or study. Again, there is the kitchen—of all rooms, surely, the most important in every sanitary point of view?

We will enter all these rooms in good time; but let us go into the bedroom first, and get that in order, because, after all, it is really the most important room in the house by far and far again. I know it is not commonly thought to be so. I am quite aware from my daily observations, for over thirty years, that this is one of the least popular notions about bedrooms. I often think, as I wend my way up over so many different kinds of stairs daily, that a doctor's usual journey would be something like that on a tread-wheel were it not for the fact that there is always some new ending to his ascents, and that on his mission of freedom and usefulness he is carrying the blessings of the services his brethren are giving to him, for dispensation, into the sanctuaries of sorrow. But one fact would lighten my heart very much more, I mean the fact, if it were as fully as it were easily realizable, that I should always find the bedrooms in sickness or in health befitting their office and the purpose to which they are assigned.

As a rule I regret to record that from want of appreciation of what is most healthy, in opposition to a keen appreciation of what is most fashionable, the bedroom is too often the part of the house that is least considered. It may be in any part of the house. There is no room too much out of the way or too little cared for that may not be a bedroom. "This is only a bedroom," is the commonest observation of the woman who is deputed to show you over an empty house that stands to be let. "We can turn the dressing-room into a bedroom whenever we like," is not unfrequently a housewife's, and even a good housewife's, expression. "Give me a shake-down somewhere," is the request of the unexpected traveller or visitor who wants to stay with you all night. "Anywhere will do, so long as it is a bed." "This is only an attic; but it is large enough for one servant, you know, and two have slept in it many a time before now." These are the kind of ordinary terms that are applied to bedrooms as apologies for something that is confessedly but observedly wrong about them. The language itself implies error; but it is far from expressing the whole of the error that really exists.

When we enter the bedroom we too often find it, though it may be a good-sized room, altogether unsuited as a sleeping apartment. It may be situated either at the back or the front of the house; it may or may not have a fireplace, and if it should have a fireplace the register may or may not be open. The windows may be large or small, according to mere caprice of the builder, or of accident, or of necessity; and whether the window will open or shut from the top or the bottom sash, or from both, is a matter of smallest consequence. As a rule the bedroom windows that have a double sash

open only from the bottom, and it is the most usual occurrence to find the sash-lines out of gear altogether, or the frames in a bad state, so that the sash has to be supported with care, or "humored," whenever it has to be opened or closed. Then to the window, that the room may look snug and comfortable, must be muslin blinds (half blinds), roller blinds, and very often heavy curtains. When the window is opened the roller blind blows out like the sail of a boat, or blows in, at the risk of knocking down the looking-glass. Sometimes Venetian blinds, which are never in order for two months together, take the place of roller blinds, and it becomes quite an art to manage the laths, though these blinds are on the whole the best. Then the walls of bedrooms are in most instances covered with paper, and of all rooms in the house they are least frequently papered. "The lower rooms must be papered, they look so very dirty; the bedrooms are dingy, but they may stand over another year; nobody sees them." To carry out further the idea of snugness, the bedrooms are carpeted, it may be over their whole surface right up to the walls of the rooms, and the carpet is nailed down, so that it may be swept without being dragged out of its place.

Again, the bedroom is too often made a kind of half lumber-room—a place in which things that have to be concealed are carefully stowed away. "Under the bed" is a convenient hiding-place. It is the fact that once in a public institution for the sick which I inspected there existed an arrangement by which each new patient who came in to be cured had his every-day clothes, after they were taken off his body, put into a rickety old box and pushed under his bed, to remain there until he was able to put them on again when he "left the house," or until he died, if his disease ended fatally, and his relatives claimed them. I found eighteen of these boxes of clothes secreted systematically under eighteen beds in one insalubrious sick-room, or ward, of this establishment. In private houses this same plan of stowing away old clothes, old boots and shoes and the like, is too frequently put in practice.

I notice once again that the occurrence of damp or wet in the ceilings and walls of a bedroom is much more readily tolerated than it is elsewhere. If a pipe bursts and the drawing-room or dining-room ceiling is covered with a dark patch, ever so small, that must be at once attended to, it looks so very bad. But a patch of similar character, though it look like a map of the United Kingdom, with the Straits of Dover and the coast of France as an opposing outline, may remain on the ceiling of the bedroom until it dries, and then, being dry, may still remain, because if the water should come in again the condition will be as bad as ever.

I will say no more about bedrooms to their disparagement. The errors I have pointed out when they are present are unpardonable in regard to the healths of those who permit them, and inasmuch as the

health of these is of far greater moment than their equanimity of sentiment, I must run the risk of disturbing the temper that I may assist the health. I feel the less compunction on this head because what I am about to propose in the way of remedy means nothing but economy of reconstruction along the whole line. I will tender in a few rules what are the essentials of a healthy bedroom. If they cannot all be carried out in every case, many of them can be without any serious difficulty.

The reason why I give these rules in respect to bedrooms the first place in domestic sanitation is obvious enough, if but a few moments' consideration be given to the importance of the bedroom as a centre of the household. In this room, if a due proportion of sleep be taken, the third part of all the life is passed, thirty years out of a life that reaches to an age of ninety. In what other room in the house is so much of the life passed without change? In the sitting-rooms we move about, we have the doors frequently open, and in numerous ways we change the air and change our own relations to it. In the bedroom we are shut up closely, we are unconscious of what is going on silently around us. If the air becomes close we do not notice it, and it may become positively poisonous without our knowledge. Moreover, during sleep we are most susceptible to influences which act detrimentally upon us. We are breathing slowly, and we are not casting off or eliminating freely the products of animal combustion.

RULES FOR BEDROOMS.

I.

The bedroom should, by preference, have its window either on the southern side of the house, the south-eastern or the south-western. Of the three positions the bedroom that has a south-western view is the most fortunate in our country. The winds from the south-west are the most frequent, and so the room can be most frequently ventilated by them, from the open window, during the day. These winds, moreover, are soft winds, and compare favorably with the eastern winds, from which it is always good to be protected as much as possible. The bedroom having a south-western aspect gets the longest share of light during the day. The early morning light soon feeds it with a subdued and agreeable light, and in the evening it gets the later rays, almost the last rays of the life-giving sun.

II.

The bedroom should in all cases be shut off from the house during the time it is occupied, so that the emanations from the rooms may not enter into it. It should be ventilated, I mean, independently. In our present houses the bedrooms are actually the traps, or bell-

jars, into which, in too many cases, the air of the lower rooms, charged with the gaseous or vaporous products made during the day, are laid up. In these instances the occupants retire to sleep in an atmosphere of their own emanations, to say nothing of what comes from the kitchen, from gas, and from other sources of impurity. It is most easy to ventilate the bedroom independently. Nothing more is wanted than to remove one or two bricks in the outer wall beneath the flooring, and to carry up a wooden tube four inches square for a room of very moderate size—say eighteen feet long, fourteen wide, and twelve high—into the room from that opening. This tube should ascend into the room six to eight feet. It may be covered at the top with a layer of gauze or muslin if the current of air is too strong. The tube should be six feet from the bed. The bed may be protected from a draught by a light curtain or screen placed between it and the tube.

In some houses it is not difficult to bring a four-inch wooden tube through the whole length of a partition from the top to the bottom floor of a house, and to let a supply of air enter that tube at the upper part, and distribute air to every room that lies in its course.

On rising in the morning the bedroom windows should be opened at the top and bottom equally, and, except when the weather is very wet, they should remain open until the sun begins to go down. It is a bad practice to leave the windows open late in the day, and this especially in the winter. The air becomes charged with damp, and a damp air is really as dangerous, if not more dangerous, than a close air. To sleep in damp air is quite as bad as to sleep in damp sheets, and is a most common cause of rheumatism, neuralgia, and chronic cold or catarrh. When the windows of the bedroom are closed the door ought also to be closed, and the entrance of air into the room be allowed to take place only through the communication with the external air.

While provision is made for the entrance of air, an equal provision should also be made for the escape of air. This is best effected by an opening in the chimney-shaft near to the ceiling where there is, as there ought always to be, a fireplace and shaft. The opening for the exit of air up the shaft may be protected by an Arnott's valve.

The late Dr. Chowne invented a process of exit ventilation which answers well for bedrooms, and to which he gave the name of "siphon ventilation." The name was very unfortunate, because there is no siphon principle in it, and owing to this the plan received very severe handling by the late Dr. Neil Arnott. The plan nevertheless is very good and cleanly, and when from an Arnott valve smoke and dust issue, as they often will in rooms placed at the upper part of a house, the Chowne tube is excellent. A three or four-inch piece of stove-piping is let into the wall from the ceiling down to the mantelpiece. Near the ceiling the tube opens into the room. At the

mantel-shelf the tube is made to turn at a right angle into the chimney. At all times there is a current of air down this tube into the chimney, and when there is a fire in the grate the exit current is extremely sharp and effective, while there is always freedom from soot and smoke in the room, an advantage which recompenses for the extra friction and resistance caused by the tube. Chowne's plan is so effective and simple that I have often brought it temporarily into action in closed rooms by simply turning a piece of stove-piping into a chimney at the fireplace, and running a straight piece of tubing from the elbow up to near the ceiling, and temporarily fixing it against the wall.

When exit ventilation cannot be carried out by a chimney-shaft owing to the circumstance that there is no fireplace or shaft, it is next best to carry it out into the staircase by a diaphragm opening made over the door of the room. An opening twelve inches long and four inches wide is made vertically through the wall, in the space over the door. Into this opening is placed a metal frame as wide as the thickness of the wall, with a partition or diaphragm of thin metal planted vertically in the centre of it. When this metal frame is fixed in the wall a current of air will be found to pass, after the room is closed, into the room on one side the diaphragm, and out of the room on the other side. This secures an outer current, which is better by far than none at all, but it also admits a current into the room from the house, which to a certain extent is objectionable.

It has been recommended by some sanitarians to ventilate the bedroom from the window by the plan of costless ventilation of Dr. Peter Hinches Bird. In this plan the lower sash of the window is raised a few inches, the space between the window and the window-sill being filled up by a solid piece of wood. A space is in this way left between the two sashes, up which flows a constant current of air. I have tried this method, and I have modified it by letting the upper sash down and filling up the space between it and the top part of the window-frame with board, which is, I think, the better arrangement, and for staircases I do not think anything is so good. But in bedrooms, the windows of which are opened and closed so frequently, and which have blinds, the plan does not answer so well as the tube of which I have spoken. There are more frequent draughts from the window, and not, I think, so regular a supply of air.

B. W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., *in Good Words.*

COLORADO.

Colorado, the last-born State of the Union, is little known in England, except perhaps in connection with a small insect that had the rare honor of procuring an Act of Parliament entirely for itself. Sceptical observers have doubted whether a genuine specimen of the much-dreaded beetle was ever seen alive in this country, and the curious thing is that precisely the same scepticism may be indulged in with regard to Colorado. Whether the oldest inhabitant of Colorado ever saw a live Colorado beetle may be a matter of dispute; but there can be no doubt at the present day the beetle is unknown in the country which is supposed to have given it birth and a name. In these times of depression Colorado deserves attention on more serious grounds. There are some classes of persons that may benefit considerably by a knowledge of the capabilities of this newly opened-up country. Farmers who find a difficulty in paying rent, who complain of want of sunshine and of too copious and ill-regulated rain, may turn to advantage to a country where sunshine is abundant all the year round, and where the supply of water to their crops is not dependent on the capricious clouds, but is drawn through irrigating channels from streams that never dry up.

The situation of Colorado is peculiarly favorable to agriculture and stock-raising. It lies almost in the centre, and forms, as it were, the apex of the North American continent. From the Rocky Mountains there stretch eastward vast rolling plains which stop only at the Missouri. These plains, destined one day to be the home of a large population, stretch from north to south for about 1500 miles, and from the Rocky Mountains east to the Missouri River about 500 miles. Colorado, in its western half, embraces a portion of the Rocky Mountains, the seat of a rapidly growing mining industry; in its eastern division it occupies a portion of the great prairie. The mountains attain a height of 14,000 feet, and are rapidly beginning to attract holiday-makers as the Alps of America. The plains begin at an elevation of 7000 feet, falling toward the eastern side of Colorado to 5000 feet above the level of the sea. This high plateau lies in the latitude of Spain; but the elevation and the cool breezes from the mountains reduce the temperature in the warmest months to a mean of 75°. The thermometer sometimes falls low for a day or two at a time in winter, but owing to the extreme dryness of the air the cold is not so disagreeable as in our humid climate. Snow seldom lies on the ground for more than a few days, but frosts, sufficient to stop ploughing, usually last for two months in the year. The rainfall, with the addition of the snowfall, is only from 12 to 16 inches a year. The bracing air of these lofty plains and the mildness of the

climate are attracting many invalids, especially those suffering from weak lungs or bronchial affections. The extraordinary abundance of hot and cold mineral springs in the mountains draws patients of a different class, and Colorado bids fair to become the sanatorium of America.

My acquaintance with Colorado began in 1876 ; it was renewed in 1877, and again in the autumn of 1879. That seems a short time, but it covers the whole period of the existence of Colorado as a State in the Union. The progress of the centennial State has been marvellous. Twenty years ago it was scarcely known to any but trappers ; but it 1859 the reports of gold discoveries in the Rocky Mountains brought a rush of adventurers, who formed the first population of the State. Gold had been found in the beds of the streams that flow from the Rocky Mountains, and fortunes were sought and sometimes found in the spadefuls of alluvial mud. Crowds began to cross the plains from Missouri, and performed a tedious journey of six weeks in covered wagons, which were facetiously called the schooners of the prairie. There was gold in the streams, but not enough for the hungry crowd that poured westward, and the cost of living was exorbitant. Gold washing was abandoned ; but in the mean time some of the disappointed ones remained in the country and laid the foundation of Denver, now the capital of the State. The city was laid out in 1864, and, with one or two checks, the population has steadily grown till it is now little short of 50,000.

As the rage for gold began to abate, it was discovered that the mineral resources of Colorado far exceeded even the first glowing reports. Veins of silver ore were found cropping out on the surface of the mountains. The mineral veins already discovered extend for hundreds of miles along the ranges of the Rocky Mountains ; and nothing more astonishes the traveller than the sight of holes and mouths of tunnels all over the sides of the bleak, inhospitable mountains, side by side with small wooden houses, which afford the hardy miners all the protection they receive from the storms of winter. The general extent of the mining industry may be gathered from the output of metal last year, which amounted to $5\frac{3}{4}$ tons of pure gold, $193\frac{1}{2}$ tons of pure silver, about 6000 tons of copper, and 10,000 tons of lead. The discovery of large deposits of carbonate of lead ore, each ton containing about 5 lbs. to 15 lbs. of silver, has, in the space of ten years, created a new town of about 20,000 inhabitants Two years ago the district where Leadville now stands did not number 1000 inhabitants, but already a city has grown up, with banks, schools, churches, a theatre, and even an opera-house. Leadville is about 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, and for more than half the year, from November till June, is covered with snow. Some of the miners may become millionaires, but certainly they pursue their business with slight regard to personal comfort. Nearly all the mines

are over 10,000 feet above the sea-level, and some even are marked at 12,000. Communication with the lower world is cut off for half the year. The miners lay in their stocks of provisions in November, and live throughout the cold winter in wooden houses, lined, if the miner is luxurious, with sheets of pasteboard. Stories of sudden change of fortune among the Leadville miners during the last year are plentiful. One man, who six months ago slept in a shed, is now a millionaire. Another, whose family had been starving all winter, at last made a "strike," as it is called, and forthwith treated himself at the store to a feast of sardines, and consumed so many tins of them that the dealer stopped the supply lest he should suddenly lose a good customer. These are the fortunate ones, and little is heard of the many disappointed miners who search in vain for treasure. It has been stated recently that 6000 "holes" have been opened around Leadville, of which only 100 pay. But among so many blanks, the prizes, if few, are enormous. One mine alone yields £40,000 a month. The Leadville ores seem to be of a peculiar and exceptional character. The ore is not found in true fissure veins—cracks in the rock through which ore has been forced up from unknown depths—but appears to have overflowed like lava, and spread out in a horizontal stratum. In some places there appear to be two such strata, one lying above the other. These mines are not so enduring as those that work fissure veins, but the ore, while it lasts, is very easily taken out and very easily smelted into silver-lead. In this state it is transported to the east, where the metals are separated. Difficulties may very likely arise in regard to the ownership of these peculiar beds of ore. The law of the State makes no provision for such deposits. The owner of the apex of a true fissure vein gets a certain length of the vein on the reef, and the ground for 75 feet on each side of it. Downward he can follow the lode, although it dip under the surface ground of an adjacent owner. The law thus contemplated lodes that were vertical, or but slightly inclined, and not deposits that are nearly horizontal. The Leadville deposits will probably soon be exhausted, but not so with the majority of mines in Colorado, which are true fissure veins, and are practically inexhaustible. The mines that have been worked longest are now producing the best quality and the largest quantity of ore. Coal is abundant. It has been mined for many years for domestic purposes and railway locomotives, and now the iron ore industries are to have a start. A company is being formed in New York and Colorado to erect Bessemer furnaces for the production of steel rails. Coal and Clayband iron ore are found in juxtaposition in the southern districts of Colorado. Lime is found at no great distance, and railways run within a few miles of inexhaustible beds of hematite and magnetic iron ores. There is plenty of work on the spot for Bessemer furnaces, for although Colorado is already not ill supplied with 1200 miles of railway, the New York

and Boston magnates, who now control the Colorado lines, are committed to an extension of the railway system for another 1000 miles during the coming years.

The mineral resources of Colorado possess an interest of their own, but they also have a most important bearing on the future of agriculture in the State. The population is between 200,000 and 300,000, and has increased over 50 per cent within the last two years. About one half of the population is engaged, directly or indirectly, in mining enterprise among the mountain ranges. Nearly 50,000 live in Denver, and the rest are to be found in smaller towns, or engaged in farming or stock-raising. This large mining population affords a ready market, close at hand, for every species of agricultural produce. Agriculture is thus conducted under specially favorable local circumstances. When the first rush to the mines took place it was supposed the country was worthless for agricultural purposes. The surface is sparsely covered with short grass, and although it seems scanty to the passing traveller, accident discovered what experience has abundantly confirmed, that it is of fine quality, and sustaining both summer and winter great herds of sheep and cattle. During the first winter at Denver no hay or fodder could be obtained for the cattle that had brought the miners and provisions across the plains, and the owners of the cattle turned them out on the prairie, as they supposed, to die. In the following spring, however, the animals were all found in good condition about thirty miles below Denver, and the nutritious powers of the scanty herbage required no other proof. The soil at the first glance does not look promising. It is composed of a fine dark brown mould mixed with gravel, very compact, but at the same time very porous and friable. Where the gravel has been completely decomposed, or the soil consists of fine dust blown or washed from the higher portions of the plains (called bluffs), it inclines to clay. Near the surface the earth is darker than lower down, but the quality is essentially the same and very uniform throughout. The soil is indeed so rich in the mineral constituents of plants, and its depth so great, that with a proper supply of water it yields larger and finer crops of wheat, barley, and oats than any other State in America. Water, however, is necessary, except in the bottoms of the shallower valleys traversed by streams ; and the cultivable land is thus limited to the area that the water of the mountain streams will suffice to irrigate. The agricultural portion of the State is confined to the strip of land ten to thirty miles broad, which extends from north to south the whole width of the State, along the plains at the base of the foot-hills. Owing to the general flatness and gradual sloping character of the ground, the land can be irrigated at small cost. Between Denver and the northern boundary of Colorado, six principal streams besides the river Platte flow from the foot-hills across the plains. The water from these streams is con-

veyed in canals or ditches, which are sometimes as much as 50 miles long. Some of the smaller canals have been built by co-operation among the farmers. In other cases they are owned by local joint-stock companies, of which the shares are held principally by the farmers themselves. The largest of all—the Lorimer and Weld Canal—is the property of the Colorado Mortgage Company of London. It is 50 miles long, from 25 to 30 feet wide at the bottom, and carries water to irrigate 40,000 acres. The company itself owns 20,000 acres, which, with a right in perpetuity to sufficient water for irrigation, it is selling at 52*s.* to 60*s.* per acre. The land is sold in quantities of 80 acres and upward. At this rate the land is freely purchased, payment being taken in five instalments for the convenience of buyers. Settlers on the public lands can buy water for £1 per acre. By homesteading a settler can become owner of 160 acres for a few pounds, but he must reside on it for five years before he can get a title. The settler may choose to pre-empt, in which case residence for six months, together with the execution of certain improvements, gives a title. By pre-emption the land may be obtained for 5*s.* an acre if distant from a railway or 10*s.* an acre if in the vicinity of a railway. A settler can only homestead or pre-empt once. Railways are owners of land along their lines, in square miles alternately with the public lands, which are subject to homesteading and pre-emption. Railways sell their land at prices varying from 12*s.* 6*d.* to 25*s.* an acre according to circumstances.

The undulation of the plains makes ploughing and irrigation very easy. The water is supplied to the farmer, not directly from the main canal, but from a subsidiary ditch, formed with a plough along the surface of the plain, on a nearly uniform slope. The farmer excavates with his plough a similar smaller trench along the top of the land he intends to plough, and then, making breaks in the lower side, allows the water to flow over the whole surface of the field. After two or three days the land is ready for ploughing, and the water is turned off. After irrigation a pair of light horses will turn over the soil at the rate of an acre a day. Cereals require to be watered once or twice in the season. The custom is to break new land in August, September, and October, turning the sod two or three inches deep, and the winter frost pulverizes it and makes it into a good seed-bed by spring. Old stubble land is irrigated in a similar manner before being ploughed, either in autumn or spring, and the seed is sown as soon after ploughing as possible. The soil, once thoroughly wet, is very retentive of moisture, and no more irrigation is necessary till June, when the water is again turned over the crops for a day or two. The land is very easily tilled and cleaned, and irrigation is a simple process, as may be easily understood from the fact that one man alone (exchanging, it may be, help with a neighbor in harvest) can cultivate 80 acres under crops in rotation,

and that, too, without working so hard as a small farmer in this country. Self-binding reaping-machines are in general use, and give complete satisfaction. Threshing-machines, driven by steam or horse-power, are driven from farm to farm as at home.

Colorado produces all the kinds of crops and vegetables grown in England, with the addition of many that flourish only in a warmer climate, such as Indian corn, sugar-beet, tomatoes, etc. Grapes and peaches ripen in the open air, and in the southern parts of the State grapes and plums grow wild. Flax is also occasionally met with growing wild. The wheat and barley raised on the irrigated lands are as fine as any in the world. The average crop of wheat is from 20 to 25 bushels per acre; of barley, about 35 bushels; and of oats it is asserted that in the uplands the yield is occasionally as high as from 80 to 90 bushels per acre. Specimens of cabbages, mangolds, swedes, and beet-root of enormous size are exhibited at the State fair; but as cattle-feeding is not yet practised, they are raised chiefly for domestic use. But the average of crops is not much indication of what the soil, in the hands of a skilful farmer, may be made to yield. The majority of those who have taken to farming in Colorado knew little or nothing of the business when they settled, and the cultivation would generally be considered slovenly at home. When the soil is well cleaned and tilled and the supply of water adequate, a return of 35 or 40 bushels of wheat per acre may be reasonably expected; and in several cases last season, although the crops are not considered generally large, over 45 bushels of wheat have been threshed out. The prices obtained are and must continue to be tolerably high. The quantity of cultivable land is not sufficient to supply the mining population, and as the nearest competitor is about 500 miles off, the Colorado farmer has the cost of carriage in his favor. The demand for poultry, butter, eggs, and milk is great, and in supplying it the industrious farmer's wife can add very materially to his income. Wheat sells at from 32*s.* to 36*s.*; barley, from 25*s.* to 30*s.*; oats, from 17*s.* 6*d.* to 20*s.* per quarter. Hay is sold at from 50*s.* to 60*s.* per 2000 lbs., butter from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb., and eggs from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* per dozen. Farm labor of satisfactory quality can without difficulty be obtained. Wages are about £5 per month, with board and lodging, which costs as much more. The laborer is engaged by the month, and although he is dispensed with from October to April, farmers easily get hands. As a general rule, however, farmers in Colorado work on their farms themselves, but they have the satisfaction that the land is their own, and that in such a climate and with such a soil labor is much lighter and more agreeable than is dreamed of in this country. For the same reasons the cost of labor per acre, although the wages paid to the laborer are high, is scarcely, if at all, greater than the farmer has to pay in Scotland, and by those who have capital, farming is being prosecuted on

a large scale with great profits. During two or three months in the year there is little if any work to be done on farms, but a pushing man may hire out his team and make a good bit of money in the winter months.

For a new country the drawbacks are not serious. Some years ago, in 1875, Colorado, in common with the Middle States and some parts of Canada, was visited by clouds of grasshoppers which consumed the greater part of the crops. These unwelcome guests disappeared as mysteriously as they came, and have done no damage since that year. The farmers have studied the ways of these pests, and are confident that the crops can hereafter be protected from danger. On the other hand, it is alleged by some that the grasshoppers come once in seven years. But the farmers do not seem to dread their coming so much as formerly, and extended cultivation is said to prevent their reappearance. Autumn or early spring sowing puts the crops beyond danger before the full-grown insects make their appearance in autumn, and experience taught several means of effectually destroying the young ones in the following spring. Already in the cultivable region Colorado has developed the principal amenities of civilization. As the country settles, free schools are built in every district. A certain proportion of the public lands is reserved for the maintenance of the schools, and any deficiency is met by taxation. The local taxes, however, do not exceed sixpence per acre; and in all the small towns churches of various denominations have been built, and are maintained by voluntary contributions. The houses in which the farmers live are at first wooden-framed buildings, lined with sheets of pasteboard, and in that climate are found very tolerable. When the farmer makes a little money he builds a brick house. Cottonwood trees are planted round the homestead, and with irrigation these quick-growing saplings in a few years shade the house and contribute a charming variety to the landscape. In the older parts, settled ten years ago, some of the farmers have planted these trees round their fields, and improved the aspect of the country to a wonderful degree. Coals are abundant, and may be had at any railway station at about fifteen shillings a ton. The general standard of living is high. People live well; every one, including the farm laborer, has meat and tea or coffee three times a day.

But although a great future undoubtedly awaits the farming interest in Colorado, the present profit is greatest for the stock-keepers. There is, indeed, probably no part of the world where a young man with a few thousands can employ himself more agreeably or profitably than in rearing cattle on the plains of Colorado or Wyoming, or in the Parks of the Rocky Mountain ranges. A few hundred pounds expended on houses and the erection of corrals in the neighborhood of a permanent stream will form a basis of operations, and he can graze his flocks of sheep or herds of cattle on the public lands

around without rent. The outlay is the food and wages of his "cowboys;" and after providing for that expense he may devote the whole remainder of his capital to the purchase of graded heifers and good shorthorn bulls. Graded heifers may be got across the mountains in Montana, California, or in Oregon, at a cost of £3 each. Shorthorn bulls, fairly bred, and suitable for the country, can be purchased at from £10 to £20. Sheep, of satisfactory quality, are driven, or rather eat their way, from California, and can occasionally be bought in Colorado or Wyoming at 12*s*. When crossed with a better class of sheep they soon improve, and yield fleeces of 5 to 6 lbs.

If the stockman has the faculty to select good men—and such are to be had out in the West—he need not make himself a prisoner in his ranch, but may treat himself to a month's hunting in the mountains, or even to a trip to England, without imperilling his interests. How long the present system will last, of pasturing on the public lands, is uncertain. Last summer a commission of Congress was engaged on an inquiry into the best system to be adopted with regard to the public lands, and an idea is entertained that the government will sell land suitable for grazing, but too dry for cultivation, in lots of eight square miles, about 4000 acres, at a low figure. Should this policy be adopted the ranches will be fenced in, and a much higher type of cattle can then be advantageously introduced than would pay when, as at present, the cattle of different owners roam together on the plains. The profits of the present system are enormous, notwithstanding the low price of cattle. A three-year-old steer, weighing alive about 1200 lbs., fetches only £4. The increase of the stock, after deducting deaths, is about 80 per cent on the number of the cows, if the cattle are fairly well attended to. The attention required is not much. To cut the grass with a mowing-machine in some of the meadows, and to save the hay for the emergency of a snowstorm severe enough to debar the cattle from their food, is all that is necessary. But even that slight precaution is, I fear, rather the exception than the rule in the Colorado ranches.

The ease with which meat may be grown out in the West was forcibly impressed on my attention by an incident I observed in the North Park. The North Park is a great undulating plain within the Rocky Mountains, at an elevation of 7000 or 8000 feet. The drove I saw consisted of 3000 cattle, of a size and quality that would have attracted favorable notice in any of our markets at home. They had been feeding on very nutritious grass in the Park all summer, and were expected to weigh 1400 lbs. They were born on the Pacific slope, and were feeding here, as a resting-point in their journey from California eastward. They were part of a lot sold to Chicago dealers at £7 10*s*. a head, and were going to Illinois to be fattened for the English market, and would reach Liverpool, ready for the

butcher, early in 1880. Thus cattle that first see the light on the shores of the Pacific are driven slowly, at the rate of about ten miles a day, as far as the centre of America, and after grazing there for a year are carried by railway to the maize-growing States, whence, after a stay of a few months, they make their final journey to Liverpool. These are facts that lead to reflection. Only ten years ago cattle from the Eastern and Middle States were taken westward across the mountains to California, but the tables are now turned. Cattle-breeding has developed so rapidly in the Pacific States as not merely to supply the demand there but to pour its surplus of the improved American cattle back to the East, and thus to supplant the inferior Texas breed, which in a few years may be expected to disappear altogether. It is computed that during the present year 50,000 cattle have made the journey eastward across the plains.

Looking at the capacity for development shown by facts like these, it is idle to imagine that the supply of American cattle will become exhausted within any time that can be mentioned in the proximate future. These plains, covering thousands of square miles, are specially adapted for rearing cattle. But there is one direction in which a government, even moderately acquainted with the interests of beef-producers, might confer a benefit upon the farming interest. We cannot compete with the American stock-keeper in the earlier stages of meat production, but in the last stage of all—the fattening for the market, which is at present done in Illinois and other maize-growing States—the farmer in this country has facilities which would enable him to distance his American competitor. The cattle I saw were to be transported by rail to Illinois at a cost of 25*s.* or 30*s.* per head; for other £5 a head those cattle could be landed at Liverpool. The store cattle sold in Colorado for £7 10*s.* These would be sold at a profit to all concerned in Liverpool at £15 a head, and when fattened could be sold readily, even in these bad times, for £20 a head. But this profit of £5 a head is forced into the pockets of Illinois farmers by the wisdom of our government, which prohibits the importation of store cattle for the farmer, and admits only fat cattle for the butcher. Such conduct from "the farmers' friends" is not kindly.

Those who say that there is disease among American cattle, and that what the farmer wants above all things is protection from disease, betray a want of acquaintance with the facts of the case. The real opposition comes from a few breeders of cattle who have the ear of the government, and who object to any store cattle being imported, whether in health or disease; but the great body of farmers want cheap store cattle, and they can have them both cheap and healthy from the natural breeding-grounds of the West, if only the government would put itself to a little trouble and exercise a little care and common-sense. There never has been any disease in the

Western States or in Illinois, Iowa, or Michigan. The direct route for cattle is through those States on the main lines of railway, and, crossing into Canada at Detroit or Port Huron, they could be shipped from Canadian ports. Cattle could thus be carried to England without ever approaching at any point within hundreds of miles of any place where disease has existed. Those acquainted with the system of transport know that simple and effective arrangements could be made insuring that only Western cattle should pass into Canada, and the only hope I see for the British grazier is in getting these cattle. The attention of the department was called to this suggestion by a question put in the House of Commons last session, but the mouthpiece of the government would not condescend so far as even to promise an inquiry. Such neglect we are unfortunately but too familiar with, and there seems little hope of a change until farmers and mercantile men insist on having some men in the government of this commercial and agricultural country who know practically something of the country's interests. I cannot but think that we should be better off if we interfered less in our neighbors' affairs and paid some attention to our own.

In the present agricultural crisis I observe that hope is maintained in some quarters by the notion that the supply of agricultural produce from America will fall off. This hope is based on the expectation of an increase in the cost of transport, and of the inability of the American farmer, in the face of an increasing home demand, to grow wheat as cheaply as he has hitherto done. It seems to me that for some years to come, at all events, these expectations will prove delusive. In the Western States it cannot be doubted that wheat can be raised on the grand scale at a price with which the British farmer cannot compete, assuming that he continues to pay the present rents. But it is not these large producers whom the British farmer has really to fear. The farming capitalist in America usually stretches his arms too wide. He wants to be the biggest wheat-grower in the world, buys all the land he can get, and mortgages it at 10 per cent; very probably the greater part of his working capital is also borrowed. With a fine crop he makes a large profit, which will very likely be used to buy still more land. But a bad crop or low prices tell a different tale, and not unfrequently the mortgage sweeps away his whole property. The huge farm is broken up into lots of 160 to 320 acres, or it may be 640 acres, with a facility, cheapness, and simplicity that would astonish our lawyers. Free trade in land on a sound tenure soon adjusts the size of farms to the local conditions. The price of agricultural produce will not be regulated by these huge capitalists, but by the small farmer who is the principal laborer on his own land. He comes from the Eastern States or Europe with a wife and family, and settles on the public land almost without cost, or he may find better land belonging to a railway company, for which he will pay £1 to £2 an acre, in seven or ten yearly instal-

ments. He will cultivate 60 or 80 acres with his own hand and team, at first—if he comes, like a great many, knowing nothing of farming—with indifferent results. Of his 60 acres perhaps 40 are under wheat, the rest being laid out in Indian corn, potatoes, and vegetables. He keeps a cow and pig and poultry. Add to these things groceries, and the provisions of his household do not need to be further indebted to the outside world. If he can sell only 40 quarters of wheat off his 40 acres at 15*s.* a quarter, he will procure clothes and groceries sufficient for a comfortable subsistence for his family. If he cannot get 15*s.* a quarter he must take what he can, and try to make up the deficiency out of his eggs, butter, poultry, and pigs. His farm is his home as well as his livelihood, and he cannot abandon it when wheat comes below what the wheat manufacturer would consider a paying price. The same reasoning applies to beef and cheese. The farmer will produce the article that he finds to pay best, but some produce he must raise in order to get the necessary comforts of life.

There is little doubt that the rates of carriage last spring were too low to be remunerative, but American railways, paying good dividends, can carry at rates that would not pay in this country. The Union Pacific Railway, which has made fortunes for its founders, carries cattle between points where there is no competition at half the through rates charged at home. Coal is carried across the plains, where there is no competition, on railways the bonds of which are at a premium, at 1*s.* 4*d.* per ton per mile. Nor must it be forgotten that the Americans have first-rate water communication from the wheat-growing districts with which the railways have to compete. Already vessels have loaded in Lake Superior and delivered direct at Liverpool; and when the Welland Canal now nearly finished is completed, vessels carrying 5000 quarters of wheat will load at Chicago for European ports. Practically, however, in order to prevent heating, it is found expedient to tranship cargoes of wheat shipped in autumn, and by the use of elevators transhipment from barges or vessels to railway trucks, and *vice versa*, costs only 2*s.* or 3*s.* per quarter. In the busiest season last year wheat was sent by rail from Chicago to New York for 7*s.* per quarter; by water it was lower. The freight from New York to Liverpool was at the same period 4*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* per quarter, and these are maximum rates. From the improvements to be expected in steamers, and an increase of competition by the opening of new lines of communication by land and water, the reasonable prediction is that rates of carriage will be lower in the future even than in the past. The average rate of transport from Chicago to Liverpool will in all likelihood fall short of even 10*s.* per quarter. I cannot therefore bring myself to think that we have seen the last of American competition, or that the lowest point in depression has yet been reached.

J. W. Barclay, *in The Fortnightly Review.*

REJECTED MSS.

"RETURNED with thanks!" The terms are varied sometimes—"With the Editor's compliments," or "With the Editor's compliments and thanks." These are the curter forms. There is no unkindness in them, of course. They are mere business-like intimations that the contribution you have offered is not a contribution that will suit the editor of the magazine you have sent your MS. to. Yet perhaps there are no more painful, no more odious, no more disheartening words in the vocabulary of literature than these—"Returned with thanks"—even when they are softened with the editor's compliments; and a few editors, editors who perhaps have a vivid recollection of their own sensations in receiving back their rejected MSS., have tried to soften the blow to sensitive minds by lengthening the form a little. They regret that your article is not "suitable" to their magazine, or that they have not space for it, and try in one or two other ways to save your *amour propre* in performing a duty which, however performed, must touch you to the quick.

There may, of course, be a dozen reasons for the rejection of your MS. The article may be too long. The subject, however interesting it may be to you, may not be of sufficient interest to the public at the moment to make it worth the editor's while to publish the article. Or it may be upon a subject which is outside the range of topics the editor wishes to deal with. Or—for there are many constructions to be put upon the words—the style in which you have written may not suit the tone of the magazine. You may be a writer of brilliant and profound genius, a Thackeray or a Carlyle; but even Thackeray and Carlyle were as familiar with these words "Returned with thanks" as the rest of us. Thackeray's "Yellowplush Papers" were in their day among the most sparkling contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*. But Thackeray, writing an article in the *Edinburgh Review* in the style of the Yellowplush Papers, had to submit to a revision at the hands of the editor, which made his recollection of the *Edinburgh Review*, even with the solatium of a handsome check, anything but pleasant. Francis Jeffrey used to cut and slash at Carlyle's MSS.—dash out and write in—till Carlyle must have been more than mortal if he did not use stronger language than he put upon paper, and even after all this Jeffrey apparently came to the conclusion that "Carlyle would not do" for the *Edinburgh Review*. I have had MSS. returned again and again, but they have always found a publisher in the end, and I have an impression, which is, I believe, shared by many public writers, that the best articles are those that are returned the oftenest. I know they are sometimes the most successful, and—to compare small things with great—*that*, it is notorious, has been the case with

two or three historical works and works of fiction which before they were published were metaphorically scored all over by the publishers' readers with these words, "Returned with thanks." It is said that Bret Harte has never known what it is to have an article rejected, that everything he has written has been taken at once, and that he so enjoys his own work that the reading of his proofs is still to him one of his greatest pleasures. I cannot vouch for the story, although it is very likely to be true. But if it be, all I can say is that Bret Harte's experience stands in marked contrast to that of most men of genius. There have been men, of course, who have awoke one morning, like Byron, to find themselves famous, who have caught the public ear by their first poem, their first novel, or their first essay, and kept it by the charm of their style and their power of genius all through the course of a long life.

The present Prime Minister is one of these men. His first novel, "Vivian Grey," took London by storm, and was, within a few days of its publication, to be found in every boudoir and upon every drawing-room table. It was puffed in the newspapers, talked about in club-rooms and smoking-rooms, and ran through a succession of six editions in six months. But as a rule successful men of letters owe as much to "the magic of patience" as they owe to the magic of genius; and even Lord Beaconsfield, with all his success, has had his mortifications as a writer no less than as a parliamentary debater and statesman. "Contarini Fleming" fell still-born from the press, although written, as the author still insists, with deep thought and feeling; and "The Revolutionary Epick," a poem written under the glittering minarets and the cypress-groves of the last city of the Cæsars to illustrate the rival principles of government that were contending for the mastery of the world, and to take rank with the Iliad, with the Æneid, with the Divine Comedy, and with Paradise Lost, was printed only to line trunks with, till a line or two happened to be quoted from it in the House of Commons, thirty years after its publication, and Mr. Disraeli reprinted it, with a few trifling alterations, to vindicate his consistency as well as his courage.

Sir Walter Scott's career was one of the most brilliant and successful in literature. But even Sir Walter Scott's maiden effort, a thin quarto volume of "Translations from the Ballads of Bürger," fell, like "The Revolutionary Epick," still-born from the press, and Scott returned to his desk in his father's office to copy writs and to brood over a ballad of his own which should convince the world, in spite of itself, that in neglecting his translations it had "neglected something worth notice."

Charles Dickens is the only writer of distinction in our time whose success at all resembles Bret Harte's, and the success, the prompt, brilliant, and startling success of Charles Dickens stands in striking contrast to that of his rival, his greatest and perhaps permanently

successful rival, Thackeray. It is painful to read Thackeray's life—to hear of his loss of fortune in a harum-scarum speculation like that of his father-in-law with *The Constitutional*—of his early struggles in Paris and London—of his efforts as an artist—of Dickens's curt refusal of his request to be allowed to illustrate "Pickwick"—of his long meditation and laborious production of "Vanity Fair"—and of the way in which the MS. of this work, a work worthy of the genius that produced "Tom Jones," made its round of the publishers' readers only to be returned with or without thanks by all in turn, till it at last found appreciative publishers in Bradbury and Evans, and, with the help of an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, soon became as popular in its yellow wrapper as "Pickwick" had been in its green cover.

All the world knows the history of "Jane Eyre"—how it was written in the gray old parsonage under the Yorkshire hills; how the rough notes, sketched hastily in pencil, were transcribed in a neat hand as legible as print; and how the MS., in its brown-paper wrapper, was sent off from the small station-house at Keighley to publisher after publisher, only to find its way back again, "Returned with thanks," till the packet, scored all over with publishers' names, and well-nigh worn out by its travels, found its way into the hands of Messrs. Smith and Elder with a stamped envelope inside for a reply. This story of "Jane Eyre" is, with authors who cannot find a publisher, one of the standing sources of consolation, and it is a very striking instance of the loose way in which publishers' readers now and then look through MSS. that find their way into their hands, even if it does not prove that publishers, like women, though they cant about genius, cannot divine its existence till all the world point with the hand; for Messrs. Smith and Elder's reader was so struck with the tale that, Scot as he was, he sat up half the night to finish it. But some allowance ought to be made even for the readers, for it must be dull, tedious work to spell out the plot of a story or to find the proofs of genius in a loose pile of MSS. which you can hardly perhaps decipher except with a glass, and perhaps not always with that. Francis Jeffrey knew so well the difficulty of forming an opinion upon an article from reading it in MS. that in sending his first article to the *Edinburgh Review*, after he had relinquished the editorship, he stipulated that Mr. Napier should not attempt to read it till he could read it in type; and the editor of the *Saturday Review*, a few years ago, used to have every article that seemed at all worth publishing set up in type before he made up his mind whether to accept or reject it. Everything, as Charles Lamb used to say, is apt to read so raw in MS.

It is the most difficult thing in the world to know how an article will read from looking at it in MS., so difficult that even authors themselves, men of long and varied experience, men like Moore and

Macaulay, could seldom form an opinion upon their own writings till they saw how they looked in print. And when that is the case with the author, how must it be with the publisher or his reader, and with the editor of a publication who has to make up his mind about the merits of half a dozen MSS. in the course of a morning! Yet, after all, I suspect that very few articles and very few books that are worth printing are lost to the world, for the competition among publishers for MSS. is only one degree less keen than the competition among authors for publishers, and an author who has anything worth printing is seldom long without a publisher.

I happen to know the secret history of a book which has long since taken its rank among the classics of English Literature—I mean "Eöthen." It was written years and years before it was published, written with care and thought, revised in the keenest spirit of criticism, and kept under lock and key for a long time. It is a book which, as far as workmanship goes, exemplifies in a very striking form Shenstone's rule for good writing—"Spontaneous thought, labored expression"—and there are few books of travel which equally abound in adventure, incident, sketches of character, and personal romance. It is, as Lockhart well said, an English classic. But when Alexander Kinglake offered it to the publishers they refused it, one and all, refused it upon any terms, and the author at last, out of conceit with his MS., and perhaps with himself, walked into a bookseller's shop in Pall Mall, explained the adventures of the MS., and made it a present to the publisher if he thought it worth printing. The first edition lingered a little on his hands, till a notice in the *Quarterly Review*, from the pen of Lockhart, called attention to it, and the printer's difficulty after that was to keep pace with the demand. I hope I am not violating any confidence by adding that the publisher, year by year, for many years, sent Mr. Kinglake a check for 100*l.* every Christmas day.

Thomas Campbell, the poet, attending a publisher's dinner, once rose and asked permission to propose a toast. The toast was to "Napoleon Bonaparte." "Why are we to drink his health?" asked the host. "Because he shot a bookseller," replied the poet; and it was in the spirit of this story that Peter Parley once compared publishers to Odin and Thor, drinking their wine from the skulls of authors. But if publishers, like the rest of us, now and then make a mistake in returning MSS., this anecdote, which does not stand alone, proves, I think, that when they made a hit with a MS., they know how to share their success with the author.

Anthony Trollope is one of the most popular and successful writers of our day. He is one of the few men who have made a fortune by their pens. Yet it seems only like yesterday that Anthony Trollope, attending a dinner given to him upon his retirement from the Post-Office, drew a graphic sketch of his early experiences in

literature, of MSS. rejected by the editors of magazines, of MSS. accepted and published and not paid for, or paid for in a way which was worse than no payment at all, and of the monetary result of his first few years' labor, 12*l.* 5*s.* 7½*d.* one year, and 20*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* another. It was said of Murray, "silver-tongued Murray," that he never knew the difference between no professional income and 3000*l.* a year, and that was the case with Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens. But cases like this of Anthony Trollope's are, I suspect, much commoner than those of Scott and Dickens.

Charles Dickens used to pooh-pooh the notion of lions in the path in the pursuit of literature, and he pooh-poohed it with good reason, for I doubt if he ever experienced the feeling which most other men of his kind have felt at the sight of a rejected MS.; and from the day when, with the *New Monthly* in his hand, he turned into Westminster Hall, with tears in his eyes, to read his first contribution to a magazine, till the afternoon when he laid down his pen upon the unfinished page of "Edwin Drood," the career of Charles Dickens was a long and uninterrupted succession of triumphs. But there is hardly another writer of Dickens's genius who could not turn to his pigeonholes and fish out MS. after MS. that had made the round of the magazines or the publishers. Even Bret Harte's own countryman, John Lothrop Motley, the greatest historian America has yet produced, had the mortification to see his MS. of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" returned "With Mr. Murray's compliments and thanks" before he could find a publisher for a work which now ranks with the most brilliant and successful narratives of our time. This was Motley's second disappointment with his MS. His first was the intelligence, when he had spent several years in collecting his materials and in sketching the outline of his History, that Prescott, with a "Life of Philip the Second," was anticipating him. The intelligence almost took the soul of Motley. "It seemed to me," he says, in one of his letters, "that I had nothing to do but to abandon at once a cherished dream, and probably to renounce authorship. For I had not made up my mind to write a history, and then cast about to take up a subject. My subject had taken me up, and drawn me on, and absorbed me into itself. It was necessary for me, it seemed, to write the book I had been thinking much of, and I had no inclination or interest to write any other." Yet Motley thought upon reflection that it would be disloyal on his part not to go to Prescott at once and explain his position, and if he should find a shadow of dissatisfaction on his mind to abandon his plan altogether. Prescott, one of the most generous of men, acted with Motley as Sir Walter Scott acted on a similar occasion with Robert Chambers, and gave him every encouragement and help he could. "Had the result of the interview been different," said Motley, "I should have gone from him with a chill upon my mind, and, no doubt, have laid down the pen at once;

for it was not that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an inevitable impulse to write one history."

This was very much the case with Carlyle and his "History of the French Revolution." Lord Brougham had the idea of writing a "History of the French Revolution" in his head for years, and if he could have found time for the requisite investigations he would have done it, for next to eloquence his greatest ambition was to rank as an historian, and he thought he possessed a special gift, equal to Livy's, for narrative. The secret history of Carlyle's work is one of the most interesting of its kind in literature. There is even a touch of pathos about it, for after the work had been completed, offered to a publisher, and returned, like Motley's, "With Mr. Murray's compliments and thanks," the MS. found its way into the hands of John Stuart Mill for perusal, and through Mill into the hands of a person who expressed a great curiosity to see it. "This person sat up perusing it far into the wee hours of the morning; and at length recollecting himself, surprised at the flight of time, laid the MS. carelessly upon the library table, and hied to bed. There it lay, a loose heap of rubbish, fit only for the waste-paper basket or for the grate. So Betty, the housemaid, thought when she came to light the library fire in the morning. Looking around for something suitable for her purpose, and finding nothing better than that, she thrust it into the grate, and applying the match" (as Carlyle said recently when giving an account of the mishap) "up the chimney, with a sparkle and roar, went 'The French Revolution;' thus ending in smoke and soot, as the great transaction itself did more than a half-century ago. At first they forbore to tell me the evil tidings; but at length I heard the dismal story, and I was as a man staggered by a heavy blow . . . I was as a man beside myself, for there was scarcely a page of MS. left. I sat down at the table and strove to collect my thoughts, and to commence the work again. I filled page after page, but ran the pen over every line as the page finished. Thus was it for many a weary day, until at last, as I sat by the window, half-hearted and dejected, my eye wandered along over acres of roofs, I saw a man standing upon a scaffold, engaged in building a wall—the wall of a house. With his trowel he would lay a great splash of mortar upon the last layer, and then brick after brick would be deposited upon this, striking each with the butt of his trowel, as if to give it his benediction and farewell; and all the while singing or whistling as blithe as a lark. And in my spleen I said within myself, 'Poor fool! how canst thou be so merry under such a bile-spotted atmosphere as this, and everything rushing into the regions of the inane?' And then I bethought me, and I said to myself, 'Poor fool thou, rather, that sittest here by the window whining and complaining. What if thy house of cards falls? Is the universe wrecked for that? The man yonder builds a house that shall be a home for generations. Men will be

born in it, wedded in it, and buried from it; and the voice of weeping and of mirth shall be heard within its walls; and mayhap true valor, prudence, and faith shall be nursed by its hearthstone. Man! symbol of eternity imprisoned into time! it is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the spirit thou workest in which can have worth or continuance. Up, then, at thy work, and be cheerful.' So I arose and washed my face and felt that my head was anointed, and gave myself to relaxation—to what they call 'light literature.' I read nothing but novels for weeks. I was surrounded by heaps of rubbish and chaff. I read all the novels of that person who was once a captain in the Royal Navy—an extraordinary ornament he must have been to it; the man that wrote stories about dogs that had their tails cut off, and about people in search of their fathers; and it seemed to me that of all the extraordinary dunces that had figured upon the planet he must certainly bear the palm from every one save the readers of his books. And thus refreshed I took heart of grace again, applied me to my work, and in course of time 'The French Revolution' got finished—as all things must sooner or later.'' The story is, I believe, unique in literature. But even this story with "The History of the French Revolution" was only one episode in its history. It was easier to reproduce the lost MS. from chaos than to find a publisher for it; and in the recently published "Letters of Mr. Macvey Napier" there are two or three notes of Carlyle's about his unsuccessful negotiations with publishers—publishers in Paternoster Row, publishers in Fleet Street, publishers in Albemarle Street. Mr. Napier gave Carlyle a letter of introduction to Mr. Rees, in the hope that he might publish the work, and Mr. Rees received Carlyle with courtesy. But that was all. He did not care about his MS. "The public had ceased to buy books." Murray was tried again with a fresh introduction, and Murray for a time seemed likely to rise to the bait. But Murray in the end, like Rees, returned the MS. "The Charon of Albemarle Street durst not risk it in his *sutilis cymba*. So it leaped ashore again."

There is a tradition in Paternoster Row that the MS. of "Lingard's History" had to go through a similar course of difficulties before, like Carlyle's, it found a publisher; and Lingard, Carlyle, and Motley do not stand alone with their rejected MSS.

Lord Macaulay did not publish his History till his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, his lays, and his speeches in the House of Commons had made his name known all over the British Isles, in America, in every bungalow in India, in every log hut in the Valley of the Hawkesbury, and till he knew perfectly well beforehand that if he could only realize his ideal, and write the History of England in the vivid and picturesque style of his Essays and his Lays, he was sure of achieving the end he had set his heart upon, that of being read with as much interest and zest as one of Dickens's novels.

But even Macaulay had a skeleton, a literary skeleton, in his cupboard—to wit, rejected MSS., two or three sets of them—MSS. which have not been printed to this day.

And that was the case with Brougham. Brougham insisted that two of Macaulay's articles, an article on the French Revolution and another on Chatham, should be put aside in favor of one of his own, because, in his opinion, no writer upon the staff of the *Edinburgh Review* was competent to deal with French politics but himself, and because, if his sentences were not in Macaulay's "snip-snap style," he could produce a more truthful and an equally picturesque article. But even Brougham in his turn had to break open packets of MSS. to find, instead of a proof, one of those curt announcements which sound like a knell to all the hopes of a sensitive soul—"Returned with thanks."

Even Jeffrey—Francis Jeffrey, the omniscient and versatile Jeffrey—knew these sensations, and in those rooms in Buccleugh Place where Sydney Smith, Horner, Brougham, and Murray met to talk over the suggestion for establishing the *Edinburgh Review*, there were three or four MSS. lying about which had been sent to all the existing magazines and returned. Jeffrey had six articles in the first number of the "buff and blue," and two or three of these, I shrewdly suspect, were articles that were perfectly familiar with the post-bag of the London and Edinburgh coach, and knew what it was to be tossed about, with cigar-ends and Odes to the Spring, in a waste-paper basket.

These illustrations might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. But I must stop. And yet there is one more instance which ought to be mentioned, because it is an instance that carries a moral with it to those who think of making literature a profession. I refer to George Henry Lewes, the founder of the *Fortnightly Review*. He was one of the most thoughtful and careful of writers, a man who held that precision of thought and expression alone constitute good writing. Yet George Henry Lewes had one of the first articles which he sent to the *Edinburgh Review* returned by the editor to be rewritten all through, and the second edition was so far superior to the first, even in the opinion of its author, that he never after sent his first *brouillon* to press, but invariably wrote everything twice and sometimes thrice before he thought of submitting it to an editor. The consequence was, of course, that he seldom had a MS. returned. He constituted himself his own editor, and returned his own MSS. It is an admirable plan, and if with that plan men would only act upon Dr. Johnson's advice, and strike out of their articles everything that they think particularly fine, we should hear a good deal less than we do at present of "rejected MSS." Any one can scribble—if he only knows how to spell; but writing is an art—one of the fine arts—and the men who have had the fewest MSS. returned are the men who

have taken the greatest pains with their work: Macaulay, for instance, who wrote and rewrote some of his essays, long as they are, three times over; Albany Fonblanque, the most brilliant and successful of English journalists, who wrote and rewrote many of his articles in the *Examiner* newspaper six and seven times, till, like Boileau, he had sifted his article of everything but the choicest thoughts and expressions. Perhaps if all writers did this we should have shorter articles and fewer books; but more articles that now perish with a single reading might be worth reprinting, and more books might stand a chance of descending to posterity.—*Belgravia.*

HANDEL.

When the *Spectator*, with the last reflections of "C." or "L.," flanked the chocolate on the breakfast-table; when ladies spotted their faces and surrounded themselves with a circumvallation of hoops; when silk-stockinged and high-heeled gentlemen went about (as the nun in "St. Clement's Eve" would have said) "with rapiers at their sides like leopards, prancing up and down the walks," and when Sir Plume would emphasize his "'fore Gad" with a rap on his snuff-box, and was conscious of the nice conduct of his cane—in that day there was well known in London a large, tall, heavy man, with clumsy hands and feet, sauntering about with an awkward "rocking motion," talking English in the most grotesquely uncouth of German accents and with the sublimest contempt for grammar and construction, and swearing heartily, "a good mouth-filling oath," at any one or anything that did not please him. This was Mr. Handel,* for some time the popular opera composer of the day, and musical director of the old theatre in the Haymarket, where he was the terror of refractory singers; whose lot it was to be to achieve, when force of circumstances drove him from the operatic stage, to try how far oratorio would keep things going, a fame far greater than he could have attained by any of the operas which had set the town in a ferment, and to have his memory honored and consecrated as the great musical exponent of the religious faith and feeling of the English nation.

Seldom has there been a more striking instance of the strange fortune, whereby so often it seems to have been ordained that the great-

* Recently the German spelling of his name, Haendel, has been revived, but it did not obtain during his lifetime in this country; he was then "Mr. Handel" or "Mr. Hendel," the latter spelling being no doubt an attempt to represent the German pronunciation of his name.

est and most valued productions of imaginative genius in art and literature should owe their existence almost to the accident of circumstance, with in many cases hardly even the consciousness on the part of their producer of what he was doing for the world. For all that appears (and we have a pretty good body of facts to go upon) Handel, who is known to every one as our great oratorio writer, would have done hardly anything of what constitutes his fame, would have nearly disappeared from view by this time, remembered only as the author of operas popular in their day but long since *passés*, and endeared to musicians by some beautiful harpsichord pieces, had he not been driven by the cabals of some singing women and *castrati* to try a form of music in which he could dispense with their vocal gymnastics and stand independent of their "most sweet voices." In early life he had written two Italian oratorios, and a Passion oratorio to German words, and when on a visit to Hanover in 1717 he wrote a second work on this subject, probably for some performance to be given at the time; but these are still nearly unknown to the English public. His first English oratorio, *Esther*, was composed during an early period of his English life (1720), but only for private performance at the Duke of Chandos' palace at Cannons, in order, as has been suggested, to give the lord of the "dean and silver bell" a taste of a sort of music then unknown in England; and when the work was first produced in public twelve years later, it was against the composer's wish and by means of a surreptitiously obtained copy. It was only from 1740 when Handel, at the age of fifty-five, still strong and resolute, but disgusted by his long and in the end unprosperous struggle with the singers and their fashionable auditors, shook off the dust of his feet against them and "turned to the Gentiles," that he began to lay the real foundation of his fame; not, like the poet whose genius is often likened to his, long choosing and beginning late, but driven reluctantly from the scene of his former triumphs, and pathetically consoling himself by the reflection that "sacred music was best suited to a man descending into the vale of years." And now, after a century of honor and worship in the country of his adoption, the present all-criticising age has begun to apply the scalpel to his genius, to dissect his plagiarisms, to count his mannerisms and weaknesses of detail, and to question even his right to the honors long and (let it be at once admitted) somewhat blindly paid to him. This reaction receives an additional impulse from the fact that Bach, his great contemporary, has lately been called from exile and raised among us to the throne which was always his due. Musical London has never yet been large-minded enough to worship two idols at a time; and the puzzlement becomes naturally all the greater when the two composers in question are so diverse in the nature of their genius and the manner in which they employed it. What is the real nature and extent of Handel's power as a musician

and a musical poet, and how far the past and present estimate of his genius has been right or wrong, it is the business of these few pages to suggest.

It is not to the purpose, nor would space permit, to go here into the circumstances of Handel's life in detail. The main facts about him, and many characteristic and more or less credible anecdotes, have been long familiar and easily accessible, and of late years have been, one cannot say popularized, but rendered still more generally accessible, by the work of M. Schœlcher, a French enthusiast, who came over here and squeezed all the information that he could get out of English libraries into a volume of incoherent paragraphs and rambling reflections, which he calls a "Life of Handel."* But some recapitulation of his earlier career will help us to understand both the man and the circumstances under which his works were produced. During his early German days his figure does not stand out very clearly. Born at Halle (February 23d, 1685), the late child of a second marriage, when his father was above sixty, the record of his childhood tells us chiefly the old story, so common in the early biography of musicians and artists, of an innate passion for his art early manifested, and sternly repressed by his father, so that the boy had to smuggle a clavecin into his chamber, and muffle the wires in order to carry on his finger exercises unknown to the higher powers. The first great turn of his life resulted from his own strength of will at the early age of seven, when, on his father refusing to take him on a journey to the ducal court of Weissenfels, where an elder son of the family had a post, the child followed the carriage on foot till he was taken up, and was duly introduced to his half-brother at the court, where he soon got the run of the harpsichords, and one day was set on the organ-seat after chapel, and so attracted the ducal ear by his manner of playing that father and son were summoned to the presence, and the former got a lecture *in camerâ*, on the duty of developing his son's genius. The opinion of a duke on such a subject could not be overlooked, and the boy was placed under the tuition of Zachau, organist of the Marien-Kirche at Halle, a good musician, and an idle, drinking man, who seems to have grounded the boy well, however, and taken advantage of his talents to leave him in command of the church organ as often as the master wanted a holiday: by no means the worst thing he could have done for his pupil. Handel's next stage was Berlin, where he seems to have played the part of a boy prodigy (though never subjected to such a course of public exhibition as little Mozart was made to go through), and where he met Bononcini, then already a favorite opera composer, who was afterward to be his rival in the good graces of the London public, but who now stood on his dignity, and kept the boy at a dis-

* There is not a decently written life of the composer existent in England as yet in spite of the great interest of the subject, both musically and socially.

tance. Shortly after his return from Berlin Handel lost his father, on which event he betook himself to Hamburg, the best centre for opera after Berlin. The opera was then under the direction of Reinard Keiser,* a composer of note in his day, and a stirring and active man, who seems to have gone through the same sort of fight with the public that Handel afterward went through in London, though he extricated himself when in low water in a way that never occurred to Handel, viz., by marrying a woman with money. Among Handel's friends here were Telemann † and Mattheson,‡ the latter a talented young musician, and afterward a considerable writer on music, to whom we owe a characteristic story of which there are various readings, but of which the admitted facts are, that Handel provoked the jealousy of some one by insisting on taking the first harpsichord in the orchestra and not the second, and that some one nearly cut his thread of life with a rapier in consequence as he was leaving the theatre. Mattheson says it was himself, and he ought to have known ; the point of the anecdote lies in the evidence it gives of that determined will that others should bend to him, that he should be "first fiddle," which characterized Handel throughout his life. Another trait noticed by Mattheson is that it was part of Handel's humor, when first engaged at the Hamburg orchestra, to affect stupidity, and that "he pretended ignorance in a manner peculiar to himself, by which he made the gravest people laugh, without laughing himself." This, if true, may be added to the many points of resemblance between Handel and Rossini. Nothing delighted the latter more than to mystify people by a studiously acted simplicity. Both musicians have left a number of repartees and dry sarcasms behind them ; both loved "a jest with a sad brow."

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* Keiser, who is now little more than a name, wrote one hundred and eighteen operas, his last, *Circe*, being said to be his most beautiful. Burney calls him "the father of German melody." He lived 1673-1735.

† Telemann (1681—*circa* 1767) was another enormously voluminous composer, chiefly in the line of church music. It is a curious example of the different light in which men appear to their own and succeeding generations that he was offered the Cantorship of Leipzig before it was offered to Bach, the latter only obtaining it as a *pis aller* on Telemann's declining it. Handel said of Telemann that he could write a motet in eight parts "as fast as another man could write a letter," a notable technical feat at a time when it was considered *de rigeur* that part-writing should be pure and harmonious. Now it would be nothing, because he might have flung the notes together anyhow, provided he had only said that all the discords and crudities had a "poetic basis."

‡ Johann Mattheson (1681-1764) must have been a man of unusual versatility, for he not only made a name as an opera composer and singer, but subsequently became secretary to the English Resident at Hamburg, and showed so much business ability that he succeeded to the post at the death of his principal, keeping up his musical studies and writings all the time. A pleasant trait of his youthful friendship with Handel (besides his trying to stab him) was that as Handel excelled on the organ and Mattheson on the harpsichord, they made an agreement not to intrude on each other's province in public playing, and kept it for five or six years. Possibly this was instituted as a salutary measure, *after* the affair of the rapier.

Handel produced his first opera, *Almira*, at Hamburg (January, 1705), a work in which the German and Italian languages were mixed, as the English and Italian were mixed in early operatic performances in this country; the Italian being introduced mostly in the show airs, to accommodate the Italian singers, who were now beginning to carry everything before them.* Thus commenced the absurdity by which, subsequently, in the great London operatic establishments, operas essentially French or essentially German in character were to be deprived of one half their character by translation into Italian words, at the mere bidding of custom, though sometimes there is hardly an Italian singer on the stage. It is noticeable that in *Almira* the music written to the German words is for the most part much the best and most serious. The opera had a fair success, but the real opening of fame came to Handel when, with the means collected by this and some other operas, he went to Italy about 1706–7. Here we have glimpses, through the veil of imperfect and half traditional narrative, of a blaze of triumph; of gatherings in palace halls where "Il caro Sassone" was the admired of all admirers; of Allessandro Scarlatti, then at the height of his fame, following Handel about to hear him play the organ in a style which must have been new enough to Italian ears; of excited throngs at the Venice opera-house (which had been long closed), where the new opera of *Agrippina* ran for nearly a month, and of a great singer of the day who not only poured her whole soul into his music, but would have been only too happy to throw herself into the arms of the Saxon Apollo. The latter, however, gave no hint of affording this stage Daphne the least excuse for a metamorphosis. Handel's attitude toward the sex, it may here be observed, seems to have been throughout his life one of indifference, although he excited no little interest in women. With perhaps a constitutional lack of tenderness, he seems always to have found too much to do to be in any want of domestic affection. Once he might have made what society would have called a brilliant marriage, and was not disinclined, but the stipulation was that he should give up his calling as a musician. This was not to be thought of, and the match came to nothing. His name is connected with no story of intrigue or scandal in the society of the day; as to his female singers, with whom as an *impresario* he was in very close relations, he had obviously far too much contempt for them.

To return: the composer's next change was to Hanover (1709), where he was most generously received by the then Capellmeister,

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* This is mentioned in regard to Valentini, one of the first Italian singers on the English stage, of whom Cibber, quoted by Hawkins ("History of Music"), says that, though with a feeble voice and moderate execution, "he supplied those defects so well by his action that his hearers bore with the absurdity of his singing the part of Turner in *Camilla* all in Italian, while every other character was sung and recited in English."

the Abbé Steffani, who, like Mattheson, was a musician of more than musical ability, who had risen to high employment in diplomatic service as well as in the Church, and who partly for this reason wished to shake off the responsibilities of his musical appointment, and nominated Handel as his successor. Sir John Hawkins, the "unclubable," gives us the words in which Handel himself, years after, described his reception by Steffani:

"'I was acquainted with the merits of Steffani, and he had heard of me. I understood somewhat of music, and'—putting forth both his broad hands and extending his fingers—'could play pretty well on the organ; he received me with great kindness, and took an early opportunity to introduce me to the Princess Sophia and the elector's son giving them to understand that I was what he was pleased to call a *virtuoso* in music; he obliged me with instructions for my conduct and behavior during my residence at Hanover; and being called from the city to attend to matters of public concern, he left me in possession of that favor and patronage which himself had enjoyed for a series of years.'"

Hanover, however, proved only the stepping-stone to England. The close political connection of the two countries seemed to have put it in the composer's head to visit England, and though the elector, through the representations of Baron Killmannseck, had just arranged a pension of 1500 crowns a year for Handel, on the latter mentioning his desire to visit England, he was generously told that he might have a year's absence without prejudice to the pension. Making a detour to see his mother and his drunken old preceptor Zachau, he started *viâ* Holland for London in 1710.

The house in which Handel's operatic triumphs commenced, and of which he was eventually for many years manager, was the old Haymarket Theatre, built in 1706 from the designs of Vanbrugh; several views of its absurdly heavy little façade are to be found among Mr. Crace's splendid collection of views of Old London, recently purchased for the British Museum. The first pieces performed in it were some pastorals (one can imagine of what a conventional cut) consisting of recitations with airs intermixed, and were eminently unsuccessful. The Drury Lane management took the hint, however, for an attempt at the production of real Italian opera, and produced the *Camilla* of Bononcini (who had not then come to England), with great pecuniary success. This again put the Haymarket on its mettle, and a new lessee, an adventurer named Heidegger, reputed as the ugliest man of his day in London, took the house in 1709, and mounted successfully the opera of *Thomyris*, English words and Italian music selected from Bononcini, Scarlatti, Steffani, and others. This was followed by other productions on the same scrap system, the words of some of the airs, as aforesaid, being sung in Italian when the nationality of the vocalist demanded it, the others being supposed to be translated from the original Italian *libretti*; but the only aim of the so-called translations was to get the right number of syllables for the music. The utter inanity of these

can hardly be exaggerated. "Those eyes are made so killing," immortalized in the *Rape of the Lock*, is but a trifle among their beauties. *Ex. gr.* from *Love's Triumph*, a pastoral which succeeded *Thomyris:*

No more trial,
Nor denial,
Be more kind
And tell your mind;
So tost,
So crost,
I'm sad,
I'm mad,
No more then hide your good-nature,
Thou dear creature.

Balk no longer
Love nor hunger,
Both grow stronger
When they're younger;
But pall,
And fall
At last,
If long we fast.*

Of the English singers of the time, Hawkins, who lived near enough to have had trustworthy traditions, says, "It is easy to discover that their perfections were confined to perhaps a beautiful person, graceful and easy action, and a fine voice, the gift of nature, and that owed little of its fascinating power to the improvements of art." It is necessary to bear in mind what an absurd *mêlange* the opera in England was before Handel's arrival, to do justice to the real advance which he inaugurated, and at the same time to understand some of the reasons why opera in his hands was still decried and satirized by the leading writers of the day. Opera had got a bad name; and to Swift and Addison, who knew little or nothing about music, Handel was only one opera-maker the more. What he did, however, was not only to import a finer and more dignified style of music into opera, but to substitute for the *pot-pourri* of songs in various languages and from various composers, compositions which, with whatever defects arising from the fashions of the day and the demand for displays of vocalization, were at any rate complete and consistent in their construction: the style, the words, and the whole of the singers employed, being alike Italian.

At the time of Handel's arrival in England there was associated with Heidegger, at the Haymarket, Aaron Hill the poet; he who is so pleasantly dismissed in the *Dunciad*—

"And mounts far off among the swans of Thames."

He wrote the book for an opera on the subject of *Rinaldo*, extracted in the first instance from Tasso's poem, Hill's English being done into Italian for the stage by a hack named Rossi. Handel set to work with his wonted vigor (which reminds one continually of Goe-

* This is nearly equal to Wagner's libretto in *Tristan:*

"Ohne Wähnen sanftes sehnen!
Ohne Bangen süss Verlangen,
Ohne Wehen hehr Vergehen!
Ohne Schmachten hold Um-nachten!
Ohne meiden,
Ohne scheiden,
Traut allein
Ewig Heim," etc., etc., etc., *ad lib.*

the's remark to Mendelssohn about Schiller being able to "produce" two great dramas annually) and "produced" the opera in a fortnight, and with what splendor it was mounted those who know their *Spectator* will remember. It was an immense success, and brought at least great fame to its composer; and Walsh, the publisher, made fifteen hundred pounds by the publication of the music, which drew from the composer the observation, "Next time, Mr. Walsh, you shall compose the opera and I will publish it." The opposition to Handel in many quarters began from the first, however, and Hawkins mentions one special reason for his being coolly treated by the *Spectator*, for it seems that Dick Steele had an interest in one of the London theatres, and had also a concert-room let to three musical undertakers who found their success imperilled by that of Handel; this trio solicited patronage for a concert to be given in their rooms in opposition to Handel, and "were abetted and patronized by the *Spectator*, Nos. 158 and 178, both written by Steele." It must be charitably remembered that it was probably of considerable importance to the admirable Steele to get his rent paid.

Handel returned to Hanover after a year, but in 1712 was back again in London, having perceived that here was the field of success for him; and when shortly after the English queen died, and his former master, as George I., came over here "for our goods," Handel had some little difficulty in setting himself right with the king, after having taken French leave of the elector; the story of his means of reconciliation, by composing some pleasant pieces for a wind band (the *Water Music*) which were played at a Thames fête in which royalty condescended to be implicated, is well known. From this time he belongs to England, socially; whether musically or not will be considered presently. He seems to have lived always in good society, and in fact was a man of far too proud and self-respecting spirit to have accepted the dependent position so often accepted by musicians at that period, as the mere makers of music for the wealthy. Pressed by the Earl of Burlington in the first instance to take up his abode with him, Handel lived there for three years, apparently on the footing of an honored guest, doing just as he liked, studying in the mornings and arranging concerts for the evenings, and meeting Pope and Gay and Arbuthnot at dinner. At this time he was very fond of playing on St. Paul's Cathedral organ, often keeping a large congregation long after service to hear him; and this was not infrequently followed by an adjournment to a large room in the Queen's Arms tavern in St. Paul's Churchyard, where there was a harpsichord, and the evening was finished in music and conversation. From Burlington House Handel was tempted to go to Cannons, the new duke having, as Hawkins dryly puts it, gone to so much expense in his palace that it could hardly suit him to have any less a person than the greatest musician in the kingdom for his chapel-mas-

ter.* His residence here is chiefly worth notice because he formed there his English oratorio style, partly in the composition of *Esther*, and partly in the set of anthems which he wrote for the Duke's chapel, in which he discarded both the old church style of the school of Palestrina (adopted by the earlier English church composers, Byrd, Gibbons, and others), and the lighter anthem style initiated by Purcell and Blow, and peculiar to the English cathedral service—introducing into his anthems choruses much longer and more elaborated than are to be found in the Purcell school of anthem, and more effective and melodious, as he maintained, than the intricately woven harmonies of Palestrina and his imitators.

This was an interregnum of repose in the composer's life, from which he was recalled by the formation of a company, or "academy," as it was then called, for the performance of operas at the Haymarket Theatre, and Handel was engaged both as composer and in some sort as *entrepreneur;* and from this time his life was a pretty continual fight. He set off first on a tour to engage singers, bringing back with him Signora Durastanti and Senesino the male soprano, who was to become a popular idol and a thorn in the side of the composer. But the directors associated with Handel, as the producers of operas, were Bononcini, and, three years after, Attilio Ariosti, who had, like Bononcini, been a popular musician at Berlin, when young Handel, as a boy, first went there. Attilio was an amiable nonentity, and soon got squeezed into nothing between Handel and Bononcini; but Bononcini was a man of considerable power, whose music was popular in England before Handel was known there, and who, when personally summoned to London to add glory to the new opera scheme, had a large party, among the nobility especially, who wanted to put him over the head of Handel; and the affair became, as we know through an oft-quoted epigram, a battle royal for the town, "'twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee;" politics even entering into the matter, as Handel had the favor of the Royal Family, which was sufficient to recommend Bononcini to the Marlborough faction. Tories were for Handel, Whigs for Bononcini. The rivalry received a partial check by the production of the opera of *Mucius Scævola*, of which the first act is written (it is believed) by Attilio, the second by Bononcini, and the third by Handel, who carried off the palm by general admission. Bononcini got into some discredit afterward about a matter in which he was proved to have passed off as his own, through some incomprehensible freak, a composition by a composer not his superior, and he left England

* The expression "chapel-master" has been long since dropped; but as in the early days of music in Italy and Germany all the important musical posts were those concerned with the conduct of the church service, the word gradually came to be applied in a general sense to the holder of a court or private musical appointment, even where church music was an entirely secondary affair.

under a cloud. As far as one can judge by his accessible compositions, it seems clear that he never had any real claim to be put forward as a rival to Handel; but many of his airs are very graceful and pleasing, and it must be remembered that Handel's real and greatest power as a chorus writer was then hardly known, even to himself, so that the contest may have reasonably seemed much less disproportioned at that time than it does to us now.

But the Italian singing machines who had been brought over now began to take a part in popular favor, far more important than could be beneficial either to music or to the position of the composer. The hooped and patched occupants of the boxes became so enamoured of the "linked sweetness long drawn out," with which the new school of singers ornamented their solos, that they began to care for nothing but these flourishes, which were inserted in nearly the same style and manner in every opera, and the audience went to hear Senesino and Signora Cuzzoni, and not the composer, just as people now go to hear Patti and not the opera. Handel had a contempt for these people (though he wrote for their voices), which he took no trouble to conceal; he threatened to throw Cuzzoni out of the window one day when she took exception to a song; and when Senesino had the impertinence to send back one of Handel's most exquisite airs ("Verdi prati") as too unadorned in style, he was answered by the irate composer appearing at his house in person—"You tog! Don't I know petter as yourself vat is pest for you to sing?" Neither of the singers probably deserve a grain more respect than they got, and their cabals with the fashionable Midases were preparing the way for a reaction. It is noticeable that the popular mind shared Handel's contempt for these people already. Ambrose Phillips's lines on Cuzzoni's departure are an amusing outbreak of John-Bullism, addressing her as—

> Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
> Wanton gale of fond desire;
> * * * * *
> Leave us as we ought to be,
> Leave the Britons rough and free."

A somewhat similar parting salute had been previously given to Nicolini, the first of the brilliant Italian executants who had come to England—

> "Begone, our nation's pleasure and reproach,
> Britain no more with idle trills debauch;
> Back to thy own unmanly Venice sail,
> Where luxury and loose desires prevail,
> There thy emasculating voice employ,
> And raise the triumphs of the wanton boy," etc.

The existence of this feeling is significant in regard to the future success of Handel's oratorios, since it shows that outside the fashionable ring of the day there was a public ready to sympathize with

strong and manly music, and believing in something better than the roulades and flourishes of artificial *soprani*.

The turn of the tide came for Handel when he engaged, in 1726, a Venetian singer, Signora Faustina, afterward the wife of Hasse the composer, a lady the equal of Cuzzoni as an artist, and apparently superior to her in character and social position, and proportionately hated by her. The feud between the two was taken up by the titled fools of the town as violently as the previous more important one of Handel and Bononcini; and eventually Cuzzoni left England because Faustina was offered higher pay than herself by Handel. This raised all the Cuzzoni party against Handel, who about the same time took umbrage (probably with ample reason) against Senesino, and refused to have him in his theatre or write for him. This was cutting his own throat from a pecuniary point of view, but Handel never let that stand between him and his pride. The result was an attempt of the nobility party to set up an opera of their own, which with Senesino and Cuzzoni, and the much more important aid of Farinelli * (who was then in England), they should have made a success, as Handel had no singers to equal theirs. But it may be presumed that Handel still retained a large number of admirers, and as the town could not support two operas, things went on so badly that Farinelli soon returned to Italy in disgust. Handel, having got hold of Carestini during an *impresario* tour, and having come to the end of his engagement with Heidegger, set up an opera of his own and went on composing, as Scott went on with Waverley Novels, to keep money coming in, but with no success; and the anxiety and worry of this part of his life brought on a partial attack of paralysis, which he only got rid of after a visit to Aix. On his return in November, 1737, he again tried opera-writing, but with no better success; the tide had gone against that form of entertainment; but a concert of miscellaneous music which was got up at the instance of his friends was eminently successful, and included the performance of an organ-concerto by Handel, a form of music by which he now discovered that he could always retain and interest an audience. He began now to find that there was still an appreciative public for him, though of a different kind from that to which he formerly appealed, and went so far in the path of popularizing himself as to play at the rooms at Vauxhall and at the Ranelagh Rotunda, at each of which there was an organ, and to write band music for these promenade

* This singer seems to have deserved a better epitaph with posterity than the "one God, one Farinelli," the momentary exclamation of a silly admirer, which has been tacked to his name. He was not only admitted to be the greatest executant vocal st of his day, but was a sound and learned musician and a man of worthy character, though of course his importance was absurdly exaggerated by the fashionable clique. He who had not heard Farinelli sing and Foster preach ("modest Foster"), it was said, "was not fit for genteel society."

concerts, as they might be called. But there was something better left for him to do than this. He had not forgotten the success of *Esther*, when it was produced without his leave some years before, and determining to try the same experiment again, made a most fortunate beginning with the setting of Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, which, in spite of its pomposity, is a poem admirably suggestive for musical composition on a great scale. This, which is one of his finest works, was followed in 1740 by *Saul* and *Israel in Egypt*, and from this time he was a composer of oratorios, at most of the performances of which he played also an organ-concerto.

As we have now traced the strange course by which he arrived at his real power in the evening of his life, the rest needs only a brief allusion. He continued growing in estimation with the public, especially after his brilliant visit to Dublin in 1741–2, where *The Messiah* was first performed, and where he was tumultuously fêted; but the aristocracy never forgave him for having refused to compose for their doll, Senesino, and succeeded in driving him into temporary bankruptcy in 1744–5, by systematically organizing large festivities in opposition to his concerts. It is disgusting to read Horace Walpole's petty sneers against a man who had invented a form of musical entertainment superior to what Horace and his world were able to understand, and his libels on the singers* employed—"a man with one note in his voice and a girl with never a one, and so they sing and make brave hallelujahs, and the good company *encore* the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune." However, Handel paid off his liabilities (which appears to have been a point of honor with him throughout his life) and went on producing one work after another with wonderful energy till the year when he lost his sight (1752); and even from that last misfortune he roused himself, and would be led to the organ to fill in the accompaniment to his own choruses and to perform his usual concerto, which he now arranged so as to leave the organ and band as nearly as possible independent of each other, he playing long solos, and the band furnishing interludes between them. In 1759 he died at his house, now No. 25 Brook Street, and was buried, as we all know, in Westminster Abbey.

The character and personality of the man who played so large a part in the social world of our capital during his life, and whose name has been so intimately connected with the religious and musical associations of the country for a whole century, are not difficult to estimate. The idea which Handel gives us, apart from his musical

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* One of the singers was Beard, the eminent English tenor of the day, who must have been a good singer from the music Handel made for him (the tenor part in *Samson* for instance), and who was even more eminent in his character than in his music. For an account of the high estimation in which he was held as a man, see Leigh Hunt's interesting essay on "Marriages from the Stage."

gifts, is that of an exceedingly strong, self-willed, egoistic, yet thoroughly healthy nature; certainly not the pietist which clergymen who preach on his oratorios imagine, but thoroughly honest, cheerful, good-tempered in the main, though violent when irritated, and of indomitable pride and independence. The character of a glutton has been recorded against him; but it is probable that, as in the case of Goethe, his large physique and generally rude health made it natural to him to eat much more largely than average men. Among the little touches which seem to bring the man before us, Burney ("Account of the Handel Commemoration") gives some very good ones; how, when he was pleased with the way the music was going at one of his oratorios, his enormous wig always had a certain nod or vibration; how, at the close of an air, he called out "Chorus!" in a voice which Burney says was "extremely formidable" (it must be remembered that the conductor's *baton* was not in use in England then); how he swore at the concerts at Carlton House if the ladies in waiting talked during the music, and how the princess would check them, saying, "Hush, hush! Handel is angry;" and, what is a pleasanter story, how he scolded the prince and princess of Wales for being late at a concert, and "keeping all these poor people" (the performers) "so long from their scholars and other concerns." A musician who could talk thus at court in those days must have had a strong individual power about him. His dealings with his recalcitrant singers have already been mentioned; but he was as autocratic with one of his poets, who complained that Handel's music did not suit the words he had written, but only got for satisfaction, "Den de worts is bat." When setting words from the Bible he usually preferred to make his own selection (though this was not the case in the *Messiah*), and there is evidence in some remarks which are recorded of him in regard to his sacred compositions, that, in spite of the rapid and business-like way in which his oratorios were produced, and the fact that some of the choruses which have been regarded as most intensely expressive of the words were really *rifacimenti* from his old opera and harpsichord music, others of these were the offspring of very deep feeling in his own mind, and were genuine expressions of religious fervor.*

To estimate him aright as a musician is not so easy, for there are a good many false lights to be got rid of. To what school of music, in the first place, does Handel really belong? He has been claimed as being to all intents and purposes an English composer; but this is only true in a very modified sense. By nature his genius was as German as his birth and manners; those who know him by his great works written in England would be surprised to find in his first Pas-

* "For the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make."

sion oratorio (written at the age of nineteen) precisely the same cut and style with which the performances of Bach's *Passion-Musik* have familiarized English audiences—the short dramatic choruses, the narrative kept up by a separate singer, the serious church like tone and style of the airs, with the elaborated accompaniments entirely separate in design from the voice part, might almost as well be Bach as Handel, and there is one bass air, *Erschüttere mit Krachen*, which is almost like a suggestion in advance of the thunder and lightning chorus in Bach's *Passion*.* But after Handel's visit to Italy he became very much imbued with Italian taste, and this, of course, was further developed when he came to England, by the very fact that his career here commenced with composing for Italian words and Italian singers. His acquired style, therefore, was Italian, and not English; and this is manifest enough if it be compared with such a genuine English style as that of Purcell's anthems, in which the musical phrases really seem to arise out of the character of the English language. It is this, no doubt, which drew from Dr. Burney the acute remark that "in the action, passion, and expression of English words, the music of Purcell is sometimes, to my feelings, as superior to Handel's as an original poem to a translation." But when Purcell intentionally attempted the Italian style in some sonatas, "principally to bring the seriousness and gravity of that sort of music into vogue and reputation among our countrymen," his efforts resulted in works very much resembling in style Handel's concertos and overtures. And as far as instrumental music was concerned this style was larger and more dignified than anything that had been introduced into England before. When Handel commenced writing anthems for the church service at Cannons, then he did strike out a style different from anything that had gone before, and which (as far as choruses were concerned) was the foundation of his later oratorio style, and it may be said to be cosmopolitan, and combines some of the best qualities of several styles. If compared with Bach's choruses, it will be observed that the study of Italian vocalization had given Handel a power of writing naturally for the voice which renders his choruses far more vocal, more "singable," than most of Bach's, while his German genius and education gave him power over that logical combination and simultaneous treatment of melodies which has received the dry technical name of counterpoint, but is, in fact, the source of, or at least a condition of, the highest and noblest musical expression. His style was, therefore, a union of the Ger-

* When Handel wrote his second *Passion* oratorio, during his visit to Hanover in 1717-18, he arbitrarily readopted to a great extent this German style, which he had flung off in England, introducing a chorale also (*Chorale des Kristlichen Kirche*), in the same way as in Bach's oratorios. He made the overture to it, however, from the materials afterward used in one of his instrumental concertos (*Concerti Grossi*), in a different style. It is worth notice that a copy of this latter *Passion* was found among Bach's mss., partly in his own handwriting.

man and Italian elements of musical style, tinctured with a certain English coloring from the influence of the language; but those who think Handel was an essentially English musician because they find the same style in some English anthem writers, such as Greene, Boyce, and Crotch, are putting the cart before the horse: these latter men made every effort to imitate Handel, after whom no other style was possible in the country for generations. Had Purcell come a little later, and lived long enough to impress his splendid genius on the art, we might have had an English style of vocal music growing out of the essential spirit of the English language; but Purcell was crushed under the subsequent success of Handel. It was rather a mistake, however, of Handel to think that he had so thoroughly beaten the older English vocal writers in his anthems, or for Burney to say that he should like to hear Handel's choruses without instrumental accompaniments, so as to show how superior they were to those of the old church school, when compared on equal terms. It would take a very strong chorus of Handel's (or any one's) to beat such a thing as Orlando Gibbons's "Hosanna," written more than a century before; only, if you had given Gibbons a dozen different sets of words he would have expressed them all in music of the same manner and feeling, whereas Handel would have given the appropriate feeling and dramatic expression to each. In this respect, though none of his choruses reach the stupendous constructive power of Bach's greatest efforts in choral-writing, he is more of a poet than Bach, and has a much wider range of expression; and in regard to songs for single voices there is no place for comparison. Handel was, in fact, almost as distinctly a "melodist" as Rossini, only in a much higher and nobler key; and even after subtracting all the careless and uninteresting songs which he threw in merely to give this or that singer something to do (and they are a formidable number), there still remains a long list of perfectly beautiful and vocal melodies, such as haunt our ears after we have heard them, and which no change of fashion or style can superannuate. In instrumental music his ground is much lower; his overtures, with two or three brilliant exceptions, are deficient in marked character; his harpsichord suites, which contain beautiful things, are very unequal; and his organ concertos quite deficient, for the most part, in the true organ style, then even less understood in England than it is now; though from Hawkins's description of his way of preluding on the organ before his concertos, "with a movement on the diapasons which stole on the ear in slow and solemn progression, the harmony close-wrought, and as full as could possibly be expressed," it should seem that he knew what to do with an organ when he chose to please his own taste. It may be observed, too, that he had that love of performing on his favorite instruments, and pride in his execution on them, which has been the invariable accompaniment of all healthy musical genius;

every great musician has been a fine performer; and one for whom performance has no excitement and no interest may probably be regarded as but a sham genius.

One strange feature in Handel's compositions must be alluded to: the extent to which he has in some cases appropriated to his own use and embodied in his own compositions not only ideas, but passages of considerable length, sometimes a whole chorus, from other composers. This matter has been dragged into rather undue prominence of late by some able critics, who seem so pleased with their acuteness in making new discoveries of the kind that they cannot flourish them about sufficiently, and even appear to acquire a kind of morbid faculty for seeing plagiarisms. One writer on music has classed as plagiarisms the chorus "And with His stripes," in *The Messiah*, on account of the identity of the first phrase with that of a fugue of Bach's—this phrase being, in fact, a kind of common property used over and over again by fugue-writers (Mozart uses it in the first chorus of the *Requiem*); the chorus, "Wretched lovers," in *Acis*, as another Bach plagiarism (which it would puzzle any one to identify); and the beautiful and poetic song, "O Sleep," from *Semele*, as a plagiarism from Purcell, who did, in fact, write a song (in *The Indian Queen*) "To Sleep," but there all the resemblance ends. As to the unquestioned and unquestionable cases, if it were found that the things which have made Handel's fame were borrowed from other composers, the matter would be serious; but it is not so. The gold is all his own; it is the alloy only that he borrows; either by taking a movement of an older composer and incorporating it in his work, or, more frequently, by taking a phrase or a theme and treating it in his own way. A very considerable proportion, as regards quantity, of *Israel in Egypt* is thus made up of excerpts or suggestions from other composers; but when we come to consider quality rather than quantity, the entirely originally choruses tower immeasurably above all the wholly or partially borrowed ones, and are what makes the greatness of the work. The Dettingen *Te Deum* is another characteristic example. This, which is mostly a rather inferior work written to order and *currente calamo*, is largely borrowed from a Latin *Te Deum* by an otherwise nearly unknown composer, forty years previous to Handel, named Urio, whose *Te Deum* has been reprinted in consequence of this discovery. The inferior and less interesting parts of Handel's work are identical with most of Urio's; the final chorus, which is beautiful, is purely Handel's; and the one point in the work in which Handel reaches his highest sublimity, the chorus, "To thee, Cherubim and Seraphim," commences with a flourish of trumpets carelessly inserted from Urio (and even this is improved by a slight but most important alteration in the opening phrase), and then the chorus proceeds with a grandeur which Handel has seldom surpassed, and of which there is not a hint to be found in the older work. This

is a fair specimen of the real relation of Handel to the composers he made use of. The facts which have been brought to light have not the slightest bearing upon our estimate of the greatness of his genius, which rests entirely on works of unquestionable authenticity; it is, in this respect, a mere question of more or less quantity of matter. In other respects it is a great puzzle, no doubt. It is difficult to understand why he should ever have done this at all, since he had not only unlimited ideas of his own to draw upon, but was one of the most rapid of workers—*The Messiah*, which is nearly all original matter, having been completed in little over a fortnight—so that even the demand for copy in a hurry need hardly have driven him to this; and it seems, at first sight, still more difficult to understand how a man who in all other records of his life exhibits an almost defiant integrity of character should have thus appropriated the ideas of other composers without acknowledgment. The explanation is probably to be found partly in the very different state of music in his time; for when contrapuntal science was so much valued, it was considered (not only in Handel's day, but for long afterward) that to take a "subject" from the works of another musician, and elaborate an extempore fugue upon it, was a compliment to the original author of the subject; and Handel might not unreasonably have thought that there was no difference in principle between doing this extempore on the keyboard and doing it on paper. But the fuller and truer explanation is probably to be found in Handel's tremendous egotism and belief in himself, which led him to regard himself as the centre of the music of his day, and to consider many of the previous inchoate attempts at musical expression as serving the best possible purpose in being bent to his ends. If it is his royal will and pleasure to be original—why, so; if not, if he have already composed the principal portion of a great musical epic, and the filling up of the intermediate spaces be irksome to him, why then, whatever comes within arm's length—scraps of his own old operas, concertos or organ or harpsichord fugues, tags from this man's *Magnificat* and that man's *Serenata*, shall all be swept pell-mell into the melting-pot, to come out a complete whole stamped with his image and superscription. For this high-handed proceeding, so far as regarded the works of others, his defence would probably have been in spirit the same which Mr. Froude has recorded on behalf of Reinecke Fuchs, in that matter of Lampe the Hare—"Such fellows were made to be eaten." And, strange as it may seem, the result has in one sense justified this reasoning; for it is certain that not one of the things from which Handel has borrowed would be of interest to any one now, except for the mere fact that he has made use of them.

In speaking of Handel's music from the artistic standpoint, we have only space for a few words in regard to the class of now neglected compositions by which he was during a great portion of his

life chiefly known. In a general way it may be said that a great many of the *bravura* solos of his operas have only naturally shared the fate of most music that is written merely for show; the style of execution changes, and what delighted the public of one day would only weary the public of two or three generations after. Besides this, what we gather here and there as to the effect produced by some of the show airs in their own day, leads us to suppose that in the character of voice produced by the abominable system, now fortunately obsolete, of manipulating the human instrument, there was a kind of power and intensity in the execution of brilliant vocal ornaments which no natural female soprano can reproduce. We gather this from one significant expression of Burney's, who, in mentioning one of Handel's *bravura* airs, says that his readers can imagine what it was like when "thundered forth" by the great voice of Senesino; and this expression, which no one would ever use in regard to a lady soprano of the present day, gives some idea of what effect may have been produced by a voice with the compass of a woman's and the physical power and resonance of a man's. There are, however, other things in Handel's operas besides the show airs. Some of the finest songs from them are well known in our concert-rooms, but there are many quite as fine which are completely unknown; and they have this additional interest that many of them are in a style quite distinct from those of Handel's oratorio airs, and show the composer in a new and different light from that in which we are accustomed to consider him. *Rodelinda* is one which is particularly fine and varied in its solos; and *Rinaldo* is unquestionably in its way a great work, full of beauty in its vocal music, and very effective in many of its dramatic situations. The choruses in these operas, as in the majority of more modern operas, are superficial in style, and brief and unimportant in form. But the airs have so much in them of true genius, that, in spite of the incongruity which would be forced upon us of seeing heroic and martial parts acted and sung by women in men's costume (which would be the only means of representing the music), it might really be worth while to attempt the revival of one or two of Handel's operas, not only for the sake of the really fine music, but for the interest of enabling London, under Queen Victoria, to form some idea what kind of thing it was that London, under Queen Anne and George I., fought and struggled for places to hear.

And now, what of the oratorios? Have we, as some persons would tell us now, been all this time ignorantly worshipping an inferior composer who has gained a factitious renown? As to the æsthetic value of the form of composition called an oratorio, it is hardly necessary to discuss that. When it was first introduced there was a good deal of argument as to whether or not an oratorio should be performed with action; but every one understands pretty well

now that it stands on a different basis from opera; that it is a musical illustration, not of the actions of the persons of a narrative, but of their feelings at successive stages of the relation, alternating with choral utterances which may either represent the feelings of other personages connected with the main plot, as in the chorus "Welcome, mighty King!" in *Saul*, which is the song of the populace, or may be an impersonal and abstract comment suggested by the narrative, as in the chorus denouncing "Envy," in the same oratorio; in this latter case it plays, of course, exactly the part of the chorus in the Greek drama. This is, therefore, a perfectly consistent form of musical art, in some respects superior to lyrical drama, as appealing more purely to the feeling and imagination of the listener, and having the immense advantage of getting rid of the pasteboard and tinsel that are inseparable from stage representation.

In estimating the absolute value of Handel's grand series of works of this class, every impartial critic must at once admit that there is a large discount to be made in regard to the solo parts, for what is now *passé* and uninteresting, and a certain proportion (but much less) for the choruses, in consideration of the evidently hasty way in which some of them are written, the amount of working up of old materials, and the repetition of some forms of effect and accompaniment which get rather threadbare when used so often as Handel uses them. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that these works were written literally *to get a living;* that Handel, without a rival, amid a community then very ignorant of music, might very pardonably have felt that whatever he chose to write was at least better than any one else at the time could give them; and, also, that he probably by no means foresaw the importance which posterity would attach to these works. Almost precisely the same thing might be said of Shakespeare, very few of whose plays can be given now without the excision of a good deal that is antiquated and uninteresting, and he also probably wrote with little sense of the greatness of his work. Both were involved in the struggles of life—both wrote for the moment and were great where they were great without self-consciousness or affectation.

So much for what Handel came short in; but what did he accomplish? In considering first his most popular work, which has taken such a hold on the public mind in this country, it is, of course, difficult to separate entirely the question of its musical excellence from that of its religious interest, and it is perhaps hardly possible for any who have not been, at any rate, through the stage of religious creed of which it is the expression, to understand quite fully the effect which *The Messiah* has had. Making all due allowance for this adventitious interest, a dispassionate criticism must conclude that the popular judgment on the work is not in the main very far wrong. Taking the subject of the oratorio on its own ground, regarding it

as the musical expression of that older evangelical creed which has been such a great power with the mass of the English people in the latter part of last and the early part of this century—that creed which believes the plan of salvation to be set forth in the prophets and fulfilled in Christ, it would be difficult to imagine how it could be put into a more impressive and pathetic form than in many parts of this oratorio. The opening recitative, "Comfort ye, my people," is unsurpassable in beauty and appropriateness, as representing the first dawn of hope and promise to a people walking in darkness. The subject is carried on from point to point with new beauties; such as the simple and *naïve* illustration of that exquisite legend of the angels appearing to the shepherds; the solemn chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God," which forms the index, as it were, to the story of the Passion in the second part; the intense pathos of the song, "He was despised and rejected," and of the succeeding chain of choruses in which the "Passion" scenes are illustrated; and so on from step to step till the real climax of the work is reached in the "Hallelujah," which, after being strummed and scraped in every form, *usque ad nauseam*, as one might suppose, still seems as effective as ever when properly rendered, and is certainly unsurpassed in the whole of choral music as an instance of the attainment of a grand effect by apparently the very simplest means. It came straight from the heart of the composer, which is part of the secret; and surely may still go straight to ours, for if it cannot have the same meaning to us which it had to him, that is only because we can supply it with a still deeper and broader meaning; and in some of us, at least, the sight of a large audience rising for this chorus, and the opening of the well-known phrases, never fail to raise an emotion which is, no doubt, utterly illogical, but which we would on no account part with. Then in *The Messiah* Handel has been especially fortunate in his solos; even the *bravura* displays, which are among his best in that way, not clashing with the feeling of the work; the long divisions in "Rejoice greatly" and "Why do the nations" forming really a very suitable expression of the sentiment of the words.* As to the song preceding the "Hallelujah," the air for tenor voice, "Thou shalt break them," it is difficult to know where we could find more forcible and fiery vocal declamation, or an accompaniment more characteristic and expressive in design.

Handel himself preferred *Samson* and *Theodora* to *The Messiah*; he was very much annoyed that *Theodora* attracted but small audiences, accounting for it by saying that "the Jews would not come

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* *Bravura*, or display music, for voice or instrument, is not by any means a thing to be despised at proper time and place, if only for this reason, that it is well to know to what perfection of execution the human voice and hand can be brought and to keep up the standard of this, since all art, as Mill said, is "an endeavor after perfection of execution."

to it because it was a Christian story, nor the ladies because it was a virtuous one." *Theodora* is a smaller and slighter work than many, and few of the airs (except the well-known "Angels ever bright and fair") have much interest; but there is a peculiar beauty and refinement in the choruses, which ought to be much better known than they are. *Samson* the composer certainly estimated rightly; in abstract beauty it rises in parts higher than almost any of his works, though it requires a great deal of weeding for performance. Drawn in great measure from Milton's drama, the words furnished Handel with a subject worthy of his genius; the chorus "O first created beam," and the air "Total eclipse," in which the hero laments his blindness, are examples of the noblest pathos, admirably contrasted with the feast-music of the Philistines. The funeral dirge after the death of Samson is at once religious in its feeling and classic in its calm beauty, rising to grandeur at the point where the full chorus enters at the words, "Glorious hero;" and one of our own most ineffaceable musical recollections is of hearing Madame Viardot Garcia, when in the height of her powers, declaim the beautiful prayer, "Return, O God of Hosts," with a prophetic fervor intensified in its effect by the answering masses of the chorus, in sad and slow-moving phalanx—

"To dust his glory they would tread."

To sum up, without too much detail, some other characteristics special to Handel in his highest productions, one may say, in the first place, that he seems not infrequently to rise to what may be called a moral grandeur not often attained in musical expression. A notable instance of this is that chorus in *Saul* before referred to, "Envy, eldest-born of Hell;" one feels that the very "devil envy" itself must cower beneath this stern, inexorable, passionless denunciation, which reminds us of Schiller's description of the Greek tragedy chorus—

"Streng und ernst, nach alter Sitte,
* * * * * *
Der durch das Herz zerreissend dringt,
Die Bande um den Frevler schlingt."

Other examples might easily be mentioned, though none, perhaps, superor to this. Recalling Wordsworth's complaint against Goethe, that his poetry was "not sufficiently inevitable," we may say, on the other hand, of Handel that hardly any composer is so inevitable as he is when at his best. From the very commencement of one of his great choruses we feel that he has not the slightest doubt or hesitation as to what he intends to do, and the whole develops from beginning to end so naturally that it seems impossible to imagine that it could have been carried out in any other way, or that a single phrase could be altered without impairing the unity of the whole. There is something, again, peculiar to Handel in the largeness of

manner, the extended perspective, as one may say, of many of his great choruses; such as the first chorus in *Israel*, where the sighs of the people oppressed with burdens seem to come up from the whole length and breadth of the land, and still more in the chorus toward the close of the work, "The people shall hear," which we have sometimes thought is the central effort of his genius, and which is in every sense Hebraic in its grandeur; we seem to feel the hush and awe of the surrounding nations while the endless files of the chosen people pass over into the wilderness. And in a totally opposite way should be noticed the power which Handel had of treating less dignified subjects with an almost realistic force and picturesqueness, yet strictly within the limits of pure art; as in the chorus, "He trusted in God," in *The Messiah*, where the jeers of a mocking crowd are so forcibly painted within the defined limitations of a fugue; the grotesque and yet giant-like humor of Polyphemus's love story, "O ruddier than the cherry;" the Philistines' song of triumph over Samson, "Great Dagon hath subdued our foe;" and (most remarkable in this way of any) the bacchanalian chorus in *Alexander's Feast*, "Drinking is the soldier's pleasure," where the swinging chant for men's voices has all the abandon of a half-drunken revel, and *yet* it is noble music; a feat of combination of artistic power with realism which only genius of the highest order can achieve. Lastly, run over but a very few of the examples of Handel's power of seizing the local color and picturesque suggestions of his subjects. Mendelssohn has been much and justly praised for the depiction of the sentiment of Pagan worship, its cold gracefulness, devoid of spirituality, in the chorus of the priests of Jupiter in *St. Paul;* but Handel has done the same thing to perfection in the chorus, "Cheer her, O Baal," in *Athaliah*, which we never hear; nor is he any less vivid in painting the fiercer aspects of Paganism in the chorus in *Jephtha*, "No more to Ammon's God." He has blown with equal effect the trumpet of warlike patriotism in *Judas*, and the pastoral pipe in *Acis;* he could sing alike the dirge of "The world's avenger" in *Hercules*, and the simple music of the village sports, "With many a youth and many a maid," in *L'Allegro*. And his unerring instinct in seizing on any poetic element that his subject affords cannot be overlooked. Too often the words he had to set were little better than doggerel, and his acquaintance with the English language was too imperfect to enable him to judge of style, or to be aware often how commonplace the words really were. But give him the slightest suggestion upon which a poetic association can be hung, even if it be but a single word, and Handel rises to it infallibly. Let the chorus in *Solomon* sing of "Death and wild despair," and they sing in the wildest and most thrilling harmonies that ever gave voice to the majesty of grief. Let the patriarch in *Joshua* give thanks that it is his lot to end his days in "Mamre's fertile plain," and forthwith Handel is inspired with a re-

ligious pastoral which seems to breathe the very spirit of the peaceful far-off patriarchal life of the Old Testament. Let the chorus in *Theodora*, musing in melancholy strains on the departed saint, express with a sudden turn of sentiment the hope,

> "That we the glorious spring may know,
> Whose streams appeared so bright below,"

and immediately the music rebounds to the sentiment in a phrase so nobly ecstatic that it seems to raise us on the wings of hope—so simple that we might be tempted to think that any one could have written it; but it is the simplicity of inspiration.

And if it be remembered that, after deducting from the works of Handel all that can be said to be antiquated in feeling or careless in style, the few examples we have recalled are but a small proportion of what remains that is equally noble and pathetic, surely we may say that the ungainly, irritable, proud, yet in his way genial German, who one hundred and fifty years ago made London his home, left us a legacy not to be lightly esteemed. That he was in the main a high-minded and honor-worthy man the records of his life sufficiently show; that he was a gifted musician has never been questioned. But he was more than all this. In his own special language, and with his own materials of utterance, he was a great poet.

H. H. STATHAM, *in Nineteenth Century.*

RUSSIAN NIHILISM.

RATIONALISM and radicalism exist to a certain extent in every country of Europe. But the Social Democrats of Germany and Austria and the Communists of France and Spain turn with horror from Russian revolutionists, who consider the programme of the Paris Commune of 1871 condemnably weak, and Felix Pyat, Cluseret, and their companions as little better than Conservatives.

The Social Democrats and even the Communists of the rest of Europe have in view aims which, no matter how fantastic, are always of a sufficiently defined nature. They look forward to an entirely democratic form of government, and hope for a reorganization of the social world, under which all capital and property would be held either by the State or Commune for the equal benefit of everybody. They are levellers, but they are not destroyers.

The revolutionary party in Russia, on the other hand, has no definite aims of reorganization or improvement in view. In its sight everything as it now exists is rotten, and before anything new and good can be created all existing institutions must be utterly de-

stroyed. Religion, the State, the family, laws, property, morality—all are equally odious, and must be rooted out and abolished.

It is because "nothing" as it exists at present finds favor in their eyes that they have been called "Nihilists." They desire to break up the actual social organization into mere individualism, with entire independence for each separate person. They maintain that no one should be bound by laws or even moral obligations of any kind, but that everybody should be allowed to do exactly as he pleases. Their object is anarchy in the very truest sense of the word. They are only modest enough to decline the attempt to create a new order of things in the place of what they propose to destroy. That they intend to leave for a better and more enlightened generation.

Nihilism cannot be better described than by the Nihilists themselves in their speeches, proclamations, and writings. Here is a speech made in 1868, at Geneva, by the father of Nihilism, the arch-conspirator, Michael Bakunin, to whose history we shall have occasion to refer later on:

"Brethren, I come to announce unto you a new gospel, which must penetrate to the very ends of the world. This gospel admits of no half measures and hesitations. The old world must be destroyed and replaced by a new one. The *Lie* must be stamped out and give way to Truth.

"It is our mission to destroy the *Lie;* and, to effect this, we must begin at the very commencement. Now the beginning of all those lies which have ground down this poor world in slavery is God. For many hundred years monarchs and priests have inoculated the hearts and minds of mankind with this notion of a God ruling over the world. They have also invented for the people the notion of another world, in which their God is to punish with eternal torture those who have refused to obey their degrading laws here on earth. This God is nothing but the personification of absolute tyranny, and has been invented with a view of either frightening or alluring nine tenths of the human race into submission to the remaining tenth. If there were really a God, surely he would use that lightning which he holds in his hand to destroy those thrones to the steps of which mankind is chained. He would assuredly use it to overthrow those altars where the truth is hidden by clouds of lying incense. Tear out of your hearts the belief in the existence of God; for as long as an atom of that silly superstition remains in your minds, you will never know what freedom is.

"When you have got rid of the belief in this priest begotten God, and when, moreover, you are convinced that your existence and that of the surrounding world is due to the conglomeration of atoms, in accordance with the laws of gravity and attraction, then, and then only, you will have accomplished the first step toward lib-

erty, and you will experience less difficulty in ridding your minds of that second lie which tyranny has invented.

"The first lie is *God*. The second lie is *Right*. *Might* invented the fiction of Right in order to insure and strengthen her reign—that Right which she herself does not heed, and which only serves as a barrier against any attacks which may be made by the trembling and stupid masses of mankind.

"*Might*, my friends, forms the sole groundwork of society. Might makes and unmakes laws, and that Might should be in the hands of the majority. It should be in the possession of those nine tenths of the human race whose immense power has been rendered subservient to the remaining tenth by means of that lying fiction of *Right* before which you are accustomed to bow your heads and to drop your arms. Once penetrated with a clear conviction of your own *might*, you will be able to destroy this mere notion of *Right*.

"And when you have freed your minds from the fear of a God, and from that childish respect for the fiction of *Right*, then all the remaining chains which bind you, and which are called science, civilization, property, marriage, morality, and justice, will snap asunder like threads.

"Let your own happiness be your only law. But in order to get this law recognized, and to bring about the proper relations which should exist between the majority and minority of mankind, you must destroy everything which exists in the shape of State or social organization. So educate yourselves and your children that, when the great moment for constituting the new world arrives, your eyes may not be blinded and deceived by the falsehoods of the tyrants of throne and altar.

"Our first work must be destruction and annihilation of everything as it now exists. You must accustom yourselves to destroy everything, the good with the bad; for if but an atom of this old world remains, the new will never be created.

"According to the priests' fables, in days of old a deluge destroyed all mankind, but their God specially saved Noah in order that the seeds of tyranny and falsehood might be perpetuated in the new world. When you once begin your work of destruction, and when the floods of enslaved masses of the people rise and engulf temples and palaces, then take heed that no ark be allowed to rescue any atom of this old world which we consecrate to destruction."

In another of his speeches delivered at Berne in December 1868 he says:

"Your beautiful civilization, ye gentlemen of the West, which you flout in the faces of us barbarians of the East, is based on the compulsory servitude of the immense majority of the human race, which is condemned to a slavish and almost bestial existence, in order that a very small minority may be able to live in luxury. This

monstrous inequality in the conditions of life is due to your West European system. It is incapable of improvement, for it is the necessary consequence of your civilization, which is grounded on the sharply defined separation existing between mental and manual labor. This degrading state of things cannot last much longer, for the manual laborers are determined to look after their own interests in future. They have decided that in future there shall be only one great class instead of two ; that everybody shall have equal advantages for starting in life ; that all shall enjoy the same privileges and support, the same means of education and bringing up ; finally, that every one shall have the same advantages from his labor, not in consequence of any law, but by the mere nature of the work which will permit everybody to labor with his brain as well as with his hands.

"I detest Communism ; it is the denial of freedom, and I do not like to picture to myself any human being without freedom. I oppose it because it concentrates and absorbs all the forces of society and because it places all property and capital in the hands of the Commune or of the State. In demanding the abolition of Commune and State, I also wish for the annulment of the law of inheritance which is nothing but an institution brought into life by the State and a consequence of its principles. Give all children, from the very birth, the same means of support and education. Then grant to all grown-up people the same social standing and the same means of supplying their wants by their own labor, and you will see that the inequalities, which are now looked upon as being quite normal, will disappear, for they are merely the result of the difference made in the conditions of development. You can even improve nature by destroying the present social organization. For when you have succeeded in making everything and everybody equal, when you have equalized all the conditions of development and labor, the many crimes, miseries, and evils will disappear."

After proceeding to advocate the abolition of marriage, which he condemns as a mere political and religious institution, he concludes by saying :

"It is impossible to destroy the superstition of religion by means of arguments or education. Religion is not only an aberration of the brain, but also a protest of human nature and human hearts against the misery and narrowness of the reality by which we are surrounded. As man finds nothing in this world but injustice, stupidity, and misery, he allows his fantasies to beget a new and a better one. When, however, the earth again receives her due, namely happiness and fraternity, then religion will have lost its *raison d'être*. We need but a social revolution to bring about its disappearance."

And again .

"Conscience is a mere matter of education. A Christian living in Europe who has murdered anybody with cunning and premeditation

usually experiences a certain kind of remorse. But a red Indian, who is every bit as much a man of flesh and blood, rejoices when he is able to surprise and slay a defenceless enemy. His conscience in no wise suffers from the act, for he has been taught from earliest youth that the more scalps he possesses the better he will be received in the happy hunting-grounds of the great Manitou."

The speech of another Nihilist is as follows :

"Nothing, in the present state of social organization, can be worth much, for the simple reason that our ancestors instituted it. If we are still obliged to confess ourselves ignorant of the exact medium between good and evil, how could our ancestors, less enlightened than we, know it? A German philosopher has said : 'Every law is of use. It rules the conduct of individuals who feel for one another and appreciate their respective wants. Every religion, on the other hand, is useless ; for ruling, as it does, our relations with an incommensurable and indefinite Being, it can only be the result of a great terror or else of a fantastic imagination.' Now, we Nihilists say, No law, no religion—*Nihil!* The very men who instituted these laws ruling their fellow-creatures have lived and died in complete ignorance of the value of their own acts, and without knowing in the least how they had accomplished the mission traced for them by destiny at the moment of their birth. Even taking it for granted that our ancestors were competent to order the acts of their fellow-creatures, does it necessarily follow that the requirements of their time are similar to those of to-day? Evidently not. Let us, then, cast off this garment of law, for it has not been made according to our measure, and it impedes our free movements. Hither with the axe, and let us demolish everything. Those who come after us will know how to rebuild an edifice quite as solid as that which we now feel trembling over our heads."

In another speech it is asserted that the deeds of political assassins and incendiaries are not the offspring of any sentiment of personal hatred or vengeance. They know full well that one emperor killed will merely be succeeded by another, who in his turn will again nominate the chiefs of police and of the Third Section. Such deeds are justified by the necessity of rooting out from men's minds the habitual respect for the powers that be. The more the attacks on the Czar and his officials increase, the more will the people get to understand the absurdity of the veneration with which they have been regarded for centuries.

"When it becomes evident that a person cannot be more severely punished for the assassination of his sovereign than for the murder of a mere comrade, then the people will comprehend that it is quite as just to kill a man guilty of the abuse of power as to execute a poor beggar who has been tempted by hunger to commit murder. Society of to-day, gangrened though it be, has, to a certain extent,

understood this, for Damiens-executions are things of the past, and in all legislations regicide is now assimilated to mere homicide. And how many are the murders and incendiarisms nowadays which remain unpunished! Soon we shall see the authors of these so-called crimes enjoying the greatest consideration among us. The old world will have had its time. On its ruins the poor and oppressed will take each other by the hand, and the true disciples of Christ, that grand Nihilist, will smile when they remember the parable of the poor man in Abraham's bosom refusing a drop of water to the rich man in hell, and saying, 'Thou hast had thy time, now it is mine!'

"Then there will arise a new generation, generous-hearted and independent, and all mankind will be happy; until the time when, like the fabulous phœnix, the spirit of evil will arise again from the ashes of the old world. The children of our children will be forced to begin our work anew; but the evils of the future will be of a less monstrous nature than those which we now deplore, just as these in their turn are less crying and odious than those to which our ancestors were subjected. And thus, from struggle to struggle, and after centuries of combat, mankind will finally attain perfection, and become what is called God. To arms, then, brethren, and follow me to the conquest of the Godhead."

In March 1876 several Nihilist proclamations on their way to Russia were seized by the Prussian authorities at Königsberg. Paragraph XVI. of one of the documents in question ran thus:

"You should only allow yourselves to be influenced (in the selection of your victims) by the relative use which the Revolution would derive from the death of any particular person. In the foremost rank of such cases stand those people who are most dangerous and injurious to our organization, and whose sudden and violent death would have the effect of terrifying the Government, and shaking its power by robbing it of energetic and intelligent servants."

"§ XXIII. The only revolution which can remedy the ills of the people is that which will tear up every notion of government by its very roots, and which will upset all ranks of the Russian Empire with all their traditions.

"§ XXIV. Having this object in view, the Revolutionary Committee does not propose to subject the people to any directing organization. The future order of things will doubtless originate with the people themselves; but we must leave that to future generations. Our mission is only one of universal, relentless, and terror-striking destruction.

"§ XXVI. The object of our organization and of our conspiracy is to concentrate all the forces of this world into an invincible and all destroying power."

Among the papers found on the Nihilist Lieutenant Dubrowin

who was hanged at St. Petersburg in May last for his association with the regicide Solowjew, were two letters of some importance. The first, addressed to Nihilist officers in the Russian army, contains the following passage: "Our battalions are numerically so weak, and our enemies, on the other hand, are so mighty, that we are morally justified in making use of all attainable methods of proceeding which may enable us to carry on successfully active hostilities wheresoever it may become expedient."

The second letter, dated December 1878, is addressed to Russian revolutionists, and is as follows: "The object of our letter is to communicate to Russian revolutionists certain experiences which, according to our ideas, are necessary for the organization of armed resistance to the Bashi-Bazouks of the police, and which, moreover, are indispensable to all those measures which social revolutionists must adopt in order to realize the ideas of the revolution. Unfortunately, the Russian Nihilists have not the revolutionary experience which the Overthrow party of other more favored countries possess," etc.

We have spoken of Bakunin as the founder of this doctrine of Universal Chaos; we must not omit to speak also of M. Tschernychewsky, who has done more than any one else to propagate it in Russia. Formerly editor of a monthly review called the *Sowremenik*, which was suppressed in 1862 on account of its radicalism, he was sentenced in 1864 to sixteen years' penal servitude in Siberia for having propagated revolutionary doctrines. This he had chiefly effected by means of a novel which he had written, entitled "What is to be Done?" and which, although strictly forbidden in Russia, has been printed both at Berlin and in Switzerland. This book has been described as being not only the encyclopædia, the dictionary of Nihilism, but also as a guide to the practical application of the new doctrine. In its characters Nihilist principles are personified, and examples given as to the means to be employed for their realization. We are shown the ideal of a future state of society absolutely free from all law and control.

The aim of the author, as stated in the preface, is to increase the type of people which he describes, and it must be acknowledged that his teaching seems too well calculated to effect his object among those prepared to receive it. Twenty or even sixteen years ago Nihilism was comparatively rare in Russia, whereas to-day it has spread throughout the empire. Notwithstanding that the book is strictly forbidden in Russia, we are confidently assured that there is hardly a student of either sex at the universities and colleges who has not read and almost learned by heart this most baneful piece of literature.

The first Nihilist with whom we have to deal in the novel is a poor medical student of the name of Alexander, who "finds it cheaper to

get drunk than to eat or dress himself decently." In illustration of his faithfulness to Nihilistic principles, we are favored with the particulars of an intrigue with a rich *danseuse*, which lasted a fortnight, at the end of which she becomes tired of him and turns him out of the house.

We next find him giving lessons to the son of a government clerk who manages to combine the business of a pawnbroker with his official functions. Finding that the pawnbroker has a pretty daughter of rather an independent character, named Vera, he first of all converts her to Nihilism by means of conversations and books, and then persuades her to make a runaway match with him "in order to escape from the authority of her parents." The success of their plans of elopement was partly due to the friendly services of a Madame Julie Letellier, one of the most notorious *lionnes* of St. Petersburg, "whose language was such that it caused even the greatest *polissons* of the upper classes to blush." At a breakfast given by this lady to the newly-married couple, both the hostess and her two guests drink so much champagne that they all become quite tipsy. Julie, remembering that Vera was now a married woman, judged that it was no longer necessary to be guarded in her conversation, and ended by enthusiastically describing orgies in the most licentious of colors. "Suddenly Julie arose from the table and pinched Vera, who quickly rose in her turn and pursued her friend all through the rooms, jumping over chairs and tables." Having finally succeeded in catching Julie, a struggle ensues, which ends by the two women falling down together in a drunken sleep on the sofa, while Alexander also falls asleep in another corner of the room.

A month or two later Vera takes it into her head to earn her own living; accordingly she sets up a dressmaking business under the immediate patronage of Julie and her friends. Twenty young needlewomen belong to this establishment, which is conducted according to Nihilist notions. At the end of every month the net profits are equally divided among all the members, Vera merely taking her share with the rest. The young women all live in the same house and take their meals together; in this manner they are able to economize a great deal by buying all their provisions and necessaries at wholesale prices. They appear to have possessed everything in common and to have contented themselves with little, for M. Tschernyschewsky expressly informs us that the twenty young ladies only have five umbrellas among them. The financial success of the undertaking is so great that we actually find the girls at a loss how to invest their earnings profitably. Taking advantage, however, of Vera's experience in the matter, they use their money to set up a pawnbroker's business in connection with the dressmaking establishment. The author does not inform us whether the pawnbroking is also conducted according to Nihilistic principles.

About a year after their marriage a third Nihilist makes his appearance on the scene. He is a medical student named Kirsanoff. We are informed that he is exceedingly clever, that he had thoroughly mastered the French language by reading through eight times a French version of the New Testament, "a well-known book;" and finally that he had written a treatise on physiology which "even the great Claude Bernard of Paris had alluded to in terms of respect." In the same manner as Alexander is distinguished for perseverance, so is Kirsanoff remarkable for his kindness of heart, of which the following instance is given: Having fallen in love with a *grisette* of notoriously drunken habits, he allowed her to come and live with him as soon as she had earned a sufficient sum of money by her vile trade to pay for a proper outfit. However, drunkenness and debauchery bring on consumption, and she dies shortly after the marriage of Alexander and Vera.

Before proceeding any further the author takes great pains to assure us that Vera, Alexander, and Kirsanoff are persons of the most irreproachable and elevated character, and that their hearts only beat with generous impulses. To illustrate this he goes on to cause Kirsanoff to fall in love with Vera, who, "having now developed into a full-grown woman," returns Kirsanoff's affection, and has no hesitation in telling her husband all about it. The latter is not in the least offended by the news. Far from it! No; after devoting half an hour to considering the matter, he goes to see his friend Kirsanoff, informs him of what Vera had told him, and ends by inviting him to come and live with them, so as to make matters quite nice and comfortable. We are not to feel surprised at this proposal, for Alexander is one of those people who consider "that a man of intellect should not allow himself to be subject to jealousy. It is a false, unnatural, and altogether abominable sentiment, a mere phenomenon of the present order of things, according to which I ought to allow nobody to wear my linen or to smoke my pipe. It is the unfortunate result of a person's considering his helpmate in the light of private ownership." And again, *à propos* of the same subject, "Can contraband be considered as a good thing? Isn't it much better to do things openly and aboveboard? In trying to hide matters we are forced to make use of falsehoods and all kinds of deceptions, and then, and then only, we become bad."

However, Kirsanoff declines Alexander's invitation on the ground that although a *ménage à trois* would be quite in accordance with Nihilist notions, yet that people in general were still too old-fashioned and conservative in their prejudices to approve of such a proceeding. Vera also declines the proposed arrangement. But we must not do her the injustice of attributing her refusal to any false feelings of womanly shame. She distinctly states that "if a husband continues to live with his wife there can be no cause for scandal, no matter

what her relations with any other man may be." She merely refuse
because, being under obligations to Alexander for having rendered
her independent of the authority of her parents, his continued pres
ence would become irksome to her. Accordingly Alexander disap
pears, and is reported to have committed suicide by drowning. O
the following day, however, Vera and Kirsanoff receive a letter fro
him, informing them that under cover of this report he had secretl
embarked for the United States. Kirsanoff, having obtained th
necessary papers certifying his friend's death, marries Vera a fort
night later. They live happily, and carry on a most friendly corre
spondence with Alexander.

Some time after her second marriage Vera discards dressmaking
and begins to study medicine under the auspices of Kirsanoff, wh
has now become a professor of it. We are told that she showed
special predilection for the study of anatomy, and the author warml
recommends this kind of occupation to his lady readers.

Two years later Alexander returns from the United States and se
tles down at St. Petersburg under the assumed name of Charle
Belmont. He is now a naturalized American subject, and the agen
of a great New York tallow company. Making the acquaintance o
a friend of Vera, named Katia, he converts her to Nihilism, and con
fides to her his true history, which, however, in no wise shocks he
for she readily consents to become his wife. A few days before thei
marriage they go together to see Kirsanoff and Vera, and the meetin
is described as being of a most affectionate nature. Soon afterwar
the *soi-disant* Charles Belmont takes his wife to live in the same hous
with the Kirsanoffs, with whom they continue on terms of th
warmest friendship. According to the author, they now become th
centre of a choice and intellectual circle of friends. The entertai
ments which take place at their house are minutely described.

Having frequently commended the elevated characters of Vera
Alexander, and Kirsanoff, M. Tschernyschewsky toward the end o
his book becomes afraid that we should despair of ever attaining
similar degree of excellence. Accordingly he assures us that h
three friends are the most ordinary Nihilists in the world, and tha
with very little trouble we may become like them. In order t
prove the truth of his assertion, he is good enough to introduce u
before leaving him, to a most superior kind of Nihilist, the quinte
sence of the new doctrine personified, whose name is Rakhmetoff.

Rakhmetoff, we are told, belongs to an old Boyard family, and
very wealthy. At the age of sixteen he is obliged to leave home b
cause he has fallen in love with a woman to whom his father w
attached, so he comes to St. Petersburg to study at the Universit
He soon makes the acquaintance of some students, who provide hi
with Nihilist literature. Thanks partly to the books and chiefly
his friendship and intimate communion with M. Tschernyschewsk

mself, Rakhmetoff rapidly attains a degree of Nihilistic excellence hich it is useless for us to strive to equal. He now reads but very few oks, and only deigns to associate with men who are known to exise influence on their fellow-creatures. After the perusal of three four pages of Macaulay's works, he throws them down in disgust, lling them a mere bundle of old rags. Nor are Stuart Mill, Adam nith, and other writers on political economy better treated by this traordinary youth. We are somewhat relieved, however, to learn at Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" finds favor in his sight.

At the age of eighteen he deems that it is "necessary" that he ould cultivate his physical strength; for what reason we are not inrmed. Accordingly he declines all food excepting raw beefsteaks d apples; "though he eats oranges when at St. Petersburg beuse the lower classes of that city also eat them."

Leaving the University before he had completed his studies, he avels through the country as a common laborer, working at the vil, at road-making, wood-cutting, and all other work calculated develop the muscles; his favorite occupation being to tow barges the river. His strength soon becomes so great that he is able to op a runaway horse and carriage by merely seizing hold of the letree of the latter. His amusements are of an eccentric nature. ne morning he is found lying on a bed composed of inch-long nails inted upward, and covered with blood. In reply to inquiries he ly vouchsafes to state that it is necessary that he should know hether he could support pain. A little later he leaves Russia, telling s friends that he had done all he can to propagate the new docnes there, and that now it is necessary that he should make himself quainted with the various customs and social organizations of her countries. After this we hear no more of him.

M. Tschernyschewsky concludes by regretting that there are but ry few people as high-minded as Rakhmetoff, and says that he has nown but eight persons who could be compared to him, and that o of these were women.

II.

To Western Europeans it is almost utterly incomprehensible how ousands of human beings can entertain such notions as have now en quoted; and, above all, how they can have been adopted to ch an extent as to form a menace to the government.

In order to understand, in any measure, their ready acceptance in ssia, we must take the character of the people into consideration. Their most prominent features are superficiality and sensuality. ne Russian is the obedient servant of his senses, and is entirely verned by the impressions which his eyes and ears convey to him. e does everything on the impulse of the moment; he laughs with e merry, weeps with the sad, becomes as kindly and generous to

misfortune and misery when they are brought before his eyes as he is cold and indifferent to them at a distance. He is honest with the honest, but readily falls into the ways of thieves when he finds himself in their company. Credulous and full of fantasies which rapidly flame up and are just as quickly extinguished, all the qualities necessary for steadfastness of purpose are entirely wanting in him. The abstract principles of right and wrong but feebly influence his actions. On the other hand, he is all the more ready to pursue the shadows of principles, and to cling to any theories which the wind of the day may have blown across his path. The more glittering, the more plausible, the more unsubstantial they are, the more likely are they to carry him away. Without philosophical profundity, he nevertheless possesses considerable ingenuity; hence he is too ready to be seduced by specious arguments, and to accept the logical conclusions of premises which he has never duly examined.

Another fact must also be remarked. The Russians have no political history. Until quite recently they were subject to an autocracy which repressed any expression whatever of opinion concerning the government. All power was concentrated in the hands of the czar, and administered by an immense bureaucracy. The public discussion of political and administrative questions was forbidden or jealously restricted. Political education under such a condition of things was impossible. Political character is the outcome of political strife in the forum and in the press. It is the political life of a nation which alone can furnish the individual with political character; and there is no such life in Russia. Until the present generation there was no regular oganization of classes in Russia; everybody was equally subject to the will and pleasure of the czar.

Having therefore no political experience, the Russian people were ill prepared for the reforms which ushered in the comparatively liberal era of the present emperor's reign. In quick succession serfdom was abolished, trial by jury and the English system of judicial proceedings introduced, provincial, district, and municipal assemblies instituted, and liberty of the press granted in Moscow and St. Petersburg.

In addition to all these things the construction of an immense network of railways opened up communication with foreign countries, and admitted the influx of the political ideas of Western Europe. The abolition of serfdom introduced the principles of liberty and legal equality; the new provincial, district, and municipal assemblies introduced those of self-government; while the liberty of the press carried with it the novel right of protest, in the name of the nation, against the evils and oppressions of the government. The more enlightened classes suddenly became aware of the immense power of the people, which had hitherto lain dormant. But unfortunately, in consequence of political inexperience, they were unable to give it a proper direction.

Again, the ill-considered educational changes recently introduced by the government have had portentous effects. A Russian youth, more than any other, requires to have his studies regulated for him. Although remarkable for intelligence and quickness of perception, he is unfitted for serious work by want of perseverance and by his proneness to exaggeration. Thus, for instance, a Russian boy, on having the astronomical chart explained to him, will perhaps ask why such and such animals had been selected for the definition of the various constellations. Unless an energetic hand brings him back to his studies, the precocious youth, who is scarcely able to describe three constellations correctly, will surprise his parents and teachers with a new astronomical chart of his own making, entirely different in its arrangement from that in his atlas. Instead of repressing this conceit, he is praised for his cleverness, and the teachers who venture to doubt his genius are accused of being crotchety and narrow-minded. Naturally the lad who imagines that he has commenced by bettering the existing astronomical chart is disinclined to apply himself to the dull routine of mathematical study; conscious of his own genius, he considers that intuition will enable him to dispense with further investigation. And so it is with other departments of study. At the age of thirteen he will have already worked out a constitution for Russia; at fourteen he will have written an essay on the physiological and anatomical failings of the human body, while at fifteen he will have invented a new religion. What we should punish as conceit in England is praised as genius in Russia.

The knowledge of Latin and Greek, which formerly constituted a *sine quâ non* of all university and government-service examinations, had served to a certain extent to compel proper application on the part of the Russian youth; for their study demands downright hard work and perseverance. In 1862, however, Alexander the Second, desirous of maintaining the reputation of liberal-mindedness which the abolition of serfdom had earned for him, caused great reforms to be made in the Department of Public Instruction. The law limiting to three hundred the number of students at each of the seven universities was repealed, and the colleges and gymnasiums thrown open to all classes. The numbers at the St. Petersburg University rose almost immediately to twelve hundred, and at Moscow to fifteen hundred.

M. Golownine, known for his liberal opinions, succeeded the obnoxious Admiral Poutjatine as Minister of Education, and at once relaxed all the severe regulations and discipline by which the students had previously been controlled. Latin and Greek were declared to be no longer necessary for university and government examinations; and in their stead the study of realism and abstract science was introduced. Professorships of Natural History and Philosophy, which until then had been badly taught by insufficiently instructed

priests, were instituted. In imitation of the German universities student associations and clubs, reading-rooms, and even debating unions, were not only allowed but even encouraged by the government. The discussion of politics, until then strictly forbidden, was now openly carried on, and the consequence was that the students began to devote much more of their time to the events of the day and to criticism of the acts of the government than to their studies. They gradually became accustomed to consider themselves as "the coming race" destined to regenerate Russia, and entitled to treat with contempt the conservative notions of their parents and superiors.

The government, however, soon began to open its eyes to the fact that all these favors and privileges had been dispensed both too suddenly and too lavishly, and that the young men were making a bad use of the independence which they had obtained. Some very serious disturbances in which students were implicated, and Karasoff's attempt on the czar's life, brought matters to a climax; and in 1866 M. Golownine was obliged to resign.

Count Tolstoy, by whom he was succeeded, and who still remains in office, has the reputation of being the best-hated man in Russia. We are assured that he has done more to render the government unpopular than any official now living; and the following letter which he received last year from the Central Committee of the Nihilists goes far to prove the truth of the assertion: "Your excellency has nothing to fear from us. We fully acknowledge the value of the services which you have rendered and still continue to render to our cause. We promise that your life shall always be very precious to us."

His first act on entering office was to rule that Latin and Greek should again take an indispensable place in the university and civil-service examinations. The effect of this order can hardly be imagined. Most of the students at Russian colleges and universities are the sons of small government officials, of priests, and of tradespeople; and it may safely be asserted that at least four out of five of them are so poor that they are allowed to pursue their studies free of cost. Their only prospect in life was, and still is, to pass the necessary examinations, and then to be admitted to the lower grades of the civil service. For it must be borne in mind that in Russia the goverment service is the only career which allows any scope for ambition. In other countries, commerce and industries of all kinds offer a vast field of enterprise to young men. But in Russia, trade and manufacture are but little developed, and agriculture, which remains in the hands of the liberated serfs, constitutes almost the sole industry of the country at large. Nor do the learned professions offer any great advantages, for the white clergy (as the priests are called, to distinguish them from the black clergy, or monks) are utterly despised in Russia, and in fact only treated a little better than the common peasant; the army is almost entirely reserved to the nobil-

y, and trial by jury and freedom of discussion in courts of justice re of too recent introduction and too little appreciated to afford nuch scope to the advocate ; while a literary career is even less re-nunerative in Russia than elsewhere.

Despairing of being able to pass the necessary examinations in onsequence of their ignorance of classics, many of the students nought it best to leave the universities and colleges at once. With-ut means of existence, without position, and without any prospect n life, they became ready converts to Nihilism, the ranks of which vere constantly augmented, not only by students who had failed to ass, but also by those who, having succeeded, were nevertheless un-ble to obtain admittance to the civil service. For since the num-er of the students at the various universities had so largely in-reased, the government was no longer able to provide situations for ll the young men who had creditably passed their examinations.

Count Tolstoy rendered himself further unpopular to the students y repealing and abolishing many of the privileges which had been ranted by his predecessor in office. Most of the former obnoxious egulations were restored. Professors and students were again orced to wear uniforms and subjected to military discipline, and the ated curators were reappointed. These curators are officials who epresent the Imperial Government at every university, and are for he most part retired generals and colonels. Students, professors, nd even the senate and the rector, are all alike subject to their rders and frequently to their eccentricities.

Herzen tells us of a Prince Galyzin, who, when curator of the Moscow University, issued an order that whenever any one of the rofessors should be prevented by sickness from teaching, his col-eagues should all take it in turn to lecture in his stead, no matter vhat their specialty might be. The result was that on one occasion priest who taught logic was called upon to lecture on obstetrics, vhile at another time the celebrated accoucheur Richter was obliged o hold forth on theology. Another pious old gentleman, curator of he Kazan University, ordered that detached portions of human bod-es, which had been used for the study of anatomy, should be after-vard solemnly interred with funeral rites. The curators strongly lisapprove of all intimacy between the students and their professors, nd attach much more importance to the political ideas of the latter han to their capacities for teaching. An excellent regulation ordains hat professors of universities and government colleges should be alled upon to retire after twenty-five years' service on a full-pay pen-ion. They may, however, be re-elected for a further term of ten ears, in which case they draw both their salary and their pension. This regulation has always been held out as a great inducement to nen of talent and learning ; and formerly the various " chairs" were reditably filled. Now, however, the curator has the power of veto-

ing their re-election ; and this, together with the strict supervision to which they are subjected, has latterly caused a scarcity of competent professors.

The administration of the educational department has been accused, with some justice, of being more anxious to propitiate the government of the time being than for the welfare of the youth committed to its charge. And this may in a certain measure account for the otherwise inexplicable changes which are of so frequent occurrence.

On one day privileges are withdrawn, on the next others are granted ; now certain studies are specially favored, a few months subsequently entirely different ones will have the preponderance. This continual uncertainty and change has a most discouraging and irritating effect on the students. Naturally disinclined to serious study, these interruptions both confirm and excuse their natural indisposition to serious work, and it is not to be wondered at if they discuss among themselves the injustice with which they are treated. Subjected to a system of espionage, there is a risk that any unfavorable expression of opinion concerning Count Tolstoy's administration may reach his ears, in which case it will probably be looked upon as treason ; and, indeed, apart from any evidence of disaffection, students are frequently expelled and even exiled, on the merest suspicion and without any hearing. Thus, for instance, a student at the St. Petersburg University, named Organoff, was suddenly seized by night in 1876, and detained for over two years in a distant town by the police, merely because he had had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of his superiors, nor was he ever able to obtain any hearing or even explanation of the severe treatment to which he had been subjected.

The government, on the other hand, consider themselves justified in adopting very severe and even harsh measures in dealing with these institutions, which they regard as the very hotbed of discontent. This has especially been the case since the trial of Netchaïeff and Solowjew brought to light the fact that at least three quarters of the Nihilist party are composed of graduates, students, and young men and women who, for one reason or another, have been unable to complete their academical career. The history of the ex-student Solowjew, who attempted to assassinate the czar on the 2d of April last, is merely that of most Nihilists. He was the son of a poor village apothecary on one of the estates of the late Grand Duchess Helena. After spending several years at the St. Petersburg gymnasium he matriculated at the university, the grand duchess very kindly defraying all the expenses of his education ; but, for some reason or other, he was obliged to leave without having completed his studies and consequently experienced great difficulties and delays in obtaining a situation as village schoolmaster at Toropez. While there h

ecame a convert to Nihilism, and was dismissed in 1875 for having
een in communication with suspected persons. In imitation of M.
schernyschewsky's Rakhmetoff, he now devoted his time to wan-
ering about the country disguised as a common laborer, occasionally
orking at the anvil and propagating revolutionary doctrines among
e people. In 1876 he married a young woman of the name of
atherine Tschelichteff merely in order to render her independent of
er parents' authority. They separated soon after the marriage, and
olowjew continued his wanderings under an assumed name till
78, when he came to St. Petersburg and took up his abode there.
e remained busily occupied in distributing Nihilist proclamations,
mphlets, and books, until April, when he made his attempt to as-
ssinate the czar. It may be added as characteristic of this Nihilist,
ho was hanged a few weeks later, that he spent the night preceding
s crime in a house of ill-fame.

Before proceeding further we would now draw the reader's atten-
on to the history of Michael Bakunin, the founder of the doctrines
Nihilism, some of whose speeches we have quoted in the early
rt of this article.

He belonged to a rich Boyard family, favorably known both at
urt and in the army. One of his nearest relations is at the present
oment an aide-de-camp general of the czar, while another cousin
cupied until quite recently the post of governor-general of Eastern
beria.

Born in 1814, Michael Bakunin, in accordance with the traditions
his family, was destined for a military career in the Imperial
uard. At the age of twenty he entered the School of Gunnery at
. Petersburg, where, however, he already began to show signs of
scontent and insubordination. The consequence was, that although
passed an excellent examination, he was refused admittance into
e Guards, and appointed to a line regiment quartered in some out-
-the-way part of the country. In order to fully appreciate the
rdship which this treatment entailed, we must explain that while
e Guards are stationed at St. Petersburg and Moscow, the officers
line regiments have the prospect of spending their whole lives in
me small Russian village or provincial town. Thoroughly dis-
sted, Bakunin now became a complete misanthrope, and neglected
s military duties to such an extent that he was obliged to leave the
my.

Thus he found himself at the age of twenty-two without any occu-
tion or prospect in life. Taking up his abode in Moscow, he
ned Alexander Herzen and several other well-known Russians in
rming a club for the discussion and study of Hegel's social philos-
hy, which was then in vogue. He soon became the acknowledged
ief of his circle, and surpassed all his friends in enthusiasm for this
w German philosophy; in fact he began to consider that it was his

special mission to propagate its teaching in Russia. In 1841 he went to Berlin in order to pursue his philosophical studies at their very source. Hegel himself was already dead, but his tenets still enjoyed the utmost consideration.

Bakunin lived here for a time with the celebrated novelist Ivan Tourgeneff; but he soon frightened all his Russian friends by the wild fanaticism with which he sought to adapt Hegel's theories to every-day life. In 1843 we find him at Dresden writing the most rabid articles for a Socialistic review, under the pseudonym of Jules Elizard. A year later he went to Paris, informing his friends that there was nothing more to learn in Germany.

Paris was then regarded as the spot whence the social reorganization of the world would originate; and Proudhon and Louis Blanc were then at their height of influence. The Russian Government, however, which had begun to look upon Bakunin with suspicion, now thought fit to request his return to Russia, and refused to renew his passports. Disregarding his recall, he spent the next five years of his life partly in France and partly in Switzerland, dependent to a certain extent on the good-will and pleasure of the police, owing to his being without papers. In 1847, however, he was formally expelled from French territory at the request of the Emperor Nicholas, in consequence of his having made a speech at a banquet on the anniversary of the Warsaw insurrection, urging the overthrow of the czar's government, and the establishment of a confederate republic in its place. Tracked everywhere and constantly watched by the police agents of the Russian Government, which had offered a reward of 10,000 roubles for his capture, he was forced to wander about from one place to another, until the Revolution of 1848 rendered his return to Paris possible. But he was greatly disappointed when the provisional government turned a deaf ear to his tempting proposals that France should take the lead in revolutionizing all Europe; and he soon received significant hints which caused him to leave France again toward the end of the year.

Proceeding to Prague he made an abortive attempt to incite the youth of that city to revolt against the government. Pursued by the Austrian police, he escaped to Dresden, where he arrived just in time to take a very prominent part in the serious disturbances of 1849. The insurgents were in possession of the city, and only surrendered after a three days' siege to the Prussian and Saxon regular troops. Bakunin, whose proposal to set fire to the city when its defence was no longer possible had exasperated even the insurgents against him, was captured on the 10th of May, 1849, at a short distance from Chemnitz. After a year's imprisonment he was condemned to death by the Saxon court-martial. However, before the sentence could be carried into effect, the Austrian Government demanded and obtained his extradition. Sentenced to death a second time by the

Austrian judges for his doings at Prague, he again escaped the penalty, in consequence of a request made by the Emperor Nicholas that he should be transferred to the Russian Government for punishment. From 1851 to 1856 he remained a close prisoner in the dungeons of the St. Peter and St. Paul fortress at St. Petersburg.

Owing to powerful intercession made in his behalf, Alexander, on the occasion of his coronation, commuted his punishment to banishment for life to the eastern part of Siberia. Being nearly related to Count Mouravieff, the governor-general of the province, he was treated with comparative leniency, and even allowed a certain amount of liberty on parole. In 1861 he managed to escape in an American trading schooner to Yokohama, whence he travelled through the United States to England. Here he was received with open arms by his former friends, Alexander Herzen, Ogareff, and the little Russian colony of political refugees established in London.

Herzen was at that time engaged in editing a Russian newspaper called the *Kolokol* (the Bell) directed against the despotism of the government. The illegitimate son of a Prince Jakowleff and possessing a large fortune, he was at all times much more moderate in his political views than Bakunin, whose twelve years of prison had only had the effect of developing more thoroughly his doctrine of universal chaos. Herzen, although what we should call an ultra-radical, was never at any time of his life an adherent to Nihilism. Notwithstanding the fact that his paper was strictly forbidden in Russia, it was extensively read and appreciated throughout the empire until the time of Bakunin's arrival in London. The co-operation of the latter in the editorship had a most injurious effect upon it. The comparatively moderate views which it had until then professed were discarded, and Nihilism and universal anarchy preached in every number. In consequence it speedily lost the consideration and influence which it had enjoyed. After taking a prominent part in the organization of the Polish insurrection of 1863, Herzen and Bakunin transferred their quarters to Geneva, where the *Kolokol* shortly afterward died a natural death. Soon after their arrival in Switzerland, Bakunin separated from his friend Herzen (who died in 1870, leaving behind him several works of much interest, which are being published by his son), and lost no time in actively interesting himself in the various European revolutionary organizations. In 1867 we find him not only a prominent member of the "Internationale," but also on the permanent committee of the "League of Universal Peace" in Switzerland. The attempts which he made to convert these two organizations to his views met with but little success, and in 1868 he was formally expelled from both associations. Thereupon he founded the "Alliance Internationale de la Révolution Européenne," in connection with the Nihilist party in Russia, of which he now became the acknowledged chief. A year later we find

him in personal communication with the notorious Netchaïeff, whom he ended by sending back to Russia accredited as the emissary of the chief committee of the Nihilists.

In 1870, after the fall of the empire in France, he published a pamphlet, entitled "L'Empire Knouto-Germanique et la Révolution Sociale," in which he summons the proletarian classes of all Europe to assist France in bringing about a social revolution, and to free her from the government which German bayonets had imposed on her. It also advocates the dismissal of all officials, the imprisonment of all landed proprietors, capitalists, and priests, the distribution of government and private property, and concludes by recommending that all Bonapartists should be transported for life. After the publication of this piece of literature, he betook himself to Lyons, hearing that the Commune had been proclaimed in that city. He arrived there on the morning of the 20th of September, and after having been most warmly received by Cluseret, Richard, and other Communists, assisted at the storming of the Hôtel de Ville by the insurgents.

Twenty-four hours later the National Guards had recaptured the Hôtel de Ville and dispersed the provisional government established there. Bakunin himself was conducted to the railway station and seated in a train which brought him back direct to Geneva. The remaining years of his life were spent between Berne, Zurich, and Geneva, and actively employed in directing the revolutionary work in Russia. He died a few months ago at Geneva, and has been succeeded, as leader of the Nihilist party, by a M. Drogomonow, who resides in the same city.

Netchaïeff, whom we have referred to in connection with Bakunin, was a *déclassé* student of the St. Petersburg University. In 1869 he came to Geneva, saw Bakunin, and obtained from him a card bearing the following mystic words: "Alliance Révolutionnaire Européenne; le Comité Général, 12 Mai, 1869." Armed with this document he returned to St. Petersburg and spent the next four years in comparative ease, living at the expense of others. Russians still retain much of the Asiatic weakness for conspiracies, and Netchaïeff had only to show the card in order to be received with the utmost enthusiasm by students and the discontented youth of both sexes, who regarded him almost in the light of a supernatural being, and were ready to obey his slightest behest.

He greatly impressed them by frequently talking about his "secret chief," and succeeded in swindling many people out of large sums of money, which he demanded in the name of the revolutionary committee. Whenever there was the slightest hesitation about complying with any of his demands, he dropped hints about the deadly vengeance of the committee. In 1873 a young man of the name of Ivanoff, having declined to submit any longer to his extortions, and threatened to betray him to the police, Netchaïeff stabbed him in the

back, wounding him mortally. Although he managed to escape to Zurich, the Swiss Government made no difficulty about surrendering him to the Russian authorities as a common murderer, and in 1874 he was tried with closed doors at Moscow. In consideration of the important revelations which he was good enough to make, his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life in the mines of Siberia.

According to a preconcerted arrangement, the 183 persons implicated by his confessions were all seized on the same day, the 20th of May, 1875. They consisted chiefly of the sons and daughters of priests, tradespeople, Jews, and small officials, and were accused of having sought to propagate Nihilism among the lower classes of the people. Some very curious facts came to light during the trial. One of the accused, a girl named Idalia Polheim, acknowledged that she had received orders from the central committee to become the paramour of a wealthy old landed proprietor, and then to poison and rob him of his riches in favor of the cause. On another occasion the same girl had been instructed by the committee to become the mistress of a certain Larinoff, who had threatened to desert the revolutionary party. A student of the name of Ituschin also confessed that a boy at Moscow had been persuaded to murder and rob his own father, and to hand over the plunder to the committee. Some astonishment has been expressed at the large number of young girls implicated in all these Nihilist conspiracies, who seek to emulate the conduct of M. Tschernyschewsky's Vera. We would, however, remark that in Russia, as elsewhere, women are apt to rush to extremes in politics as well as in religion; with them the heart is stronger than the head.

It is greatly to be regretted that this monster trial, which lasted over eighteen months, should have taken place with open doors, for the conduct of the judges who presided was so weak, and even unseemly, that the dignity of the court must have suffered in the eyes of the auditors.

The most extraordinary scenes were of daily occurrence. The accused were not only allowed to address the court, but even to preach the most rampant Nihilism from the prisoners' dock. The lawyers for the defence not only seized every opportunity to vituperate the government, and to hold up the accused as martyrs to its despotism, but also to excite the popular feeling against the gendarmerie and police, who after all had only obeyed orders in arresting the prisoners. On one occasion some of the counsel were even allowed to go so far as to insist on the withdrawal of an officer of the gendarmerie from the court, on the ground that the sight "of his hated uniform excited the public." The proceedings were not terminated until the month of December, 1877, when ninety-nine of the accused were sentenced to penal servitude in Siberia, thirty-six subjected to police supervision for a certain number of years, and the remainder acquitted.

This great trial was scarcely over when the government was dismayed by the attempted assassination of General Trepoff, the chief of that Third Section of the Imperial Chancellerie which has the control of the gendarmerie of the empire. On the 5th of February, 1878, he was shot down in the streets of St. Petersburg by a young woman formerly a medical student, and named Vera Sassoulitch. In consequence of her acquaintance with Netchaïeff she had been subjected to a constant supervision by the police, and goaded almost to desperation by their persecutions. The "committee" had, therefore, but little difficulty in persuading her to avenge a flogging which Bogobjuloff, a Nihilist, had been subjected to for some infraction of prison discipline. It should be added that Bogobjuloff was a perfect stranger to her, and that she had never even seen him. The government was advised not to treat her as a political offender, but rather as an ordinary criminal, and to have her case decided by a jury. Her trial, which took place at St. Petersburg, caused an immense sensation throughout Russia. Here again the presiding judges behaved in a most unaccountable manner, and allowed the proceedings to be carried on as if General Trepoff were the accused and Vera Sassoulitch the injured party. The consequence was that the jury brought in a verdict acquitting the prisoner of a crime to which she herself had pleaded guilty, and the judges directed that she should be set at liberty. The verdict was received with the most frantic applause, not only by the persons present in the court, but also by a large crowd of students and others who filled the street. One young student present appears to have completely lost his head on receiving the news. Drawing a revolver from his pocket, he suddenly fired a first shot at a policeman, with a second he seriously wounded a poor woman who was standing next to him, while with a third he blew his own brains out. Vera Sassoulitch managed to escape from the supervision of the police officials of the Third Section, and is at the present moment living near Geneva.

The baneful effects of her trial soon became perceptible—political assassinations grew to be quite the fashion. On the 17th of August of the same year General Menzentsoff, who had succeeded General Trepoff as chief of the Third Section, was shot in the streets of St. Petersburg by a young man who managed to effect his escape. Baron Heyking, commanding the gendarmerie at Kieff, and Prince Krapotkin, the Governor of Charkoff, were also murdered in the course of the summer. General Drenteln, who had undertaken the direction of the Third Section after the assassination of General Menzentsoff, was shot in the early part of the present year, and matters have culminated in the recent attempt to murder the czar with which the world is even now ringing. Of late, however, the Nihilists appear to have changed their tactics to some extent, and to have adopted the famous prescription of Hippocrates, according to which,

when medicines and the knife are powerless to heal, fire should be tried (*Quod medicamina et ferrum non sanant, ignis sanat*). Arson has become the order of the day, and conflagrations have increased to an enormous extent. During the month of last June alone 3500 fires broke out in St. Petersburg, Orenburg, Koslow, Irkutsk, and Uralsk, destroying property to the amount of 12,000,000 roubles; only 900 of these fires could be properly accounted for, the remaining 2600 being attributed to Nihilistic incendiaries. There is no doubt but that the committee has considerable funds at its disposal. Agencies are maintained at Berlin, Paris, and London, where travelling Nihilists are fraternally received and provided with money and the necessaries of life. However, when their resources are too heavily taxed they have no hesitation about levying blackmail. Thus, for instance, during the past summer two wealthy St. Petersburg merchants received anonymous letters from the committee requesting sums of 20,000 and 30,000 roubles respectively, and threatening them with a violent death in case of refusal. The merchants in question lost no time in complying with the demands made upon their purses, and when blamed for not having sought the protection of the government, replied, with some justice, "If the chief of the police is unable to protect his own person from attacks, how can we possibly expect efficient protection?"

The attempt on the emperor's life in April last caused such consternation that the government thought it necessary to proclaim martial law in the greater part of European Russia. Six military governor-generals have been appointed with the fullest powers to suspend, when they think it expedient, any of the ordinary police and judicial proceedings. Nihilists are now tried by courts-martial, which are conducted in a more dignified and expeditious manner than the civil tribunals.

While referring to the latter, we would avail ourselves of the opportunity to offer a word of explanation concerning the astonishing conduct of the judges, to which we have referred above. When trial by jury and the West European mode of judicial proceedings were first adopted in Russia in the year 1865, great fear was expressed as to the difficulty which there would be in obtaining judges sufficiently independent of any influence on the part of the government and the aristocracy to administer justice equitably. The new judges, who were not chosen from the highest social grades, accordingly imagined that it was their duty to give both to the government and to the aristocracy every proof of their independence, and, in fact, rather overdid the matter. Whenever the lower classes came into conflict with either the aristocracy or the government, the judges invariably decided in favor of the former, no matter how unjustly. Little by little they grew accustomed to look upon themselves as the representatives of the people, and as their protectors

against the oppressions of the government. It is, indeed, difficult to understand how the Russian government can ever have hoped that men of real talent and conscience would consent to take any part in so half-hearted a concern as the new judicial system in Russia. On the one hand we have the open courts of justice, with their juries and freedom of discussion, while on the other we find the notorious Third Section of the Imperial Chancellerie, with its army of gendarmes, and with its power without trial to imprison, and to punish with penal servitude or exile to Siberia, at its pleasure. The newly instituted judicial system is comparatively useless, since even when the judge and jury acquit an offender he is liable to be immediately seized and punished by the section for *state reasons*.

With the exception of the emancipation of the serfs, almost all of the well-intentioned reforms of Alexander the Second have been nullified by the action of this Third Section, the chief of which has often been nicknamed the "Vice-Emperor." For instance, the municipal district and provincial assemblies are powerless to adopt any measure until they have obtained not only the approval of the minister of the interior and of the governor of the province, but also the consent of the commandant of the gendarmerie of the place who represents the Third Section. It is deeply to be regretted that when the czar determined to institute these municipal district and provincial assemblies he did not go one step farther and institute a national assembly; a house of representatives chosen by the nation is the only possible remedy in the present state of things. By his somewhat too hasty reforms in the early part of his reign the emperor gave his people a taste of liberty, and allowed them to acquire a taste for self-government, until then unknown in Russia. They now demand that this concession should be more fully developed. There are at the present moment many loyal and devoted subjects of the czar who would be horrified at the bare idea of becoming Nihilists themselves, and who yet regard the proceedings of these destructives with a certain degree of complacency, hoping that it will force the government to concede that which even the Mikado of Japan has granted to his people—namely, a constitution. A parliament controlling the national expenditure, protecting individual liberty, and demanding of the Third Section an account of its actions, would not only have the effect of restoring the financial credit of Russia, but would, by admitting the people to a share of the sovereignty, rally to the side of the government many excellent and liberal-minded men who are increasingly dissatisfied with the present state of affairs.

Nihilism deprived of the larger portion of its *raison d'être*—namely, stifled discontent—would quickly lose the most capable of its adherents, and would probably prove as fleeting and unstable as are most of the impulses and ideas of the Russian mind.

FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN, *in Nineteenth Century.*

Postscript.

It may be of some interest to subjoin a literal translation from the principal article in the last number of a Nihilist paper (*Narodnia Volya*, the *Will of the People*), which is published in Russian at St. Petersburg by means of secret presses.

ON WHICH SIDE IS MORALITY?

"The Russian press is bent almost double by the Imperial Government. Notwithstanding its disagreeable position, it does its utmost to curry favor of its oppressors. Whenever thefts, murders, or incendiarisms take place in Russia, the press invariably attributes them to the Nihilists. There is an old proverb which says, 'Slander, slander; some result will always be obtained.' Judging from the tone of the press, some result has been obtained. According to its statements, the Nihilists are little better than wild beasts. We do not venture to assert that there are no bad men in our ranks · but are yours entirely free from them? The number of bad persons among the Nihilists is so very small that we need hardly enumerate them.

"Since 1862 over 17,000 persons have been exiled to Siberia for political offences.

"You accuse us of adopting means of action which are unjustifiable in every way. But what can we do? We are reduced to silence. We only adopt questionable means of action very rarely, and then only in self-defence; whereas you use them daily.

"The money obtained from private individuals by means of theft and blackmail has not been levied by order of the 'committee,' but by certain unscrupulous Nihilists acting on their own behalf. However, we are all the more ready to admit that such things have been done, when we remember that only five such cases are known to have taken place.

"Do you accuse us of being murderers, because of our attempts to take the life of His Most Sacred Majesty? Why, we would most gladly accomplish his destruction, and he has only escaped until now in consequence of the many cowards in our ranks! It has been stated that Solowjew's attempt in April last has disturbed the rest and peace of mind of many harmless and respectable citizens. Some of the Liberal papers even go so far as to say that it will have the effect of producing a reaction in favor of the government. Why, what idle and stupid talk! These good newspaper proprietors, who love their ease and their books, must have been asleep not to have perceived that the reaction began sixteen years ago, not in favor of the government, but against it.

"We are quite persuaded that if Solowjew's attempt had succeeded, everybody would talk in a very different manner; even the slaves and asses who surround the throne would have rejoiced.

"It is very clear that Russia can't remain in her present state much longer. The people become daily more impoverished, and are sinking into a very abyss of proletarism, whence they will never be able to rise again. The avaricious and hard-hearted 'bourgeoisie' daily increases in numbers, and begins to raise its cruel head. The standard of public morality in Russia has already sunk so low that we tremble for the future of our country. Bribery is common throughout the government service, and has even found its way into the Senate. The national treasury is robbed, and national property is distributed right and left to the unworthy favorites of the government. Embezzlement is the order of the day, both in the government banks and in the army commissariat department, and the poor soldiers are robbed in the most shameful manner. We would remind our readers of the case of Mother Mitrofania, formerly a lady of honor of the empress, and latterly the superior of a convent, who was convicted of wholesale forgery in 1877 (she was exiled to Siberia, and now lives in a pretty villa on the western frontier of Siberia). Also of that of Ovsianikow, who was convicted of embezzling over 2,000,000 roubles of government money in 1876, and who now lives in ease and luxury near Irkutsk. Of Tuchenzow, a chamberlain of the czar, who was convicted of robbing the Credit Foncier of Moscow of over 1,000,000 roubles, and who, when exiled to the Ural Mountains, travelled thither with his mistress in a carriage and four, etc.

"And how many others are there who have not figured in the prisoners' dock? Such as ——, who has made a fortune of over 1,000,000 roubles in the construction of fortifications; as ——, who, during the three years of his directorship of ——, at a salary of 30,000 roubles, managed to amass a fortune of 3,000,000 roubles; as Prince ——, who stole 600,000 roubles of public money; Count ——, who has spent millions in debauchery; ——, who uses the State Bank as a kind of private gambling establishment for himself and friends.

"It is well known the Ministry of Marine is constantly robbed in the most shameless manner by ——. Unfortunately thieves such as these will never figure in the prisoners' dock. Once a Count Bokinsky, Minister of Roads and Public Works, ventured to report to the czar a peculiarly shameless theft. The answer, however, was not encouraging. 'How dare you, varlet, mix yourself in the affairs of the Imperial family?' Thereupon Alexander dismissed him from his post of minister, and kept him under arrest for several months. This happened but three years ago.

"It is very difficult to do the Imperial family more harm than they do themselves."

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"If we were to relate all, it would disgust and tire our readers. We repeat, that such a state of things cannot exist much longer. The immorality of the Imperial family is gradually demoralizing Russian society, and is gangrening it throughout. The political persecutions and espionage of the haute police renders the life of respectable people insupportable. Sons denounce their fathers, wives their husbands, mothers their children. The ubiquity of the espionage frightens even the very gendarmes themselves; every denunciation is rewarded by the police; it has become a means of vengeance and an important factor in private quarrels.

"What is the use of complaining that people are hanged for the mere expression of political opinions differing from those of the government? What is the use of crying out for help in the streets, when we are attacked and ill-treated by the police? Nobody stirs, nobody protests. The citizens seem incapable of acting in self-defence. No; it is very wrong to call Solowjew's attempt on the czar's life immoral; on the contrary, it was an act of the highest courage and abnegation! And as for you moralists, why be so frightened at the sight of the blood of a few miserable gendarmes and mouchards?

"Do not forget that besides being our cowardly enemies, who will never venture to a hand-to-hand fight with us, they are also the enemies of the people. Do you wish to use kindness and gentle persuasion with such brutes, and are you waiting for a change of government? They assume disguises, they make themselves acquainted with your private life, they obtain your friendship, and then they denounce you. These kind of people have nothing human about them, and are a standing disgrace to society. You either remain silent or you even applaud when these savages hang our friends who are an honor to Russia; who love liberty and who devote their lives to the propagation of humanitarian and fraternal ideas.

"You blame us and get frightened when we happen to kill one of these rascals. Why, then, do you remain silent when we are kept for years in prison without trial, separated from our parents, our wives, and our children, whom we have to abandon to their fate, and often without means of subsistence? We are goaded to madness, and entombed alive in the mines of Siberia, and yet you all cry out when you see Menzenstoff * fall dead in the streets.

"In answer to your inquiries as to who gave us the right to sit in judgment on you, we can only ask, in our turn, who appointed you our judges? If you refer us to Russian history, and to the annals of your monarchy, we would beg to remind you that the history, such as it is, is written by you and taught by you, and is consequently false as far as we are concerned.

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* Menzenstoff, Chief of the Section, successor of Trepoff, was murdered last year in St. Petersburg; the assassin has never been discovered.

"Do not be surprised at these political assassinations, but rather be astonished that they are not more frequent. Unfortunately for our cause, the majority of Nihilists are too humanitarian, and hence are incapable of carrying out many necessary measures. Perhaps in time they will acquire the 'aptitude' necessary in critical moments; perhaps it will be your conduct which will effect this change in them. Then in that case the responsibility of terrorism and assassination will rest with you, and not with us."

CERVANTES' VOYAGE TO PARNASSUS.

POETS, says old Justice Clement, the merry magistrate in "Every Man in his Humor," are not born every year, as an alderman; there goes more to the making of a good poet than a sheriff. Cervantes was of the same opinion in this respect as Ben Jonson, and endeavored in his "Voyage to Parnassus," if indeed he cared for aught more in the matter than his own amusement, to expose the false rhymesters of his time, and to set up a sort of intellectual breakwater against the sea of affectation which, when he wrote, threatened with ruin the poetical good taste of Spain. Good poets he reverenced as far as any man on this side idolatry. He was ready and willing to praise "those who paint the deeds of Mars in the rigorous palæstra, or the softer and more amiable deeds of Venus amid the flowers—those whose lives pass in lamenting battles and singing loves swiftly as the hours of a gambler or a dream;" but he could not away with the paper-pedlars and ink-dabblers, whose perspiration produced such stuff as was found in the pocket of Master Mathew, the Town-Gull.

The true interpretation of the "Voyage to Parnassus" has been the cause of no little dispute among its critics. Some of them consider it generally ironic, others generally sincere. Some think that Cervantes says what his characters ought to be, others think he says what they are. Where one commentator perceives panegyric, another discovers contempt. Cervantes doubtless wrote partly in jest and partly in earnest. This opinion seems supported by what he says in his Prologue to the Reader: "If, O curious reader! it chance you be a poet, and this Voyage come to your hands, albeit sinful, give thanks to Apollo for his favors, if you find yourself named among the good poets, and if you do not, yet give thanks to him none the less—and so God save you!" May not this mean that the author mentioned, as he seems to have done, good and bad poets indiscriminately, and that while the "curious reader" obtained honor by being named with the former, by being omitted from the latter he avoided disgrace?

The bachelor, Sanson Carrasco, on the occasion of Don Quixote's asking him to compose an acrostic on Dulcinea del Toboso, observed, among other matters, that there were, according to report, but three and a half famous poets in all Spain. Many more than these are mentioned in the list of the good poets in the Parnassus, but it is not easy to determine in how many cases Cervantes really believed them to be good. In the well-known scrutiny of Don Quixote's library, Lofraso's Ten Books of the Fortune of Love is said by the parson to be of its kind the best and most unique book ever published. He who has not read it, it is written, may make account that he has never yet read aught of delight. The parson considers it of higher value even than a cassock of coarse Florence cloth. Here the satire seems to disclose itself in the conclusion, but many more have been deceived by it than Mr. Peter Pineda, the Spanish master, who, since Cervantes gave it, as Pineda supposed, the highest character in the world, tried all sorts of methods to get it for five-and-twenty years; and having got it at last, published it in two volumes octavo, for the benefit of the English nation, which, as he tells us in his preface, "loves that which is good, prizes that which is rare, and seeks after that which is curious." Cervantes' real opinion of Lofraso the reader will discover by and by. He will find it to be far from anything complimentary. It is amusing after this to hear him saying in his Parnassus, "My humble plume never flew through the region of satire." It is evident, however, that by satire he understands a vituperative article, written without any other reason than the hope of gain or the gratification of a private grudge. With satire as it is understood at the present time almost every one of his writings teems, but it is seldom easy, as has been said, to separate the chaff from the wheat. It is probable, however, that he was laughing in his sleeve at such poets as he made the subjects of his most extravagant eulogy. He could scarcely have been sincere in calling one of them a Phœnix, another a Homer; in saying that one had thrown the bar over the tops of Pindus, and that another was more worthy of divine than of human praise. But his good faith is a subject of no mighty moment, when we remember that even the names of these poets are in many cases unknown. In the following analysis of the action of the "Voyage to Parnassus" no notice will be taken of them, though they occupy, as might be supposed, the greater portion of the book.

The "Viage al Parnaso" is a serio-comic poem of about three thousand lines, written in tercets, like Dante's Divine Comedy of parts of which some of its verses seem a pungent parody. It is divided into eight chapters, and is dedicated to a certain Rodrigo de Tapia, of whom little is known beyond the fact that he was the son of the Counsellor of the Supreme Inquisition, a divine whose advice was taken in that holy office. It was one of Cervantes' latest works,

being published in 1614, the year after the publication of his Novels, and only three years before his death. There is the usual license or imprimatur—informing the reader of the religious shackles which fettered the fancy of the unfortunate author. It bears the signature of Joseph Valdivieso, who derived his name from the Spanish colony of Valdivia, on the coast of Chili, and was, perhaps is, represented by an opulent and well-known family. The Viage, says Valdivieso, contains nothing contrary to what is held and taught by our Holy Catholic Faith. Next to the license is a page in which the members of the Council kindly and courteously relieve the writer of the work of any trouble or responsibility with respect to its price, by declaring that it shall be sold at forty-four maravedis, the equivalent of which sum in English money may be determined by those who are sufficiently interested and sufficiently able.

The poem opens with an allusion to a certain Cesare Caporali, an Italian of Perugia, who in the year 1580 published a burlesque poem, also written in terza rima, with the same title as that of Cervantes. This work, *fiction heureuse*, as it is called by Ginguené, *qui plairait dans toutes les langues et dans tous les temps*, has apparently never been translated, and is, if possible, less known than that of the Spaniard. It is divided into two parts, and is not a quarter the length of Cervantes' poem, which corresponds with it in but few particulars. Caporali sets out on a hack-mule, short-sighted but with a long tail, a description to which Cervantes has made no small addition. With him the beast is old, gray in color, of a stuttering pace—a fearful hobgoblin, big-boned, but of little strength. In fine, with one of those puns which add so much interest to his style, and are so difficult or perhaps impossible to translate, he says :

> Era de ingenio cabalmente entero,
> Caia en qualquier cosa facilmente,
> Asi en Abril, como en el mes de Enero.

It is this mule which with Caporali brings about the conclusion of the poem. An accident occurs to it, through the Pegasus of the bad poets, of the nature of that which affected Rocinante in respect of the Yanguesian mares. The beast breaks loose, and the poet, pursuing it, departs from Parnassus, which he can never again re-enter. If Cervantes may be believed, the Italian bard returned from his visit without a farthing. Urged, however, by his example, the Spaniard, having set his election on the saddle of destiny—a mount by no means peculiar to Spain, which no mortal may refuse—determines to make the grand voyage. A loaf of the best wheaten bread with eight morsels of cheese constitutes his larder, provisions of little weight and useful to the traveller. While he is searching for a frigate by the sea-shore at Carthagena, he sees a brave vessel sailing into the harbor with the early dawn. Out of this vessel, more rich and resplendent than Argo, descends Mercury, the messenger of the

gods—the false gods, as he is careful to explain in wholesome recollection of the Supreme Office. The Cyllenian paranymph addresses him as the Adam of poets, and having congratulated him on the success of his works, which are borne into every corner of the universe on Rocinante's crupper, asks, on behalf of Apollo, his aid against a vulgar squadron of twenty thousand seven-months' beings, but half made up—men who without sweats and hiccoughs cannot compose a verse—men who would fain be fertile fields, but are mere stubble. Against this rude and reasonless rabble, which pesters every road and pathway to Parnassus, the very dregs and dross of the universe, the author embarks in Mercury's galley—a ship which the god, not without cause, declares to be a subject of awe to neighboring and remote nations. Its description, compact of puns, extends over several pages, and is extremely ingenious and bizarre. The whole of it of course bristles with expressions of ancient naval architecture. So many sea terms were perhaps never introduced into a poem not professedly marine. It reminds the reader in some measure of the famous passage in Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis" which incurred the censure of Johnson.

This divine galley from keel to maintopsail is all constructed of verse, without a tittle of prose. Its crossbow port-holes are a hotch-potch of glosses, its poop is made of sonnets of strange and varied workmanship. Its first oars right and left are two valiant tercets, admirably adapted to give a long stroke; sixteen other oars are dactyls; its midship gangway is a long and mighty mournful elegy. Its mainmast is paid with a pitch of prolix canzone some six fingers deep, its sails are delicate conceits woven by love, its bannerols rhymes a little licentious, its crew romances, a forward but necessary folk suited to every action. Much of the rigging of this allegoric bark is not easily understood without considerable acquaintance with the phraseology both of marine and poetic lore. The ordinary reader will learn little when he is told that the parrals of this weird craft are redondillas, its running-rigging seguidillas, its lateen yard an estrambote, its bends or wales strong stanzas, and its upper works weighty sextains. Other technical terms abound, which, having in mind the temerarious explication of "belay" by the great lexicographer, a "sea phrase for splicing a rope," it were better perhaps not to attempt to define. Before their departure for Parnassus, to defend the beauty of the Muses and the immortal currents of Aganippe and Hippocrene, Mercury hands Cervantes a list of poets almost infinite in number, asking him to give his opinion of the merits of each. Then follows in the mouth of the author a short criticism on some fifty of the "gentle crowd"—poets of Spain, Portugal, Italy, and other countries, from the Licentiate Juan de Ochoa to Don Juan de Vera—a criticism at the time it was written doubtless the most interesting part of the poem, but now, from our little

knowledge of its subjects generally, almost as dry a catalogue of names as those ancient heroes of Homer, who seem introduced into the Iliad solely to fall in the Trojan war.

Soon after Cervantes has embarked, a storm arises, night is mixed with day, the sands are stirred up from the bottom of the sea, and in the midst of a general confusion of the elements, which causes his heart to fail him for fear, heavy clouds of poets pour upon the ship, which had speedily sunk but for the assistance of some thousand Sirens. One of these apologizes for the tardiness of her arrival by saying she had been engaged in reading the observations of a certain Sancho Panza. Yet a little while, and down from an ice-gray mist patter thick drops, which afterward become, not frogs or toads, as it is well known and verified frequently happens, but the identical poets already mentioned in the list. Mercury, finding his galley too full, takes up a sieve and falls to winnowing his poetical freight. Much refuse and siftings he casts into the sea. Then the vessel weighs anchor to the sound of trumpets, and, being impelled by the Sirens, surpasses the wind in the swiftness of its course. The god sits as commander, adorned with crown and sceptre, on half a dozen reams of paper. Around him the poets, many of them naked owing to the heat, compose sonnets, pastoral eclogues, and love songs. One sings with rapture of whatever falls from his sweetheart's mouth; another, with surprising taste and no little elegance, compliments and commend's his mistress's kidneys. Thus they reach Valencia, where another pregnant clouds discharges its burden. Passing in succession Genoa, Rome, and Naples, they come to the Straits of Messina, where the Sardinian Lofraso is within an ace of being offered as a propitiatory sop to the barking dogs which surround the waist of Scylla.

Still sailing onward, they discover the infamous Acroceraunian mountains, and Corfu, and reach at last the notable hill where the mighty Bellerophon stables his good nag. Apollo appears, having, says the satirical Cervantes, removed the divine rays from his face and donned a pair of trousers and an elegant jacket, in his desire to give satisfaction to all. Him the poets follow, some with a hop, some with a jump, ascending the hillside to the fount of Castalia, set in a garden more fair than that of Alcinous or the Hesperides, a garden not subject to the changes of time, wherein everlasting spring offers fruit in possession, and not in hope only. In this garden, kitchen garden, grove, wood, meadow, or dell—for, says the author, any one of these appellations is appropriate—they all sit down, save Cervantes, who can find no place. The time is three in the afternoon, but, says the parent of Sancho, the Delian never considered it was time to dine. Mortified at not obtaining a seat, which he says can seldom be got save by interest or by gold, he justifies his claim to one by a list of his writings, of some of which the names alone survive. The Thymbræan suggests that he should double his cloak

and sit upon that. The wretched poet replies that he has none. This incident will remind the reader of the monarch in Sádi's Gulistán, who, seeing a naked dervish lying outside his palace, held a bag of a thousand dinars out of the window, and asked the dervish to spread his skirt to receive it. To which that dervish replied, "How can I extend a skirt, who do not possess a garment!"

After a squadron of fair nymphs, Poesy appears attired in the richest raiment. Cervantes, who says he has always hitherto seen her robed in rags, does not recognize her. It is explained to him that there is a false and a true Poesy. The former is large-handed, but with little brain; the head, as Fielding would have said, only put on for the sake of conformity; devoted to births and weddings, a friend of the tamborine and the kettledrum, of the cookshop and the alehouse. But the latter is the ornament of earth and heaven, with whom dwells Philosophy, and with whom all the Muses take their pastime. Suddenly a ship arrives of 4000 tons burden, laden with poets from stem to stern. A palsy shakes the ruddy god, who prays devoutly for the destruction of the cargo; and Neptune, by opening the vessel's bottom, accomplishes his prayer. Then, as a greedy boy, with the point of a pin or a needle, pricks into his cap the grape-stones with which theft or fortune has favored him, in such wise, and with no less delight and laughter, the angry Deity of the Ocean pierces poet after poet with the sharp prongs of his trident. Soon after this catastrophe, Venus Acidalia descends in a chariot drawn by the tamest of doves, dressed in a gown with a train of striped gray serge, made in the latest fashion—being, in fact, the mourning she wore for Adonis, which became her very well. Her the luckless poets invoke, and suddenly the sea becomes curded with pumpkins, some of them twenty feet long, and blown wind-bags in a thousand different shapes bob about over its surface. Into such forms has the Cyprian changed them; and says Cervantes, "I know not whether I am right or wrong in doing so, but I never after could look on a pumpkin without being reminded of a poet, or on a poet without being reminded of a pumpkin." Meantime the north wind sweeps them away like a drove of pigs, Neptune sinks in a pet after vainly trying to wound their slippery skins with his trident, and Venus rises to heaven, and there, in token of triumph, leaves off her mourning, which none could induce her to do before. Then the shadows broaden, the day declines, and the company is covered by the black cloak of night trimmed here and there with stars. From his murky home of horrors languid Morpheus takes his holy-water sprinkle, with which he has overcome so many, and bathes with liquor distilled from the fountain of forgetfulness, the liquor known as Lethæan, the eyelids of all. Cervantes goes to sleep like a log. Eftsoons loosened fancy sets him in a meadow of a thousand flowers, breathing Sabæan odors, full of a noisy folk running up and down,

some in poor apparel, others in dresses the color of the day when the first light peeps through the tresses of the chilly dawn. In the meadows' midst, on a throne of gold and ivory, a girl is seated, a virgin—though on this subject the keenest sight may be mistaken—gigantic, full of majesty, and with eyes amorous and lifted up. Yet is she fairer at a distance, and the rays of her loveliness wax and wane. Hard by her two nymphs continually sing to her praise and glory. At the sound of their delicate voices her form dilates, her head rises above the clouds, and her arms extend from the birth to the death of day. "All this," says the author—unlike Boileau, who begins his Lutrin by declaring it a pure fiction, and not, as Ariosto's wildest tales, supported on Turpin's authority—"all this is no lie." This lady is the daughter of Desire and Fame. She is arrogant Vain-Glory, whose sole natural sustenance is air, the parent of more than seventy times the Seven Wonders of the World. The two fair-eyed girls, who serve like Atlas to support her immensity, are sisters. Their names are Flattery and Falsehood. Vain-Glory, or ere Cervantes is aware, bursts with a mighty crack, which wakes him from his sleep, to discover Morning sowing the earth with pearl and scattering flowers, while larks, linnets, and nightingales make love to her in music of untaught song.

Soon after the foe is discovered in the west, Apollo draws up his forces, makes a speech, and the fight begins. After asking Bellona for a good pen, Cervantes describes the assault by the enemy of the holy hill, defended by its Catholic band. On the standard of the one party is painted a murky crow, on that of the other a fair white swan. The earth trembles under the feet of the invaders, the air is filled with the noise of the drum and fife. A score of poets suddenly desert the side of Cervantes, among whom the only one named is the unfortunate Lofraso, than whom in this satire no man is treated worse. Whole volumes, harder than stones and more destructive than heated bullets, are from time to time discharged as from a sling or cross-bow. One of the combatants is wounded by a sonnet, another by a book of prose and verse as big as a breviary. The lay chaplain of the enemy comes up puffing and sweating under the weight of a heavy novel, which he nevertheless manages to hurl as from a culverin into the opposite host, causing thereby a terrific ruin. In a hand-to-hand tussle, a lucky wight succeeds in shoving six seguidillas down the throat of his antagonist, who straightway gives up the ghost. Eventually, after six hours' hard fighting, the bad poets are defeated. Then it becomes their chief concern to escape—one, in a panic, leaps from the height of Parnassus into the Guadarrama, an accident new and never before seen, but, so Cervantes assures the reader, strictly true. As soon as the foe is out of sight, Divine Poesy, surrounded by the Muses, leaves the retirement to which, during the encounter, they had betaken themselves. Apollo washes

off the dust and sweat of the turmoil in Castalia, dances a galliard to the sound of Mercury's lyre, and then proceeds to distribute donatives and largesses among his soldiers. These are taken out of five panniers of pearls of dew presented by Aurora, and as many baskets of roses, jasmins, and amaranths, the gift of the goddess of flowers. Every one of the host is more than content with a handful of pearls and a rose. To add to the splendor of the triumph, Pegasus is introduced, housed in the finest scarlet, and champing a bit of burnished silver. His shoes are of adamant, his hair and mane the color of carmine or the poppy flower, both unique in the universe. His dove-hued tail hangs in a sling of satin, to prevent its trailing on the ground. The reader will remember those wonderful Arabian sheep of Herodotus, with their tails of three cubits, carried in tiny tumbrels attached to each sheep by the providence of its shepherd. The Indian sheep, mentioned by Ctesias as having tails on certain occasions sadly inconvenient in size, were perhaps furnished with a sling like Pegasus. Altogether, even Rocinante might have regarded him with an eye of envy, so brave is he. On the poets, however, he sheds an exclusive and surpassing satisfaction. They are busied about collecting what he leaves for them in two large leather ecclesiastical pouches. The contents of these serve, by Urania's assistance, as snuff, which cures swimming of the head in any poet of weak brains. To Cervantes, frowning at this unusual remedy, Apollo explains that the food of Pegasus is amber and musk in cotton, the very delicacies which Don Quixote told the merchants distilled from the eyes of Dulcinea, and his drink dew. Only occasionally is given to him a maund of starch or of carobs to fill his belly. Once more Morpheus appears, by magic, says the author, crowned with holy henbane in raiment of soft wool, accompanied by Sloth, who never leaves him at nones or vespers. On his right hand is Silence, on his left Negligence. He carries a sprinkle and a large kettle full of the waters of oblivion. Then seizing poet after poet by the tail, although his conduct turns their faces the color of carbuncles, he bathes them all, including Cervantes, in that chill lymph, causing them to fall into the profoundest slumber. With this incident the Voyage seems fitly to end, but the author awakes again and finds himself—poets, Pegasus, Apollo, and Parnassus having all disappeared—in the famous city of Naples, where he describes the champions of a tourney held in honor of a royal wedding. Finally, he returns to Madrid in the weeds of a pilgrim, observing parenthetically that no man ever lost anything by an appearance of holiness, and there meets other poets, whose anger at being left out of the list he endeavors to appease by informing them that Apollo himself so disposed it.

The Appendix, or *Adjunta*, to the Parnassus is written in prose, and tells how Cervantes, after some days' recruiting, goes out one morning from the gates of the monastery of Atocha. He has not

gone far before he meets a young poet, one Pancracio de Roncesvalles, a fop apparently of the first water. He comes rustling in a silk grogram. His ruff is so large and heavily starched as to ask the shoulders of another Atlas for its support. Lineal descendants of this ruff are a pair of flat wristbands, which, sallying from his wrist, mount and scale his armbones as if about to carry his beard by assault. Never, says Cervantes, have I seen ivy so anxious to climb from the foot of a wall to which it clings to its topmost turret as these cuffs (puños) were eager to come to fisticuffs (puñadas) with their owner's elbows. Collar and cuffs, in fine, are both so exorbitant that Pancracio's face is hid and buried in the one and his arms in the other. Him Cervantes politely asks what sort of poetical pottage he chiefly affects. He replies, "The comic," which gives the author an occasion of speaking of his own efforts in that line, in such fashion as has been mentioned in a preceding paper.* On the stage the race is not, he thinks, always to the swift, but time and chance happen to all plays. Comedies, like songs, have their seasons, and, says Cervantes, I have seen the same piece stoned at Madrid which was laurel-crowned at Toledo.

Pancracio then tells Cervantes that he visited Parnassus some days after the great battle of the good and bad poets, and found Apollo and the Pierides busily engaged in ploughing up and sowing with salt the field of that terrible fight. For from the corrupt blood of the enemy's slain a crowd of pilfering poetasters, about the size of mice, was already sprouting, just as armed men sprang from the teeth of the dragon slain by Cadmus, and seven heads from the one head of the Hydra cut off by Hercules. So, too, adds the author, with a noble resolve not to be deficient on this occasion in pagan embellishment or illustration, from the blood dropping from the head of Medusa all Africa was filled with serpents. Finally, Pancracio gives Cervantes a letter from the Delphic god—which, as the postage of half a real is not paid, the wary poet at first refuses to receive—in which Apollo, after complaining of Cervantes' hurried departure without taking leave of himself or the Muses his daughters, sends him certain privileges, ordinances, and advertisements in reference to Spanish poets, and concludes by saying he is now putting on his spurs to mount the Dog Star. The ordinances are such as these · That if any poet declares he is poor, he is to be believed without an oath. *Item*, that if any poet being at a friend's house swears he had dined, he is not to be believed. *Item*, that no poet is to panegyrize great people, as Apollo has determined that no flattery shall cross his threshold. *Item*, that no poet be held to have broken a fast-day by biting his nails in the composition of his rhymes. And, lastly, that no poet who has got a prince or great man for his patron is to be continually calling on him, but rather to let himself be carried along the current of his

* See "The Drama of Cervantes," *Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1879.

fortune; since "He who provides for the sustenance of the earth's insects, and of every worm in the waters, will also cater for the poet, insect though he be." A somewhat profane use of the same tag is made in Don Quixote, when the Don, being an-hungered after his defeat of the woolly hosts of Alifanfaron of Taprobana, tells Sancho that God, who fails not the gnats of the air, nor the small worms of the earth, nor the tadpoles of the water, will surely provide for them, being so much in his service as they are.

Cervantes has been blamed for speaking of his own works with praise, as, for instance, of his dramas generally, and especially of "The Confused Lady," in the Appendix to the Parnassus. He might fairly have made the same apology as St. Paul offered to the Corinthians. If he became a fool in glorifying, it was that those of his time compelled him, of whom he ought to have been commended. On the other hand, Cervantes in the beginning of the Parnassus introduces himself as one of a set of poets, idle, ignorant, and full of fancies, a swan in his white hair, but in his voice a hoarse black crow. Time itself, he says, is unable to shape or trim the hard trunk of his intelligence. Doubtless, however, he had waxed wroth had any one taken him at his own estimation. Authors are wont to deprecate their abilities as women to bully their husbands, but woe unto those in either case who offer to assist them in their work.

A few passages of beauty and many of interest may be found in the Parnassus. Here, for instance, is a description of Neptune: "He came seated on a car of crystal, his head encircled with two large lampreys like a crown, his beard long and crowded with shellfish. The polype and the limpet, the mussel and the crab housed securely as in some jagged rock under the sheltering shed of his hair. Arrayed in azure, green, and silver, he was of an old and venerable aspect, but robust withal and full of *point.*" There is probably one of the author's favorite puns in this word *rejo*, which may refer to the trident of Neptune, or to his resolution. "But now his face was blackened with anger, for choler disturbs not only the senses but the complexion." The reader may have the satisfaction of seeing this passage in the only English translation of the Parnassus:

> The crystal car at length to anchor came;
> The beard was long, the shellfish sprinkled o'er,
> And eke with two enormous lampreys crowned—
> Two sheepfolds strong (*aprisco firme*) they of this beard did make:
> A mussel, a morsillon, polypus, crab,
> Such as are found within a rock or cleft;
> An aspect very venerable and old,
> Of green with azure, silver-plated o'er,
> Strong to appearance and with iron points,
> Although, as one enraged, quite darkened o'er
> In countenance he seemed when rage's force
> Disturbs the feeling and the complexion too.

This version, which it was the translator's object to render as liter-

ally as language would allow, and which may be found, as he hopes, characterized by fidelity and grace, seems nevertheless a little obscure, a circumstance which is doubtless owing to the exigencies of the blank verse in which the author, in his desire to make the poem a mirror of the original, has, as he says, infused it.

There appears to be no other translation than this of "The Voyage to Parnassus" into any language, save one into French by M. Guardia. This version is of a very different character from that just mentioned. In spite of the difficulties of interpretation of a text in many places apparently corrupt, and by no means deficient in obscure allusion, he has presented the French public with a well-executed and conscientious rendering of a work which, if we may take the expression in his preface for sober earnest, there are perhaps not more than half a dozen people in his country capable of understanding: "En France, parmi les lettrés, il en est peut-être une demi-douzaine en état de lire dans le texte espagnol le 'Voyage au Parnasse,' et de le bien entendre."

It may interest a certain portion of the public to learn that the desire in the author of a play to get it acted was no less fervid in the days of Cervantes than in ours. In the last chapter of the Parnassus a young poet is introduced, who has composed a comedy entitled "The Great Bastard of Salerno." I would, he says, deliberately, without any figure of speech, give five tumbles in hell to see it set up for rehearsal. Like the fop Pancracio in the Appendix, he is of opinion doubtless that it is a mighty fine matter, and a thing of no small importance and satisfaction, to see crowds of people pouring out with delighted faces from the doors of the theatre, while the author himself stands there ready to receive congratulations from all quarters. But, as Cervantes replies to Pancracio, these delights have their drawbacks, and the promised satisfaction is subject to a heavy discount, for sometimes the comedy is so exceedingly bad that none of the spectators will lift up their eyes to look at the author, nor will the author lift up his own within half a dozen streets' length of the place of representation, nor yet the actors theirs, disgusted and ashamed to think they have accepted a piece so utterly depraved.

Various sentiments of no inconsiderable value adorn the *Viage*. Here is one of many which show the author's knowledge of the world: "Doubt not, dear reader," he says on one occasion; "doubt not that dissimulation ofttimes increases the other virtues. Of this David was well aware, who, when apparently mad in the palace of Achish, showed the magnitude of his wisdom in pretending to be a fool." This opinion of Cervantes is countenanced by no less an authority than the whole of the ancient Greek nation, who, says Cicero in his "De Officiis," allowed the highest praise to Solon when he feigned himself insane for the preservation of his own life and the future service of the state. Cervantes' farewell to Madrid before

entering the enchanted bark is full of bitterness: "Adieu," he says, "my humble cabin; adieu, Madrid, Prado, and fountains which rain ambrosia and distil nectar! Adieu, pleasant but deceitful place! Adieu, public theatres, honored by the ignorance which I see extolled in a hundred thousand absurdities! Adieu, O delicate hunger of some hidalgo! That I may not fall dead before your doors, I this day depart from my country and myself."

The poem is not without classical allusions. The metamorphosis of the poets into pumpkins was perhaps a memory of Seneca's Apocolocyntosis. The opposition between Venus and Neptune and the description of the warriors remind the reader of the Iliad, and several lines are introduced out of the Latin poets. When Cervantes inquires in what manner the combatants will come to the scene of conflict, whether in a carriage or a cloud, on a courser or a dromedary, Mercury bids him be silent. I will, says Cervantes, *pues no es infando lo que jubes*, which recalls the well-known beginning of Æneas' reply to Dido. When, specifying some of the places they passed on the way to Parnassus, he speaks of the *Acroceraunos de infame nombre*, we have a repetition of Horace. *Facit indignatio versum*, says Juvenal, and Cervantes adds, it will be utterly bad *se el indignado es algun tonto*. In the description of the lofty throne of Vain-Glory, composed of gold and ivory, he is indebted to Ovid in his description of the palace of the Sun. In both cases, though the materials were rich and rare, the art displayed in the workmanship was still more so. *Materiem superabat opus—El arte à la materia se adelanta.*

The style of the *Viage* is highly praised by Bouterwek. He says: "Versteckter Spott, offener Scherz, und flammender Enthusiasmus für das Schöne sind die kühn verschmolzenen Elemente dieses herrlichen Werks. Die Diction ist überall classisch." He considers it as the best specimen of its kind, and owing, as it does, little to Caporali but its name, without a model: "Es ist noch durch kein ähnliches Werk (und ein Vorbild hatte es nicht) erreicht, viel weniger übertroffen worden." The merit of the poetry is, the reader is aware, a difficult subject to determine. In the work itself the author says that from his tender years he has loved the sweet art of pleasing poesy, and spent much travail and many watchings to show that he possesses that poetical grace which Heaven has denied him. There are, indeed, none of his works in which some of his poetry is not introduced. "I surpass," he says, "many in invention, and if a man fails in this, his fame must needs fail also." His claim to invention will generally be allowed, nor will many deny that this quality of mind is as important to a poet as is correct drawing to a painter. It is the foundation of the work of both. Careless and impatient of rules, Cervantes was, perhaps, like Sidney, rather a warbler of poetic prose—as Cowper calls him—than a poet. But few will condemn

his verses universally, like those of Cicero have been condemned. And in this very poem, as in some of the short ones in Don Quixote, he must be allowed that facile ingenuity of rhyme which distinguishes Barham and Byron among ourselves.

As has been already said, very little interest is attached to the real subject of the author. M. Guardia has given an alphabetical table of the poets cited in the work, but we search in vain for several of the combatants—those, too, that distinguished themselves most nobly in the encounter. All sympathy in the struggle has been abated by the hand of Time. We cannot understand the merits of the one party or the demerits of the other. Satire and panegyric affect us alike. We know not, indeed, which is which, in such a misty cloud of oblivion is the whole history involved. One Arbolanches, for example, is the head of the enemies of Apollo. Of him, says M. Guardia, in his table, *On ne sait rien de la vie de ce poète.* Cervantes himself tells us that he wrote a book, called "Las Avidas," in verse and prose. The book, which is still extant, is, in fact, wholly written in verse, the greater portion, however, being unrhymed. The name is derived from one of its principal characters. Again, Gregorio de Angulo is one of the chief opponents of the squadron of Arbolanches. Cervantes speaks of him as a "valorous master and a luminary of Apollo." M. Guardia tells us that Lope praised him in his "Laurel of Apollo," and that he was one of the author's friends.

The reader may form his own opinion of the meaning of Cervantes in the following observations about the more important of such of the defenders of Parnassus as still excite some faint spark of interest. Quevedo, he says, being the son of Apollo and the Muse Calliope, is a very scourge of silly poets, and will soon kick all of their sort out of Parnassus. Lope de Vega is a remarkable person, whose poetry or prose none can attain to, much less surpass. A wonderful thing it is to see a busy swarm of bards wholly occupied in the honeyed recitation of his verses! As for Gongora, he raises his rhymes above the very back of the Greater Bear. The author fears to fall short of him in his praises, however excellent and prolonged. Gentle, well-beloved, witty, sonorous, and grave, he holds the key of writing with grace and such acuteness as in this world to have no equal. In this last case the very extravagance of his eulogy makes us doubt the sincerity of the writer. But there are plenty of other cases in which the irony, if indeed it is irony, is so fine and delicate as to remind us of that celebrated paper on Pastorals in the *Guardian*, which produced what Dr. Johnson calls a perpetual reciprocation of malevolence between Pope and Philips.

Among modern books, the nearest approaches to the "Voyage of Parnassus" have perhaps been made by the works of Swift and Boileau. The former's full and true account of the Battle fought in St. James's Library, in which Denham and Davenant die by the

hand of Homer, Cowley is cleft in twain by Pindar, and Boyle trusses Bentley and Wotton with his long lance, like a skilful cook with an iron skewer trusses a brace of woodcocks, comes not, however, so near the fatal fight on the heights of Parnassus as some part of the Lutrin of Boileau, in which heroi-comic poem the dispute between the Chantre and the Trésorier of La Sainte-Chapelle is sustained by the use of books only as projectiles. The Clélie, fatal to more than one combatant, reminds us at once of the Avidas of Arbolanche.

"Who shall decide," asks Pope, in one of the most labored, according to his own confession, of his compositions—"who shall decide when doctors disagree?" About the merit of the "Voyage to Parnassus," two of the best known certainly, and perhaps the soundest teachers of Castilian literature, entertain contrary conceits. Says Ticknor, "This poem of Cervantes' has little merit." Says Bouterwek, "Nach dem Don Quixote, das Feinste unter allem ist was je aus der Feder dieses ausserordentlichen Mannes floss." This difference of opinion is, however, the less surprising when it is remembered that even about the true meaning of the poem commentators are far from being entirely agreed. While Ticknor thinks that it is too good-natured to be classed among satires, even if its form allowed it, M. Guardia, an author of no mean intelligence and erudition, recognizes its irony, and declares that Cervantes chose the tercet or terza rima as being excellent *pour le récit aussi bien que pour la satire.*

JAMES MEW, *in The Gentleman's Magazine.*

PHÆDRA AND PHÈDRE.

"Of the servile expressing antiquity in an unlike and an unfit subject, it is well said: 'Quod tempore antiquum videtur, id incongruitate est maxime novum.'"

BACON, *Advancement of Learning.*

HAPPY was that portion of Sarah Bernhardt's audience in London last summer whom Nature had laden with a sufficient weight of years to remember the great Rachel. Salvini, Ellen Terry, and a hundred others were brought into requisition by rival and less fortunate critics, but in vain; their remarks were unheeded, they were mere babes in theatrical knowledge, and those who had seen the great Rachel sat, as it were, on a glorified pinnacle of experience, where it was impossible to approach them. Unfortunately acting is not, or rather people's opinions about acting are not, to be gauged by ordinary tests, such as evidences of application or natural qualification; nor, in the generality of cases, is any neutral ground furnished where adversaries can meet in fair field of argument. One man's dictum is as good as another's, and an actor's greatness, being in fact equivalent

to his success, is put to the vote and decided by the majority. Neither is there any strong connecting link between actors of the present and the former generation, for the power of retailing impressions is rare, and acting is not amenable to description.

Much of modern criticism is little more than an attempt to number "alpha" "beta" without the setting forth of any particular why or wherefore, and this is more especially the case with regard to the theatre, where the why and wherefore are difficult of application. Now this system of subordination does not, I confess, recommend itself to me, especially as many of us are not careful to insure absolute similarity of conditions before making comparison. I cannot understand why your gratitude to your host of to-day should be at the expense of last night's entertainer. Are we all stomach and no heart? "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," it seems to me, should be the art critic's motto in theatrical matters, where his enjoyment is entirely dependent on ephemeral conditions; but if he is spared for the day after, and the day after that, let him tax his memory with the recollection of his enjoyments.

The critic may compare without finding it necessary to record his verdict as to the relative greatness of the subjects of his comparison. With respect to the stage, however, as few critics have sufficient special knowledge to treat of representation in regard to technical ability, the best test of which is the momentary effect on the audience or on a series of audiences, he must either confine his criticism to a retailing of subjective impressions, or look to exceptional opportunities in order to make any just comparison between rival actors. Such an opportunity is afforded by different interpretations of one *rôle*—not, I mean, as regards minutiæ, where one rendering must be contrasted directly with the other, but with respect to the broad conception of the character as the author drew it, where the critic is not hampered by ignorance of dramatic *technique*, but can form an independent judgment for himself.

A comparison of the two renderings of that *rôle*, Phèdre, which is to the French theatre what Hamlet is to the English, cannot, I think, fail to excite interest, even if the task be indifferently done. The interval which has elapsed between the death of Rachel and the advent of Madame Bernhardt of course enhances the difficulties of the undertaking. We are conservative in our appreciations, and what we have admired in our youth is hallowed to us by association, so that we are perhaps prone to be perfunctory in our judgment of the rising star of our maturer years. Let me ask my reader, then, to put aside all recollection of Rachel as he has seen her, if indeed he has had that good fortune, and consider without prejudice the evidence which I shall here adduce, for which, where space permits, I shall cite chapter and verse.

My purpose is not, as I have said, to form any comparative esti-

mate of the greatness of the two actresses. No! let the admirers of Rachel believe in her; let Sarah Bernhardt's disciples still continue to sit at her feet. This is no concern of mine. All I wish is to consider which has been most faithful to the original conception of the author.

I may be pardoned, I think, for reverting to the Greek original, and to the circumstances attendant on its production, when I cite the following passages as proving the existence of manifest errors of fact in those books to which people anxious to be informed on the subject would naturally have recourse. Alfred de Musset speaks of Racine as a poet who "spent two and a half years in translating almost verse by verse the *Phædra* of Euripides," while Mr. Hallam calls Racine's play "a more splendid work of genius than the Greek," and says that "in both tragedies the character of Phædra herself throws into shade all the others."

It is evident from the prompt action and extended character of dramatic criticism that dramatists are of all authors most influenced by the prevailing sentiment of their day. In any truly dramatic age the drama has given expression to the national ideas.

Greek drama sprang from the worship of Bacchus, in all probability the indigenous religion of the country, and, as it gathered development, absorbed the creeds of the other component tribes, till the very form of tragedy, as it existed in the days of Æschylus, had a deep religious and ethnical signification.

Given a passion and an obstacle, we have the modern drama, says Alfred de Musset; and so with the Attic tragedy. The prevailing principle of the Greek religion was harmony; an act wrought in violation of the universal harmony was invariably followed by natural retribution; and as the gods were deified natural laws, they became the instruments of revenge. The mythical repertory of the Greeks, bound up with every religious and patriotic sentiment, was taken to illustrate this broad principle. Hence the Æschylean drama drew not so much upon the sympathy of the spectators as upon their religious feelings. It excited not compassion, but awe.

The scenic conditions contributed to the intensification of this effect. Tragedy was, we know, the offspring of chorus and rhapsody; but, as the dramatic element was developed, the office of the chorus decreased in importance till it became nothing more than a mediator between author and audience—"an idealized," or rather typical, "spectator." It was necessary also to the religious character of the drama to merge the individuality of the actor. This was effected partly by the mask, which insured a suitable cast of countenance, though of course not subject to variation of expression; partly by the cothurnus, which equalized the stature of the actors; and partly by padding the chest, which increased their bulk. Mechanical contrivances were, for a like purpose, inserted in the mask, in order to in-

crease the power of the voice ; so that the effect of these appliances was, while doing away with the natural inequalities of the actors, to raise their natural powers to a level more than human. This magnification was necessitated by the vast size of the theatre, which was built to contain the whole male population of Athens ; for, if we accept the calculation of Professor Donaldson, the farthest spectator must have been at least a hundred yards from the stage.

Thus tragic representation was divorced from the circumstances of every-day life, which would have been by no means consonant with the mythical and antique character of the Æschylean drama. It was also no doubt partly in accordance with this feeling, and partly because the contrivances above detailed rendered rapid movement impossible, that all action was eliminated from the stage ; all delineation of mental conflict became impossible, and the dialogue was therefore retrospective. The archaic effect was also heightened by the employment of antique phraseology. The representation of Greek tragedy has been likened to a group of figures in a frieze, presented in profile and in a state of semi-quiescence. De Quincey calls Attic tragedy "a breathing from the world of sculpture," and says with regard to the development of the tragic interest : "The story of the tragedy was pretty nearly involved and told by the implication in the *tableaux vivants* which presided through the several acts," expressions of actual emotion being probably limited to such actions as veiling the face, lying on the ground, or conveyed by variations of the voice, though these must have been limited in number if we believe that the dialogue was delivered in monotone. Such was the Æschylean drama.

Æschylus was the father of tragedy ; Euripides was the last of his worthy Greek descendants. The palmy period of the Attic drama was scarcely more than a century ; but short as was the interval which elapsed between the death of Æschylus and the first public appearance of Euripides, a great revolution had taken place in the world of thought. A school of philosophers had arisen with Anaxagoras at its head, who promulgated the theory of an ideal principle in connection with matter. It was scarcely more than a surmise, but its very inadequacy caused the disintegration of the harmony of Greek thought, and paved the way for the self-sufficiency of the Sophists. Thus Euripides wrote in a transitional age, and his writings reflect the changing colors of the time. He has suffered much injustice at the hands of Aristophanes and the Germans ; but the recent publications of English scholars have gone far to restore to him his just place in the first rank of authors. He has not been appreciated because he has not been understood. He was the first who made his characters play a sustained dramatic part, and this innovation has not been recognized.

To quote Mr. Browning's lines about him :

Euripides,
Well, I acknowledge ! Every w rd is false
Looked close at ; but stand distant and stare through,
All's absolute indubitable truth,
Behind lies—truth which only lies declare.

It is no place here to speculate as to his character ; though, from the internal evidence of his works, we may be inclined to adopt Mr. Mahaffy's view that he was a man of a great and reflective mind, living apart from the political world, and untouched by its corruption ; conservative in his views, but not blinded to the social evils of his day ; halting half way between religion and scepticism ; dissatisfied with the crude mythology of his forefathers, yet inclined to believe that it contained the germs of deep spiritual truth. We cannot wonder either if we detect here and there a vein of cynicism. He had seen Athens at the height of her glory ; he had watched her gradual descent as her foundations were sapped by the venality of her administration. He had seen his teacher from whom he had imbibed his philosophic creed, who had taught him where to look for truth in humanity, sentenced to banishment ; he had seen Pheidias, the greatest artist of that age of art, haled to prison and an early death. "The mournful stories of great men rather prevail," is the concluding sentence of the *Hippolytus*. But together with this speculative attitude toward the old religion of Athens, Euripides appears to have had an earnest and practical desire to further social reform. If we compare the subject-matter of his plays with the prevailing defects of Athenian civilization, we shall find a more than casual similarity. He has been stigmatized as a misogynist, and there seems some ground to suppose that he had no very favorable opinion of female character as it existed in his day. Still he associated with Aspasia, and must have known many highly-cultured members of the Hetaira class, whose freedom from the restraints to which respectable women were subjected left them open to the influences of the time. Nearly all his great characters are of women. He seems to have labored for their emancipation from the stringent laws which made them mere slaves of the harem, while their husbands were at liberty to gratify every chance appetite. He had doubtless additional motives, both in the fact that this was comparatively untrodden ground, and in the knowledge that the solemn tragedy of Æschylus and Sophocles had already begun to pall. Euripides drew the character of women in all their relations capable of dramatic treatment : he drew them "as they were ;" he drew them "as they ought to have been ;" he drew them as mothers, wives, and daughters ; he drew them also as victims—victims of defective social organization, victims of divine wrath. We have no means of knowing what he really thought and felt about them, but doubtless it was some such moderate view as his :

τὰ γὰρ γυναικῶν δυσχερῆ πρὸς ἄρσενας,
κἀν ταῖς κακαῖσιν ἀγαθαὶ μεμιγμέναι
μισούμεθ.*

The scenic conditions bequeathed to Euripides were not highly favorable to the representation of feminine passions. The stately movement and the cumbrous costume of the old tragedy consorted but ill with the rapid alternations of woman's emotion. In like manner the absence of all action from the scene furnished no field for the display of these emotions. Accordingly Euripides was forced into innovations; he endeavored to compensate for the stationary character of the scene while in representation, by interweaving and contrasting scene with scene. The three great tragedians were all moral teachers, but we may make this distinction between them. Æschylus endeavored to educe moral consistency from the popular mythology; Sophocles dealt with morality as necessary, but subordinate to art; Euripides treated special questions of morality intimately connected with his audience. Thus we express the superficial difference between these poets rather crudely when we say Æschylus wrote to please the gods, Sophocles to please himself, Euripides to please the people. An Athenian audience was, we know, possessed of extraordinary critical acumen, but, like all audiences, it was liable to errors of judgment. It was necessary for Euripides, however, in his capacity of reformer, to flatter its predilections. Hence the sophistical tournaments and other blemishes by which his plays are disfigured. He flattered them, however, in another and more laudable fashion—by narrative passages containing some of his most vigorous poetry, by contrast of costume and external circumstance, by a display of metrical skill. These characteristics are to be perceived in the play of *Hippolytus*, of which I will now give the plot.

The prologue spoken by Venus † consists of a recital of the insults offered her by Hippolytus, son of Theseus, who lives in chaste and mystical communion with Diana. The plan of her revenge follows, involving also the death and disgrace of Phædra. In the first scene Hippolytus enters from the chase, does acts of worship to Diana, but, despite the warnings of his attendants, neglects the shrine of Venus. He quits the scene, and Phædra, already enfeebled by disease and voluntary starvation, is brought on. Her nurse extorts from her the secret of her love for her stepson Hippolytus, and her consequent resolve to die; then, under pretence of procuring a remedy for her mistress's disease, she quits the scene in order to divulge to Hippolytus the real state of affairs, and thereby save the life of Phædra.

* "Difficult is the relation of woman to man;
The good and ill are confused together,
And we are hated."

† I have employed Latin nomenclature throughout for conveniences of comparison.

The noise of Hippolytus abusing the nurse discloses to Phædra this act of treachery. Hippolytus enters, curses the race of women, and departs. Phædra then, imprecating vengeance on her nurse, goes to her death. Theseus returns from a visit to the oracle to find his wife hanging a corpse, with a letter clutched in her fingers. This he reads, and discovers therein that Hippolytus is accused of having betrayed his father's trust, and accomplished by force the object of an unlawful passion; he prays to Neptune for vengeance; and Hippolytus appears to defend himself, but, being bound by an oath to the nurse not to reveal the secret, cannot convince his father. Shortly after his exit a messenger enters with the narrative of the execution by Neptune of the vengeance of Theseus; and Hippolytus is brought on, a palpitating mass of wounds and dislocation. Diana comes from heaven to clear his character, ascribes the catastrophe to Venus, threatens in a mysterious way to take vengeance on her by killing Adonis, excuses herself for not having interfered, as, in addition to being afraid of the Lord of Heaven, it is not etiquette for one god to thwart the desires of another, but promises Hippolytus compensation in the shape of worship and remembrance on earth. Hippolytus then pardons his father, and the play ends.

The motto of the tragedy is:

τιμαῖσιν, ὦ παῖ, δαιμόνων χρῆσθαι χρεών,

which may be translated:

We must conform to the prerogatives of the gods,

i.e., we must not neglect to worship a deity because her ways are not our ways. Euripides made tragedy descend from the mystic heights of fable where it had reigned before. The misfortunes of Hippolytus and Phædra are caused by the petty jealousy of Venus, the meanest character in Euripides' plays; and we find her sacrificing an innocent woman for a personal grudge which she has against some one else. It is possible, however, that the requirements of poetic justice were satisfied in other plays of the tetralogy with which each poet contended for the tragic prize. It seems too as if Euripides meant in some of his tragedies to teach a lesson by arousing anger in the minds of his audience against a religion and a state of society which allowed such consummations as these to be literally in consonance with the received ideas as to piety and morality. I shall presently have occasion to say more about the character of Phædra, and will now pass on to a consideration of the theatre of Louis the Fourteenth and Racine's play of *Phèdre*.

It is characteristic of the history of France that the changes, political and religious, which it has undergone, have been supported only by insignificant minorities. It has been agitated for a brief space by startling revolutions, soon to relapse into quiescence under a

strong hand. The revival of classic literature which followed the fall of Constantinople, while, in other countries, it sank deep enough to create the desire and the means of religious reform, took no deep root in France, but served only to beautify and render attractive the existing tenets and institutions of the Jesuits. In the times of which I write, the simple faith of Loyola and Xavier was no more ; religion had been subordinated to a lust for political power ; and the closely knit body of the Jesuits ruled, to the exclusion of the lay nobility. Cardinal Richelieu had divorced the interests of the land proprietors from their estates, and they, splendid satellites forsooth, danced attendance upon minister and monarch. So, when the internal dissensions of the Fronde were agitating Paris, and the more sensible portion of the nobility had begun to see that they were sacrificing their real interests for a few gaudy ornaments and decorations, no real fusion betwixt the discontented nobles and the oppressed people could be created, and a little seasonable suppleness on the part of Mazarin gained the victory. These circumstances, however, contributed to produce perhaps the most splendid circle of courtiers that Europe has ever seen. Lord vied with lord in magnificence, and a man was happy if the splendor of his *fête* was the current topic of a few passing days. It was not surprising, therefore, that patronage of the theatre should be in vogue, and that dramatic representation should play a part in the general pageant of the times.

At Athens every citizen had an interest in political theories, the practicability and popularity of which meant life or death to his state. But at Paris the political existence of the citizen was no more. Both Euripides and Racine wrote in a time of war. In the former case, the war was one which imperilled the supremacy of Athens, and the city had a voice in the condemnation or otherwise of the generals. In the latter case, the wars of France were for the most part carried on beyond her borders, and were the fruit of Louis the Fourteenth's ambitious designs, in which the people had no further interest than having to make up the deficiencies in the royal treasury. The court and the people lived as it were in separate kingdoms ; the one was occupied with petty intrigues, dreams of universal conquest, and the championship of Roman Catholicism ; the other dragged on uneventful lives in servile penury. It has been said that the resources of France were developed during this reign by distant expeditions and colonization ; but these were the result chiefly of personal or Jesuitical enterprise, and did not affect the masses. The empire of Louis the Fourteenth might be compared with his summer palace at Versailles. It was no natural growth, it was a splendid excrescence. Like that costly paradise, it was built with the life-blood of the people : gold, won by the sweat of their brows, was torn from them and bartered for foreign wares. It was not French in character, and France had no sympathy with it. As Louis tore up

the bills of the expenditure on Versailles, so he refused to consider the consequences of his unceasing warfare. He saw at last it was a mistake, but not till his palace had been stripped of its ornaments, and his country of its wealth and its defenders.

Of this vainglorious folly of Versailles classic tragedy may be said to have become a part. Owing its origin chiefly to Richelieu, and in its early days supported by his munificence, the theatre, when Louis stepped into the place of general patron, fell under his dominion. The most constant of actors himself in the realities of life, he was attracted by the mimic triumphs of the stage. The mighty monarch who would take his tent for a few weeks into the plains of Flanders, and call the expedition a campaign—who would make a journey to a tottering city in order that he might get the credit of having forced it to capitulate, who was head of spiritual France, king of secular France, and arbiter of Europe—did not disdain to point the dramatic criticism of his court. As the literature of Greece was chained to the triumphal car of Rome, so in later times it played lacquey to the majesty of the French king. His approval was sufficient to insure the success of Racine's comedy, which had previously been hissed. A few rhymes of flattery to him on his marriage were worth a yearly pension to Racine of 600*l.*; and that worthy tragedian himself was never more happy than while reading his royal master to sleep. Racine had, however, no lasting hold upon his audience; a court cabal banished *Phèdre* from the stage for a year in favor of the composition of a wretched dramatic hack. He retired for fifteen years from theatrical life, disgusted with the prejudice of his compatriots, and when at length he returned he could only gain a hearing in the particular clique to which Madame de Maintenon belonged. Every circumstance under which he wrote was calculated to cramp the free exercise of imaginative intellect. The Academy, who haggled over particular expressions like fish-wives at market, and wrote long treatises upon the immorality of the conjunction "car," called upon him to obey a set of arbitrary rules, founded upon a misconception of a passage in Aristotle, which have ever since formed the creed of French tragedians until M. Victor Hugo had the courage to trample it under foot. For the most part he drew his subjects from a material which awakened but little interest even in the minds of the educated courtiers who frequented the theatre. "Quod tempore antiquum videtur, id incongruitate est maxime novum." The subject was Greek, and the form was quasi-Greek; but for the Greek thought, for the Greek theatre, for Greece itself, were substituted France and the court intrigues of an idle and self-seeking nobility. Racine felt that it was not a reproduction, but rather a rehabilitation, of the Greek, that was required. He had already had a warning as to the too literal rendering of classic matter into French in the ill-success of his *Britannicus;* and Racine was

peculiarly sensitive to the failure with which the irony of fate so often embittered his triumphs. He brought his peculiar gifts to bear upon the subject in hand. "Personne," says St. Simon of him in his private character, "n'avait plus de fonds d'esprit, ni plus agréablement tourné : rien du poëte dans son commerce, et tout de l'honnête homme." This may in part be applied to him as an author. His perseverance, his common-sense, his gifts of pleasing and facile expression, rising from time to time to genuine power, and lastly his unaffected and religious conscientiousness rendered him especially fitted for the task of adaptation, or rather re-creation. While preserving as far as possible the outward characteristics of Greek tragedy, he endowed his composition with that simplicity which makes a true work of art always modern. Despite the wonderful skill of his verse, he employed a very limited vocabulary. We are reminded by Boileau's words, "Il n'y a en effet dans les vers de M. Racine aucun terme qui ne soit commun et fort usité," of the question put by Sir Roger de Coverley while witnessing an adaptation from one of Racine's plays: "Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of." But the concessions which Racine made to the requirements of modern civilization will best be seen from the plot of the play itself.

With reference to the controversy between Schlegel and La Harpe as to the comparative merits of the Greek and French plays, we may say that the former is wrong in treating Racine's play as inferior to the Greek in proportion as it varies from it, and in failing to perceive the different aim of the French author; while La Harpe is of course absurd in such statements as "On dirait que toutes les fois que Racine se sert de ce qu'un autre a fait, c'est pour montrer comment il fallait faire;" and "Racine a partout substitué les plus grandes beautés aux plus grands défauts." Again, the question whether Phèdre is a legitimate character as Racine drew her—that is, to attract sympathy—is hardly relevant; it seems scarcely necessary to repeat such a platitude as that to excuse a crime and to excuse the person who commits it are leniencies of very different degrees of morality. Racine had the disadvantage of an inferior language, an unrepresentative audience, and a material which was in no way an historical element of the society of his day. The first two evils he was obliged to stomach as best he might, but the last he endeavored to remedy with considerable ingenuity. He seems to have made an estimate in his own mind of the conception and the amount of knowledge which his audience had of ancient Greece, and to have colored his subject accordingly. Nothing, for example, is more skilful than his preservation of the determining influences of the Greek gods without a display of such anachronistic feeling as to amount to apparent incongruity. He appears to have conveyed the

idea of a presiding deity chiefly by passages of reference and description—some of which are among the finest in his play—which have no direct connection with the action of the play, or concern a personage who has finally quitted the scene. The stage Thésée, however, hardly realizes one's conception of the hero of the mythical exploits with which he credits himself on his first entry. A man must be very great to blow his own trumpet, but I suppose Thésée is not Theseus.

The impossibility of representing divine agency on the stage rendered necessary several important modifications of the story, as will be seen from the following plot. The scene is laid at Trézène, whither Phèdre had originally banished Hippolyte, and where she herself has now been brought by the desire of Thésée.

In the first act we are made acquainted with Hippolyte's love for Aricie (sole survivor of a house, the bitterest of his father's political enemies), the condition of Phèdre, and her resolve to die. Phèdre then confesses to her nurse Œnone her unlawful love for Hippolyte, and a messenger announces the death of Thésée and the consequent anarchy at Athens. Thereupon Œnone exhorts Phèdre to live, in order that her children may benefit by her political influence, and suggests that her love is now only "an ordinary passion." To these arguments Phèdre yields.

Act II.—After a love scene between Aricie and Hippolyte, Phèdre seeks her stepson's presence and declares her passion; he receives it in silence. Then with remorseful frenzy she throws herself upon him, and adjures him to kill her. An announcement of the election of the son of Thésée and Phèdre to the Athenian crown concludes this act.

Act III.—Phèdre commissions Œnone to bribe Hippolyte to love with the offer of the Athenian crown, but the nurse speedily returns with the news that Thésée lives and has arrived at Trézène, and accordingly persuades Phèdre to allow her to slander Hippolyte to his father. Thésée returns, and Phèdre rouses his suspicions by an enigmatical speech; but Hippolyte, not choosing to defile his lips with the odious secret, refuses an explanation, and, incredulous of Phèdre's evil intentions, resolves to gain his father's sanction to his marriage with Aricie.

Act IV.—Œnone has already accused Hippolyte to his father of a passion for Phèdre and of a "projet audacieux" "pour parvenir au but de ses noires amours," adducing as proof his sword.

A scene follows between father and son, in which Hippolyte is met with the accusation of his alleged crime, but he protests his innocence and confesses his love for Aricie. But neither this nor his vague hints of Phèdre's infidelity gain the credence of Thésée, who calls on Neptune for vengeance, and banishes Hippolyte from his native land. Remorse now prompts Phèdre to confess her guilt,

but her jealousy, aroused by the disclosure of Hippolyte's love, checks the good impulse. Œnone endeavors to palliate her mistress's sin with blasphemous remarks about the domestic life of Olympus, but the latter turns upon her, and accuses her of having been the author of all her woes. Œnone quits her presence to seek self-destruction.

Act V.—Hippolyte persuades Aricie to fly with him, and she, though still respecting her lover's secret, further unsettles the mind of Thésée. The narrative of Hippolyte's death now follows, and Phèdre, after drinking the poisoned cup, confesses her guilt and dies.

Racine knew that the virgin Hippolytus would not gain much sympathy from the gallant Frenchman; he knew also that any attempt to connect the gods with the direct action of the play would verge on absurdity; he was therefore constrained to the invention of Aricie, whose moderate and lawful love would contrast with the violent and illegal passion of Phèdre. Hippolyte, too, deprived of the chaste fellowship of Diana, would have hardly conformed to the poet's ideas of dramatic symmetry. Thus we may note the following innovations as introduced by the French author:

1. The substitution of Phèdre for Hippolyte as the principal character. The change is indicated by the title of the tragedy.
2. The amplification of the political background.
3. The invention of Aricie and her love for Hippolyte.
4. The personal declaration by Phèdre to Hippolyte of her love for him. This is borrowed from the Latin tragedy *Hippolytus* of Seneca.
5. The various incidents which contribute to the justification of the character of Phèdre, to be noted hereafter.
6. The postponement of Phèdre's suicide.
7. The display of jealousy on the part of Phèdre on learning of the love of Hippolyte for Aricie which forms the motive of the fourth act.
8. The confession by Phèdre of her crimes, taken from Seneca.
9. The omission of the revolting display of the bodies of Phèdre and Hippolyte, justified in the Greek play by the size of the theatre, and the necessity, in the absence of action, of the production of striking effects.

Let us return for a moment, before we analyze the character of Phèdre, to the Greek Phædra.

We may be justified, as I have before remarked, without disrespect to the Greek author, in failing to perceive the dramatic justice of the *Hippolytus*. We may feel that the punishment of Hippolytus is out of proportion to his crime; that Phædra, who is represented both by Venus and the chorus as an illustrious woman, has done nothing to merit her awful fate. Euripides felt this too, and put the

traditional presiding influence of the deity into a somewhat bold and abrupt form in order to justify her. But Phædra is a secondary character, whose office is to furnish justification for the diatribes of Hippolytus against womankind in general. If it is true of the principal characters in Greek drama that they are drawn with little light and shade, it is doubly true of the secondary characters. For example, compare Medea and Phædra, handed down to us as having roused the indignation of the Athenians on account of their unqualified wickedness, and we shall find that justificatory passages are few in the *Hippolytus* compared with the other tragedy. Although the poet introduced some touches of pathos in the character of Phædra, such as her love for her husband and her children, they will be found on examination to be qualified with more selfish expressions of feeling with regard to her own good name. She appears also to have inherited something of the brute, from the frequent allusions to the amours of her mother Pasiphae. The aim of Euripides appears to have been to represent Phædra as an object of horror ; he has invested her with none of the characteristics which are wont to awaken sympathy. No doubt he was aware that, in order to keep the interest fixed on Hippolytus, Phædra's character must be made persistently unsympathetic. The scenic conditions, too, as I have before explained, did not allow of the delicate shading of character which a modern poet would have adopted in such a case. Phædra is never flattered with a gleam of hope ; she comes on the stage prepared to die ; and her every action shows that, unless she can conquer her passion, her death is inevitable. Her promptness of action shows that her mind is made up. The crime which she really commits is the betrayal of her secret. The intention of Euripides was, as I have said, to present her as an object of horror ; she is almost at the point of death when she is brought on the stage ; disease and famine have wasted her face, the chorus frequently call attention to her horrible appearance ; she raves under the influence of Venus ; she recounts how her ancestors have been the victims of that goddess ; she describes how she has wrestled with her rising passion, but she now recognizes it as inevitable ; she feels it gaining the mastery over her ; she must silence it by death ; she betrays her secret ; she is advised to yield and live, but such mean counsel she rejects with scorn ; her nurse plays traitor ; and Phædra turns on her, blasting her with a terrific curse, and, having uttered mingled sentiments about her husband, her children, and herself, leaves the stage to die. She is discovered, when the folding doors are opened, with a letter in her hand, that falsely accuses Hippolytus. She perjures herself with her latest breath. Such a crime as this is peculiarly repugnant to modern sentiment. La Harpe expresses his horror at the deed very forcibly when he says : " Ainsi la mort, qui est pour tous les hommes le moment de repentir, a été pour Phèdre le moment d'un dernier

crime." The deed, however, must not be judged altogether from a modern standpoint. It was not a crime to practise deceit in Attic times: to break one's oath was sacrilege, but a Greek was bound by the words, not by the spirit, of his promise. Hippolytus keeps his oath, but because it is so worded that he cannot escape. To deceive your enemy and keep your oath was, for a Greek, the triumph of diplomacy and patriotism. But the last act of Phædra, regard it how you will, bears testimony to her unalterable strength of purpose.

Such is Phædra: her will and her passions are strong, but her body is weak, and that is the slave of heaven. Where she chiefly exhibits strength is in her power of repression. She relaxed once, and the momentary weakness was fraught with woe to her and to her good name. Euripides intensifies the horror of her personality by an insistence on the loathsome features of her illness. He intensifies this effect by the contrast which he has so pointedly made between her first entry and that of Hippolytus, coming as he does girt with his hunting apparel and bearing fresh flowers from the dewy woods, his face all ruddy with the glow of healthful chastity. Euripides deprives Phædra of all sympathetic qualities by giving her no gleam of hope that the object of her passion will be realized, nor does she herself desire it. The expression of her love itself is without tenderness, for in treating of the love of man and woman the Greeks laid less stress upon its intellectual than upon its animal features.

I have said that Phèdre is the French Hamlet. What I meant was that both these characters furnish the quick transitions from emotion to emotion which make a good acting character (Voltaire called Phèdre the *best*), and that these transitions proceed from a reluctance to perform a certain action enjoined them. There, however, the resemblance ends: with Hamlet, this reluctance proceeds from an intellectual and emotional activity which presents to him in detail the consequences of that action; with Phèdre it is caused partly from a want of courage to take the necessary step, partly from the hope that something will occur to change the face of events. Phèdre is a good acting part; the Greek Phædra would have by no means fulfilled the dramatic conditions of the modern stage, or even of the ancient as the Medea did. I have pointed out how the Greeks endeavored to secure a monotone in acting, consonant with the religious feeling, antagonistic to the predominance of the individual actor, and caused by the machinery employed to magnify the person and voice of the performer so as to accord with the vastness of the theatre. On the French stage, however, there were no such conditions; the actor was predominant and responsible for the success of the play, nor was there any chorus to break the contact between author and audience. There was no religious feeling to create indulgence in the mind of the spectator, and tide over the unattractive passages of necessary "business." The actor, or the author in

proxy, stood face to face with the audience. He must be provided with varied scenes and varied emotions to enable him to display his different powers : " the breathing from the world of sculpture" was impossible now. There must be no cessation in the action ; the whole drama must be replete with modern sentiment ; the broad contrasts of the Greek must be modified to the subtler refinements of modern art. Compassion must take the place of horror, and love must be written in accents of tenderness. Such a revolution did Racine work in the character of Phèdre, whom he now made the central personage of the piece.

The status of woman had altered since the Attic age. Roman Catholicism and the songs of the troubadours had inculcated a reverence for her ; and these were the last of those chivalrous days in which her love had urged the flower of knighthood to do battle for her sake. The heroism of the weaker sex during the stirring times of the Fronde, the power they exercised in the conduct of political intrigue, the influence of the king's mistresses, the courteous bearing of the monarch himself toward them, and, perhaps more than all, the misfortunes and death of the exiled queen of Charles the First, who had taken the rival tragedians, Racine and Corneille, under her wing, and inspired them to write in her honor, rendered Louis the Fourteenth's contemporaries peculiarly sensible to the worth of woman. So, if the Phædra of Euripides had stirred the resentment even of the slavish wives of Athens, Racine must make considerable changes in that character before it conformed to the enlightened ideas of his time. He modernized and he humanized her ; she is no longer, as Mr. Swinburne calls her in his fine lines,

> Half a woman made with half a god.

" Ce sont les entrailles d'une marâtre, qui s'émeuvent à l'aspect d'un beau jeune homme."

It will be seen that Racine sacrifices a great deal in order to excuse the crimes of Phædra and render her sympathetic. He displays her as a wife outraged by the infidelity of her husband ; he makes her credit the news of his death, which is announced by a messenger in a circumstantial manner, so that she believes that no obstacle exists between her and the object of her passion, except the bar of relationship, which Racine takes care that Œnone should explain is only objectionable on the ground of sentimental scruples. With a like object the repulsive details of her personal appearance are not insisted on, and her madness is modified. The amours, too, of her mother are all but ignored.

The political background is painted more clearly in order that her love for her son may serve the distinct purpose of placing him on the throne. The hint of her maternal affection is taken from the Greek play, and made the keynote of her character. Her excuse for

speaking to Hippolyte is that she wishes to intercede with him for her son.

Souvenez-vous d'un fils qui n'espère qu'en vous

are the words with which Œnone restores her failing courage. She begins the interview with pleading for her child. But the likeness of Hippolyte to his father strikes her, and the tide of uncontrollable love sweeps over her soul. In vain she tries to persuade herself that it is this likeness to Thésée which is the cause of her tenderness. The dam is burst, the waters are out, and the dreadful truth leaps forth :

La veuve de Thésée ose aimer Hippolyte.

This personal declaration by Phèdre of her passion, contrasting as it does with the reserve of Phædra, has been censured. It however accords with the impetuous character of Phèdre, and cannot be considered as vulgarizing her. It is the scene on which hinges the whole play, and one of the most dramatic ever written. Phèdre almost justifies herself by offering her breast to the sword, and Hippolyte for the first time displays his true character by casting that sword from him as a thing defiled.

Racine has managed very skilfully to relegate the action of the play to this particular scene. To the audience the true characters of the *dramatis personæ* are disclosed, but to Phædra the silence of Hippolyte is ambiguous. He is savage, she says, like his mother, the Amazon, and cannot love. Œnone, too, despairs and counsels flight, but Phèdre cannot fly. At the very word she rouses herself to further effort.

Et l'espoir, malgré moi, s'est glissé dans mon cœur,
Toi-même rappellant ma force défaillante,
Et mon âme déjà sur mes lèvres errante.

She hopes. Hippolyte does not know *how* to love, she says.

Œnone, il peut quitter cet orgueil qui *te* blesse.

That "te" is a fine dramatic touch, and indicates an important feature of Phèdre's character, viz., to shirk responsibility. She forgets her former excuse for her interview with Hippolyte, the good of her son. She cannot rule ; her energy is absorbed by her fatal passion. She bids Œnone bribe Hippolyte with the crown of Athens. But she excuses the change of feeling :

Il instruira mon fils dans l'art de commander,
Peut-être il voudra bien lui tenir lieu de pére.

Œnone has hardly left when she returns with the news that Thésée is alive and in the country. Phèdre is overwhelmed ; she fears the wrath of Thésée, but excuses her fear with the remark that she is not a hardened sinner, and cannot rest with a guilty conscience. Death is inevitable.

Mourons ! de tant d'horreurs qu'un trépas me délivre !
Est-ce un malheur si grand que de cesser de vivre ?
La mort aux malheureux ne cause point d'effroi.

The prolixity of the announcement betrays her infirmity of resolution. She laments the hard lot of her children, and a few words from Œnone suffice to draw from her the exclamation that, as regards Hippolyte,

Je le vois comme un monstre effroyable à mes yeux.

A sudden revulsion of feeling, but in accord with her character. Œnone suggests that she should slander Hippolyte, but from this her better nature revolts.

Moi ! que j'ose opprimer et noircir l'innocence!

Her maternal feelings are again worked upon by Œnone, and her morality is quenched by the appearance of her husband ; though even then she cannot bring herself to pronounce the wicked words. She throws out a dark hint, and quits the scene. But scarcely has Œnone poisoned the father's mind against the son, and Thésée prayed to Neptune for Hippolyte's destruction, when remorse drives Phèdre upon the stage to confess her crime. There, however, she learns that the heart of Hippolyte has been conquered by another than herself ; and again her good resolves are swept away.

Hippolyte est sensible et ne sent rien pour moi,

she exclaims—"moi !"—jealously. She pictures to herself the innocent love, rival of her guilty passion, which now bursts upon her in all its native hideousness. It is now that she first really reconciles her mind with the idea of death. She has no more hope now. The meeting with Minos on that awful throne of justice is presaged by her in grand realistic lines. One feels it will be a meeting between a father and a daughter. There is still, however, a feeling of irritation in her mind, which a blasphemous speech from Œnone calls into words. She turns upon her old nurse. Her fidelity is forgotten ; but the indiscriminate nature of her friendship is remembered. It is Œnone who is the cause of her evils. The Phèdre of Racine has no independence of character. This act of justice done, and Hippolyte dead, Phèdre, with the poison of Medea sapping her life, confesses her crimes and dies ; and Thésée, sinking his political feud in regret for his son, adopts her to whom Hippolyte has pledged his love.

Phèdre is a weak, emotional woman, full of excuses for the commission of crimes which she has no strength to forego. Sympathy is awakened for her, because infirmity of will renders possible, and so furnishes an excuse for, a passion seeming unlawful only in name. From time to time she is buoyed up with the hope of realizing her object, but no sooner are these hopes raised than they are dashed

again to the ground. For a while she resists the disclosure of her secret, but when a chink is once made in the barrier of her conscience her whole morality oozes through, and she is tossed hither and thither by currents of emotion, while the broad flood bears her on to destruction.

The whole part is one in which realistic representation of physical horror and moral depravity should play a lesser part than that quality which Alfred de Musset describes as "ce qui vient du cœur" et "va au cœur"—pathos, sympathy, human nature, or whatever you care to call it. The interest of the audience is centred in the woman, not in the crime. The sense of her struggle is made possible by the secret recognition of the freedom of the agent, and her want of steady purpose becomes a natural accompaniment. Her fall may be likened to the fall of a man from a lofty tower: she clutches first at one projection and then at another. When she reaches the ground she is dead; but her features retain their human mould, when the body of Phædra is a shapeless mass like one who has been hurled from heaven. The subject is repugnant to our feelings; but Racine wrote at a time when Greece was a synonym for propriety, moral and artistic.

Rachel appears to me to have represented Phèdre rather as Euripides drew her—*i.e.*, as an incarnation of evil from above, with attendant details of ghastly disease and disfiguring famine.

I had hoped, when I began to write this paper, that I should have been able to prove my point by citations from the contemporary criticism of Rachel's day respecting the particular intention and relative importance given by her to different passages; but I have been foiled in my endeavor by the impossibility of discovering sufficient literal criticism either in French or in English. In this I have been thwarted, but I have collected, I think, a sufficient number of passages to exemplify the general feeling exhibited by the press toward Rachel, and thus make good my assertion. It would be useless for me to conceal the fact that I have here and there come across passages which seem to be in opposition to my view—passages penned by critics who appear to have found in Rachel's Phèdre those qualities which I do not suppose really existed there; but I would add that in many articles where I have been struck with the coincidence of the critic's views with my own, I have had the satisfaction of learning that the author was one who was entitled to credence. Oral evidence also supports me.

For a general idea of the main features of Rachel's acting, I must refer my readers to the famous chapter headed "Vashti" in Charlotte Bronte's "Villette." Rachel was undoubtedly a remarkable phenomenon. By her own unaided genius she brought back the French tragic muse to Paris after an absence of, I think, ten years. She drew greater crowds to hear her than even Talma had done.

But her power was not sufficiently varied to keep them at her feet; she tried play after play and failed in them. She never really gained the sympathy of her audience; for that which a Frenchman prizes so highly, the expression of pathos, was, except with peculiar qualification, foreign to her dramatic nature. The criticisms which are known to most of us, and very delightful they are, are Alfred de Musset's. He finds pathos in her acting; but it must be remembered that he wrote from a personal knowledge of Rachel, and at a time when her youth, her poverty, and her simplicity of living cast a sort of pathetic charm about her. He wrote at a time when Rachel was tender over the reputation of her fellow-actresses, and when she was disgusted with the vulgarity of Corneille for writing such a line as

On peut changer d'amant, mais non changer d'époux.

But it was not till many years after this that she played Phèdre. The truer view will be found in the following extracts from criticisms on Rachel's rendering of that character.

Athenæum:

It would be impossible to speak of Rachel as a careless or meagre actress, but it is as impossible to deny that she is monotonous. Nature has bound her round with bars of adamant through which her genius either cannot or will not break. The softer affections and tenderer emotions, which give even a redeeming grace to Lady Macbeth and Shylock, seem to be as far beyond Rachel's grasp as ever. She awes more than moves us; her power corrodes, but does not subdue. Few spells as strong as hers leave us with as little wish for their repetition.

Four years previously the same paper said:

With every intention to display the intensity of her passion for Hippolyte, she has neither sufficient tenderness nor fascination in her control. She moves a fiend, not a gorgeous queen—destroyed, not intoxicated, by her fatal desires. With all her grace, dignity, and intensity, we felt she was hardly on her own ground till she turns on Œnone with "Malheureuse," etc. It is impossible for art to go farther than this.

The *Times* marks the realistic manner in which Rachel depicted the physical condition of Phèdre in the first act: "The state of suffering, the weakness of the limbs, and the utter hopelessness of heart are exquisitely rendered by Rachel, who gives to every syllable a mournful expression." The paper also adds a similar criticism of the portrayal of the decline of physical power at the end of the play.

I will also add, at the risk of wearying my readers, quotations from three authors who are pre-eminently qualified to form a judgment in the matter—Macready, Madame de B——, Rachel's biographer, and Mr. George Lewes.

Macready's *Diaries*, 1847:

It was a very striking performance, all intensity, all in a spirit of vehemence and fury, that made one feel a want of keeping. I could have fancied a more self-contained performance, more passionate fondness—not frenzy—in her love, and more pathos. I could imagine a performance exciting more pity for the character than she inspired, and equal effect in the scenes of rage and despair.

Speaking of the first representation by Rachel of Phèdre, Madame de B—— says, in allusion to Rachel's immediate predecessor in the character :

Mademoiselle Duchesnois was, certes, very inferior in some points to her young successor, but she possessed qualities most indispensable to tragedy, of which Rachel was entirely destitute; she had from nature the faculty of expressing tenderness in its most moving form, depth of feeling in its most sympathetic, heart-stirring, passionate moods. Phèdre, the *rôle* of her *début*, had remained her favorite one throughout her long career, and she had never acted it without drawing tears from every spectator (?).

Again of Phèdre in 1854, when some people considered that Rachel was at her best, Madame de B—— gives the following description :

She concentrated the tragedy on herself. She embodied the event, began and developed it, foreshadowed the end. She incarnated the character, the action. When she appeared as Phèdre, bending under the weight of the diadem that burned that brow like a fiery circle, shrinking from the veils that enrobed her, she was the type of suffering, the living image of Destiny's victim : her curse and her crime are present throughout the play.

I cannot imagine a more truthful description of Euripides' Phædra than this.

Mr. George Lewes ends my list :

Rachel's range, like Kean's (he says in "Actors and Acting") was very limited, but her expression was perfect within that range. Scorn, triumph, rage, lust, and merciless malignity she could represent in symbols of irresistible power ; but she had little tenderness, no womanly caressing softness, no gayety, no heartiness. She was so graceful and so powerful that her air of dignity was incomparable ; but somehow you always felt in her presence an indefinable suggestion of latent wickedness.

The portion of Mr. Lewes' paper which refers to Phèdre was copied from an earlier paper of his, written in 1850, from which I shall quote in preference as being slightly more explicit :

Nothing finer could be seen than this picture of the unutterable mournfulness and yielding despair of a soul torn with an incestuous passion, conscious of its guilt, struggling with its guilt, yet so filled, moved, possessed by it that the verse "C'est Vénus tout entière à sa proie attachée" was realized. Her appearance as she entered, wasting away with the fire that consumed her, standing on the verge of the grave, her face pallid, her eyes hot, her hands and arms emaciated, filled us with a ghastly horror. . . . In the second act (the declaration) Rachel was transcendent. There was a subtle indication of the diseased passion, of its fiery but unhealthy, irresistible and yet odious character, in the febrile energy with which she portrayed it. It was terrible in its vehemence and abandonment, eloquent in its horror, fierce and rapid as if the thoughts were crowding upon her brain in tumult, and varied with such amazing compass of tones that when she left the scene our nerves were quivering with an excitement almost insupportable.

This ends my list of quotations, which I think will prove my point as far as any point can be proved by quoting the opinions of others, that the Phèdre of Rachel was strong in those parts alone which bear resemblance to the Greek. But I have shown what relation they have to the whole play.

It is not my purpose to enter into detailed criticism of Madame

Sarah Bernhardt's rendering of the character, since most of those who are interested in such matters must have seen it again and again. M. Sarcey gives it as the opinion of those of his acquaintance who have seen both actresses that in the first three acts Rachel is surpassed. It is in these acts that the qualities of Madame Bernhardt supply the deficiencies of Rachel; and it is in the last two acts that the characteristics of the Greek Phædra are predominant, notwithstanding the fact that they possess nothing of the Greek original in them, and that the other acts contain whole passages adapted. Phèdre has returned again to Mlle. Duchesnois; and to my mind that is the truest reading of Racine's Phèdre.

LIONEL TENNYSON, *in Nineteenth Century.*

OLD-FASHIONED GARDENING.

IN these days a garden is an artificial production with which nature has as much to do as with the weaving of a Turkey carpet. The art of carpet-bedding has been carried to perfection, and in consequence we all know what to expect when we enter a flower-garden in the late summer months. There are the patches of scarlet, purple, and white, as smooth and even as the emerald turf in which they are embedded. There is not a withered leaf nor a straggling spray to be seen, for it is the gardener's first object to repress the luxuriance of nature, and it is part of his duty to go over the beds every morning to reduce them to the same trim and level uniformity. These brilliant patches of color are embellished or relieved by a bordering of a sedum, which resembles the truncated head of an artichoke, but which has, for some unknown reason, been enrolled in the catalogue of ornamental plants. The ideal which our English gardeners strive to fulfil is to be found in the flower-beds of our London parks, and if they are able to imitate their model with more or less success, it matters little to them that the parterre which blazes into color in July and August remains brown and barren for the greater part of the year. The tyranny of fashion has prevailed alike in the gardens of rich and poor, of the squire, the parson, and the farmer, and the delightful occupation of gardening is exalted, or as we think debased, to become a skilled art, in which there is no place for amateurs.

It was not so in the gardens of our youth, and over some of these the destroying hand has not yet passed. There was the stamp of character and all the charms of a surprise in the distinctive peculiarities of our old-fashioned walled gardens. One was famous for its peaches, sheltered from the early frosts by the thatched coping of its mud walls; another for its wealth of golden-drop plums. In one

there was a shady corner for lilies of the valley ; in another a sunny exposure where the autumn violets were the first to bloom. In all there were grass alleys, crooked and hoary old apple-trees, valued as much for their age as for the quality of their fruit ; there was a wealth and variety of pot-herbs, one wall was crowned by a patch of yellow sedum, another was fringed with wall-flowers, and the old bricks were often covered by a network of the delicate and beautiful creeper, the "mother of millions." There was the delightful smell of newly-turned mould, to mingle with the fragrance of a hedge of sweet peas, or of a bed of clove gillyflowers. Sweetwilliam and mignonette filled the vacant spaces, and the bees from a row of straw hives were humming over all. It is sad to think that such gardens as we describe must almost be numbered among the things of the past.

This lament over the lost glories of our English gardens is suggested by the perusal of a rare and curious folio, published in 1629, which bears the following title :

Paradisi in Sole. Paradisus Terrestris. A Garden of all sorts of pleasant flowers which our English ayre will permitt to be noursed up : with a Kitchen garden of all manner of herbs, raves and fruites, for meate or sause, used with us, and an Orchard of all sorte of fruitbearing Trees and Shrubbes fit for our Land, together with the right orderinge, planting and preserving of them, with their uses and vertues. Collected by John Parkinson, Apothecary of London, 1629.

"Qui veut paragonner l'artifice à Nature,
Et nos parcs à Eden, indiscret il mesure
Le pas de l'éléphant par le pas du ciron,
Et de l'aigle le vol par çi du mouscheron."

This comprehensive title is printed on a small scutcheon, in order not to interfere with the quaint and elaborate representation of the Garden of Eden, which occupies the rest of the title-page. The tree of knowledge, its fruit still unplucked by Adam, appears in the centre of the plate. Adam is grafting an apple-tree ; Eve, clothed only by her hair, is skipping airily down-hill to pick up a pineapple, and all sorts of flowers of wondrous proportions grow in the foreground. There is a tulip four times as big as Eve's head, and a cyclamen which is at least five feet high.

Parkinson dedicates his folio to the Queen, Henrietta Maria, not in the fulsome tone of adulation which we associate with dedications of that and succeeding ages, but rather as one conscious that he confers a favor in laying before her the fruit of so much labor and research. After giving good practical direction as to the site of the garden and its soil, he furnishes the reader with geometrical designs for the beds, and advice as to the relative merits of borderings in tiles, lead, thrift, and box, and he then goes on—

to furnish the inward parts and beds with those fine Flowers that (being strangers unto us, and giving the beauty and bravery of their colours so early before many of our owne bred flowers, the most to entice us to their delight) are most beseeming it: and namely with Daffodils, Fritillaries, Jacinthes, Saffron-flowers, Lillies, Flower-deluces, Tulipas, Anemones, French Cowslips or Beareseares, and a number of

such other flowers, very beautifull, delightfull, and pleasant, whereof although many have little sweete sent to commend them, yet their earlinesse and exceeding great beautie and varietie doth so farre countervaile that defect (and yet I must tell you withall that there is among the many sorts of them some, and that not a few, that doe excell in sweetnesse, being so strong and heady, that they rather offend by too much than by too little sent, and some again are of so mild and moderate temper, that they scarce come short of your most delicate and daintiest flowers) that they are almost in all places with all persons, especially with the better sort of the Gentry of the Land, as greatly desired and accepted as any other the most choisest, and the rather, for that the most part of these Out-landish flowers doe show forth their beauty and colours so early in the yeare that they seem to make a Garden of delight even in the Winter time, and doe so give their flowers one after another, that all their bravery is not spent until that Gilliflowers, the pride of English Gardens, do shew themselves.

It is in this succession of flowering plants that modern gardening so signally fails, not from lack of knowledge, but from a senseless desire to concentrate the whole display into two short months of the year.

Our author declares that there are almost a hundred sorts of Daffodils, and "by the way" inveighs against the

many idle and ignorant Gardiners and others who get names by stealth, as they doe many other things, and doe call some of these Daffodils Narcisses, when as all know that know any Latine, that Narcisses is the Latine name, and Daffodil the English of one and the same thing, and therefore alone without any other Epithite cannot distinguish several things. I would willingly therefore that all would grow judicious, and call everything by his proper English name in speaking English, or else by such Latine name as everything hath that hath not a proper English name, that thereby they may distinguish the several varieties of things, and not confound them.

We scarcely share his enthusiasm for tulips, in spite of his assertion "that there is no Lady or Gentlewoman of any worth that is not caught with this delight, or not delighted with these flowers;" but we fully agree with the sentiment that

the Anemones likewise or Windeflowers are so full of variety and so dainty, so pleasant and so delightsome flowers, that the sight of them doth enforce an earnest longing desire in the minde of anyone to be a possessour of some of them at the leaste: For without all doubt this one kind of flower, so variable in colours, so differing in form (being almost as many sortes of them double as single), so plentifull in bearing flowers, and so durable in lasting, and also so easie both to preserve and to encrease, is of itselfe alone almost sufficient to furnish a garden with flowers for almost half the yeare.

Parkinson goes on to commend double poppies, "flowers of a great and goodly proportion;" double daisies, "which are common enough in every garden;" French marigolds, with "their strong, heady sent, and glorious shew for colour;" sweetwilliams and sweetjohns, hollihocks, and double and single peonies—in short, all the commoner and more showy flowers which still linger in our cottage gardens. He declares carnations and gillyflowers to be "the Queene of delight and of flowers," and enumerates more than a dozen varieties by names which are probably no longer known to florists. Roses have been more modified by culture within the last two hundred years than any other of our garden flowers. Those

described by Parkinson were for the most part single roses, or with only two rows of petals and of small diameter. They seem to have been varieties of the damask and brier-roses, and the cabbage and moss roses which we consider old-fashioned find no place in the list.

Not content to deny that single flowers can be transformed into double "by the observation of the change of the Moone, the constellations or conjunctions of Planets or some other Starres or celestial bodies," Parkinson holds that such transformations could not be effected by the art of man.

If it shall bee demanded, From whence then came these double flowers that we have, if they were not so made by art, I answer that assuredly all such flowers did first grow wilde, and were soe found double as they doe now grow in Gardens, but for how long before they were found they became double no man can tell; we onely have them as nature has produced them, and so they remaine.

In these introductory chapters, among other desultory matter, he gives a recipe for the destruction of

earwickes, a most infestuous vermin. . . . Some have used old shooes and such like hollow things to take them in, or else beasts' hoofes, which being turned downe upon stickes' ends set into the ground, or into the pots of earth, will soon drawe into them many Earwickes, lying hid therein from sunne, winde, and raine, and by care and diligence may soon bee destroyed, if every morning and evening one take the hoofes gently off the stickes, and knocking them against the ground in a plain allie, shake out all the Earwickes that are crept into them, which quickly with one's foot may be trode to peeces.

Parkinson next goes on to describe his garden flowers in detail, in many cases giving a list of more varieties than we suspect are to be found in our modern gardens, and also under names by which they are not now known. The snowdrop, for instance, is termed "a bulbous violet." The iris is "flowerdeluce," and he gives an illustration of the "great Turkie Flowerdeluce," in which it is shown to be a much larger and handsomer flower than the blue flags which we now cultivate. The gladiolus, in defiance of all natural classification, is represented in the same plate with the bee and butterfly orchis, and with the dog-tooth violet; but on the whole the broad distinctions of the natural families are respected.

Under the head of "Vertues," which follows the description of each plant, some curious gleanings might be made. Parkinson, as a licensed apothecary, speaks with a certain lofty incredulity of "the physicall vertues" ascribed to many plants, but he does not always disdain an old-wives' recipe, as, for instance, when speaking of "the Lilly Convally" (lily of the valley).

The flowers of the white kinde are often used with those things that help to strengthen the memory, and to procure ease to Apoplectick persons. Camerarius setteth downe the manner of making an oyle of the flowers which he saith is very effectuall to ease the pains of the Goute, and such like diseases, to be used outwardly, which is thus: Having filled a glasse with the flowers, and being well stopped, set it for a moneths space in an Antshill, and after being dreigned clear, set it by to use.

He distinctly excludes from his pharmacopœia some drugs which are now considered of great value, such as digitalis, which he declares "not to be used in Physicke by any judicious man that I know." Of aconite, on the other hand, he says, that "although it be very poisonful and deadly, yet there may be very good use of it for sore eyes (being carefully applyed, yet not to all sorts of sore eyes neither) if the distilled water be dropped therein." Of hellebore also he says that "it is not carelessly to be used without extreeme danger, yet in contumatious and stubborne diseases it may be used with good caution and advice. There is a Syrupe or Oxymel made hereof in the Apothecaries shops, which, as it is dangerous for gentle and tender bodies, so it may be very effectuall in stronger constitutions." He declares "all the sorts of Beareseares (auricula) to be Cephalicall, that is, conducing help for the paines in the head, and for the giddinesse thereof, which may happen, eyther by the sight of steepe places, subject to danger, or otherwise." But in general, he mentions such peculiar properties in a dispassionate tone, disclaiming all responsibility for the belief, as when he says of the moonwort: "They that imposed the name of Lunaria on this plant, seem to referre it to the wound or consolidating herbes, but because I have no further relation or experience, I can say no more untill tryall hath taught it."

Our author is not, however, afraid of protesting against some popular superstitions. He says of the mandrake:

> The roote is sometimes divided into two branches a little below the head, and sometimes into three or more, as nature listeth to bestow upon it, as myselfe have often seene, by transplanting of many, as also by breaking and cutting off of many parts of the root, but never found harme by so doing, as many idle tales have been sette down in writing and delivered also by report, of much danger to happen to such as shall digge them up, or breake them; neyther have I ever seen any forme of man-like or woman-like partes, in the rootes of any; but, as I said, it has oftentimes two maine rootes running downe-right into the ground, and sometimes three and sometimes but one, as it likewise often happeneth to Parsneps, Carrots, and the like. But many cunning, counterfeit rootes have been shaped to such forms, and publickly exposed to the view of all that would see them, and have been tolerated by the chiefe Magistrates of the Citie, notwithstanding that they have been informed that such practices were meere deceit and unsufferable: whether this happened through their own credulity of the thing, or of the persons, or through an opinion that the information of the truth rose upon envy, I know not, I leave that to the Searcher of all hearts.
>
> There are some Authors (he says again) that have held Tarragon not to be an herbe of its owne kinde; but that it was first produced by putting the seede of Lin or Flaxe into the roote of an Onion, being opened and so set into the ground, which when it hath sprung hath brought forth this herbe Tarragon, which absurd and idle opinion hath been found false.

This mention of tarragon—"to give the better relish unto the Sallet; but many do not like the taste thereof, and so refuse it"—brings us to the kitchen-garden. It has been often asserted that vegetables formed a small part of the diet of Englishmen in preceding centuries, and that the prevalence of scurvy was due to this

cause. It appears, on the contrary, that all the vegetables now in ordinary use were freely cultivated, and that there was much more variety in salads than we generally find in our modern English households. In the midst of a long list of pot-herbs we find "Garden Patience, or Monke's Rhubarbe; a kind of Docke." The root was used medicinally, and Parkinson adds that "the leaves have a fine acid taste, and a syrup made with the juice and sugar cannot but be very effectuall to dejected appetites." In our experience, the appetites of most children are further dejected by the discovery that the tart is made of rhubarb instead of gooseberries; but a rhubarb tart is at all events more palatable than one made of spinach, to which purpose Parkinson declares it to be applied "by Cooks and Gentlewomen."

Of sorrel, of which so little use is now made in English cookery, he says:

> Sorrell is much used in sauces, both for the whole and the sicke, cooling the hot livers and stomackes of the sicke, and procuring unto them an appetite unto meate, when their spirits are almost spent with their furious and fierie fits; and is also of a pleasant rellish for the whole, in quickning up a dull stomacke that is over-loaden with every daies plenty of dishes. It is divers waies dressed by Cooks, to please their Masters' stomackes.

The red beet was eaten as it is now, "with oyle and vinegar, and is accounted a delicate Sallet for the winter." Parsley was "much used in all sorts of meates, both boyled, fryed, roasted, stewed, etc. . . . It is also shred and stopped into powdered beefe, as also into legges of Mutton, with a little beef suet."

From pot-herbs, which Parkinson justly regards as important ingredients of good cookery, he goes on to speak of blanched endive for salad, of spinach and different sorts of cabbage, and lettuce. He pronounces "the Roman red Lettuce to be the best and greatest of all. For John Tradescante that first, as I thinke, brought it to England, and sowed it, did write unto mee that after one of them was bound and whited, when the refuse was cut away, the rest weighed seventeen ounces." It seems that sauerkraut was imported into Germany from Russia. "In the cold countries of Russia and Muscovia, they powder up a number of cabbages which serve them, especially the poorer sort, for their most ordinary foode in winter: and although they stinke most grievously, yet to them they are accounted good meate."

Then there is a list of divers onions, including "a great red Onion, brought me from beyond the Sea, that was as greate almost as two men's fistes, flat and red quite throughout, and very pleasant both to smell unto, and to eate." John Tradescante is quoted again, as a man "who hath been in Spaine," with reference to the Spanish onion, which "is very sweete, and eaten by many like an apple." But his English taste was intolerant of garlic, which he says, "being well

boyled in salt broth, is often eaten of them that have strong stomackes, but will not brooke in a weake and tender stomacke. It is never eaten rawe of any man that I know." John Tradescante's Spanish travels had probably taught him otherwise.

Yams and Jerusalem artichokes are both included under the head of potatoes: the first as the Spanish potato, and the second as the potato of Canada. The true or Virginia potato is dismissed in a few lines, and declared to be nearly of the same taste as the yam, "but not altogether so pleasant."

The true artichoke was, as it appears, in much greater request, although it had been only "of late planted in gardens, orchards, and fieldes, of purpose to be meate for men." Parkinson notes the superiority of our English red artichoke to the foreign kinds, with "a white head, the scales whereof stand staring far asunder from one another at the ends, which are sharpe." This superiority still exists, as any one may note who has eaten the foreign artichokes which come early into the London market. He mentions beans as a diet for the poor rather than the rich, while peas are "a dish for the table of the rich as well as the poore; the fairest, sweetest, youngest and earliest for the better sort, the later and meaner kindes for the meaner, who doe not give the deerest price." The shoots of asparagus were, he writes, "a sallet of as much esteem with all sorts of persons, as any other whatsoever, being boyled tender, and eaten with butter, vinegar and pepper, or oyle and vinegar."

We must not linger in the orchard, to which Parkinson devotes his third book, and which includes all kinds of fruit; there were probably as many varieties of apples and plums as are cultivated now, and medlars, quinces, and mulberries are mentioned with honor. Small fruit was evidently less highly esteemed, although he admits that strawberries are "a good cooling and pleasant dish in the hot Summer season." Of the wild strawberry he says that, "it may be eaten and chewed in the mouth without any manner of offence: it is no great bearer, but those it doth beare are set at the toppes of the stalks, close together, pleasant to behold and fit for a Gentlewoman to weare on her arme, etc., as a raritie instead of a flower." The same negative praise is bestowed on black currants, of which he says that "both branches, leaves and fruit, have a kind of stinking sent with them, yet they are not unwholesome, but the berries are eaten of many, without offending either taste or smell."

Three chapters are devoted to the process of grafting, and the tools to be used—an art in which we have probably learned little in the last two hundred years. He gives practical directions as to the best aspect for an orchard, its soil, and manures. The fruit appears to have been generally grown on standard trees, although he occasionally advises that they should be placed against a north wall. Many kinds of grapes, and even orange-trees, were grown in the open air,

but he adds that the latter must be protected in the winter, and "for that purpose some keepe them in great square boxes, and cause them to be rowled by trundels or small wheels into a gallerie; but no tent or meane provision will preserve them."

We have, perhaps, dwelt too long on a book curious in itself, and calling up pleasant and refreshing pictures of sunny gardens which once covered the ever-widening area on which London fastens its tentacles like a monstrous polype. We end where we began, with the suggestion that carpet-bedding should be reckoned among the luxuries of the rich and great, who keep head-gardeners at a salary which would support two curates, and who have to find employment for the army of assistants who work under these exalted chiefs, and to provide plants to fill acres of glass houses. The brilliant piece of mosaic work called a flower-garden, through which the owner walks once or twice in the course of his stay at his country-house, is as much an appendage of state as powdered footmen or stables filled with sleek and pampered horses. But for the many, for those who love flowers for their own sake, and take pleasure in gardening as an occupation which involves the expenditure of time and loving care, rather than of money, we advocate such "a garden of delight" as old Parkinson described to readers who, like their flowers, have long since mouldered into dust—a garden in which we seek to reproduce, and by skilful culture and grouping to enhance, the luxuriance, the beauty, the infinite variety of form and color which we find in nature.—MARGARET A. PAUL, *in Nineteenth Century.*

JOHN THADEUS DELANE.

JOHN THADEUS DELANE was born in South Molton Street, London, on the 11th of October, 1817. He was the second son of William Frederick Augustus Delane, barrister-at-law, who again was son of Cavin Delane, one of the sergeants-at-arms of George III. The name was no doubt originally Irish; Delaney, of Mountreth, in the Queen's County, the final "y" being dropped when the family passed over to England. The grandfather, who was a man of great taste, and an accomplished musician, died, leaving two children, a son William, mentioned above, and a daughter, successively the wife of Captain Donaldson and of Mr. I. Moncrieff Arnott, the eminent surgeon. On his death at Old Windsor, he left a considerable fortune to his children, of which the son's share, by the carelessness of trustees, was, after expensive litigation, entirely lost. These losses rendered it necessary for the son to enter some profession, and he was called to the bar. At this time he lived chiefly at the lodge in

the parish of Easthampstead, on a property which had belonged to the family for some years, and to which were added houses and land in the adjoining village of Bracknell. At a very early age, Mr. Delane had married Miss Mary Ann Babington, niece of Colonel John Babington, a distinguished cavalry officer, who served in the 14th Light Dragoons in the Peninsular War. Of this union were born nine children, four sons—William, John, George, and Walter; and five daughters—Elizabeth, Georgina, Frances, Isabella, and Emily. The second son, John Thadeus, rose to be one of the most remarkable men of his time. Though not born in Berkshire, he was reared in that famous county, and in that corner of it bordering on Surrey which abounds in woods and heather, and which still retains with the independence and manliness and beauty of its peasantry a smack of the freedom and lawlessness of the old forest days. If this be the case in these degenerate days of encroachments and inclosures, what must have been the feeling of freedom and delightful sense of elbow-room with which John Delane grew up, when Windsor Forest still stretched to Sandhurst, when Bagshot Heath was a heath indeed, and when the great parish of Winkfield, thirty miles in compass, contained within its boundaries many thousand acres of waste and heath? Before the inclosure of that outlying portion of Windsor Forest, the deer lay out all over that wide district. Venison was not unusually found in cottages; and so far as roads and fences were concerned, the country between Farnham and Windsor was much in the same state as when Swift rode between those places as he bore messages from Sir William Temple to William III.; or when he recalled to Stella's recollection his walks to London from Moor Park, his route passing by that famous roadside inn, the Golden Farmer, at the summit of the heath above the town of Bagshot; a sign which, we regret to say, some wiseacre has recently seen fit to turn into the "Jolly Farmer." The Golden Farmer's house was the resort of highwaymen, and his "gold" was gained by his being a partaker with them in their depredations on the traveller.

With such surroundings it is not surprising that John Delane grew up free and fearless in his nature. In all the memories of those distant days there is none on which the mind dwells with greater pleasure than on that united family growing up in grace and beauty and mutual affection under their parents' roof, each member preparing for the career which was to be its lot in after life. Of John it may be said that his education was of the woods and heaths rather than of the schoolroom or the desk. From his earliest years his great delight was to be in the saddle scouring the wastes, and later on to drive long distances either on business or pleasure. But though he had little book-learning, and could not be called a scholar in the university sense of the word, there never was boy or man who possessed greater power of mastering any given subject in the shortest space of time.

In this respect, both in his youth and middle age, he reminded those who knew him best of the character given by Thucydides of Pericles—"that he was by his natural intelligence, without the help of instruction before or after, the best judge, on the shortest deliberation, of any matter in hand, and also the ablest forecaster of what the issue would be."

After beginning his education at one if not two private schools, John Delane, in the year 1833, was transferred to King's College, London, then recently established, where he remained about two years. In mathematics, like many great men, he did little or nothing in that short space; but those who sat with him in the classical lectures of the lamented Joseph Anstice were amazed at the readiness with which, after the barest preparation, generally derived from a translation, he would render the most difficult passages into the happiest mother English. From King's College he passed to a private tutor at Farringdon, on the other border of Berkshire, exchanging his old heaths and deer for downs and sheep; and in 1836 he proceeded to Oxford, having matriculated at Magdalene Hall, where the felicity of his construing, with just as little preparation as before, made the whole lecture-room sure that whenever he went up for his degree he must take high honors. But this was not to be. He was fitting himself by his readiness and intuitive grasp of mind for higher honors than those to be attained at Oxford. Though generally attentive to chapel and regular at lecture, there still were days when a favorite meet of the hounds proved too tempting for him. He was in the saddle and off, leaving a note to his tutor, Dr. Jacobson, asking leave, which was sometimes delivered after his departure. "Mr. Delane's leave is sometimes French leave," was the tutor's remark; "but then we must remember that he, like the ancient Centaurs, is part and parcel of his horse." But these little irregularities were soon forgotten and forgiven; the whole Hall was fond of him and proud of him, though no one of its inmates could foresee what a much greater honor John Delane was ultimately to be to them. Before we leave his life at Oxford let us add that the distances covered by him on horseback were remarkable. He thought nothing of riding to Farringdon and back, or to Banbury and back, between hall and midnight; and on one occasion he rode from Oxford to Bracknell and back in one day, that he might see one of his sisters who was dangerously ill of scarlet fever.

In 1839 he took his degree, and now came suddenly the turning-point in his career. Residence in Berkshire had brought Mr. Delane, the father, into intimacy with the late Mr. Walter, the well-known proprietor of the *Times* newspaper. In Mr. Walter's election struggles for Berkshire both father and son had helped actively in the contest. For this in the days of stage-coaches and post-horses the fondness for riding and driving displayed by the family had been of

great service. The result was that the father was appointed financial manager of the *Times*, while the son soon attracted the notice of Mr. Walter, one of the shrewdest judges of character and worth that ever lived. At that time the post of editor of the paper was filled by Mr. Thomas Barnes, a man of great power and ability, but whose health, though he was not much over fifty, was beginning to fail. His colleague in the editorial conduct of the paper was Mr. Bacon, a much younger man, whose health was even worse than that of his chief. Little more than a year after John Delane left the university, both Mr. Bacon and Mr. Barnes died, the latter in May, 1841. Thus deprived of both the conductors of the *Times*, Mr. Walter, in whom the appointment solely vested, determined on filling the vacant post by the son of his friend, Mr. Delane. Thus John Delane, when he was twenty-three, became editor of the *Times*. The interval between his degree and his appointment had been filled by various duties connected with the great newspaper, in each of which he justified his reputation for quickness of apprehension and readiness of resource. In the spring of 1845 he was joined by his old friend George Dasent, who for five and twenty years continued his colleague in the editorship.—Of very different natures the two brothers-in-law, Walter's "three-year-olds" as they were called, each contributed something which was wanting in the character of the other, and the result was a remarkable smoothness and evenness in the conduct of the paper.

Looking back on the history of the years between the present time and 1841, we seem to be gazing into the craters of extinct volcanoes. The inflammable matter which fed the fire of debate, and the fury with which each step of political progress was discussed by the great antagonists on either side, has been so utterly burned out and extinguished that we in this generation who dwell on the fertile soil of social and religious freedom formed by those convulsions can scarcely believe in the bitterness of the struggle and the ability and boldness of the statesmen by whom each prize of our present liberties was won. We imagine that these green fields and pleasant pastures were always the easy abode of political indolence, and that do-nothing ministries with their servile supporters always held rule in England. There is this difference between the position of the editor of a great organ of public opinion like the *Times* and prime ministers and statesmen, that while they last but for a while, and either vanish, the victims of greater geniuses, or by accident and impolicy, or, it may be, tripped up by intrigues and insubordination within their own ranks, he goes on forever; so long, at least, as he has strength and ability to meet the demands made upon his energies. Between May, 1841, when John Delane became virtually the editor of the *Times*, to the present date, there have been no less than twelve changes of administration, based for the most part on great changes or attempted reversals of policy.

Consider the advantage which the permanency of his tenure of office gave to a man of Delane's capacity in dealing with political pieces so often swept off the board and replaced merely to begin the game of government anew. While statesmen on either side were bent on checkmating their antagonists, he may be said to have played the part of a moderator or dictator, to whom sooner or later they must one and all come for assistance and advice. Taking this view of his position, he was at no time what could be called a party man. That his instincts were intensely liberal, the columns of the *Times* during his whole tenure of office remain to prove. They are composed out of the very ore of liberty and progress, and will forever remain the best monument to his memory. But he regarded the fall of one administration and the formation of another with quite other feelings than those of the wire-pullers of parties—of the Tadpoles and Tapers—who deemed the end of the world was at hand if Whig ousted Tory or Tory Whig in the struggle for political power. If he thought of prime ministers or cabinets when these changes, inseparable from the essence of constitutional government, occurred, it was perhaps with personal regret that this or that friend had fallen, but always with the reserve and conviction of what was due to a sense of his own vocation. It was his pride to administer the editorship justly and generously, without respect of parties or personal favor, and he remembered that, if he were the intimate friend of statesmen, he had a higher dignity ; that he too was a prime minister—the prime minister of the public, and that it was his duty to serve them, and with them the friends and employers who were proud of him, and reposed unlimited confidence in him, with all his heart and soul to the very utmost of his power.

In this respect John Delane only showed himself the apt pupil of Mr. Walter, the patron who promoted him, whose great political maxim was never to be such great friends with a statesman as to forget that he might one day be your foe, but at the same time to bear in mind that if he were now your foe he might still be one day your friend. To this great principle, which became traditional and hereditary in the conduct of the great newspaper founded by the Walter family, John Delane was faithful and loyal during the whole of his rule over the *Times*. It was the keystone to his personal independence and to the power of the paper, and it enhanced tenfold the value of its adhesion and support ; as was most gracefully recognized on a memorable occasion by the late Sir Robert Peel. No journalist of our time, none of any time, ever lived in more constant communication with statesmen of all opinions than John Delane, but no one was less their servant. He ever met them on equal terms, and if he was often indebted to them for priority of information as to political events just looming in the future, he gave them more than they brought ; he, too, had exclusive intelligence to impart—foresight as

to the temper of the people, the soundest advice as to the success or failure of political ventures, and, above all, wholesome warnings of the danger which ever tracks the course of those who embark on the great ocean of politics in an ill-found vessel manned by an unruly crew. In these respects no man of our time has possessed more political sagacity, and the friends who had likened him to the great Athenian statesman when he was only an undergraduate, were proud to find their comparison verified by the insight which he showed in predicting the course which events would take with an unfailing certainty, which seemed akin to divine intuition.

And so it happened that for many years the *Times* newspaper, with Delane as its conductor, outstripped all its competitors, not only in the priority and excellence of its information and intelligence, but also in the readiness and power with which it commented on each fact of news for the instruction of the public. When we remember that in the great questions of the poor law and free trade; in Irish policy, beginning with the turbulent times of O'Connell, and ending with the abolition of the Irish Church, and the improvement of the land laws; in its support of Sir Robert Peel's financial measures and in the repeal of the navigation laws—not to speak of the efforts of the paper in the cause of civil and religious liberty, as in the emancipation of the Jews and the removal of disabilities from Dissenters—when we remember, we say, that to the triumph of every one of these great measures, and many more, the *Times*, under John Delane, mainly contributed, while other organs of the press growled or shrieked as if the country were about to be utterly ruined, we shall be amazed at the courage and mental resources of the man who, without cessation or rest, could undertake the advocacy of each of these great changes, and never rest to labor for them day and night till he had done his best to bring one and all of them to a happy conclusion.

To war and its consequences he seemed naturally averse. It was with great reluctance that he saw the country embark in the Crimean War, though once engaged in the struggle he spared no pains and grudged no money to bring it to a victorious end. He possessed great knowledge of military affairs and details, and statesmen now living can bear witness to the extent of his information on those matters, and to the mastery which he ever exhibited over the whole subject. But he looked on foreign war as a waste of our national resources, and once, at least, in the struggle between Denmark and Austria and Prussia for the Duchies, had a great hand in restraining the martial desires of a portion of Lord Palmerston's cabinet. Later on, in 1870, he showed his sagacity in predicting the triumph of the German arms, while most of the world were sure that the French would be at Berlin in a month. Throughout the rest of that struggle his support, so far as it went, was freely given to Germany, chiefly

because he distrusted the policy of the Emperor Napoleon, and thought the success of Germany most advantageous to England.

That a man so influential in position and so gifted by nature should have been sought out by ministers and courted by society, was a matter of course. Besides, it was his duty to consort with cabinet ministers and to mix in the great world if he could advance the interests of the paper, and at the same time escape the enervating influence of flattery and intrigue. We believe it would be the universal verdict of the statesmen with whom he constantly associated, and of the gay crowds in which he sometimes appeared, in them but not of them, that no man was so little spoiled by society as John Delane. He was the least given to gossip of any man, and no one could say that he had ever been tempted by vanity to reveal any of the many secrets which had been confided to his keeping. That he was more drawn to one statesman than to another is only to say that he was a man. Of all his friends of that class we believe he respected Lord Aberdeen the most, who had been his Mentor when he was new to his work, while his affection was most shown to Lord Palmerston, who in his geniality and readiness, and, if one may so speak, in the hand-to-mouth character of his statesmanship, resembled the natural leanings of Delane's mind. Some have thought that this was shown too much in the unfailing support which the *Times* gave to Lord Palmerston's policy, and especially to his postponement of reform. It was feared lest the younger of the two might find when his Nestor had departed that he had left a deluge of constitutional arrears behind him. This danger, if it ever existed, terminated with Lord Palmerston's death, since which event no prime minister can be said to have stood in the same dangerous intimacy with Delane.

In considering the life of a great man, the question ever arises, How much of his fame was due to himself, and how much to fortune? Had it not been that he was his father's son, and that the Walters, father and son, had been his firm friends, would the world ever have heard of John Delane? Perhaps not as editor of the *Times*, in that no doubt fortune stood his friend; but he was made of that strong stuff and the fibre of his mind was so tough and elastic that if he had not chosen to spend his life shrouded in the veil which hides the personality of an editor from ordinary eyes, the world would assuredly have heard of him as famous in other fields of action. How great a general, or how good a judge, how subtle a diplomatist, or how far-sighted a minister he might have been, the world will never know; but those who knew him best, and worked with him by day and night, know that in his conduct of the *Times* he displayed by turns all the characteristics of these noble professions. Of undaunted courage, admirable judicial power, profound knowledge of men and society, and the sharpest political foresight, he combined in himself all the qualities which make a man famous.

This was the great secret of his success as a leader of men. All who erved with him or worked under him felt sure that, whatever the mergency, and however short the notice, John Delane would never e taken by surprise, that he would be equal to the occasion, and hat the *Times* would be itself the next morning. No man ever had uch willing workers, no workers ever served an abler leader. It is aid there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it; but the ea is wide, and it must be a cunning fisher who could cast his net nd catch so noble a fish as John Delane. Of arrogance and rude- ess he had the greatest scorn, together with the happiest way of ealing with such people; as, when at an Oxford breakfast party, a embroke man asked whether the gentlemen commoners of Magda- en Hall dined in hall with their wives and children. "Just as ue," replied Delane, "as that the knives and forks at Pembroke are hained to the table lest the undergraduates should run away with hem."

Turning for a moment to what may be called his personal conduct f the *Times*, it has been said that he was "no writer." This is only ue in one sense, and wrong in another. He did not write, but he new how to write, and that better than most men. Much that ap- eared in the paper under the head of leading articles was so amend- d by his pen that it was in reality Delane's handiwork, and the ablest riters, instead of feeling impatient at his alterations and corrections, ere free to confess that he had much improved their composition. n this he was in his full right, for he alone was responsible for what as published. It is true he had no need to write, for he was sup- orted by a staff of writers who were devoted to him, and who were nequalled in their several styles for capacity and grace of diction. n one sense no living man, so far as our informatioa goes, could ap- roach him. He was beyond compare the best writer of letters of is day. His letters of instruction and advice to those who wrote for im were matchless. They were models of instruction, never missing point, terse and yet brilliant. They put life into the dead bones f a subject, and as he read the writer was warmed by admiration to o his best. His letters to his friends and family were full of the ost striking thoughts clothed in the simplest and purest English. thers were full of playful sallies, in which he reproached his friends r shortcomings and indolence, and thus jestingly led them on to etter behavior. On two memorable occasions, on great provocation, e emerged from the mystery of the editor's room and entered into a ntroversy with two great public men, one long since gone, the other ill with us. This step in our opinion was a mistake, but certainly ose letters as they remain will do no injustice to his ability as a riter.

What is left but to say that in private life no man was more affec- onate in his nature, and certainly none more beloved by his family

and friends. He had very simple tastes, though generous to a fault. To one love he remained constant almost to the end. On his writing-table in Sergeants' Inn lay a hoof of one of his old Oxford horses set in silver, and he was never so happy as when he was on horseback galloping over the Berkshire heaths to some review at Aldershot, or following the autumn manœuvres along the breezy Wiltshire downs. Up to two years of his death he continued to be the "centaur" which he had shown himself at Oxford; and when he could no longer ride, his chief delight was to drive to his old home near Bracknell, or to the peaceful churchyard of Easthampstead, where he sleeps side by side with his father and mother. There he has "rest from his labors," but it may be truly said that "his works do follow him," for they are to be found in the columns of that great newspaper which it was his pride and good fortune to have raised to unexampled excellence.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

PRAYER AMONG ALL NATIONS.

MAN alone, it is said, of all the creatures, naturally turns his eyes upward: for all other living things the heavens have no special attractions. Religious reverence and dependence are, in fact, an instinct of our nature. The lower orders of God's family may look to their parents in their infancy, but when they leave them there is no further recognition on either side. The domesticated animals, or those tamed by man, may, and often do, look to their master with a touching affection or an humble confidence, but they seem as if they had learned to do so from having caught a touch of man's own attributes from companionship with him. In the human race alone is there everywhere seen a consciousness of weakness, a sense of guilt, and a need of help and pardon, which, in all races and in all ages, finds its expression in religious emotions toward a Higher Power.

The best possible answer to those who make light of prayer is this fact of its universal practice. Go where we like, we find it. Not only the Egyptian, the Hebrew, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Turk, and the Arab, but all men, of every nation, yield to the instinct that turns them toward the unseen God.

Nor are the attitudes assumed in their devotions less significant of the feelings with which it is universally felt due to ourselves and to our Maker to approach him. A sense of nothingness in the presence of Infinite Majesty could find no stronger expression than for a worshipper to cast himself with his face on the ground. Humiliation could go no farther. It is the ideal of self-debasement before one immeasurably above us. Contrition for guilt could show itself in no

way more vividly than in the crossed hands over the bosom to keep down its swelling grief. The sense of absolute dependence speaks aloud in the stretched-out hands and in the eager gaze upward. The need of a full and free confession is marked in every attitude we assume in our devotions, and there could be nothing more touching than the felt need of sincere amendment which speaks in them all alike. We may read the whole circle of human conceptions of the nature of religion from the modes in which its highest act of worship is performed.

There are several characteristic features of Mahometans in prayer, but no one can have watched the devotions in a mosque without noticing that others, besides, are in use. There are, in fact, nine in all, common among the followers of the Prophet, marking an appropriate succession for the different portions of their devotion. No system is more intensely one of ritual than Islamism, and hence their various attitudes are most studiously observed in their exact order, as essential to the success of the prayer offered.

It is, indeed, one of the saddest of facts that the form of religious acts is so often set above the spirit. It was thus with prayer in the religions of antiquity, and it is thus with Islamism. The state of heart of a Mahometan worshipper literally counts for nothing. No ardor of faith or purity of intention can atone for a ceremonial defect. This is evident from some of the directions regarding prayer. "When any one of you says his prayers," we are told, "he *must* have something in front of him, and if he cannot find anything suitable, let him put his walking-stick into the ground. If he have no staff, he must draw a line on the ground. After this, it will not injure his prayers if any one pass in front of him." To pass before a man when he is praying is, indeed, a crime so terrible that the Prophet authorized a believer to draw his sword and cut down one who had been guilty of it, and further declared that if a passer-by only knew the sin of going before a person employed in prayer, it would be better for him to sink into the earth.

The attitudes of all nations in prayer are essentially alike in the feeling implied, though varied in outward form. Thus, the Egyptian monuments show us some figures standing in prayer, with their hands outstretched; others kneeling on one knee or on both knees, with hands uplifted. The fine bronze statue of the Praying Boy, in the Berlin Museum, shows that among the ancient Greeks the ideal attitude in prayer was to stand, with the hands stretched out and lifted somewhat above the head. A sculpture of an erect praying figure on the ancient Hindoo temple at Madura has the palms of the hands pressed together over the breast; in the catacombs, on the other hand, the usual attitude ascribed to the early Christians is that of standing, with the palms turned outward and lifted as high as the shoulders.

It is a curious fact, by the way, as showing how entirely it is taken for granted that we will instinctively pray, that there is no general command, "Ye shall pray," in the whole Word of God. We are told how we are to pray, that we should "pray always," and much more; but it has not been deemed needful to enforce prayer by a specific demand, since nature itself prompts all men infallibly to offer it. Resting thus on our instincts, a positive institution of the practice was not needed.

The eyes of him who looks toward God and a better world turn instinctively to heaven. The first altars were on heights, that the flame of the sacrifice might freely ascend to the skies. Jesus, also, as he prayed, lifted up his eyes toward heaven, and since he has ascended to the Father, and sits at his right hand, our eyes ought to be raised toward him there, rather than bent on the crucifix, or the elements on his table, as has become the custom to too great a degree, in imitation of the Church of Rome.

Standing, in public prayer, is still the mode in use among the Jews, and is in many ways fitting, as the expression of reverence, subjection, and readiness to serve, as in the case of servants standing before their master, or as in that of the angels before the throne of God. Thus Hannah stood praying before the Lord, and thus Solomon stood before the altar of the Lord, in the presence of the whole congregation of Israel. It is added that "he spread forth his hands toward heaven" as he began to pray; thus indicating an additional feature, in some instances, of Hebrew devotion. Thus to stretch out the hands is, like the other postures in supplication, almost an instinctive one, as the expression of a craving for help and favor and for a union with the Being addressed, as if an unseen hand would be stretched out to grasp our own, and draw us once more to his feet in love and reconciliation, or as if we were waiting to receive the answer graciously vouchsafed us, and reached out to meet it as it came. Even children, it is well known, express their feelings thus toward those to whom they address their endearing entreaties, and men are only children of a larger growth before the Eternal Father.

Kneeling in prayer, also, is sanctified by no less supreme an example than that of our Lord himself. But from the first, men had kneeled in their devotions, for Solomon did so; and Ezra tells us that having rent his garment and his mantle, he fell upon his knees, and spread out his hands unto the Lord his God. Daniel, also, "kneeled upon his knees," when he prayed and gave thanks unto his God. The deep contrition of the publican showed itself by his not presuming even to look to heaven or to the Holy of Holies, and by his smiting on his breast, as all men are wont to do in deep sorrow. In his profound emotion at Carmel, Elijah "cast himself down on the earth, and put his face between his knees." Indeed, any posture which the

heart dictated at the moment was permitted among the Jews. Sincerity, not formalism, was the great requirement by God.

In one thing, however, Eastern nations differ essentially from those of the West, in their ideas of reverence. We uncover our heads to pray: they think such a custom most disrespectful to God, and hence, even in the synagogues of Europe, always wear their hats during worship. The secrecy of prayer, moreover, with us, is very opposite to the practice of the East, where a strict Mahometan kneels before all, at the set hour, even in the open street.

The Jew of old looked toward the Holy of Holies in the Tabernacle or the Temple: when exiled, he prayed with his face toward Jerusalem—a custom still continued. The Mahometan prays toward the Kaaba of Mecca. The Parsee prays toward the rising sun. But in Christianity there is no earthly object toward which we are to direct our devotions, for local holiness of a spot or building was always discountenanced by our Lord, who told the woman at Jacob's well that the great matter in the worship of God was not its being offered either on Mount Moriah or on Mount Gerizim, but rather in its being the utterance of spirit and truth.

CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, *in Day of Rest.*

AN ANTIQUARY'S GHOST STORY.

LITTLE more than two months have passed since my personal experience of mental phenomena was strikingly enlarged by the occurrence with which the following narrative deals. Yet already I find that round the original story there has gathered a surprising accumulation of the mythical element, and that I myself am in danger of becoming a hero of romance in more senses than one. As I object to be looked upon as a kind of medium to whom supernatural visitations are vouchsafed, and, on the other hand, do not wish to be set down as a crazy dreamer whose disorganized nervous system renders him abnormally liable to fantastic delusions, I have yielded to the earnest request of some who have begged me to make public the following paper. I am told that there are those who busy themselves in collecting similar stories, and if it be so, it is better they should hear the facts from me than after they have passed through other channels. The narrative was written, at the request of a friend, not many days after the event, when all the circumstances were fresh in my recollection.

On the 10th of October, 1879, I drove over from Norwich to Mannington Hall to spend the night at Lord Orford's. Though I was in perfect health and high spirits, it is fair to state that for some

weeks previously I had had a great deal to think about, some little anxiety, and some considerable mental strain of one kind or another. It was not, however, conscious of anything approaching weariness, irritability, or "fag." I arrived at four P.M., and was engaged in pleasant and animated conversation till it was time to dress for dinner. We dined at seven; our party numbered six persons. Of these four at least had been great travellers. I myself was rather a listener; the talk was general and discursive, and amused and interested me greatly. Not for a single moment did it turn upon the supernatural; it was chiefly concerned with questions of art and the experiences of men who had seen a great deal of the world, and could describe intelligently what they had seen and comment upon it suggestively. I have very rarely been at a more pleasant party. After dinner we played a rubber. We "left off as we began," and as two of the guests had some distance to drive we broke up at half past ten.

The main object of my going over to Mannington was to examine and take notes upon some very rare books in Lord Orford's library, which I had been anxiously wishing to get a sight of for some years, but had never been fortunate enough to meet with up to this time. I asked leave to sit up for some hours and make transcripts. His lordship at first wished me to let his valet remain in attendance to see all lights put out, but as this would have embarrassed me and compelled me to go to bed earlier than I wished, and as it seemed likely that I should be occupied till two or three in the morning, it was agreed that I should be left to my own devices and the servants should be allowed to retire. By eleven o'clock I was the only person down-stairs, and I was very soon busily at work and absorbed in my occupation.

The room in which I was writing is a large one, with a huge fireplace and a grand old chimney; and it is needless to say that it is furnished with every comfort and luxury. The library opens into this room, and I had to pass out from where I was sitting into this library and get upon a chair to reach the volumes I wanted to examine. There were six small volumes in all. I took them down and placed them at my right hand in a little pile, and set to work—sometimes reading, sometimes writing. As I finished with a book I placed it in front of me. There were four silver candlesticks upon the table, the candles all burning, and, as I am a chilly person, I sat myself at one corner of the table with the fire at my left, and at intervals, as I had finished with a book, I rose, knocked the fire together, and stood up to warm my feet. I continued in this way at my task till nearly one o'clock. I had got on better than I expected, and I had only one more book to occupy me. I rose, wound up my watch, and opened a bottle of seltzer water, and I remember thinking to myself that I should get to bed by two after all. I set to work at the

last little book. I had been engaged upon it about half an hour, and was just beginning to think that my work was drawing to a close, when, *as I was actually writing*, I saw a large white hand within a foot of my elbow. Turning my head, there sat a figure of a somewhat large man, with his back to the fire, bending slightly over the table, and apparently examining the pile of books that I had been at work upon. The man's face was turned away from me, but I saw his closely cut reddish-brown hair, his ear and shaved cheek, the eyebrow, the corner of the right eye, the side of the forehead, and the large high cheek-bone. He was dressed in what I can only describe as a kind of ecclesiastical habit of thick corded silk or some such material, close up to the throat, and a narrow rim or edging, of about an inch broad, of satin or velvet serving as a stand-up collar, and fitting close to the chin. The right hand, which had first attracted my attention, was clasping, without any great pressure, the left hand; both hands were in perfect repose, and the large blue veins of the right hand were conspicuous. I remember thinking that the hand was like the hand of Velasquez's magnificent "Dead Knight" in the National Gallery. I looked at my visitor for some seconds, and was perfectly sure that he was not a reality. A thousand thoughts came crowding upon me, but not the least feeling of alarm or even uneasiness; curiosity and a strong interest were uppermost. For an instant I felt eager to make a sketch of my friend, and I looked at a tray on my right for a pencil; then I thought, "Up-stairs I have a sketch-book—shall I fetch it?" There he sat, and I was fascinated; afraid, not of his staying, *but lest he should go*. Stopping in my writing, I lifted my left hand from the paper, stretched it out to the pile of books, and moved the top one. I cannot explain why I did this—my arm passed in front of the figure, and it vanished. I was simply disappointed, and nothing more. I went on with my writing as if nothing had happened, perhaps for another five minutes, and I had actually got to the last few words of what I had determined to extract when the figure appeared again, exactly in the same place and attitude as before. I saw the hands close to my own; I turned my head again, to examine him more closely, and I was framing a sentence to address to him when I discovered that I did not dare to speak. *I was afraid of the sound of my own voice*. There he sat, and there sat I. I turned my head again to my work, and finished writing the two or three words I still had to write. The paper and my notes are at this moment before me, and exhibit not the slightest tremor or nervousness. I could point out the words I was writing when the phantom came and when he disappeared. Having finished my task, I shut the book and threw it on the table; it made a slight noise as it fell—the figure vanished.

Throwing myself back in my chair, I sat for some seconds looking at the fire with a curious mixture of feeling, and I remember wondering

whether my friend would come again, and if he did whether he would hide the fire from me. Then first there stole upon me a dread and a suspicion that I was beginning to lose my nerve. I remember yawning; then I rose, lit my bedroom candle, took my books into the inner library, mounted the chair as before, and replaced five of the volumes; the sixth I brought back and laid upon the table where I had been writing when the phantom did me the honor to appear to me. By this time I had lost all sense of uneasiness. I blew out the four candles and marched off to bed, where I slept the sleep of the just or the guilty—I know not which—but I slept very soundly.

This is a simple and unvarnished narrative of facts. Explanation, theory, or inference I leave to others.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D.

FREE TRADE, RAILWAYS, AND THE GROWTH OF COMMERCE;

OR,

An Attempt to estimate the Comparative Effects of (1) *Liberation of Intercourse and* (2) *Improvement of Locomotion upon the Trade and Wealth of the United Kingdom during the last Half Century.*

It is now nearly forty years since the war against protective legislation, so miscalled, was carried over from the study of the economist, and the platform of the Anti-Corn-Law League, to the arena of Parliament, and began to take the form of serious and trenchant legislation. During more than five-and-twenty of those years the British agriculturist has been exposed to a competition with the rest of the world almost absolutely free; and the ruin predicted for him by his friends took this peculiar form, not only that he survived, but that for a full quarter of a century there never was once raised that cry of agricultural distress which, under the system of protection, invariably pierced the ears of Parliament at intervals of a few short years. The growth of general trade has notoriously, during the entire period from 1842, been enormous.

But a season of pressure and distress, both for commercial and for agricultural producers, has at length arrived. There are a set of gentlemen who have ever believed and professed themselves to be the only, or the very best, allies of the farmer. With this belief and profession, they ought to have directed his mind by their advice to what was useful to him and practicable in itself. But unhappily their plan of action has been to recommend to him what they ought to have known to be unattainable, and for the most part what, even if attainable, would have been mischievous alike to him and the community. They have thus been in fact, though not in design, his perpetual evil genius, his tempters, and his betrayers. On this new occasion, they have declared or hinted to him that he had better cry aloud for a revival of protection. That remedy the farmer has had the good sense to eye askance. Yet some persons in parliamentary, and even in official, positions appear still to do their best to mislead him; while, among particular sections of manufacturers and workmen, a desire has been exhibited to revive the reign of restriction, at least on their own behalf.

There is no evidence that our trading neo-protectionists are in general prepared to renew the restraints upon the importation of bread and meat for the people. But if the reign of impoverishment is to be newly proclaimed, let it run equably all round. Until something in the nature of a balanced plan, for an equable distribution of the poison, shall have been adjusted, neither decency nor policy will allow of any serious combination or effort. Still, the mere fact that the scattered elements of disturbance should exist, and exist under countenance from some of those who are marked out by position as the born guides and rulers of the land, is, if not a danger to the State, yet perhaps a scandal to the age. The fortress of commercial freedom is indeed strong against all open assault; but stealthy approaches, by mining and the like, are not out of the question. It is at any rate well to survey from time to time the bulwarks, and to realize for ourselves what we owe to those most conservative and most philanthropic changes, which were purchased at so heavy a cost in time, labor, discussion, and intrigue. It is well to hold fast in our memory the debt which we owe to freedom of trade; but we shall lodge it the more safely there if we have first placed it clearly before our eyes in its true form and dimensions.

And here arises in our face the difficulty with which in this paper I propose to deal. We have the admitted fact of an enormous, an unexampled, material progress since the *novus ordo sæclorum*, and the emancipation of our industry, began. But, during the same period, other agencies, confessedly tending in the same direction, have been at work. To these other agencies, of which railways have been the most powerful and conspicuous, the whole result has often been ascribed by those among the opponents of free trade who were usually the most courageous, honest, and obtuse. But even the heartiest and most sanguine free trader must admit that they have made a large contribution to the general upshot. Are there, then, any means by which we can divide the spoil, that is to say the honor and the credit, rendering to each set of influences its due?

I am of opinion that this cannot be done, by any means we now possess, with anything like precision; but that an approximation to the truth can be made, such as to be of great interest in itself, and of great value for practical purposes. The interest is that which necessarily attaches to every expedient available for measuring the material results of great legislative changes. The practical purpose is to shut the mouths of those who still maintain that "free trade" has had no share in producing the vast expansion of our commerce, which has marked the last forty years; or who are endeavoring to practise upon the selfishness of class, with revival of protection as a motto on their flag; in some cases not without an apparent view to political ends.

I shall seek first to lay firmly the ground from which we are to start: by showing, in a summary way how completely protection did its duty, and earned its character, as a scheme for retarding, if it could not altogether prevent, the growth of national wealth.

My next business will be to avail myself of the important fact, which principally enables me to construct my main thesis: this, namely, that before legislation turned energetically toward commercial freedom the railway system was in operation, and for some few years in rather powerful operation.

Thirdly, my endeavor will be to set out as carefully as I can the effects of the great successive doses, or instalments, of free trade administered by legislation at certain principal epochs: there being this marked difference between railway extension and the abolition of restrictive laws, that the one may be practically assumed as a constant quantity, operating with a uniform increment from year to year, whereas the other has only marked certain sessions of Parliament, with periods of several years between them.

Fourthly, I propose to take these intervening periods severally, as affording in each case a measure, sufficiently accurate for the purpose in view, of the effect produced upon commerce by the immediately preceding instalment of what is termed free trade legislation.

Fifthly, as the legislation of 1860 very nearly completed the work of annihilating the protective system in this country, we have to fix a term for the development of the measures of that particular year. I propose to assume that they had produced their full effect by the end of the year 1866. We then have a period of several years, during which, although some relief was given to the country by remission of taxes, nothing was done which directly illustrates the benefit of removing protection. But through these years the railway system continued regularly to extend itself, and telegraphic communication was greatly extended. We therefore possess anew, for a period, part at least of the very same advantage which we had in 1832. We see railway extension and development continually at work without new legislative assistance, to any great extent, in liberating commerce from restraint.

I need not remind the reader conversant with algebra that a single equation, presenting to us two unknown quantities, cannot be solved without other aid. Such is the case of the progress we were achieving between 1842 and (say) 1866. But if we are furnished with another equation, exhibiting only one of the unknown quantities, we can then ascertain its value, and, substituting that value in the first equation for the symbol, we can then obtain the value of the second unknown quantity, that is to say, we can convert it into a known one. The period 1830–1842 offers us this single equation. Railways were then at work without free trade; and, ob-

serving what the one stimulant can effect without the other, we are more nearly in a condition to judge the amount of its efficacy where it is in operation together with the other.

So much for the outline of the process. Now as to the materials at command, and the terms to be employed.

The materials at command are principally these :

1. The returns of railway traffic and mileage.
2. The returns of the income tax.
3. The returns of exports of domestic produce.

But, before making any remarks on these materials, it may be well to speak of the terms which we shall have to employ. It will be necessary to sum up conventionally, for brevity and convenience, a variety of agencies on each side under some one name that does not, strictly speaking, convey each of them. These agencies may, I apprehend, be termed on the one side legislative ; on the other locomotive.

The legislative agencies have been in their nature negative. Our predecessors, in many things wise, have had dreadful fits of *dormitation* from time to time in their musings for the good of man. They thought it would turn to his profit if they carefully blocked by prohibition, or narrowed by regulation and taxation, most of the avenues by which the mind, and also the hand, of man conveyed and exchanged their respective products. The travelling of persons, and of goods, from one country to another was impeded by every sort of vexatious regulation. The press was deemed a dangerous institution, and newspapers were made by law dear and scarce. Private correspondence was heavily taxed for the commercial classes, while the peers, office-holders, and members of Parliament carried on their share of it for themselves and their friends by franking, which gave them a virtual exemption ; and it seems to have been deemed a matter in which the nation at large could have no concern. Even general literature was smitten through the paper duty and the duty on advertisements. I rank the introduction of cheap postage for letters, documents, patterns, and printed matter, and the abolition of all taxes on printed matter, in the category of what is commonly termed free trade legislation. Not only thought in general, but every communication, and every publication, relating to matters of business, was thus set free. These great measures, then, may well take their place beside the abolition of prohibitions and protective duties, the simplifying of revenue laws, and the repeal of the Navigation Act, as forming together the great code of industrial emancipation. Under this code, our race, restored to freedom in mind and hand, and braced by the powerful stimulus of open competition with the world, has upon the whole surpassed itself and every other, and has won for itself a commercial primacy more evident, more com-

prehensive, and more solid than it had at any previous time possessed.

We may thus place together in one category the whole of the negative provisions, that have given back a liberty in relation to all material pursuits, which had been unduly filched away. In order to include all the restraints connected with the function of the brain in the industrial world, I may properly call this great agency by some such name as Freedom or Liberation of Intercourse ; but on account of brevity, and of familiar use, I may likewise be permitted to refer to it by the name under which it has won its unrivalled honors, the name of Free Trade.

The group of agencies on the other side, which I seek to bring into a fair, if rough, comparison with liberation of intercourse, are positive, not negative ; and are also strictly material, not moral. They are very varied in their characters. The chief among them has, I apprehend, unquestionably been the marriage of the steam-engine to the rail, and its enlistment in the business of locomotion by land. This great invention was due, I believe, to a great man. Mr. Cobden has been irreverently called an inspired bagman ; but George Stephenson may more justly be called an inspired engineer. I had the honor of slightly knowing him in his later period, now some forty years back ; and this was the impression which the glowing old man, all instinct with the central fire of genius, made upon my mind. The wonderful device, *ἔξοχον σοφισμάτων*, was first put in act between Stockton and Darlington at the end of 1825 ; and I can recollect the picture, then so strange, of a train of wagons drawn by an engine, which was sent to my father to move him to take shares in the scheme for the railway between Manchester and Liverpool. For a while the scheme had seemed to sleep, but had really been under test, in its original cradle. It awoke in 1830, an infant Hercules indeed, who has now compelled into his single service a twelfth part of the property of the United Kingdom. There is something that touches the feelings in the recollection that the death of Mr. Huskisson gave a tragic color to the day of the great inauguration in the summer of that year. The calamity was perhaps immediately due to a shaken nervous system, which paralyzed his presence of mind. But in contemplating such an event the imagination will have its share. It might seem as if a human sacrifice were required for the sanction of the arduous undertaking, and as if no other life could avail than the life of the great and sagacious economist, who already, for his initial efforts toward the liberation of trade, had suffered a virulence of moral persecution probably without example in these times, and who now became, in another and yet more searching sense, a martyr to the cause of material progress.

Along with this gigantic agency, we have had (2) the great sister

invention of the telegraphs ; (3) the change from wood to iron in the construction of ships, with that establishment of ocean highways rapidly, regularly, and safely traversed by fleets of great steamers, which it so much aided ; (4) the constant progress of mechanical invention, which, however, was only the continuance of a process already in operation before railways began ; and (5) in like manner the continued application of the natural sciences in a thou sand forms to the cheapening and improvement of production. The two last of these causes, not being new and special, do not enter as largely into our immediate subject-matter as the three first ; though probably some allowance ought to be made for their more accelerated and extended action. Upon the whole, and looking at what is main and central rather than what is collateral or accidental, I think that what we have to compare with the liberation of intercourse may be summed up in the phrase improvement of locomotion ; the annihilation or depression of the difficulties that distance and its accompaniments had previously interposed ; the bringing near of persons, thoughts, and things that previously had been far. And as the facts of the great progression in railways are both the principal and the most accessible facts, and also have a movement in a certain measure proportioned to that of the sister facts, I may, for the sake of brevity, speak of the motive cause, or set of agencies, now before us as that of railways, and the periods of time which it may be convenient to mark out for division as railway-periods.

The problem before us, then, is to divide the credit of our material progress, by an approximation as fair as may be, between its two great factors, the liberation of intercourse and the improvement of locomotion.

Next as to the sources of information upon which we have to draw. My main instrument will be an examination of railway traffic and mileage on the one hand, of the dates of liberating or free trade legislation on the other. Next there will be the notice of the annual increment, or rate of progress, in our exports, in relation to the times when the one or the other agency can be shown to have specially affected them. And this is the proper place to establish certain general rules.

1. That, inasmuch as the railway factor, so to call it, or impulse from causes connected with locomotion, has on the whole been in course of pretty regular annual extension, the increment of its action may be taken, for practical purposes, as constant from year to year.

2. That the free-trade factor, so to call it, or impulse due to legislative emancipation of intercourse between men, has also been in course of progressive extension by new relaxations of restraint. The increment of its action, however, from year to year has not

been constant; it has been gathered into great masses at various periods from three or four to six or seven years apart, and will have to be estimated for those periods respectively.

3. That the increase of the exports of British produce from the country may be taken as upon the whole a sufficient index of the comparative effects which we are endeavoring to measure, though they are not to the same extent an index of the movement of the aggregate wealth of the country.

These general rules, not being self-evident in their character, will require some little comment respectively.

1. As regards the first, let not the reader be startled by finding that the *maximum* and *minimum* of the annual mileages opened during the railway period differ very widely, and that at short intervals. The greatest of these differences was between 1182 miles opened in 1848 after the great speculations of 1845 and 1846, and 226 miles opened in 1855. The very large extension in 1848 constituted a case of exception in railway history; and it did not prevent the exports of that year from standing, under the action of political disturbances, at a very low figure. How little it affected the steadiness of the general onward movement will be seen from the following brief table:

Year, to December 31	Miles of Railway open	Addition made	Number of Year	Annual Average
1842	1,857	—	—	—
1848	5,127	3,270	6	545
1852	7,336	2,209	4	552
1859	10,002	2,666	7	323
1865	13,289	3,287	6	549
1878	17,300	4,001	13	309

The mileage receipts have varied less (since 1837) than the lengths annually added.

In 1842 they were about 2300*l*., and they never fell below 2000*l*. except in 1848–50, when they ranged betwen that figure and 1950*l*., since which time they pretty steadily rose until they touched 3462*l*. in 1873. They stand at 3485*l*. for 1878.

There is one of these periods when the annual increment of mileage fell by more than 40 per cent on the average. But the time (1852–59) was remarkable for the extensive application of the telegraphic system to oversea transactions. There is therefore little cause to take notice of the variations in the extension given annually by fresh mileage to the railway factor.

2. With the free-trade factor the case is eminently otherwise.

The instalments, or, so to speak, doses of free trade were not administered with any approach either to annual uniformity or to periodical regularity. They were applied in a few particular years, separated by intervals of three, four, five, or seven years, during which the weapon lay dormant, or was so slightly used that we need not take notice of these intermediate transactions. We shall have to observe how the periodical increments of liberating laws, and through them of commercial facilities, quickened and enlarged the trade-movement, when it was advancing pretty steadily under a nearly constant action of railway facilities. We shall thus be enabled in some degree to measure the shares of propelling force due to the two respectively. We shall first find a certain amount of annual growth to be set down to the credit of the railway. Then, taking notice how far that annual growth is enlarged upon each successive access of an instalment or dose of free trade, we shall get at some basis for a view trustworthy in its general bearings.

There was no instalment of free trade, which need be taken into our account, before 1842. The remissions then granted did not take effect (except in the case of corn, where they were not important) until the seventh and tenth months of the year. I therefore take 1843 as the first operative year of the first instalment of liberal legislation under what was called the new tariff.

The second instalment was the new tariff of 1845.

The third instalment was the repeal of the Corn Laws at the opening of 1849, together with the repeal of the Navigation Laws during the Parliamentary session of that year.

The fourth was the new tariff of 1853, accompanied with the repeal of the soap duties and other changes.

The fifth and last great instalment was granted by the Customs Act of 1860, which at length gave nearly universal effect to the following principles :

1. That neither on raw produce, nor on food, nor on manufactured goods, should any duty of a protective character be charged.

2. That the sums necessary to be levied for the purposes of revenue in the shape of customs' duty should be raised upon the smallest possible number of articles.

The repeal of the excise duty on paper had formed a portion of the Budget of 1860. It entailed the severest Parliamentary struggle in which I have ever been engaged ; and by the novel action of the House of Lords it was postponed to 1861, when it emancipated, at length, a great article of trade, and allowed the full development of the cheap press. For the present purpose it may be regarded as belonging to 1860, the last of what I may call the cardinal or organic years, inasmuch as the protective duty on foreign paper was removed in that year.

These years, then, will mark out the periods at each of which fresh and powerful agencies of liberating legislation began to take effect in our system; and, like the affluents of a great river, swelled the volume of the stream of British commerce.

3. We shall measure, then, the effect of the two factors by the magnitude of our exports of British produce; but it is requisite to explain more distinctly the limits within which these are to be taken as indicators of national wealth.

Such exports will be admitted, I presume, to measure the foreign trade of the country; and the bulk of that trade will also measure, on an average of years, the amount of profit or addition to national wealth which is yielded by it. It does not seem necessary to include in our view the exports of foreign and colonial merchandise, for the following reasons: first, that it could not be done with accuracy, as the real values were not taken until 1854; and secondly, that it would not greatly affect the result, as its movement has in the main followed the movement in the exports of British produce.

It may, however, still be said that the foreign trade is not an accurate test of the home trade, nor therefore of the aggregate increase in the wealth of the nation. And here it may be convenient to advert to the growth of the income tax, which is much more closely a measure of the growth in national wealth than the exports The exports were

In 1842	£47,284,000
" 1878	190,045,000

or were almost exactly quadrupled.

The produce of the income tax per penny may be taken (due allowance being made for modifications of the basis) as

In 1842–4	£760,000
" 1877–8	1,911,000

In other words, while two have grown to eight in the one case, they have only grown to five in the other.

The case is further illustrated by comparing the growth in the two great schedules A and D. In thirty years, from 1842 to 1872, Schedule A, representing land and houses, together with mines, quarries, and the like, grew by less than 25 per cent, but Schedule D by more than 60 per cent. Schedule D legally includes (with much else) the profits of foreign trade; and this comparison of growths would be still more instructive if we could separate the mines and quarries from Schedule A all along, as they have now been severed since 1866

The income tax itself only represents the wealthier part of the community; and I greatly doubt whether it can be taken to indicate a fully corresponding growth in the means of those classes who do not pay it. Happily for us all, wages have improved,

while hours of labor have been diminished ; but, while taking into view the increase of population, I should hardly venture to assure more than a double ratio (at most) of the aggregate wealth of the whole community now as compared with 1842, which we have to compare with a fourfold ratio in the case of its foreign trade.

But the foreign trade is none the less the main instigator of progressive industry and enterprise in every domestic department ; so that the growth in the value of land, and yet more of houses, is largely due to it. All, however, that we need now assume, is that it is itself a leading source of wealth ; in order thus to justify our using it to learn how this source has been affected.

Outside the action of these two great causes, the legislative and the locomotive factors, there are other influences of a special and occasional, and at the same time wholly irregular nature, which I have acted upon our foreign trade to thwart and depress it. These are mainly the following :

1. Bad harvests.
2. Commercial panics.
3. Commercial distress.
4. Wars.
5. Revolutions
6. The cotton famine.

And a seventh, equally occasional in its nature, which powerfully assists trade ; namely,

7. Large remissions of taxation.

I well remember the time when a bad harvest meant a bad revenue. It is not so now, for the price of bread is kept moderate by foreign importations, and the augmented means of the working masses have created a strong, solid, steady consuming power, of which, thirty and even twenty years ago, we had little idea. Only here and there shall I have occasion to notice the action of these secondary influences upon our foreign trade, when it may appear to have been so energetic as palpably to affect the reckoning. But it must be borne in mind that some one, or more than one, is commonly at work, in its degree, to elevate or depress our trade ; and therefore all along I cannot pretend to be doing more than to present approximate conclusions, with a margin of considerable breadth, within the bounds of which all the evidence is indeterminate, and its appreciation open to much variety of opinion. The results are, however, in almost every case so marked as to leave ample space for such a margin.

After these rather copious explanations, I am now, perhaps, in a condition to set forth the case under the four heads which I sketched in the early part of this paper.

1. I am to show the utter and absolute failure of protection as a means of promoting the material growth of the nation.

At the commencement of the century our exports were not very regular, as they were subject in a peculiar degree to the influences

of war. In 1800 they were 39,500,000*l.*, in 1805 they were 37,250,000*l.* In 1815 they rose, for the moment, with the return of peace, to 49,500,000*l.* ; as the foreign demand goods came up faster than the foreign industries which were to produce them. It is from 1816 onward that we see the true unmixed action of a protective system upon a trade, which had previously thriven, to a certain extent (for in 1810 it reached 47,000,000*l.*), upon the surer aid of a maritime monopoly secured by the strong hand.

In fifteen years of peace, down to 1830 inclusive, the exports stood as follows :

	Average.
1816–18	£42,000,000
1819–21	35,000,000
1822–24	36,000,000
1825–27	36,000,000
1828–30	37,000,000

If, as would be just, we strike out from the last triennium the year 1830, during the latter half of which the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was at work, even the poor semblance of increase presented by the closing figures will disappear ; for the years 1828 and 1829 only give an average of 36,250,000*l.* Although mechanical invention was in constant growth, and various initial measures had been taken with a view to the extension of trade, yet in the main the system remained inviolate, and protection proved itself to be, in the United Kingdom at least, but another name for paralysis.

This is a figurative expression ; but it is strictly within the measure of the truth. Whether protection is a universal poison, or whether it may be conceived to operate as food in cases where it is granted for a few years in order to shelter the first investments in a new industry, I do not now inquire. We at least have never seen or known it in that mitigated form. With us it has sheltered nothing but the most selfish instincts of class against the just demands of the public welfare. These it has supplied with strongholds, from whose portals our producers have too generally marched forth in the day of need, armed from head to foot with power and influence largely gotten at the expense of the community, to do battle, with a perverted prowess, against nature, liberty, and justice. Whether this poison of protection is equally virulent in other lands, where thrift or the love of excellence in industrial production may be more indigenous than with us, I do not presume to say. I am well convinced that it is at most a question whether the mischief is always superlative, or sometimes only positive ; and I do believe, if my belief be worth anything, that the unrivalled plant of British energy never truly thrives in a hothouse, but only when sun and rain, wind and frost and snow play

freely upon it, to exercise and brace its growth. Enough, however, of this. Such topics belong perhaps to a wider field. We have now our starting-post firmly planted in the ground, and may set out on our way toward the goal.

The first period we have to examine is that during which the railway factor was at work without the co-operation of the legislative or free-trade factor. It extends over the twelve years 1831–42 inclusive. Subdividing this period for a more minute examination, we find the four triennia exhibiting a growth of exports as follows :

	Average.
1831-3	£38,000,000
1834-6	47,000,000
1837-9	48,000,000
1840-2	50,000,000

In the first of these periods trade was artificially kept down by the political excitement of the country, which, for once, actually bordered upon revolution. The second was one of great activity in general business, and of plenty indicated by an average price of wheat reduced from 64*s.* to 44*s.* per quarter. The third again carried wheat to 64*s.*, and with the panic of 1837 caused a very heavy decline of exports. Yet even the triennium of dear corn and commercial failures exhibits an average increase to 48,000,000*l.* The fourth again included at least one deplorable commercial year (1842), yet showed on the average a further augmentation to 50,000,000*l.* The entire term of twelve years exhibits a growth, between its first triennium and its *last*, of 12,000,000*l.* in our exports, and may fairly be taken at not less than 1,000,000*l.* annually. Until the summer of 1837, when the Grand Junction line was opened, I am not aware that any important railway was at work, except that between Liverpool and Manchester. But by 1838 the four great centres of London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester were all united by rail.

It may be said that the railways which had been opened before the end of 1842, and which did not reach 2000 miles in length, could not yet have had time to develop their arrangements, and that accordingly we cannot consider these years as exhibiting sufficiently the results of the system. But on the other hand it is to be remembered that they drew upon the first richness of a virgin soil. Connecting together the wealthiest, most active, and most populous places, they told far more rapidly and powerfully upon trade than did the lines opened at a later period. It is probable that this consideration may nearly suffice to keep even the balance between the energy of the railway factor in the earlier and in the later years. The mileage traffic supplies us with an adequate test ; and the reply it furnishes is this, that between 1842 and 1846 the re-

turn per mile varied from about 2300*l.* to 2540*l.*, and that so late as in 1870 it had only reached 2794*l.* I have not the returns before 1842; but my impression is that at that time the receipt per mile was decidedly high. The point is one of great importance in connection with the assumption I have made, that the increment of our foreign trade due to the action of locomotive causes may be taken as nearly constant from year to year.

So much for the first railway period of twelve years.

We now come to periods defined for us by the legislative dates of the greater free-trade statutes.

The first instalment of free trade may be taken as tested in some degree by the years 1843–5. The result is that these years give an average export of 57,000,000*l.*: an aggregate growth, therefore, of 7,000,000*l.*, and an annual growth, one year with another, of 2⅓ millions. Calculating on the basis we have laid down, we have to take 1,000,000*l.* of this increment as due to the constant addition to the power of the railway stimulus. 1,250,000*l.* then will appear to belong to the first modicum, as it may be called in comparison with what followed, of emancipating legislation.

The second instalment of free trade, which became law in 1845, has again only the brief term of three years, 1846–8, allowed to it; for with the 1st of January, 1849, came the third instalment, in the shape of the repeal of the Corn Law, to which was added the new Navigation Act.

During those three years there was no increase of the exports. There is indeed a small diminution; the average export being only 56,500,000*l.* instead of 57,000,000*l.* But with these three years came three great calamities: the first, scarcity in England, and famine in Ireland; the second, commercial panic, with the suspension of the Bank Act in 1847; and the third in 1848, the great year of wars and revolutions on the Continent, which drove our exports down, even as compared with 1847, by 6,000,000*l.*, or from 58,842,000*l.* to 52,849,000*l.* Under these circumstances it was much to have prevented a still greater contraction.

To estimate, however, the aggregate and also the respective force of our two factors, our best course may be not to make these three years the subject of a separate calculation, but to omit them from our calculation of the average trade, and to found this entirely on the following period, that which belongs to the third instalment of free trade, and which extends over the four years 1849–52.

The result then will stand as follows. Starting from the year 1849, we go as far as the year 1852, which immediately preceded the fourth legislative instalment of free trade in the Tariff and other acts of 1853. In these four years we discover the elastic bound by which our foreign trade advanced, when relieved from the depressing agencies of 1846–8, and further invigorated by the eman-

cipating legislation of 1849. The average for the four years is no less than 72,000,000*l.* This exhibits a rise of 15,000,000*l.* per annum over the average for the years 1842–5. Crediting as before the railway factor with an annual increment of 1,000,000*l.*, we have this time a residue of 8,000,000*l.*, or something over 1,000,000*l.* annually, to set down to the account of emancipating legislation.

The fourth instalment of this legislation initiates a new period, which begins with 1853. The triennium 1853–5, notwithstanding the Crimean War, exhibits an average exportation of 97,000,000*l.* From 1852, a very flourishing year with an export of 78,000,000*l.*, we pass to 1853 with the enormous increment of 20,000,000*l.*, making in all 98,000,000*l.* The effect of the war is measured thereafter for two years, 1854 and 1855, by its keeping the export stationary, or affecting it rather with a slight decrease. The figure for 1854 is 97,184,000*l.*, and for 1855 it is 95,688,000*l.* The average for the triennium 1853–5 may be taken at 94,000,000*l.* It exhibits the very large advance of 22,000,000*l.* on the years 1849–52. It is probable that the repeal of the Navigation Act, which brought about such great changes in shipping, had not time to tell for some years after the enactment, and that it first began to be very effective in this triennium.

But we have to pass through four more years before the period is closed by the year 1860, which brings with it the fifth and last great instalment of free trade in conjunction with the French Treaty, due to the sagacious initiative of Mr. Cobden. On the removal of pressure from the Crimean War, the export rises in 1856 to 115,826,000*l.*, and this is followed by a further increase in 1857 to 122,000,000*l.* The commercial explosion, which occurred near the close of the year, naturally made itself more felt in 1858, when the export fell again to 116,000,000*l.* In 1859 the exports rose to 130,000,000*l.*, and the average for the four years is 124,000,000*l.* The entire period of seven years between the fourth and the fifth instalments, when compared with the four immediately preceding the fourth instalment, stands as follows :

1849–52, average exports.....	£72 000,000
1853–59 " "	119,000,000

The augmentation of exports here reaches the enormous amount of 47,000,000*l.*, or nearly 7,750,000*l.* annually. The changes of 1849, as well as those of 1853, had produced a very full effect. As to the action of locomotive influences, the addition to railway mileage had actually fallen from an annual average of about 550 miles to one of 380 ; but we may consider the extension of the submarine telegraph as bringing the action of the locomotive factor up to its full efficiency. The effect of that agency was, besides giving a

general stimulus and facility, to bring forward, by a great sudden economy of time, a large quantity of traffic which would otherwise have been postponed. For this anticipation of transactions some special credit may be given. And although the mileage of railways was not as rapidly extended as before, there was a large increase in the receipts per mile. Between 1846 and 1852 these receipts had fallen from 2540*l.* to 2140*l.* Between 1852 and 1859 they again rose to 2573*l.*, and thus went a little beyond the point which they had touched in 1845. The improvement was about 20 per cent; and the railway agencies may fairly be credited, as usual, with adding a fresh million annually to our foreign trade. It is very difficult to say what allowance should be made for that acceleration of oversea transactions which was due to the economy of time effected by the telegraph. This must be admitted to be guess-work; and it may be guessed at 5,000,000*l.* or even at 10,000,000*l.* annually. If we take it at the latter figure, the railway factor will be credited with 17,000,000*l.* instead of 7,000,000*l.* for this period. But there will still, even on this supposition, remain the immense increment of 30,000,000*l.* in our foreign trade, or more than 4,000,000*l.* a year, apparently due, and this on an estimate perhaps unduly reduced, to the agency of legislation for the liberation of intercourse.

If it be thought that the allowance made for the peculiar accelerative effect of the telegraphic system ought to be thrown over a larger number of years, that remark will be met by another and more synoptical view, which will shortly be presented, of this remarkable period.

We have now dealt with the first, second, third, and fourth advances made in the direction of free trade; and we have yet to deal with the only remaining great operation, that of 1860. In approaching this latest stage of the inquiry, we have two new difficulties to contend with. One is the novel and as it were forced reduction of our exports by the enormous and sudden contraction of the cotton supply through the action of the great civil war in America. This may be dealt with in detail. But the other goes to the root of the arrangement followed in this paper. To measure the effect produced by each successive instalment of free trade, we have taken the increase in the average exports for the term of years between the instalment actually dealt with and the period of the next instalment: three years from 1842 to 1845; four years from 1845 to 1849; four years from 1849 to 1853; seven years from 1853 to 1860. But after 1860 we have no limit provided for us by a fresh great epoch of onward legislation to mark out a testing term of years. It only remains to assume one. I shall assume the term of seven years, 1860–7, rather than the shorter terms of four or three years, and this for two reasons. First, that the years 1861

and 1862 were, by reason of the American war, wholly unsuited to be used as testing years. Secondly, that, as the Commercial Treaty of 1860 gave an impulse to liberating legislation in various countries, it may fairly claim the longer rather than the shorter term as the proper instrument for testing its effect.

The seven years 1860–6, which I adopt as adequately ascertaining the normal impulse of the new legislation upon our foreign trade, may be taken as one period ; and in that view they present a total export of 1,046,700,000*l.*, or an annual average export of 149,500,000*l.* This sum, compared with 119,000,000*l.* for 1853–9, gives a total increment of 30,500,000*l.*, and an annual increment of nearly 4,500,000*l.* Of this amount, proceeding on our former basis, we have to assign 3,500,000*l.* to free trade.

But the circumstances of the American civil war, which for a time withdrew bodily the main aliment of our greatest manufacture, acted on the trade of this period in such a manner as to stamp it with a character not only of anomaly, but of exception. The largest annual trade of the septennial period rose in 1866 to 188,000,000*l.*, while the smallest, in 1862, was under 124,000,000*l.* The trade of 1860, notwithstanding a bad harvest, was so stimulated by the liberating Customs Act, which passed pretty early in the sessional year, that it rose at once from 130,000,000*l.* to 135,000,000*l.*; but in 1861, although the whole year had the benefit of the new legislation, the exports fell to 125,000,000*l.*, or 5,000,000*l.* below the point they had reached in 1859.

The cotton famine, for such it might strictly be called, presents itself as the obvious cause of this decline. The war in America acted upon our exports as well as upon our supplies, since it also shut the ports of a large portion of the Union. Our export of cottons, which in 1859 had reached 48,000,000*l.*, and which amounted in 1860 to 52,000,000*l.*, fell in 1861 (the war beginning in April of that year) to less than 47,000,000*l.*, and in 1862 to less than 37,000,000*l.* The aggregate exports to the United States, which for the four years 1856–9 averaged 19,500,000*l.*, fell in the two years 1861–2 to an average of 11,500,000*l.* In order then to judge of the impulse given to general trade in these two years, we must (I think), before comparing them with the four years 1856–9, deduct, on both sides, not only our export of cottons, but even our aggregate exports to the American Union.

While the total exports of these four years give an average of 121,500,000*l.*, the export of cottons (goods and yarns) was 42,000,000*l.* Making this deduction, the export, other than of cottons, gives an average of 79,500,000*l.* But the aggregate exports to the United States averaged 19,500,000*l.*, so that our export trade, after the two deductions, amounted only to 60,000,000*l.*

Now, in the two years 1861–62 the average total exports were

124,500,000*l.* The average export of cottons was 41,750,000*l.*, and the average export to the United States was 11,500,000*l.* We have, therefore, to deduct 53,250,000*l.* from the total of 124,500,000*l.*, in order to institute our comparison. It will then stand thus :

Trade of 1856-9, after deductions	£60,000,000
" 1861-2 " "	70,750,000

So that the later years give an increment per annum of 10,750,000*l.* upon our general trade, notwithstanding the pressure exercised upon it throughout the world by the cotton famine. In this view, the increment stated fails to exhibit the full normal effect. But, on the other hand, it derives an undue advantage from one item included twice over in the deduction : the item of cottons exported to the United States, which are included in both the deductions, and thus somewhat exaggerate the result. I have not the means, from the documents before me, of a more precise statement. But the figures which have been given, after a due allowance on this score, show approximately an immediate increase which may safely be stated at several millions annually upon three fifths of our trade, and thus amply sustain the results we have elsewhere attained to prove the invigorating force of emancipating legislation.

It seems plain, however, that these years were exceptional, and that they would only confuse any statement of the general growth of our foreign trade which should include them. It will be best accordingly to strike the average, to ascertain our seven years' growth, only upon the five years 1860 and 1863–66. Two indeed of these years, 1863 and 1864, suffered seriously from the American war. But the import of raw cotton had began to rise progressively. The case now fell more within the ordinary limits of the range between good years and bad, and ought not therefore to be dealt with in an exceptional manner.

If then we take an average of our trade upon the five years last named, we obtain for it the figure of 159,500,000*l.* This we have to compare with 119,000,000*l.*, which was the average obtained for the seven years 1853–59. The augmentation amounts to 40,500,000*l.*; and if, as before, 7,000,000*l.* are assigned to locomotive agencies, there remain 33,500,000*l.* to be set down to the effect of liberating legislation ; or about 4,750,000*l.* a year.

We have now come down to the end of the year 1866. Thirteen more years have passed down to the time at which I write. Of these the first four, from 1867 to 1870 inclusive, were not subject to the action of any such violently disturbing causes as to make them unavailable for the purposes of this paper. The export, which was 189,000,000*l.* in 1866, was 199,000,000*l.* in 1870, showing an average increment of 2,500,000*l.* a year. If, avoiding 1861–63 on account of the war in America, we compare the average

for 1864–66 with the average for 1867–70, the first give 172,000,000*l.*, the second 187,000,000*l.*, so that the annual increment is less than 4,000,000*l.*, and is materially below what it was in periods when some new stimulus of liberating legislation had been freshly administered.

It is certainly tantalizing to arrest this examination so far back as at the end of 1870. But the reason is that these eight years do not seem to afford ground for any probable inference illustrative of the present inquiry. In 1870 our exports were 200,000,000*l.* In two years they rose to 256,000,000*l.* At that level they remained for two years. Then came five years of continuous decline (1874–8), a decline in price mainly, but also in quantity, to 193,000,000*l.*, or 7,000,000*l.* below the level of 1870. During that interval the large trade in sugar has been altogether freed from the pressure of Customs Duty (1874), and the vast trade in corn released (1870) from a small residue of protective impost, amounting to some four or five per cent on the value. While these have affected an imported value of 80,000,000*l.* sterling (in 1878), the increment of railway extension has been reduced, and has not exceeded 220 miles per annum. A new locomotive force has been, however, found in the opening of the Suez Canal; and the extension of railways abroad has been very large;* and also of telegraphs. Political disturb-

	1865.	1875.
In France, Germany, Austria, and Russia.....	21,824	53,900
United States.....	35,100	75,000

Journal of the Statistical Society, June 1878, p. 205.

ance, indifferent and bad harvests, and excessive speculation, have all contributed to darken and perplex the state of things. The inflation, and the subsequent obstinate depression, in certain prices, especially those of iron and coal, are without any approach to a parallel in our commercial history. On the whole, the result is that, though I for one find it possible enough to trace the growth of our trade down to 1870, I find myself, as to the subsequent years, wholly unable to disengage the more general facts from the particular and disturbing circumstances. Without doubt, if this could be done, we should find that there has been a real growth since 1870; but I cannot discover how we are to take any measure of it, except one purely conjectural. When an upward movement shall once not only have commenced, but have become established and broadly represented in our returns, it may be allowable to average together the years 1871–9; but until that beginning shall have been palpably and indisputably made, and made calculable, it would be a leap in the dark.

It may, however, be well to mention (*valeat quantum*) that for

* *Railway Mileage.*

the eight years 1871–8 the average would be about 220,000,000*l.* If we assume this to be the real growth, and compare it with 187,000,000*l.* for 1867–70, it would give an increase of 33,000,000*l.* in nine years, or over 3,500,000*l.* a year. But while this amount must be regarded as doubtful in itself, there would be a further difficulty in determining even by approximation the proportions in which it ought to be assigned to the legislative and locomotive causes respectively. One conclusion, and one only, seems to flow legitimately from the general picture of these years, namely, that their average growth has been smaller than was the growth of years directly subject to the fresh influence of acts of liberating legislation. This conclusion will be confirmed by a further statement which I have to present.

A simpler, but also a less effective, method for estimating the results of liberating legislation will be to compare the trade of the first year after each of the successive changes with the trade of the year preceding it. The basis is indeed too narrow, for a single year does not give time enough to develop new commercial arrangements in harmony with altered laws. It is also far from accurate, inasmuch as the legislation does not take effect from the beginning of the natural year, and consequently only a fraction even of the twelvemonth is represented. In the case of 1842 this was the smaller fraction, and I therefore take 1843 as the first year under the new tariff of 1842. With these explanations, I present briefly in a table the results of this method, which, however imperfect, serves in some degree to test and check what has already been stated :

Preceding Years	Export.	Preceding Years	Export.
1842	£47,284,000	1843	£52,206,000 (1)
1844	58,534,000	1845	60,111,000 (2)
1848	52,849,000	1849	63,596,000 (3)
1852	78,076,000	1853	98,933 000 (4)
1859	130,411,000	1860	135,891,000 (5)

The immediate increment is in (1) 4,922,000*l.*; (2) 1,577,000*l.*; (3) 10,747,000*l.*; (4) 20,857,000*l.*; (5) 5,480.000*l.*

The large variation in these amounts indicates the action of the collateral and secondary causes, to which reference has been made. In the case of No. 3, the year 1848, with which the comparison is made, had been exceptionally depressed by war and revolution in Europe. But if, instead of 1848 and 1849, we were to take 1849 and 1850, we should still obtain the very large increment of 7,771,000*l.* Taking the figures as they stand, they show that the result of the large measures of free trade severally was to add on the five occasions, in less than a twelvemonth for four of them, the sum of 43,673,000*l.* to our export trade ; or for each occasion, on the average, 8,493,000*l.* Now the average annual increment, over the

whole period from 1842 to 1870, was about 4,400,000*l.* Thus the general effect of the liberating laws was, in a period considerably under the twelvemonth, nearly to double the average rate of growth. I cannot but think this fact carries with it an irresistible weight of demonstration. It would be futile to imagine that at these particular seasons there was in each case such a powerful enhancement of the regularly growing action of locomotive facilities as in any sensible degree to account for such great augmentations. We have therefore no choice but to assign them in substance to the direct effect of liberating legislation.

It seems perfectly legitimate, and of considerable utility, to find a further verifying formula for the more detailed examinations already made in a broader conspectus of the free-trade period as a whole, and in a comparison of it with the first railway period.

In the first railway period, 1830–42, we have seen an addition of about 1,000,000*l.* sterling annually to our exports, and have left them standing at 50,000,000*l.* In 1876, after twenty eight years through which the legislative and the locomotive factors have been jointly at work, the exports are 199,500,000*l.*, or let us say 200,000,000*l.* The original starting-point, supplied by the paternal or protective period, was 38,000,000*l.* The average annual increment for the twenty-eight years, during which the two factors worked together, would upon these data be over 5,250,000*l.*, against 1,000,000*l.* while locomotion worked alone. Regarding the matter in this light, out of the total growth of 162,000,000*l.* the locomotive factor might, at first sight, claim 40,000,000*l.*, or one fourth, leaving 122,000,000*l.*, or three fourths of the whole, for liberating legislation.

But it is probable, as I have already said, that an allowance should be made for the very special effect of the telegraph in quickening commercial transactions. There has likewise been an increase in the receipts per mile from railway traffic, amounting possibly to one third.* But against this increased efficiency of railways is to be set the diminution in the number of miles opened. And while, without doubt, the benefits of any given locomotive agencies are more and more felt from year to year, the very same expansive principle applies to liberating legislation, which continually gives scope for new improvements in the methods of trade. Let us, however, with reference to what has here been said, add 10,000,000*l.* to the sum set down to the credit of locomotive agencies. In this view those agencies will have given an extension of 50,000,000*l.* to our export trade, while 112,000,000*l.* will remain due to liberating legislation; or about 30 per cent will be set down to the first, and 70 per cent to the second.

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* I am not in possession of the exact figures for 1879.

Look at these figures as we will, within the bounds fixed for us by positive data, and I think it is impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than that the operation of a sound political economy has been even more, and greatly more, prolific in enlarging the commerce and wealth of the country than the operation of its sister and ally, inventive genius, applied to the development of natural science for purposes of locomotion.

I am aware that no portion of the reasoning or evidence, which I have presented, can claim to be demonstrative when taken by itself. At every step exception may be taken to my methods, as allowing too little or too much. But I have given the case as a whole in three distinct forms, independent of one another :

1. The comparison of the periods, following each successive instalment of liberating legislation, with one another and with the years 1830–42, forming the purely locomotive period.

2. The comparison of the entire period of liberating legislation (1842–70) with (1830–42) the purely locomotive period.

3. The comparison in each case of the last reported year preceding the great legislative changes with the first reported year following upon them.

If each one of these three strands be thought by circumspect statisticians insufficient to sustain the conclusion, still I submit that the concurrence of their testimony binds them into a rope which will safely bear the weight.

It may be said that, if freedom of trade has become the solid and unalterable basis of our legislation, inquiries such as these can have for us none but a speculative interest. Even on this showing, however, they bear a character highly practical for the governments and citizens of other lands, who are rushing or gliding back into the embarrassments of a condemned and impoverishing system, or hugging themselves with abundant gratulation on their never having departed from it. In the *Statistical Journal* for June, 1878, Mr. Newmarch has published a table which compares the trade of four great protective countries with that of the United Kingdom. To this valuable table I regard the present paper as supplementary and auxiliary. It shows how favorably free trade among us compares with protection in France, Austria, Russia, and the United States. One strange plea, indeed, the witch has invented at her last gasp, to save her from the stake she has so well deserved. She yields a lip-homage to free trade as good for Britain, though elsewhere bad. This country, it seems, had just reached by means of protection a development, which has enabled her to venture safely on free trade. An unreformed drunkard might as well say to a reformed one, that he indeed, drunkard A, had, by means of constant drinking so fortified his constitution as to be able to face the perils of temperance, but that to himself, drunkard B,

who had not yet emptied so many puncheons, butts, and bottles, such premature amendment would be fatal. What is the term granted to protection, and with which she will be satisfied, to complete her minority, and sow her wild oats?

Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arroget annus.*

Alas! the wild oats are never sown, the minority never is exhausted; and the blushing maiden, when all her excuses are exhausted, will fight at last to the death in other lands as she did in this, a withered and hideous, but resolute and formidable, hag. The trades of most continental countries, be it observed, are not younger trades than ours, but older; as civilization is older in France, Spain, Italy, and perhaps also in Germany, than it is in England. By far the most remarkable industry we possessed before 1842 was the cotton industry; which supplied in 1841 not far short of a moiety of our total exports (23,500.000*l.* out of 51,500,000*l.*), and, but for the import duty, would probably have exceeded that proportion. Was it protection which had given to the cotton industry this peculiar extension? On the contrary, it was distinguished from the other great trades by this, that far the larger part of its products was sent and sold abroad. So that by far the most powerful of our manufactures was by far the least protected. I might, perhaps without impropriety, even say that it was a persecuted trade. Not only was the raw material, until 1842, struck with an import duty, but there was, until a period not much earlier, a duty of excise on printed calicoes. Into these points I will not now enter. What has been the sequel? That under the system of free trade, though our business in cottons has undergone a large absolute extension, its proportion of our export trade has diminished. In the great years 1872–3, it supplied, instead of near a half, less than a third of our export trade, and in the years 1874–8 it has stood at about one third, or say 33 per cent of the whole, instead of 45 per cent. What is this but to say, in other words, that we cannot eat our cake and have it? The cotton industry could not have the full benefit of free trade, because it had enjoyed part of that benefit already. This pretended benefit of protection during the first minority of a trade, was just what it had least of all enjoyed; and, consequently, it had grown beyond every other trade. The other trades of the country were kept in swaddling-clothes, while cotton had its right hand free. Is it possible to contend that the swaddling-clothes were the secret of strength, in the face of the fact that the child but half swaddled grew the most, and that, when the whole was removed from the rest, and the residue from it, then its brothers and sisters began to catch it up? Pro-

* Hor. *Ep.* II. i. 35.

tection, if a guardian, is a guardian who carries to his own banking account the proceeds of the minor's estate ; and the favor now given to protection in America and elsewhere is simply endowing such a guardian with an annuity instead of ensconcing him in the prison or the dock.

W. E. GLADSTONE *in Nineteenth Century.*

POSTSCRIPT.

I have been prevented by circumstances from commenting on a very able and valuable argument by Lord Derby on points akin to the subject of this paper. While expressing my concurrence in his general views, and my hope that his address will be of great utility, I may venture to say that my own estimate of the proportion which the income from foreign trade bears to the aggregate annual income of the country is materially larger than that of Lord Derby, who places it at one seventh only.

January 23, 1880.

USURY.

A REPLY AND A REJOINDER.

I HAVE been honored by the receipt of a letter from the Bishop of Manchester, which, with his Lordship's permission, I have requested the editor of the *Contemporary Review* to place before the large circle of his readers, with a brief accompanying statement of the circumstances by which the letter has been called forth, and such imperfect reply as it is in my power without delay to render.

J. RUSKIN.

MANCHESTER, December 8, 1879.

DEAR SIR : In a letter from yourself to the Rev. F. A. Malleson, published in the *Contemporary Review* of the current month (p. 648), I observe the following passage : " I have never yet heard so much as *one* (preacher) heartily proclaiming against all those ' deceivers with vain words,' that no ' covetous person, which is an idolater, hath *any* inheritance in the Kingdom of Christ and of God ; ' and on myself personally and publicly challenging the Bishops of England generally, and by name the Bishop of Manchester, to say whether usury was, or was not, according to the will of God, I have received no answer from any one of them." I confess, for myself, that until I saw this passage in print a few

days ago, I was unaware of the existence of such challenge, and therefore I could not answer it. It appears to have been delivered (A) in No. 82 of a series of letters which, under the title of *Fors Clavigera*, you have for some time been addressing to the working classes of England, but which, from the peculiar mode of their publication, are not easily accessible to the general reader; and which I have only caught a glimpse of, on the library-table of the Athenæum Club, on the rare occasions when I am able to use my privileges as a member of that Society. I have no idea why I had the honor of being specially mentioned by name (B); but I beg to assure you that my silence did not arise from any discourtesy toward my challenger, nor from that discretion which, some people may think, is usually the better part of episcopal valor, and which consists in ignoring inconvenient questions from a sense of inability to answer them; but simply from the fact that I was not conscious that your lance had touched my shield.

The question you have asked is just one of those to which Aristotle's wise caution applies: "We must distinguish and define such words, if we would know how far, and in what sense, the opposite views are true" (*Eth. Nic.*, ix. c. viii. § 3). What do you mean by "usury"? (C) Do you comprehend under it *any* payment of money as interest for the use of borrowed capital? or only exorbitant, inequitable, grinding interest, such as the money-lender, Fufidius, extorted?

> Quinas hic capiti mercedes exsecat, atque
> Quanto perditior quisque est, tanto acrius urget;
> Nomina sectatur modo sumta veste virili
> Sub patribus duris tironum. Maxime, quis non,
> Jupiter, exclamat, simul atque audivit?—*Hor. Sat.* i. 2. 14–18.

Usury, in itself, is a purely neutral word, carrying with it, in its primary meaning, neither praise nor blame; and a "usurer" is defined in our dictionaries as "a person accustomed to lend money and take interest for it"—which is the ordinary function of a banker, without whose help great commercial undertakings could not be carried out; though it is obvious how easily the word may pass into a term of reproach, so that to have been "called a usurer" was one of the bitter memories that rankled most in Shylock's catalogue of his wrongs.

I do not believe that anything has done more harm to the practical efficacy of religious sanctions than the extravagant attempts that are frequently made to impose them in cases which they never originally contemplated, or to read into "ordinances," evidently "imposed for a time"—*δικαιώματα μέχρι καιροῦ* (Heb. 9 : 10)—a law of eternal and immutable obligation. Just as we are told (D) not to expect to find in the Bible a scheme of physical science, so I do not expect to find there a scheme of political economy. What I

o expect to find, in relation to my duty to my neighbor, are those nalterable principles of equity, fairness, truthfulness, honesty E), which are the indispensable bases of civil society. I am sure have no need to remind you that, while a Jew was forbidden by is law to take usury—*i.e.*, interest for the loan of money—from is brother, if he were waxen poor and fallen into decay with him, nd this generous provision was extended even to strangers and so-ourners in the land (Lev. 25 : 35–38,), and the interesting story in Nehemiah (5 : 1–13), tells us how this principle was recognized in ne latest days of the commonwealth—still in that old law there is o denunciation of usury in general, and it was expressly permit-ed in the case of ordinary strangers * (Deut. 23 : 20).

It seems to me plain also that our Blessed Lord's precept about lending, hoping for nothing again" (Luke 6 : 35), has the same, r a similar, class of circumstances in view, and was intended sim-ly to govern a Christian man's conduct to the poor and needy, nd "such as have no helper," and cannot, without a violent vist (F), be construed into a general law determining forever and n all cases the legitimate use of capital. Indeed, on another oc-asion, and in a very memorable parable, the great Founder of hristianity recognizes, and impliedly sanctions, the practice of ending money at interest. "Thou oughtest," says the master, ddressing his unprofitable servant, "thou oughtest"—ἔδει σε—"to ave put my money to the exchangers ; and then, at my coming, should have received mine own *with usury.*"

"St. Paul, no doubt, denounces the covetous" (G) But who the πλεονέκτης ? Not the man who may happen to have money ut on loan at a fair rate of interest ; but, as Liddell and Scott ive the meaning of the word, "one who has or claims *more than is share ;* hence, greedy, grasping, selfish." Of such men, hose affections are wholly set on things of the earth, and who re not very scrupulous how they gratify them, it may, perhaps, ot improperly be said (H) that they "have no inheritance in the ingdom of Christ and of God." But here, again, it would be a anifest "wresting" of the words to make them apply to a case hich we have no proof that the Apostle had in contemplation when uttered them. Rapacity, greed of gain, harsh and oppressive ealing, taking unfair advantage of our own superior knowledge nd another's ignorance, shutting up the bowels of compassion tow-rd a brother who we see has need—all these and the like things re forbidden by the very spirit of Christianity, and are manifestly *not* according to the will of God," for they are all of them forms

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* In Proverbs 28 : 8, "usury" is coupled with "unjust gain," and a pitiless irit toward the poor, which shows in what sense the word is to be under-ood there, and in such other passages as Ps. 15 : 5 and Ezek. 18 : 8, 9

of injustice or wrong. But money may be lent at interest without one of these bad passions being brought into play, and in these cases I confess my inability to see where, either in terms or in spirit, such use of money is condemned either by the Christian code of charity, or by that natural law of conscience which we are told (I) is written on the hearts of men.

Let me take two or three simple instances by way of illustration. The following has happened to myself. All my life through—from the time when my income was not a tenth part of what it is now—I have felt it a duty, while endeavoring to discharge all proper claims, to live within that income, so to adjust my expenditure to it that there should be a margin on the right side. This margin, of course, accumulated, and reached in time, say, £1000. Just then, say, the London and North-Western Railway Company proposed to issue debenture stock bearing four per cent interest, for the purpose of excommunications of and so increasing the wealth, by facilitating the intercommunications of the country. Whom in the world am I injuring—what conceivable wrong am I doing—where or how am I thwarting "the Will of God"—if I let the company have my £1000, and have been receiving from them £40 a year for the use of it ever since? Unless the money had been forthcoming from some quarter or other, a work which was absolutely necessary for the prosperity of the nation, and which finds remunerative employment (K) for an immense number of Englishmen, enabling them to bring up their families in respectability and comfort, would never have been accomplished. Will you tell me that this method of carrying out great commercial enterprises, sanctioned by experience (L) as the most, if not the only, practicable one, is "not according to the Will of God?"

Take another instance. In Lancashire a large number of cotton mills have been erected on the joint stock principle with limited liability. The thing has been pushed too far probably, and at one time there was a good deal of unwholesome speculation in floating companies. But that is not the question before us; and the enterprises gave working-men an opportunity of investing their savings, which was a great stimulus to thrift, and, so far, an advantage to the country. In a mill, which it would perhaps cost £50,000 to build and fit with machinery, the subscribed capital, which would be entitled to a division of profits after all other demands had been satisfied, would not amount probably to more than £20,000. The rest would be borrowed at rates of interest varying according to the conditions of the market. You surely would not maintain that those who lent their money for such a purpose, and were content with 5 or 6 per cent for the use of it, thus enabling, in good times, the shareholders to realize 20 or 25 per cent on their subscribed capital, were doing wrong either to the shareholders or

to any one else, or could in any sense be charged with acting "not according to the Will of God?"

Take yet one case more. A farmer asks his landlord to drain his land: "Gladly," says the squire, "if you will pay me 5 per cent on the outlay." In other words, "if you will let me share the increased profits to this extent." The bargain is agreeable to both sides; the productiveness of the land is largely increased; who is wronged? Surely such a transaction could not fairly be described as "not according to the Will of God;" surely unless the commerce and productive industries of the country are to be destroyed, and, with the destruction, its population is to be reduced to what it was in the days of Elizabeth, these and similar transactions—which can be kept entirely clear of the sin of covetousness, and rest upon the well-understood basis of mutual advantage, each and all being gainers by them—are not only legitimate, but inevitable (M). And now that I have taken up your challenge, and, so far as my ability goes, answered it, may I, without staying to inquire how far your charge against the clergy can be substantiated, that they "generally patronize and encourage all the iniquity of the world by steadily preaching away the penalties of it" (N) be at least allowed to demur to your wholesale denunciation of the great cities of the earth, which you say "have become loathsome centres of fornication and covetousness, the smoke of their sin going up into the face of Heaven, like the furnace of Sodom, and the pollution of it rotting and raging through the bones and souls of the peasant people round them, as if they were each a volcano, whose ashes brake out in blains upon man and beast." Surely, Sir, your righteous indignation at evil has caused you to overcharge your language. No one can have lived in a great city, as I have for the last ten years, without being aware of its sins and its pollutions. But unless you can prevent the aggregation of human beings into great cities, these are evils which must necessarily exist; at any rate, which always have existed. The great cities of to-day are not worse than great cities always have been (O). In one capital respect, I believe they are better. There is an increasing number of their citizens who are aware of these evils, and who are trying their best, with the help of God, to remedy them. In Sodom there was but one righteous man who "vexed his soul" at the unlawful deeds that he witnessed day by day, on every side; and he, apparently, did no more than vex his soul. In Manchester, the men and women, of all ranks and persuasions, who are actively engaging in some Christian or philanthropic work, to battle against these gigantic evils, are to be reckoned by hundreds. Nowhere have I seen more conspicuous instances of Christian effort, and of single-hearted devotion to the highest interests of mankind. And though, no doubt, if these efforts were better organized, more

might be achieved, and elements, which one could wish absent, sometimes mingle with and mar the work, still, a great city, even "with the smoke of its sin going up into the face of Heaven," is the noblest field of the noblest virtues, because it gives the amplest scope for the most varied exercise of them.

If you will teach us clergy how better to discharge our office as ministers of a Kingdom of Truth and Righteousness, we shall all owe you a deep debt of gratitude; which no one will be more forward to acknowledge than, my dear Sir,

Yours faithfully and with much respect,

MANCHESTER.

JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ.

The foregoing letter, to which I would fain have given my undivided and unwearied attention, reached my hands, as will be seen by its date, only in the close of the year, when my general correspondence always far overpasses my powers of dealing with it, and my strength—such as now is left me—had been spent, nearly to lowest ebb, in totally unexpected business arising out of the threatened mischief at Venice. But I am content that such fragmentary reply as, under this pressure, has been possible to me, should close the debate as far as I am myself concerned. The question at issue is not one of private interpretation; and the interests concerned are too vast to allow its decision to be long delayed.

The bishop will, I trust, not attribute to disrespect the mode of reply in the form of notes attached to special passages, indicated by inserted letters, which was adopted in *Fors Clavigera* in all cases of important correspondence, as more clearly defining the several points under debate.

(A) "The challenge appears to have been delivered." May I respectfully express my regret that your Lordship should not have read the letter you have honored me by answering. The number of *Fors* referred to does not deliver—it only reiterates—the challenge given in the *Fors* for January 1st, 1875, with reference to the prayer, "Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to Thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnants of the true Israelites," in these following terms: "Who *are* the true Israelites, my Lord of Manchester, on your Exchange? Do they stretch their cloth, like other people? have they any underhand dealings with the liable-to-be-damned false Israelites—Rothschilds and the like? or are they duly solicitous about those wanderers' souls? and how often, on the average, do your Manchester clergy preach from the delicious parable, savoriest of all Scripture to rogues (at least since the eleventh century, when I find it to have been specially headed with golden title in my best Greek MS.), of the Pharisee and Pub

lican; and how often, on the average, from those objectionable First and Fifteenth Psalms?"

(B) "I have no idea why I had the honor of being specially mentioned by name." By diocese, my Lord; not name, please observe; and for this very simple reason: that I have already fairly accurate knowledge of the divinity of the old schools of Canterbury, York, and Oxford; but I looked to your Lordship as the authoritative exponent of the more advanced divinity of the school of Manchester, with which I am not yet familiar.

(C) "What do you mean by usury?" What *I* mean by that word, my Lord, is surely of no consequence to any one but my few readers, and fewer disciples. What David and his Son meant by it I have prayed your Lordship to tell your flock, in the name of the Church which dictates daily to them the songs of the one, and professes to interpret to them the commands of the other.

And although I can easily conceive that a bishop at the court of the Third Richard might have paused in reply to a too curious layman's question of what was meant by "Murder;" and can also conceive a bishop at the court of the Second Charles hesitating as to the significance of the word "Adultery;" and further, in the present climacteric of the British Constitution, an elder of the Church of Glasgow debating within himself whether the commandment which was severely prohibitory of theft might not be mildly permissive of misappropriation; at no time, nor under any conditions, can I conceive any question existing as to the meaning of the words *τόκος*, *fœnus*, *usura*, or usury; and I trust that your Lordship will at once acquit me of wishing to attach any other significance to the word than that which it was to the full intended to convey on every occasion of its use by Moses, by David, by Christ, and by the Doctors of the Christian Church, down to the seventeenth century.

Nor, even since that date, although the commercial phrase "interest" has been adopted in order to distinguish an open and unoppressive rate of usury from a surreptitious and tyrannical one, has the debate of lawfulness or unlawfulness ever turned seriously on that distinction. It is neither justified by its defenders only in its mildness, nor condemned by its accusers only in its severity. Usury in any degree is asserted by the Doctors of the early Church to be sinful, just as theft and adultery are asserted to be sinful, though neither may have been accompanied with violence; and although the theft may have been on the most splendid scale, and the fornication of the most courtly refinement.

So also, in modern days, though the voice of the Bank of England in Parliament declares a loan without interest to be a monster,*

* Speech of Mr. J. C. Hubbard, M.P. for London, reported in *Standard* of 26th July, 1879.

and a loan made below the current rate of interest, a monster in its degree, the increase of dividends above that current rate is not, as far as I am aware, shunned by shareholders with an equally religious horror.

But—this strange question being asked—I give its simple and broad answer in the words of Christ: "The taking up that thou layedst not down;" or, in explained and literal terms, usury is any money paid, or other advantage given, for the loan of anything which is restored to its possessor uninjured and undiminished. For simplest instance, taking a cabman the other day on a long drive, I lent him a shilling to get his dinner. If I had kept thirteen pence out of his fare, the odd penny would have been usury.

Or again. I lent one of my servants, a few years ago, eleven hundred pounds, to build a house with, and stock its ground. After some years he paid me the eleven hundred pounds back. If I had taken eleven hundred pounds and a penny, the extra penny would have been usury.

I do not know whether by the phrase, presently after used by your Lordship, "religious sanctions," I am to understand the Law of God which David loved, and Christ fulfilled, or whether the splendor, the commercial prosperity, and the familiar acquaintance with all the secrets of science and treasures of art, which we admire in the City of Manchester, must in your Lordship's view be considered as "cases" which the intelligence of the Divine Lawgiver could not have originally contemplated. Without attempting to disguise the narrowness of the horizon grasped by the glance of the Lord from Sinai, nor the inconvenience of the commandments which Christ has directed those who love him to keep, am I too troublesome or too exigent in asking from one of those whom the Holy Ghost has made our overseers, at least a distinct chart of the Old World as contemplated by the Almighty; and a clear definition of even the inappropriate tenor of the orders of Christ; if only that the modern scientific Churchman may triumph more securely in the circumference of his heavenly vision, and accept more gratefully the glorious liberty of the free-thinking children of God?

To take a definite, and not impertinent, instance, I observe in the continuing portion of your letter that your Lordship recognizes in Christ himself, as doubtless all other human perfections, so also the perfection of an usurer; and that, confidently expecting one day to hear from his lips the convicting sentence, "Thou knewest that I was an austere man," your Lordship prepares for yourself, by the disposition of your capital no less than of your talents, a better answer than the barren, "Behold, there thou hast that is thine!" I would only observe in reply, that although the conception of the Good Shepherd, which in your Lordship's lan-

guage is "implied" in this parable, may indeed be less that of one who lays down his life for his sheep than of one who takes up his money for them, the passages of our Master's instruction, of which the meaning is not implicit, but explicit, are perhaps those which his simpler disciples will be safer in following. Of which I find, early in his teaching, this, almost, as it were, in words of one syllable: "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

There is nothing more "implied" in this sentence than the probable disposition to turn away, which might be the first impulse in the mind of a Christian asked to lend for nothing, as distinguished from the disciple of the Manchester school, whose principal care is rather to find, than to avoid, the enthusiastic and enterprising "him that would borrow of thee." We of the older tradition, my Lord, think that prudence, no less than charity, forbids the provocation or temptation of others into the state of debt, which some time or other we might be called upon, not only to allow the payment of without usury, but even altogether to forgive.

(D) "Just as we are told." Where, my Lord, and by whom? It is possible that some of the schemers in physical science, of whom, only a few days since, I heard one of the leading doctors explain to a pleased audience that serpents once had legs, and had dropped them off in the process of development, may have advised the modern disciple of progress of a new meaning in the simple phrase, "upon thy belly shalt thou go;" and that the wisdom of the serpent may henceforth consist, for true believers of the scientific Gospel, in the providing of meats for that spiritual organ of motion. It is doubtless also true that we shall look vainly among the sayings of Solomon for any expression of the opinions of Mr. John Stuart Mill; but at least this much of Natural science enough for our highest need, we may find in the Scriptures—that by the Word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth; and this much of Political, that the Blessing of the Lord, *it* maketh rich—and he addeth no sorrow with it.

(E) "What I do expect to find." Has your Lordship *no* expectations loftier than these, from severer scrutiny of the Gospel? As for instance, of some ordinance of Love, built on the foundation of Honesty?

(F) "Cannot without a violent twist." I have never myself found any person sincerely desirous of obeying the Word of the Lord, who had the least wish, or occasion, to twist it; nay, even those who study it only that they may discover methods of pardonable disobedience, recognize the unturnable edge of its sword—and in the worst extremity of their need, strive not to avert, but

to evade. The utmost deceivableness of unrighteousness cannot deceive itself into satisfactory misinterpretation; it is reduced always to a tremulous omission of the texts it is resolved to disobey. But a little while since, I heard an entirely well-meaning clergyman, taken by surprise in the course of family worship in the house of a wealthy friend, and finding himself under the painful necessity of reading the fifteenth Psalm, omit the first sentence of the closing verse. I chanced afterward to have an opportunity of asking him why he had done so, and received for answer, that the lowliness of Christian attainment was not yet "up" to that verse. The harmonies of iniquity are thus curiously perfect; the economies of spiritual nourishment approve the same methods of adulteration which are found profitable in the carnal; until the prudent pastor follows the example of the well-instructed dairyman, and provides for his new-born babes the *in*sincere Milk of the Word, that they may *not* grow thereby.

(G) "St. Paul, no doubt, denounces the covetous." Am I to understand your Lordship as considering this undeniable denunciation an original and peculiar view taken by the least of the Apostles--perhaps, in this particular opinion, not worthy to be called an Apostle? The traditions of my earlier days were wont to refer me to an earlier source of the idea; which does not, however, appear to have occurred to your Lordship's mind—else the reference to the authority of Liddell and Scott, for the significance of the noun πλεονέκτης, ought to have been made also for that of the verb ἐπιθυμέω. And your Lordship's frankness in referring me to the instances of your own practice in the disposal of your income, must plead my excuse for what might have otherwise seemed impertinent—in noting that the blamelessness of episcopal character, even by that least of the Apostles, required in his first Epistle to Timothy, consists not merely in contentment with an episcopal share of Church property, but in being in no respect either αἰσχροκερδής—a taker of gain in a base or vulgar manner, or φιλάργυρος—a "lover of silver," this latter word being the common and proper word for covetous, in the Gospels and Epistles; as of the Pharisees in Luke 16 : 14; and associated with the other characters of men in perilous times, 2 Timothy 3 : 2, and its relative noun φιλαργυρία, given in sum for the root of *all* evil in 2 Timothy 6 : 10, while even the authority of Liddell and Scott in the interpretation of πλεονεξία itself as only the desire of getting more than our share, may perhaps be bettered by the authority of the teacher, who, declining the appeal made to him as an equitable μεριστής (Luke 12 : 14–16), tells his disciples to beware of covetousness, simply as the desire of getting more than we have got. "For a man's life consisteth not in the *abundance* of the things which he possesseth."

Believe me, my Lord, it is not without some difficulty that I

check my natural impulse to follow you, as a scholar, into the interesting analysis of the distinctions which may be drawn between Rapacity and Acquisitiveness; between the Avarice, or the prudent care, of possession; between the greed, and the modest expectation, of gain; between the love of money, which is the root of all evil, and the commercial spirit, which is in England held to be the fountain of all good. These delicate adjustments of the balance, by which we strive to weigh to a grain the relative quantities of devotion which we may render in the service of Mammon and of God, are wholly of recent invention and application; nor have they the slightest bearing, either on the spiritual purport of the final commandment of the Decalogue, or on the distinctness of the subsequent prohibition of practical usury.

It must be remembered, also, how difficult it has become to define the term "filthy" with precision, in the present state, moral and physical, of the English atmosphere; and still more so, to judge how far, in that healthy element, a moderate and delicately sanctified appetite for gold may be developed into livelier qualms of hunger for righteousness. It may be matter of private opinion how far the lucre derived by your Lordship from commission on the fares and refreshments of the passengers by the North-Western may be odoriferous or precious, in the same sense as the ointment on the head of Aaron; or how far that received by the Primate of England in royalties on the circulation of improving literature* may enrich—as with perfumes out of broken alabaster—the empyreal air of Addington. But the higher class of laborers in the Lord's vineyard might surely, with true grace, receive, from the last unto the first, the reflected instruction so often given by the first unto the last, "Be content with your wages."

(H) "It may, perhaps, not improperly be said." The Bible Society will doubtless in future gratefully prefix this guarantee to their publications.

(I) "Which we are told." Can we then no more find for ourselves this writing on our hearts—or has it ceased to be legible?

(K) "Remunerative employment." I cannot easily express the astonishment with which I find a man of your Lordship's intelligence taking up the common phrase of "giving employment," as if, indeed, labor were the best gift which the rich could bestow on the poor. Of course, every idle vagabond, be he rich or poor, "gives employment" to some otherwise enough burdened wretch, to provide his dinner and clothes for him; and every vicious vagabond, in the destructive power of his vice, gives sorrowful occupation to the energies of resisting and renovating virtue. The idle

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* See the Articles of Association of the East Surrey Hall, Museum, and Library Company. (*Fors Clavigera*, Letter lxx.)

child who litters its nursery and tears its frock gives employment to the housemaid and sempstress; the idle woman, who litters her drawing-room with trinkets, and is ashamed to be seen twice in the same dress, is, in your Lordship's view, the enlightened supporter of the arts and manufactures of her country. At the close of your letter, my Lord, you, though in measured terms, indignantly dissent from my statement of the power of great cities for evil, and indeed I have perhaps been led, by my prolonged study of the causes of the Fall of Venice, into clearer recognition of some of these urban influences than may have been possible to your Lordship in the centre of the virtues and proprieties which have been blessed by Providence in the rise of Manchester. But the scriptural symbol of the power of temptation in the hand of the spiritual Babylon—"all kings have been drunk with the wine of her Fornication"—is perfectly literal in its exposition of the special influence of cities over a vicious, that is to say, a declining, people. They are the foci of its fornication, and the practical meaning of them is that the lords of the soil take the food and labor of the peasants, who are their slaves, and spend them especially in forms of luxury perfected by the definitely so-called "women of the *town*," who, whether Eastcheap Doll, or West—much the reverse of cheap—Nell, are, both in the color which they give to the Arts, and in the tone which they give to the Manners, of the State, a literal plague, pestilence and burden to it, quite otherwise malignant and maleficent than the poor country lassie who loses her snood among the heather. And when, at last, *real* political economy shall exhibit the exact sources and consequences of the expenditure of the great capitals of civilization on their own indulgences, your Lordship will be furnished, in the statistics of their most splendid and most impious pleasure, with record of precisely the largest existing source of "remunerative employment"—(if *that* were all the poor had to ask for), next after the preparation and practice of war. I believe it is, indeed, probable that "facility of intercourse" gives the next largest quantity of occupation; and, as your Lordship rightly observes, to most respectable persons. And if the entire population of Manchester lost the use of its legs, your Lordship would similarly have the satisfaction of observing, and might share in the profits of providing, the needful machinery of porterage and stretchers. But observe, my Lord—and observe as a final and inevitable truth—that whether you lend your money to provide an invalided population with crutches, stretchers, hearses, or the railroad accommodation which is so often synonymous with the three, the *tax on the use* of these, which constitutes the shareholder's dividend, is a permanent burden upon them, exacted by avarice, and by no means an aid granted by benevolence.

(L) "Sanctioned by experience." The experience of twenty-three years, my Lord, and with the following result:

"We have now had an opportunity of practically testing the theory. Not more than seventeen" (now twenty-three—I quote from a letter dated 1875) "years have passed since" (by the final abolition of the Usury laws) "all restraint was removed from the growth of what Lord Coke calls 'this pestilent weed,'" and we see Bacon's words verified—"the rich becoming richer, and the poor poorer, throughout the civilized world." Letter from Mr. R. Sillar, quoted in *Fors Clavigera*, No. 43.

(M) "Inevitable." Neither "impossible" nor "inevitable" were words of old Christian Faith. But see the closing paragraph of my letter.

(N) Before you call on me to substantiate this charge, my Lord, I should like to insert after the words, "steadily preaching," the phrase, "and politely explaining"—with the Pauline qualification, "whether by word, or our epistle."

(O) "The great cities of to-day are not worse than great cities always have been." I do not remember having said that they were, my Lord; I have never anticipated for Manchester a worse fate than that of Sardis or Sodom; nor have I yet observed any so mighty works shown forth in her by her ministers, as to make her impenitence less pardonable than that of Sidon or Tyre. But I used the particular expression which your Lordship supposes me to have overcharged in righteous indignation, "a boil breaking forth with blains on man and beast," because that particular plague was the one which Moses was ordered, in the Eternal Wisdom, to connect with the ashes of the Furnace—literally, no less than spiritually, when he brought the Israelites forth out of Egypt, *from the midst of the Furnace of Iron*. How literally, no less than in faith and hope, the smoke of "the great city, which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt," has poisoned the earth, the waters, and the living creatures, flocks and herds, and the babes that know not their right hand from their left—neither Memphis, Gomorrah, nor Cahors are themselves likely to recognize; but, as I pause in front of the infinitude of the evil that I cannot find so much as thought to follow—how much less words to speak! a letter is brought to me which gives what perhaps may be more impressive in its single and historical example than all the general evidence gathered already in the pages of *Fors Clavigera*.

"I could never understand formerly what you meant about usury, and about its being wrong to take interest. I said, truly, then that 'I trusted you,' meaning I knew that in such matters you did not 'opine'—and that innumerable things were within your horizon which had no place within mine.

"But as I did not understand I could only watch and ponder. Gradually I came to see a little—as when I read current facts about India—about almost every country, and about our own

trade, etc. Then (one of several circumstances that could be seen more closely) among my mother's kindred in the north, I watched the ruin of two lives. They began married life together, with good prospects and sufficient means, in a lovely little nest among the hills, beyond the Rochdale smoke. Soon this became too narrow. 'A splendid trade,' more mills, frequent changes into even finer dwellings, luxurious living, ostentation, extravagance, increasing year by year, all, as now appears, made possible by usury —borrowed capital. The wife was laid in her grave lately, and her friends are *thankful*. The husband, with ruin threatening his affairs, is in a worse, and living, grave of evil habits.

"These are some of the loopholes through which light has fallen upon your words, giving them a new meaning, and making me wonder how I could have missed seeing from the first. Once alive to it, I recognize the evil on all sides, and how we are entangled by it; and though I am still puzzled at one or two points, I am very clear about the principle—that usury is a deadly thing." Yes; and deadly always with the vilest forms of destruction both to soul and body.

It happens strangely, my Lord, that although throughout the seven volumes of *Fors Clavigera*, I never have set down a sentence without chastising it first into terms which could be *literally* as well as in their widest bearing justified against all controversy, you could perhaps not have found in the whole book, had your Lordship read it for the purpose, any saying quite so literally and terrifically demonstrable as this which you have chanced to select for attack. For, in the first place, of all the calamities which in their apparently merciless infliction, paralyzed the wavering faith of mediæval Christendom, the "boil breaking forth into blains", in the black plagues of Florence and London, was the fatallest messenger of the fiends; and, in the second place, the broad result of the missionary labors of the cities of Madrid, Paris, and London, for the salvation of the wild tribes of the New World, since the vaunted discovery of it, may be summed in the stern sentence—Death, by drunkenness and small-pox.

The beneficent influence of recent commercial enterprise in the communication of such divine grace, and divine blessing (not to speak of other more dreadful and shameful conditions of disease), may be studied to best advantage in the history of the two great French and English companies, who have enjoyed the monopoly of clothing the nakedness of the Old World with coats of skins from the New.

The charter of the English one, obtained from the Crown in 1670, was in the language of modern Liberalism—"wonderfully liberal,"* comprising not only the grant of the exclusive trade,

* "The Polar World," p. 342, Longmans, 1874.

but also of full territorial possession, to all perpetuity, of the vast lands within the watershed of Hudson's Bay. The company at once established some forts along the shores of the great inland sea from which it derived its name, and opened a very lucrative trade with the Indians, *so that it never ceased paying rich dividends* to the fortunate shareholders, until toward the close of the last century.

Up to this time, with the exception of the voyage of discovery, which Herne (1770–71) made under its auspices to the mouth of the Coppermine River, it had done but little for the promotion of geographical discovery in its vast territory.

Meanwhile, the Canadian (French) fur traders had become so hateful to the Indians that these savages formed a conspiracy for their total extirpation. *Fortunately for the white men* the small-pox broke out about this time among the red-skins, and swept them away as the fire consumes the parched grass of the prairies. Their unburied corpses were torn by the wolves and wild dogs, and the survivors were too weak and dispirited to be able to undertake anything against the foreign intruders. The Canadian fur traders now also saw the necessity of combining their efforts for their mutual benefit, instead of ruining each other by an insane competition ; and consequently formed, in 1783, a society which, under the name of the North-West Company of Canada, ruled over the whole continent from the Canadian lakes to the Rocky Mountains, and in 1806 it even crossed the barrier and established its forts on the northern tributaries of the Columbia River. To the north it likewise extended its operations, encroaching more and more upon the privileges of the Hudson's Bay Company, which, roused to energy, now also pushed on its posts further and further into the interior, and established, in 1812, a colony on the Red River to the south of Winnipeg Lake, thus driving, as it were, a sharp thorn into the side of its rival. But a power like the North-West Company, which had no less than 50 agents, 70 interpreters, and 1120 "voyageurs" in its pay, and whose chief managers used to appear at their annual meetings at Fort William, on the banks of Lake Superior, with all the pomp and pride of feudal barons, was not inclined to tolerate this encroachment ; and thus, after many quarrels, a regular war broke out between the two parties, which, after two years' duration, led to the expulsion of the Red River colonists, and the murder of their governor Semple. This event took place in the year 1816, and is but one episode of the bloody feuds which continued to reign between the two rival companies until 1821.

The dissensions of the fur traders had most deplorable consequences for the red-skins ; for both companies, to swell the number of their adherents, lavishly distributed spirituous liquors—a temptation which no Indian can resist. The whole of the meeting-

grounds of the Saskatchewan and Athabasca were but one scene of revelry and bloodshed. Already decimated by the small-pox, the Indians now became the victims of drunkenness and discord, and it was to be feared that if the war and its consequent demoralization continued, the most important tribes would soon be utterly swept away.

At length wisdom prevailed over passion, and the enemies came to a resolution which, if taken from the very beginning, would have saved them both a great deal of treasure and many crimes. Instead of continuing to swing the tomahawk, they now smoked the calumet, and amalgamated in 1821, under the name of "Hudson's Bay Company," and under the wing of the charter.

The British Government, as a dowry to the impoverished couple, presented them with a license of exclusive trade throughout the whole of that territory which, under the name of the "Hudson's Bay and North-West Territories," extends from Labrador to the Pacific, and from the Red River to the Polar Ocean.

Such, my Lord, have been the triumphs of the modern Evangel of Usury, Competition, and Private Enterprise, in a perfectly clear instance of their action, chosen I hope with sufficient candor, since "History," says Professor Hind, "does not furnish another example of an association of private individuals exerting a powerful influence over so large an extent of the earth's surface and administering their affairs with such consummate skill, and unwavering devotion to the original objects of their incorporation."

That original object being, of course, that poor naked America, having yet in a manner two coats, might be induced by these Christian merchants to give to him that had none.

In like manner, may any Christian Householder, who has two houses or perchance two parks, ever be induced to give to him that hath none? My temper and my courtesy scarcely serve me, my Lord, to reply to your assertion of the "inevitableness" that, while half of Great Britain is laid out in hunting-grounds for sport more savage than the Indians, the poor of our cities must be swept into incestuous heaps, or into dens and caves which are only tombs disquieted, so changing the whiteness of Jewish sepulchres into the blackness of Christian ones, in which the hearts of the rich and the homes of the poor are alike as graves that appear not; only their murmur, that sayeth "it is not enough," sounds deeper beneath us every hour; nay, the whole earth, and not only the cities of it, sends forth that ghastly cry; and her fruitful plains have become slime-pits, and her fair estuaries, gulfs of death; for *us*, the Mountain of the Lord has become only Golgotha, and the sound of the new song before the Throne is drowned in the rolling death-rattle of the Nations, "Oh, Christ! where is thy victory?"

These are thy glorious works, Mammon, parent of Good—and

this the true debate, my Lord of Manchester, between the two Angels of your Church—whether the "Dreamland" of its souls be now, or hereafter—now, the firelight in the cave, or hereafter, the sunlight of Heaven.

How, my Lord, am I to receive, or reply to, the narrow concessions of your closing sentence? The Spirit of Truth was breathed even from the Athenian Acropolis, and the Law of Justice thundered even from the Cretan Sinai; but for *us*, He who said, "I am the Truth," said also, "I am the Way, and the Life;" and for *us*, He who reasoned of Righteousness, reasoned also of Temperance and Judgment to come. Is this the sincere milk of the Word, which takes the hope from the Person of Christ, and the fear from the charge of his apostle, and forbids to English heroism the perilous vision of Immortality? God be with you, my Lord, and exalt your teaching to that quality of Mercy which, distilling as the rain from heaven—not strained as through channels from a sullen reservoir—may soften the hearts of your people to receive the New Commandment, that they Love one another. So, round the cathedral of your city, shall the merchant's law be just, and his weights true; the table of the money-changer not overthrown, and the bench of the money-lender unbroken.

And to as many as walk according to this rule, Peace shall be on them, and Mercy, and upon the Israel of God.

With the preceding letter must assuredly end—for the present, if not forever—my own notes on a subject of which my strength no longer serves me to endure the stress and sorrow; but I may possibly be able to collect, eventually, into more close form, the already manifold and sufficient references scattered through *Fors Clavigera:* and perhaps to reprint for the St. George's Guild the admirable compendium of British ecclesiastical and lay authority on the subject, collected by John Blaxton, preacher of God's Word at Osmington in Dorsetshire, printed by John Norton under the title of "The English Usurer," and sold by Francis Bowman, in Oxford, 1634. A still more precious record of the fierce struggle of usury into life among Christians, and of the resistance to it by Venice and her "Anthony," * will be found in the dialogue "della Usura," of Messer Speron Sperone (Aldus, in Vinegia, MDXIII.), followed by the dialogue "del Cathaio," between "Portia, sola, e fauciulla, fame,

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* "The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit,
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy."

This is the Shakespearean description of that Anthony, whom the modern British public, with its new critical lights, calls a "sentimentalist and speculator!"—holding Shylock to be the real hero and innocent victim of the drama.

e cibo, vita, e morte, di ciascuno che la conosce," and her lover Moresini, which is the source of all that is loveliest in the *Merchant of Venice*. Readers who seek more modern and more scientific instruction may consult the able abstract of the triumph of usury, drawn up by Dr. Andrew Dickson White, President of Cornell University ("The Warfare of Science," H. S. King & Co., 1877), in which the victory of the great modern scientific principle, that two and two make five, is traced exultingly to the final overthrow of St. Chrysostom, St. Jerome, St. Bernard, St. Thomas Aquinas, Luther, and Bossuet, by "the establishment of the Torlonia family in Rome." A better collection of the most crushing evidence cannot be found than this, furnished by an adversary; a less petulant and pompous, but more earnest voice from America, "Usury the Giant Sin of the Age," by Edward Palmer (Perth Amboy, 1865), should be read together with it. In the mean time, the substance of the teaching of the *former* Church of England, in the great sermon against usury of Bishop Jewell, may perhaps not uselessly occupy one additional page of the *Contemporary Review*:

"Usury is a kind of lending of money, or corne, or oyle, or wine, or of any other thing, wherein upon covenant and bargaine, we receive againe the whole principall which we delivered, and somewhat more, for the use and occupying of the same; as if I lend 100 pound, and for it covenant to receive 105 pound, or any other summe, greater then was the summe which I did lend: this is that which we call usury: such a kind of bargaining as no good man, or godly man ever used. Such a kind of bargaining as all men that ever feared God's judgments have alwaies abhorred and condemned. It is filthy gaines, and a worke of darkenesse, it is a monster in nature: the overthrow of mighty kingdoms, the destruction of flourishing States, the decay of wealthy cities, the plagues of the world, and the misery of the people: it is theft, it is the murthering of our brethren, its the curse of God, and the curse of the people. This is Usury. By these signes and tokens you may know it. For wheresoever it raigneth all those mischiefes ensue.

"Whence springeth usury? Soone shewed. Even thence whence theft, murder, adultery, the plagues, and destruction of the people doe spring. All these are the workes of the divell, and the workes of the flesh. Christ telleth the Pharisees, You are of your father the divell, and the lusts of your father you will doe. Even so may it truely be sayd to the usurer, Thou art of thy father the divell, and the lusts of thy father thou wilt doe, and therefore thou hast pleasure in his workes. The divell entered into the heart of Judas, and put in him this greedinesse, and covetousnesse of gaine, for which he was content to sell his master. Judas's

heart was the shop, the divell was the foreman to worke in it. They that will be rich fall into tentation and snares, and into many foolish and noysome lusts, which drowne men in perdition and destruction. For the desire of money is the roote of all evil. And St. John saith, Whosoever committeth sinne is of the Divell, I. Joh. 3–8. Thus we see that the divell is the planter, and the father of usury.

"What are the fruits of usury? A. 1. It dissolveth the knot and fellowship of mankind. 2. It hardeneth man's heart. 3. It maketh men unnaturall, and bereaveth them of charity, and love to their dearest friends. 4. It breedeth misery and provoketh the wrath of God from heaven. 5. It consumeth rich men, it eateth up the poore, it maketh bankrupts, and undoeth many householders. 6. The poore occupiers are driven to flee, their wives are left alone, their children are hopelesse, and driven to beg their bread, through the unmercifull dealing of the covetous usurer.

"He that is an usurer, wisheth that all others may lacke and come to him and borrow of him; that all others may lose, so that he may have gaine. Therefore our old forefathers so much abhorred this trade, that they thought an usurer unworthy to live in the company of Christian men. They suffered not an usurer to be witnesse in matters of Law. They suffer him not to make a Testament, and to bestow his goods by will. When an usurer dyed, they would not suffer him to be buried in places appointed for the buriall of Christians. So highly did they mislike this unmercifull spoyling and deceiving our brethren.

"But what speak I of the ancient Fathers of the Church? There was never any religion, nor sect, nor state, nor degree, nor profession of men, but they have disliked it. Philosophers, Greeks, Latins, lawyers, divines, Catholikes, heretics; all tongues and nations have ever thought an usurer as dangerous as a theefe. The very sense of nature proves it to be so. If the stones could speak they would say as much. But some will say all kindes of usury are not forbidden. There may be cases where usury may stand with reason and equity, and herein they say so much as by wit may be devised to paint out a foule and ugly idoll, and to shadow themselves in manifest and open wickednesse. Whatsoever God sayth, yet this or this kind of usury, say they, which is done in this or this sort, is not forbidden. It proffiteth the Commonwealth, it relieveth great numbers, the poore should otherwise perish, none would lend them. By like good reason, there are some that defend theft and murder; they say, there may be some case where it is lawful to kill or to steale; for God willed the Hebrews to rob the Ægyptians, and Abraham to kill his owne sonne Isaac. In these cases the robbery and the killing of his sonne were lawfull. So say they. Even so by the like reason doe

some of our countrymen maintayne concubines, curtizans, and brothel-houses, and stand in defence of open stewes. They are (say they) for the benefit of the country, they keepe men from more dangerous inconveniences ; take them away, it will be worse. Although God say, there shall be no whore of the daughters of Israel, neither shall there be a whore-keeper of the sonnes of Israel : yet these men say all manner of whoredom is not forbidden. In these and these cases it is not amisse to alow it.

"As Samuel sayd to Saul, so may we say to the usurer, Thou hast devised cases and colors to hide thy shame, but what regard hath God to thy cases? What careth He for thy reasons? the Lord would have more pleasure, if when thou heareth his voyce thou wouldest obey Him. For what is thy device against the counsell, and ordinance of God? What bold presumption is it for a mortall man to controule the commandments of immortall God? And to weigh His heavenly wisdome in the ballance of humane foolishnesse? When God sayth, Thou shalt not take usury, what creature of God art thou which canst take usury? When God maketh it unlawfull, what are thou, oh man, that sayst, it is lawfull? This is a token of a desperate mind. It is found true in thee, that Paul sayd, the love of money is the roote of all ill. Thou art so given over unto the wicked Mammon, that thou carest not to doe the will of God."

Thus far, the theology of Old England. Let it close with the calm law, spoken four hundred years before Christ, *ἃ μὴ κατέθου, μὴ ἀνέλῃ.* JOHN RUSKIN *in Contemporary Review.*

HEALTH AT HOME

THE BEDROOM (*continued*).

IN my last part I dwelt on the ventilation of the bedroom. I pass now, still keeping to the bedroom, to the questions of warming and ventilating.

III.

It is always a matter of great moment to maintain an equable temperature in the bedroom. A bedroom, the air of which is subject to great and frequent and rapid changes of temperature, is always a trap for danger. To persons who are in the prime of life, and who are in robust health, this danger is less pronounced ; but to the young and the feeble it is a most serious danger. It is specially dangerous to aged people to sleep in a room that is easily

lowered in warmth. When the great waves of cold come on in these islands, in the winter season, our old people begin to drop off with a rapidity that is perfectly startling. We take up the list of deaths published in the *Times* during these seasons, and the most marked of facts is the number of deceased aged persons. It is like an epidemic of death by old age. The public mind accepts this record as indicative of a general change of external conditions, and of a mortality therefore that is necessary as a result of that change. I would not myself dispute that there is a line of truth and sound common sense and common observation in this view, but when we descend from the general to the particular we find that much of the mortality, seen in such excess among the aged, is induced by mistakes on the subject of warmth in the bedroom.

The fatal event comes about somewhat in this way. The room in which the enfeebled person has been sitting before going to bed has been warmed probably up to summer heat; a light meal has been taken before retiring to rest, and then the bedroom is entered. The bedroom perchance has no fire in it, or if a fire be lighted provision is not made to keep it alight for more than an hour or two. The result is that in the early part of the morning, from three to four o'clock, when the temperature of the air in all parts is lowest, the glow from the fire or stove which should warm the room has ceased, and the room is cold to an extreme degree. In country houses the water will often be found frozen in the hand-basins or ewers under these conditions.

Meanwhile the sleeper lies unconscious of the great change which is taking place in the air around him. Slowy and surely there is a decline of temperature to the extent, it may be, of thirty or forty degrees on the Fahrenheit scale; and though he may be fairly covered with bedclothes he is receiving into his lungs this cold air, by which the circulation through the lungs is materially modified.

The condition of the body itself is at this very time unfavorable for meeting any emergency. In the period between midnight and six in the morning, the animal vital processes are at their lowest ebb. It is in these times that those who are enfeebled from any cause most frequently die. We physicians often consider these hours as critical, and forewarn anxious friends in respect to them. From time immemorial those who have been accustomed to wait and attend on the sick have noted these hours most anxiously, so that they have been called by one of our old writers, 'the hours of fate." In this space of time the influence of the life-giving sun has been longest withdrawn from man, and the hearts that are even the strongest beat then with subdued tone. Sleep is heaviest, and death is nearest to us all in "the hours of fate."

The feeble, therefore, are most exposed to danger during this period of time, and they are most exposed to one particular danger, that of congestion of the lungs, for it is the bronchial surface of the lungs that is most exposed to the action of the chilled air; and, in the aged, that exposure is hazardous.

One of the ablest writers on the Hygiene of Old Age, M. Reveillé-Parise, attaches so much importance to the function of the lungs in the aged that he comes to the conclusions, first, that old age commences in the lungs; and, secondly, that, as a rule, death commences in the lungs in the aged. He reasons in this manner: "If we reflect that it is from the blood that life derives the principles which maintain and repair it, that the more vigorous, plastic, and rich in nutritive principles the blood is, so much the more organic life increases and manifests itself, and that the organ of sanguinification is the organ of respiration, we shall be compelled to admit the opinion that the age of general decline commences with the decay of the lungs, and that the one is the result of the other."

Flourens, from whose work on "Human Longevity" I copy this extract, demurs to the conclusion drawn by Reveillé-Parise. He will admit it in part only. "Old age," he asserts, "does not commence in any organ. It is not a local, but a general phenomenon. All our organs grow old, and it is not always at the same organ that we feel the first effects of age; it is sometimes one, sometimes another, according to the individual constitution."

I agree for my part with both these authors, because I think there is nothing in experience which is different or is in opposition to either of their views. Flourens is correct in saying that all the organs grow old together. Reveillé-Parise is correct in suggesting that the lungs more usually go first, because they are at one and the same time most exposed and most vital.

It is not in the least degree irrelevant to my present discourse to dwell on this argument. It shows better than any other argument could show how easily the depressing influence of cold tells on the vital organs, and specially on the lungs of the sleeper, whose vital capacity is already impaired by age. The minute vessels of the lung, in the pulmonary circuit of blood over the lung, are paralyzed by the cold so easily that congestion of blood in them is an almost natural result if they be long exposed to cold. And this, in truth, is the most common event in the aged, leading to that bronchial irritation and obstruction which is called congestive bronchitis, from which so many are recorded as having died when winter shows its face.

The practical question that comes out of this discussion is, How shall the danger of congestion of the lungs be avoided in the sleeping apartments of the enfeebled?

Our forefathers replied to this question in a very plain and striking manner. They shut themselves up in a warm tent. The old four-posters and the old tent bedsteads are the still extant witnesses of the ways and means for keeping out the cold in the old times. In country houses one sometimes finds still the massive four-post bedstead with its heavy damask curtains and snug inclosure. Advocate of fresh air as I am, I confess still to a lingering liking to this snug inclosure when I see it on a cold midwinter night. I met with it not very long ago, and I crept into it with a sort of quiet glee, as if feeling unusually safe and comfortable in so cosey a retreat.

I won't let mere likings tempt me to say that the plan is a good one. It is really not commendable, or only so when nothing better is at hand. If in a large room with cold walls and floors on a cold night I were obliged to sleep in a fireless room and had choice of two beds, one a curtained four-poster and the other a camp bedstead, I would no doubt, under the special circumstances, choose the four-poster, but not as a general principle by any means.

In our modern bedrooms, furnished according to modern taste and fashion, the best plan to adopt is that of admitting air freely to the sleeper, at the same time taking care that throughout the whole of the night the air shall be kept, within a few degrees, at the same temperature, I repeat, at the same temperature, for uniformity of warmth during all the hours of sleep is as essential as warmth. To have an overheated atmosphere at one time of the night and a low temperature at another is just the kind of change that is attended with most hazard. Indeed, I doubt whether an equable cold atmosphere is not on the whole safer than one in which there is frequent and marked fluctuation.

The safest method is to have the air of the room, a short time before it is occupied, brought up to an uniform temperature of from 60° to 65° Fahr. It should never fall five degrees below 60° and never rise above 65° under ordinary circumstances. In cases where the occupant of the room is extremely enfeebled it may be necessary to raise the temperature to a higher point, but I am thinking at this moment of sleepers who are in fair health, and for whom no such special provision is required.

A mistake is sometimes made in observing the temperature. The reading of the thermometer is taken in one part of the room only, perhaps in the warmest part, that is to say, over the fireplace or from the mantle-shelf. This is not a fair observation, for a room at that part may be very warm while it is very cold in other parts. The temperature should, properly, be taken at the bed's head, about two feet above the pillow, and that is the best position in which to keep the thermometer, with which every bedroom ought to be furnished. An ordinary thermometer suffices as a

general index, but a registering instrument is most advantageous when particular care is demanded in observation.

I now come to consider what is the best mode of warming the bedroom and of maintaining the equal warmth, on which so much has been insisted.

The simplest of all plans with which I am acquainted is that which brings air from the outside through a small chamber or pipe that can be heated by a fire or by gas, and which allows the air, after it has been warmed, to diffuse steadily into the room.

A stove called the Calorigen, invented by Mr. Webb George, is, in my opinion, best adapted for use in the bedroom. It burns either with coal gas or coal; or, more correctly speaking, a calorigen stove can be obtained either for gas or for coal. The stove has this great advantage, that it warms and ventilates at one and the same time. The stove contains within its outer cylinder or case a spiral iron tube, which by its lower end communicates with the outer air, and by its upper end opens into the room. The heat generated in the stove communicates heat to the spiral tube, and the air in the spiral is heated and ascends into the room. The ascension of warm air causes a draught from below, and so a current of warm air is at all times diffusing through the room so long as the fire of gas or coal is burning. At the same time the products of combustion from the stove are conveyed away by another pipe into a flue or chimney.

When one of these stoves is in good action the air of an apartment may be kept pure and warm for any length of time, and the temperature can be maintained at the same uniform degree all the while. There is also about the method the immense advantage that it secures freedom from cold draughts from doors and from windows. The copious influx of warm air from the stove is, indeed, so effective that when the stove is heated to its full, and the room is of moderate size, there is a draught or current of air out of the room by the doors when they are opened a little way, unless there be a provision for a fixed ventilating outlet. Properly there ought always to be a ventilating outlet, even when the room is steadily charged with fresh and warm air, for a current is always desirable.

My friend, Mr. Henry C. Stephens, in an excellent paper which he has written on ventilation, maintains, with much force, that no mode of ventilation is actually perfect unless by precise mechanical means air be actually drawn into an apartment in duly measured quantities. He suggests a system of supply of air by a mechanism moved and regulated by weight and balance, so that the air through a house may be systematically supplied with all the accuracy of good and effective clockwork; or if this be not applicable, he favors the admirable water-wheel ventilation which has lately been

brought out by Messrs. Verity, of Regent Street. There is much to be said in favor of Mr. Stephens's argument, and if I were constructing a house from the first I should introduce Verity's ventilating system into every room; but we have to deal with houses everywhere that were originally erected without the slightest regard to sanitary rules, and we must therefore adapt what is best and cheapest to improve if not to perfect. In the bedroom, the stove I refer to is of these adaptations the best I know of. It is really automatic in action when it is once started, and it can be put up anywhere where there is a chimney for the exit pipe for consumed air. Lastly, it is quite safe in the bedroom: the fire being inclosed no sparks can fly from it, and the fuel makes no dust within the room.

In my laboratory I have had one of the Calorigen stoves in work for several years, and I have found it so manageable and good I can recommend it on the best of all recommendations, its practical value. In the Annerley Industrial Schools, which I visited at the time of the Sanitary Congress, held last October, at Croydon, I found that the stoves were in common use, and that they were as much approved of by the school authorities as they are by my own experience of them.

There is one precaution which I would suggest to those who are going to introduce a Calorigen into their bedroom. When the stove is fixed it is usual for the man who fixes it to push the air-feeding pipe through the floor of the room so as to get the supply of air from under the floor. No arrangement can be better if due care be taken, but it is essential to make sure of three things in carrying out this plan. Firstly, it is essential to see that there is a free opening from the outer wall by a perforated brick or grating under the floor, so that the air chamber beneath gets a due supply of fresh air from without. Secondly, it is well to see that there is no gas-pipe running beneath the floor from the joints of which gas could escape and be drawn by the stove into the air of the room above. Thirdly, it is important to have the space below the floor made quite free of old rubbish, and to have it made thoroughly dry. All these steps are really essential, for if there be no admission of air beneath the floor from without, the stove will exhaust, and the space will be recharged with air from the room through openings and chinks in the flooring; if there be any escape of gas beneath the floor the stove will diffuse the gas into the room; if there be decomposing matter or dust beneath the floor the stove will also diffuse them, and if there be damp it will diffuse the damp.

I name these possible errors because I have seen them all made, and, actually, in one instance, I saw removed from beneath the floor of a bedroom and dressing-room twenty barrow-loads of dust

and débris which had been lying there for nearly a century. The workmen in building houses care little about leaving dust and rubbish on ceilings that are covered by floors. In this case the rubbish consisted of shavings, sawdust, and sundry other things, such as old slippers and shoes, which had been lying there ever since the house was built.

If it be impossible, or if it be too expensive, to lift up the floor-boards and clean the whole of the space beneath, the next best thing to do is to take up a floor-board and under it to carry a box one foot deep between the joists of the floor from the point where the air-pipe of the stove pierces the floor-board to the outlet in the wall in which the air-brick or grating is inserted. The floor-board will form as it were the lid of this box, and the air, drawn by the stove, will be through the box direct from the outside. The box should be made of pine wood, and neatly planed on its inner surface. That surface should be polished with beeswax and turpentine so soon as the box is laid in, and from time to time the floor-board should be removed and the polishing should be repeated. The air passing over the surface of wax and turpentine is made singularly healthy and pure. It is as if it had been subjected to ozone before entering the chamber, and if it enter the chamber at a temperature of 60° to 65° Fahr., the fresh odor is distinguishable in the room after it has been for a short time unoccupied. These plans are all very simple to carry out when they are simply explained, and as a bedroom that is well and easily warmed and well and easily ventilated is of priceless value, I make no apology for spending so much time on this one topic.

IV.

THE FLOOR COVERINGS OF THE BEDROOM.

The bedroom can hardly have too good a floor, and after all no floor is so good as one of wood. If the wood is smooth and well planed it may be treated all over with wax and turpentine without being either stained or painted ; or it may be stained all over and varnished ; or if it be rough and will not take stain well, as is not uncommon in cases where the floors are very old, the boards may be covered with a good layer of zinc—white paint, colored according to the taste of the owner, and afterward well varnished. My own predilection is for Stephen's wood stain, when the boards will admit of the application, and taking it all in all a light oak stain is, I think, the best. The stain may be applied by any person who is at all deft at such artistic work. The floor is, in the first place, well cleansed by dry scrubbing with clean sawdust, and any great roughnesses and irregularities are planed or otherwise smoothed down. Then the whole surface is covered with a layer of thin

size, which is allowed to dry. The stain is next prepared by mixing sufficient of it with water to get the required depth of tint, and sufficient is made to cover all the surface without recourse to a new solution. The stain is lightly and evenly laid on with a piece of sponge, and that also is left to dry. Finally, a good layer of varnish is laid on with a brush over the stained surface, and when that is dry, the next best floor to a floor of real and of polished oak has been obtained by the trouble and cost expended on the work. The floor prepared either by varnish simply, or by staining and varnishing, or by paint and varnish, should afterward be kept clean by dry rubbing, and by beeswax and turpentine. There is nothing really so clean, and nothing so healthy. After a short time the varnished floors take the wax very well, and by that firm and smooth surface nothing is absorbed to create bad air. The floor is easily dusted. Loose particles of dust, feathers, and woollen fluff are readily detected, and the fact that there is any collection of dust or dirt on the floor is at once made obvious. There are no crevices or rough places in which the dust and fluff can be concealed.

There cannot, I think, be a doubt that for the bedroom floor dry cleansing is always the best. Water destroys the varnish on stained and painted floors, making them patchy and dirty-looking; water destroys the evenness of surface; water makes the adoption of the waxed floor almost impossible; water when it is used often percolates into the joints of the floor-boards, causing them to separate and become holders of dirt; and, lastly, if water be used for cleansing the chances are many in the course of a year that the room will be left damp and chilly. The floor will be washed on some damp and foggy days, the boards will dry imperfectly, and though, at bed-time, they may be to appearance dry, they will not be so entirely, while the air of the room will be still charged with moisture; so that although the sleeper does not get into a damp bed, he does get into a damp bedroom, which in some respects is equally injurious.

I have seen such very bad results from damp sleeping-rooms in which the dampness of the air has been caused by washing the floors, that I do not press the lesson I wish to enforce at all too forcibly or earnestly.

When from any circumstance the floor of the bedroom cannot have given to it a varnished or waxed surface; when, for example, the floor is constructed simply of deal planks, it may seem to be absolutely necessary to clean the surface with water. These floors, moreover, are just the floors that hold water the longest, and for all reasons are least adapted for water cleansing. How then, it will be said, are such floors to be cleansed? They are most easily cleansed in one dry way, viz., by dry scrubbing with sawdust. The servant takes up a small pailful of clean, fresh saw-

dust, and, taking it out by handfuls, spreads it on the floor, and with a hard, short-bristled brush scrubs with the sawdust as if she were using water itself. When the whole surface has been scrubbed in this way, she sweeps up the sawdust, and finds beneath it a beautifully clean and dry floor; or if there be left any part still dirty she easily remedies the defect by an additional scrub at that part. When all is finished she carries the dirty sawdust away, and destroys it by burning it in the kitchen fire. White sand may be used instead of sawdust for this same purpose, but it is not so convenient, and is not so quick a cleanser as sawdust. The same sand, if sand be used, can be applied several times if it be cleansed, by washing and afterward heating it over the fire until it is quite dry.

I have to speak next about carpets in bedrooms. I need hardly insist on the fact that the old-fashioned plan of covering every part of the bedroom with carpet stuff, so as to make the carpet hug the wall, is as bad a plan as can possibly be followed. In these days everybody is beginning to recognize this truth, and the change which has taken place within the last ten years, in the matter of carpets for bedrooms, is quite remarkable. In some instances I notice that an extreme change, which is neither wanted nor warranted, has been instituted; that is to say, instead of the carpet that at one time covered all the surface of the floor with the greatest nicety of adaptation, there is no carpet at all. This extreme change is not at all desirable. It is good to have carpets in every part of the room where the feet must regularly be placed. It is bad to have carpets in any part of the room where the feet are not regularly placed. These two rules govern the whole position, and the most inexperienced housewife can easily remember them. By these rules there should be carpet all round the bed, carpet opposite to the wardrobes or chests of drawers, carpet opposite the washing-stand, carpet opposite the dressing-table, but none under the beds, and none for a space of two to three feet around the room, that is to say two or three feet from the walls of the room. The carpets that are laid down should be loose from each other, each one should be complete in itself, so that it can be taken up to be shaken with the least trouble, and each one should be arranged to lie close to the floor, so that dust may not easily get underneath.

Carpet stuff for bedrooms should be made of fine material closely woven, and not fluffy on the surface. Felt carpet stuff for bedrooms is what is commonly recommended in the shops for bedroom service, and after that Axminster. The first is all wrong; it never lies neatly, it very quickly accumulates dust, and it is really not in the end economical. Axminster is more free from these objections, but it is not so good as Brussels. There was a form of Brussels carpet called "tapestry," which some years ago was very

largely used. It was as warm as the thickest blanket, and it was almost like wire in fibre; in fact, it was tough enough to last half a lifetime, and it was the best carpeting for bedrooms I ever remember. Fluff adhered to it very slightly, it held an exceedingly small quantity of dust, and it was always in its place on the floor. As a matter of course, "tapestry" went out of fashion in due time and season.

The advantages of small carpets in the bedroom are many. They cause the footsteps to be noiseless, or comparatively noiseless, they prevent the feet from becoming cold while dressing and undressing, they make the room look pleasant, and when used in the limited manner above suggested they save trouble in cleansing by preventing dust and dirt from being trodden into the floor.

And now, having s en to the lighting of the bedroom, to the position of it in regard to aspect, to the ventilation, to the warming, and to the construction and covering of the floor, I ought to pass on to the walls, and the curtains, and the beds. But I must ask the reader to wait until next article for the final instalment on the bedroom. B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D., *in Good Words.*

PAGANISM IN PARIS.

THE religious question, whatever may be said or done, is the reigning question of our epoch. It is true we hear numerous voices demanding the separation of politics and religion, of Church and State, and, in the actual age of the world, I have no objection to the demand. I will merely remark that the only country in Europe which, without having realized that separation, has at least approached to the ideal of it—namely, Belgium—is the very country where religion and politics are confounded more than anywhere else, and where, so to speak, they contaminate each other.

As regards France and the Republic—and I do not separate the Republic from France, for, in the situation in which they are placed, they have no other alternative than to live or die together—as regards France, then, and the Republic, it is more and more evident to any one who has the slightest perspicacity that the question they have to solve under penalty of death—and of a death not far distant—is precisely the religious question.

I will not, therefore, separate what is united in the public mind as in public events, and I shall here study the religious struggle not only in the public conscience, but also in society.

Let us go back, first of all, sixteen hundred years—about the

year 250 of our era. Paris was then Lutetia. It had originally been a small town built by Gallic seamen upon what we call to-day the Island of the City. Later, after the conquest of Cæsar, it became a Roman city and an important centre of the administration of the empire in these regions. The situation was admirably chosen in the midst of the Gauls, with an aspect rather to the north than to the south, in a topographical position both advantageous and charming, just below the confluence of the Marne and the Seine, and above the meeting of the Seine and the Oise, in the midst of graceful and fertile meadows bordering the river. It was by its situation admirably disposed for maritime commerce, and, in fact, history tells us that that commerce soon extended to the distant countries of Syria. Everything foretold that a great future was in store for Lutetia. And yet history was to surpass all expectations by making it—I will not say, with more conceit than truth, the capital of the world, but the capital of France and the Latin Occident. That is sufficient for its glory, and also for its responsibility. Such was Lutetia.

As I have indicated, the Roman Empire had its magistrates and its jurisconsults there, and it was one of the centres of its administration ; but we are occupied not with these, but with the religious question, and I must therefore add that it was one of the religious centres of the empire.

Christianity had reached some of the southern cities of Gaul, and in particular the metropolitan city of Lyons, the city of Pothinus and Irenæus ; but it had not yet invaded Lutetia and the north. Paganism reigned there uncontested. But what paganism ? That of Rome. And, if I mistake not, it was one of the most perfect of paganisms the world has ever seen, and, as such, one of the most powerful.

I am well aware of what has been said of the barrenness of the Roman genius in particular, and of the Italian genius in general—of their native inability to produce a great religious and national epic, or to create a powerful native mythology ; but I also know —and it is Cicero who tells us—that, in the time of the Tarquins, it was not a small drop, but a large torrent, of Hellenic civilization which flooded Rome.

Greece had sent thither her mythology, the most brilliant and most perfect of all mythologies ; and with this precious foreign heritage Rome possessed by birthright that energy, solidity, and dominating power which belonged to the character of the Romans. It was therefore a mythology remarkable and perfect in itself ; it was moreover a cosmopolitan religion. While continuing to be the paganism of Rome, it had opened her temples to all the vanquished gods as it had opened the Forum to all vanquished heroes. Rome had no doubt preserved her political domination as well as

her religious domination ; she was still Rome, but she was not exclusive ; she opened her Pantheon to all the religions of the world, thus realizing a reconciliation more difficult than that of peoples—the reconciliation of the gods. It was a cosmopolitan, in fact I may say a human, paganism.

In the same way as it embraced all races in humanity, it embraced all faculties in the individual. It was an elastic paganism ; it had no dogma or morality of its own : it was, as has often been said, simply composed of myths and rites—myths and rites which had nothing to do with reason, and still less with the conscience, and which were entirely confined to the imagination and fingers —*ritus ad solos digitos pertinentes.* But this very infirmity of the Roman paganism, this vague character of its doctrine, or rather this absence of doctrine and morality, rendered it eminently supple and comprehensive ; it responded, on the one hand, to the most vulgar wants of popular superstition, and, on the other, to the most elevated interpretations of reason and philosophy.

It was thus that, while it satisfied religious sensualism, which is to be found in the masses and even in the cultivated classes—while it satisfied them by its most absurd and most impure myths, extending, as it did, to sacred prostitution—it accommodated itself also to the dogmatic principles of the school of Alexandria and the austere precepts of the Portico. At the very epoch of which I am speaking—in the middle of the third century—a school of philosophy, perhaps the highest and noblest under the sun next to Christianity, was founded at Alexandria ; and this school comprised such men as Plotinus, Proclus, Julian, and Porphyry. Without going beyond the sphere of the official religion, in which it had large latitude, it transformed all her myths into the prismatic ideas of Plato ; it imparted to them a sublime signification ; and the Julian whom I have just mentioned—the Emperor Julian, whom our fathers called the Apostate—dreamed of making this philosophy, which was both rational and mystic, the almost miraculous remedy which was to restore life to the imperial and pagan Beast which was wounded unto death by Christianity ; and while the philosophy of Plato and his descendants accommodated itself so well to the rites and fables of paganism, the same thing must be said of the morality of Zeno. The Stoical school was a moral school, and reckoned among its members men like Zeno, its founder, like the admirable Epictetus (whose moral writings St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, read with respect and profit), like Seneca, Cato, and finally, as I have mentioned, the Emperor Julian among the Platonists. I will also mention Marcus Aurelius among the Stoics, as the type of the philosopher and prince without the pale of Christianity—he who realized during one pacific and benevolent hour the dream of Plato. "The peo-

ple," said Plato, "will never be happy until they are governed by philosophers." Thus we see that the austerity of the precepts of the Portico, of Zeno, and Epictetus, all equally accommodated themselves to paganism, and to that human paganism which embraced the whole of man by his baser nature as by his sublimer being—in short, religious and social paganism.

Our ideal to-day is, if not the immediate separation of Church and State, at least to limit in a more and more precise manner the frontiers of temporal society, which is the State, and those of spiritual society, which is the Church. And we are right. Everything commands it—the liberty of conscience, the independence of the temporal power, whether it be in the hands of a monarch or those of a people, and finally the very dignity of the spiritual power, which is never greater than when it commands in the name of liberty without appealing to force. And though we may not claim a complete and entire separation of Church and State, we should demand rigorous distinctions.

We must not forget what history teaches us, that Church and State, religion and society, whether of the Jews, pagans, or Christians, were never on a more regular and stronger footing than when firmly upholding each other. Now that is just what Roman paganism did; it had become, if I may be allowed the expression, incarnate—flesh of the flesh and bone of the bone of the empire. The empire was one vast democracy. Ah! we in France are now striving in our turn to realize a truly liberal democracy, and we have a right to do so. But history shows us that Cæsarism was the most powerful and lasting form of democracy in the past. The Roman Republic was autocratic—it perished with Pompey. Roman democracy was imperial—it rose with Cæsar, who was made at the same time a pontiff and a deity! Statues of him extant in Rome still bear the inscription *summus pontifex*. How strange! Julius Cæsar, the depraved and immoral, he who scoffed at the gods in private and at virtue in public, was proclaimed by the Roman Senate, in his lifetime, first a demigod and ultimately a god.

Thus empire and religion were one; and, as if to have deified Cæsar was not yet enough, the Senate and people themselves were deified. The goddess Rome, *dea Roma*, was not only the Eternal City, with Jupiter absolute at the Capitol, or Cæsar reigning at the Palatine; she embodied also—authentic records are there to testify to it—the worship of the Roman Senate and people. The empire itself was deified.

Never, I repeat, had the sun risen on such a mighty empire. That is what existed at Rome, while a more humble reflection of it obtained in Gaul, in Paris; and this it is which a handful of obscure men, all of whose names have not even come down to us

through history, came to battle with, A.D. 250. St. Denis, our first bishop, St. Rusticus, St. Eleutherus, and a few more unnamed—they were obscure Christians sent by the Bishop of Rome. The Papacy did not then reign in Rome, though it taught the primacy of the early ages, the humble and edifying primacy of the Apostolic Church. It was St. Fabian of Rome who sent hither the man who was to become St. Denis. But what social force, what human allies, could be relied on in the battle against such a power, against that paganism he was to encounter in Gaul? There were three forces: I have just mentioned one—Rome. The Christians were its loyal subjects—true Christians have ever been the faithful subjects of established authority—and at that time Rome was relatively a beneficent power. They were the subjects of Rome, and at the same time its heroic victims—victims sacredly rebellious in their conscience. There was no dependence upon political Rome to fight religious Rome, for they were one.

Apart from Rome, the old Celtic vindications and the young Germanic invasion had to be taken into account. And what were the old Celtic vindications? Ah! men were dreamers in those days, and as they dreamed they strove by fire and sword for the restoration of a Gallic nationality, or rather the founding of a Celtic empire in opposition to the cosmopolitan empire of Rome, that should comprise alike Gaul, Spain, and Great Britain. There were men among the emperors of Gaul—men such as Posthumus, Victorian, and Tetricus; there were heroic struggles, but the apostles of Paris, the apostles of the Gauls, soaring high above all parties in the regions of conscience and eternity, sought not their strength in Gallic vindications.

But on the other side of the Rhine, five or ten years before the advent of our apostles, there was being formed the first League of the Franks, a barbarous but high-minded people, destined to bring to us a few drops of their warm blood to mix with that of the Celts, our ancestors, and with that of the Romans, our civilizers—a barbarous but generous race whose name, we glory in, has clung to us; for that name is synonymous with frankness, the foe of deceit and liberty, the enemy of servitude. The Frankish league and the Germanic invasions were already beginning to disturb the land of Gaul; but the apostles of Paris, the apostles of the northern region, did not trust to the Franks any more than they did to the Celts. Upon whom, then did they rely? What forces did they summon to the aid of their apostolate? Were they themselves possessed of any strength appreciable in a human sense? I am not declaiming, but relating history; I am not putting forth a verbose apology on behalf of Christianity, but exposing facts for candid appreciation. The Christian apostles in that golden age of Christianity, and more particularly the apostles of Lutetia, brought

with them to the struggle with paganism no appreciable human force. They certainly had not recourse to the force of arms. At a later period this force did soil and dishonor the hands of Christians, for it was by the force of arms that Christianity was spread in northern Europe, and we Frenchmen are forced to remember Charlemagne and Witikind and the compulsory and sanguinary baptism of the Saxons. I need quote no other examples. Were I to run through the annals of the history of the Catholics as well as of the Protestants in the middle ages and during the sixteenth century, I should encounter everywhere the sight or smell of blood. But in those early times the hands of the Church were clean : she had not yet grasped the sword by the hilt—nay, it was its point that was buried in the breast of her martyrs. Therefore it was not the force of arms.

Was it the power of gold? Bishops and priests of those days were not paid by the State ; and they had not yet invented that other source of revenue, which I shall not perhaps call simoniacal, but which nevertheless is not edifying—viz., fees, fixed by tariff, on prayers, on the sacraments, on the means of grace, and therefore, one may say almost, on the blood of Christ.

Sceptical conservatives were not wanting in those days, any more than in ours, but they at least offered the insult of munificent alms-giving, prompted, it is true, not by faith, but by interested motives, and intended to extract from religion immunity, if not influence ; and they laid their largess on other altars than that of the true and living God ; they gave to other priests than those of Jesus Christ. Those early Christians counted no more, therefore, on the power of gold than on that of the sword. What then was that strange power which served them in their warfare? Was it that of science or of eloquence? History brings down to us no mention of these ; and if we consult Paul the Apostle, the master and model of them all, we find him saying to the Christian communities of his day : "Look well around ye, my brethren, and behold, there are not many rich or noble among you, nor many learned according to the world. I myself," adds the apostle, "have not come with the eloquent words of human wisdom ; but because the world would not know God by the wisdom of God himself, God has resolved to save the world by the foolishness of preaching." This is what they brought with them, the madness of their preaching, the heroism of their martyrs ; and they hid themselves in subterranean chambers, for they dared not appear in Paris in the light of day—the intolerance of the times would not have suffered it. So they descended into crypts and vaults, and there they founded, there they erected, those two monuments, so humble yet so sublime—the pulpit and the altar. A pulpit from whence they taught not human science, but the divine law ; an

altar whereon they realized not social justice, but infinite love. In Rome, human science and social justice were pre-eminent, and yet they sufficed not to save her. All science that had been acquired down to that epoch, Rome possessed, and we laugh at her to-day, as they will laugh at our infantine science of to-day in two or three centuries hence. But as we look back and smile at the science of Rome, we should be respectful, remembering that it was illustrated by philosophers, literary men, and artists. But then as now, science was not enough for the world. There was justice, and it was given to Rome to commence here below the building up of social justice; and even to-day, at the close of the nineteenth century, I am not afraid to render homage to Roman law, which has helped us to live so long, with which we shall continue to exist for a long time to come, and of which the great St. Augustine said: "As supernatural wisdom came from God through the mouth of the prophets, so also natural wisdom, social justice, came from the same God through the mouth of the Roman legislators (*leges Romanorum divinitus per ora principum emanarunt*)."

No! Justice and wisdom were not sufficient; faith was necessary, love was required. Faith, that is to say, that enlightenment which does not contradict reason, but sees beyond it; that divine flame which lights up the midnight of internal darkness—sin—as well as the all-pervading shadow of Heaven—misericordia; that flame which renders evident to man the corruption dwelling unknown within him, and which shows him the mercy of God bending down and extending over him.

What was necessary then for this conquest of Gaul? Simply this—the folly of their preaching; the story of this Man, Son of a virgin, risen from the dead; but above all that story between the virgin and the sepulchre—the gibbet—was necessary: this Man, Son of man and Son of God; this Man in whom the human and the divine natures were united, blended together, ascending the cross in order to save the consciences of all from the yoke of sin and all societies from the yoke of slavery. Therein lies the madness, the scandal, the preaching of the cross.

And by the side of this long pulpit an altar was wanted, that the toiler in the town and the toiler in the field might offer up the produce of their labor, the bread and wine of creation, the two substances watered by the rains of heaven, bathed by the rays of the sun, and bedewed by the holy sweat of the toiler's brow. The two substances which sustain our life—bread which is strength, wine which is joy—the two royal and sacerdotal substances must be brought to this altar, and by means of a mystery entirely spiritual and yet quite real, by a mystery which concedes nothing to the senses, but gives everything to the soul, are to become the body and the blood of the immortal Martyr, realizing the living union, the

direct union, the immediate union of man with his God, and of man with his fellow-man, of whatever caste or race or nation he may be; for, as St. Paul had said, "There are no longer among you either Jews or Gentiles; there is no longer a people of the narrow and selfish revelation; there are no longer peoples of vainglories and corrupt civilization; there are no more Greeks and barbarians; there are no more rich and slaves; there are no more men and women, and you are all one in Christ Jesus." That is how paganism was vanquished here in Paris—the word of faith in the pulpit of St. Denis, the mystery of love on the altar of St. Denis.

And—I will not say a few centuries, but only a series of years had passed, and the Seine, as it embraced the point of the island where now rises the majestic façade of Notre Dame, and where then stood a temple to the Roman and Gallic gods, saluted, as it murmured past among the sweeping meadows, the first but definitive trophies of the victories of Christ—the victories of the Gospel and of Christian civilization.

As we approach and touch the actualities of our own time, I feel the lines of justice stronger and straighter. But within these lines and with the actualities of to-day we breathe, thank Heaven, the beneficent atmosphere of liberty. I shall therefore speak my mind freely, recounting what I see in the region of free thought, as it is called. But the word is badly chosen. We Christians also, we desire and we are bound to think freely. We are between two parties—I should say armies—that of Rationalism and that of Ultramontanism. I respect them both. I respect the Roman Catholics, because they are especially my brethren; I shared for a long time their delusions, and I still share their faith, as expressed in the Nicene Creed. I am and intend to remain Catholic. I also respect the freethinkers. I know how sincere a great number of them are, and moreover I feel myself moved by a painful and respectful sympathy for the sufferings which it has been my lot to discover in many of their consciences. And far be it from me to willingly wound—I will not say any conscience—but any person, and, if I unwittingly do so, I retract beforehand.

Returning to my subject—we will pass from the third to the nineteenth century. I will not say that in the interval of these sixteen hundred years Christianity has perished: on the contrary, I think that in more than one sense it has more life than ever in the world, and that, too, in Paris. What I will say is that the official and divine institution which is represented among us by the Catholic Church has been shaken. Twice in the history of these centuries the see of St. Denis has abdicated, and twice it has abdicated before two rival paganisms, mortal enemies each of the other, and yet leagued together against the Gospel—against the pure and

entire Gospel. Such is my thesis. I will now deal with the facts.

Let us begin by speaking of the first of these two paganisms—of that which I will call the intellectual paganism, or rather the irreligious, I should almost say the impious, paganism—for it is that which suppresses religion. The other paganism is the superstitious paganism, which distorts religion. In speaking of the first of these paganisms—first chronologically, but not in power—I can repeat what we have learned from Leibnitz, and what experience has confirmed, that each new affirmation of superstition or fanaticism is met by a negation of incredulity and irreligion, and that each new manifestation of incredulity encounters a new affirmation of superstition. Extremes meet—nay, they do more—they unite and propagate ; and this is precisely the tragic, the formidable aspect of the situation.

To deal with the paganism of incredulity, of irreligion, we must go back to the troubled dawn of our French Revolution.

It was before an assembly which had had its days of glory, but which, at the time I am speaking of, was not worthy of France—the National Convention. At its bar appeared the successor of St. Denis, he who, invested with the episcopal tiara, occupied the see of Paris—the constitutional bishop, Gobel. On his brow, which had borne the mitre (mysterious symbol of the august and pacific power which comes from Jesus Christ), he had placed the red Phyrgian cap—emblem of the bloody demagogy. He appeared before that assembly without having been called, and, in base, despicable language, said: "The will of the people has always been my first thought, and my first duty is to obey it." But the cowardly apostate confounded the respect of the people with the fear of the scaffold, as he confounded the respect of God with the terror of hell. Tormented by day by the vision of the guillotine, tortured at night by infernal visions, actuated by the basest cowardice, and possessing no religion, neither that of the Stoics nor that of Christians, he had come there, surrounded by the meanest of his priests, to abjure at one and the same time his Christian faith and his episcopacy. "Citizens," said the president of the Convention to them, "in laying on the altar of the Republic these Gothic baubles, you have deserved well of the nation."

Frantic applause burst forth from most of the benches, while Robespierre, isolated in his disgust, meditated a sentence which a few days later was to send Gobel to wash out, if he could, his shame by the guillotine.

This was the first abdication of the pulpit of the see of St. Denis.

This abdication was not made, however, into the hands of paganism : the Convention was not pagan, it was deist. Robes-

pierre proclaimed it in language which was perhaps strange and ridiculous, but which has also its sublime aspect—he proclaimed the official belief of the French people in the Supreme Being and in the immortality of the soul. Would that all the republicans of to-day had preserved the orthodoxy of the National Convention!

The Convention was deist, but it was already outstripped by atheism. Robespierre was classed among the champions of the old *régime*. The Supreme Being was a myth to be banished with Jehovah and Jesus. The Commune of Paris was in the van of progress, and the procurator—ringleader—of that commune, Chaumette, stood in front of the altar of Notre Dame to inaugurate the most disgraceful of all paganisms—the religion of atheism. On the altar of Jesus stood a courtesan; she personified in her barren and corrupting flesh the profaned reason of man. A shameless woman, a reason profaned—this was the goddess of Reason; and to her were offered adorations which we are willing to forget on the condition that we are not forced to remember them.

It was therefore a new paganism which arose; but, to the glory of the French people, I can say that the goddess of Reason threw off her vile trappings and cleansed herself of the mire into which she had fallen. And yet, alas! to be faithful to truth, I am forced to say that the goddess Reason is still standing erect, and that her throne is neither in Berlin nor London—at Berlin, in the German universities, where there are no doubt powerful lucubrations of rationalism and irreligion; in England, where flourishes to-day the most radically sceptical school in the world—but the irradiating and powerful focus is Paris.

Not only is the goddess Reason still living in our midst, and not only are we living witnesses, but we are living actors in a veritable paganism.

Paganism is vast—it stretches from the African fetishism to the pantheism of the Brahmins and the atheism of the Buddhists, for atheism itself has its religion. There are those to be found in our day who imagine that religion can be uprooted from the human soil and a great people made to live without adoring. But religion is a thing so great, so subtle, so deep rooted in man, that even when the very idea of God has disappeared, as in Buddhism (which contemporaneous *savants* affirm, although I myself doubt it), there still remains a religion, the most powerful and sometimes the most fanatic. Thus, from the fetishism of the Africans to the atheism of the Buddhists and the pantheism of the Brahmins, there are all the degrees and shades of polytheism. But these numerous forms, opposed to one another, all enter into the great sphere of paganism. We must not, however, confound paganism with any of these forms, and if we wish to obtain an exact definition, we must

go to the essence of it. What than is the essence of paganism or idolatry? Bossuet has told us in a single word: *everything is God except God himself.* Paganism consists essentially in the substitution of the relative for the absolute, of the finite for the infinite, of man for God. I say "man" rather than nature, for in modern times we do not adore nature, especially exterior nature, for we know it better than our ancestors; we have analyzed it by our science, we have conquered it by our industry; we simply make it our slave. But when God has disappeared—when the Living Infinite and the Personal Absolute have gone—when, as Hamilton says, we have succeeded in exorcising the spectre of the absolute, we find ourselves before another spectre—man: man beholding only himself, man adoring himself, sometimes with the calculating designs of a cold egotism, sometimes with the sudden passions of voluptuousness, ambition, or pride; but it is always man that adores himself. If he adores himself in his individual person, it is egotism; if he adores himself in the person of some or all of his kind, it is what is called to-day, in rather barbarous French, *l'altruisme* (other-selfism); or when, finally, withdrawing himself from individuals or from his own person, he adores himself under the ideal of humanity, and when man adores himself in humanity, as Auguste Comte, a man of great talent, almost of genius, said, "in the continuity of convergent beings," it is still man adoring himself. And, I would ask, did not Auguste Comte himself, while summing up and crowning a scientific life by mystic conceptions, pass from pure philosophy to religion, and inaugurate in Paris, at No. 10 Rue Monsieur le Prince—it still exists—what he called "the sanctuary of the religion of humanity," of which he was the first high-priest, and for which he created a calendar and sacraments? These are living facts of to day.

Do not overlook the fact that, while pointing out what I call the paganism of the Positivists' school, the adoration of man, I render to it the homage which it deserves. I have spoken of its founder: what should I not have to say of him who has been *par excellence* the continuator of the system of the founder of Positivism, whose conscience is as upright as his intelligence is penetrating, of whom it has been said that he is "a saint who does not believe in God," and who is such an eminent representative of modern science and of French patriotism—Littré?

There are at this moment in France two schools, distinct, though having a certain connection, and which carry all before them—the Positivist school and the Materialist school. I shall certainly not say that they resume in themselves the whole of French mind. There are in France a great many Christians in the Roman Church, for Roman Catholics are very often far better than the Ultramontane system that holds and binds them. There are great numbers

of Christians among the Protestant confessions; and then everything beyond the pale of Christianity is not pagan. Two religions possess the free and open right of profession in France: Judaism, which proclaims Jehovah, the personal and living God; and Islamism (for Algeria is a part of France), proclaiming in a no less earnest and passionate manner a personal and living God, Allah! Therefore everything is not pagan on the soil of France. And in the realm of philosophy, in the different spiritualistic schools which still uphold the banner of God, of the human soul, of hope, or rather of everlasting truth—the banner of spiritual philosophy—all these in France comprise Christianity, Judaism, Islamism, and the spiritualistic school. But it must be confessed that they do not all bask in the sunshine of success and popular favor. The two schools which nowadays hold sway over the scientific realm, and would fain attract within their grasp all methods of teaching, and encroach on private and social life, are the sciences of Materialism and Positivism.

But I will not hesitate to tell these schools that they, in fact, are the embodiment of paganism in the sense of the substitution of man for God. It is true that it is a very pure paganism, for indeed there could be no other within a Christian society. Jesus Christ has spoken of worship in spirit and in truth. I say that it is idolatry in spirit and in truth. It is the creature usurping the place of the Creator; the constant substitution of the finite for the infinite, of man for the personal and living God. That is paganism; and we find it in the three orders of human life—knowledge, ethics, and society.

In the order of knowledge, it is reason severing itself not only from Christian revelation—that would be already too much, for human reason has need of the Gospel of Jesus Christ—but extinguishing on the very heights it occupies the effulgent rays of dawn, the breath of the early day about to break. It is reason forgetting all metaphysics as well as all religion; restraining, crippling itself in the order of outer and material observation, and in the order of inner and psychological observation. "There is but nothingness beyond observation and facts," says the Materialist; nothing but hypothesis says the Positivist. But this is the mutilated reason of man, the science of observation set in the place of the natural sense, of the rational intuition of things spiritual and eternal. Such is the first characteristic of paganism.

If we enter into conscience, we find an absence of the absolute elements, because God is no longer there: God is nothing, or at least an hypothesis. The human conscience bereft of its absolute elements, is necessarily bereft of all divine elements. What then remains? Three laws, from which a man may choose according to his taste or fancy, according as his mind is of an austere or a de-

praved character—the law of conscience, but of a conscience wholly relative and contingent, a conscience based on self, which is but self communing with self in its own dignity ; the law of duty, a beautiful law, inasmuch as it sometimes gives rise to real virtues. admirable self-sacrifice in inconsistent men, who are better than their systems. And yet this is but a relative, contingent conscience, devoid of all value but that of human self. By the side of the law of conscience there is the law of the heart, with its fervid enthusiasm, its beautiful ideal of the imagination as well as of sentiment. Need I add that underneath conscience and heart lies what has been called "the law of physical members," as expounded by that great Saint-Simonian school which taught the rehabilitation of the flesh.

If conscience be not an element superior to man, and law not a light existing within him, but coming to him from above, it is left to man to choose, to calculate in his wisdom the measure of his conscience which bids him sacrifice himself, the measure of his heart which bids him love, and the measure of his flesh which counsels his enjoyment. That is logic. Man may be better than logic, but nevertheless this is logic. It is man, principle and end of morality, as it is man, the principle and end of conscience.

In the social order we have democracy, a most noble form, and perhaps the definitive form of human societies. Let us use no ambiguities here. The democracy which I admit is that of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. the initiator of contemporary democracy ; and though often a false prophet, he was true and sublime when he qualified democracy as "God's people governing itself," *i.e.*, the sovereignty of the people acting only as agent of the superior sovereignty of reason and justice. But the democracy of human affairs which ignores God and his divine law in all things is a democracy which renders nugatory all laws it can make itself, and powerless all human action. If the value of laws, of political constitutions, of the constitution of society itself—if the value of property and of the family tie are not founded on absolute reason, but are merely the arbitrary result of the popular will ; if man, the majority of the people—for it is a majority, never a whole people, that speaks—declares that such and such a law is a true or just one because it has so willed it, and such and such a constitution wrong or bad because it will have no more of it—I maintain that such a democracy is but tyranny under a new form. It matters little to me that I am governed by one man or millions of men. As a man I owe obedience direct only to reason and divine justice, indirectly to the social agent established in the name of this reason and of this justice. In a traditionally monarchical society this agent is the prince, and I acknowledge the monarch. But, I repeat, behind and above the monarch I bow only to divine order

and supreme law, whose agent he, the king or the emperor, is held to be. In a democratic society it is the people—I should say the majority of the people, since we must be arraigned before that law of numbers which is becoming the constituted agent of justice and law. I accept willingly the majority of the people; but that majority can claim my allegiance only so long as it shall represent the principle of a higher order, the principle of absolute justice—God. Thus, in the social as well as in the moral and intellectual order, it is ever man arraigned before his fellow-man. In other words, it is paganism.

We will now turn our attention to the second form of paganism—superstition. I will not go back so far as 1793, but will approach much nearer to us, to 1870; and not now amid the great parliament of the nation, but amid the grand assembly of the Church of Rome. In my mind's eye I stand within the Council of the Vatican. A man is there whom we have loved, whose memory is still cherished and venerated throughout the French people—ay, throughout the world—the then Archbishop Darboy. During the strife of that troubled session he wrote to me—for I will say that, without encouraging me in the line my conscience had marked out for itself, he never withdrew from me his esteem and his affection—he wrote to me, who had protested against the Council before ever it was holden, in these words: "Victory is but too often on the side of the heaviest battalions." Well, he fought through that deplorable battle, and soon after, in another revolt, opposed not his convictions, not even his faith, but his breast, his life, like the hero that he was, like a martyr; and, like a saint, he gave his blessing to the murderous bullets of the impious Commune, where he was already opposing his eloquence and conscience to the moral and, in one sense, no less terrible onslaught of Ultramontane fanaticism.

I must now speak of another bishop whom I respect because his private life is spotless, and his personal character worthy of respect, but I claim the right to judge him by his acts. The present Archbishop of Paris was likewise present at the Council, and he in advance abdicated the episcopate of St. Denis. True, he did not give up Christian faith, but he surrendered the creed of the Gallican Church. He was persuaded to throw off his episcopal character, derived from God by consecration, and which, too, came, at least in former times, from the people through the election of the magistracy, which in itself embodies alike divine and popular rights. He consented to divest himself of his Catholic character in advance, that he might introduce into Paris the new episcopate, a mere lieutenancy of the Pope; and from that see he brought and introduced a new dogma—and what a dogma!—into our catechism. Ah! let us not pass this over inconsiderately. The cate-

chism is the most important of books, for in the teaching of our children it is as the maternal breast, either overflowing with pure and life-giving nourishment, or full of insidious poison. The archbishop has introduced into the Paris catechism, hitherto unsullied by this error, the antichristian dogma which suppresses the Church—that is to say, the faith of all—and substituted for it the Pope, or the will of one man. That ancient primate, Gregory the Great, said boldly: "He who shall ever proclaim himself universal bishop will become, through his arrogance, the precursor of Antichrist." He further said that "should the universal bishop fall, the whole fabric of the Church will fall with him." Well, the universal, the infallible and absolute bishop, the man before whom all consciences sink into error and perdition—the infallible Pope—is written in this catechism. And this is not all; for the doors of our temple, so long closed against the Roman liturgy, have at last opened. The voice of the old and sound traditions has become mute; and fables, unworthy of reason, and but too often unworthy of conscience, are celebrated before God. A Catholic mythology—it is no longer Catholic faith—has arisen, in aid of superstition on the one hand, and of spiritual tyranny on the other. This has come to pass in our day.

Paganism is still alive in our midst, and as if in response to a law of human nature, a law to be discerned in all mythologies, paganism has become incarnate, has taken the form of two idols, one male, the other female; the male idol is the Pope, the female idol the Virgin Mary. No one could venerate the Pope more than I do, so long as he remains what he was originally—the living symbol of the unity of all Christians. No one could have more respect for the Holy Virgin, the Virgin of the Gospel, the august mother of the Son of God, the model for all women, maidens and mothers, the humble but sublime Jewess who emancipated her oppressed and humiliated sex, and who has done more for civilization than all philosophers and legislators; and I do not hesitate to say that in profaning both Pope and Virgin they have made idols of them. The death-bed words of M. de Montalembert, an ardent Catholic, concerning the Pope, will never perish—"the idol they have set up for themselves at the Vatican." Acting in the name of the speaking idol of the Vatican, the present Archbishop of Paris went up unto the dumb idol which people worship at La Salette, and on the brow of that statue, which the Gospel repudiates, he set a crown of gold. I love and venerate the mother of our blessed Lord as the first among all the saints, but this pretended Virgin—this false mother who appears to a poor deluded fanatic giving divine commandments in the worst of provincialisms (*affreux patois*)—I will none of. No: there is no possible reason to believe that the Holy Virgin is permitted to come to this

earth in diverse ways and places as a second Saviour claiming adoration that can only be given to her divine Son. This Mariolatry is idolatry. And—we blush as we say it—there were bishops present, the successors of the apostles of Jesus, Christians who worship in spirit and in truth, and thousands of French people. This ceremony occurred in one of our most enlightened provinces, and but a few months ago, in the year 1879! What else is this but paganism? and is it strange that I speak with deep and holy indignation at seeing my country rent in twain, one half given up to that abstract idol called human reason—which simply means science separated from absolute truth, progress isolated from its divine principle—and the other half given up to new-fangled and strange fetish, which is offered to its worshippers in the name of the Gospel? This is paganism, and its end has not yet come. Nor is it inactive. What spectacle meets our gaze on the heights of Montmartre, rising out of and overlooking Paris—on the very spot which St. Denis and his companions watered with their blood? A church is being built there; but to whom? To Jehovah? To Christ, his Son and our Redeemer? To him of whom John the Evangelist said: "The Word, everlasting light of the Father, was in the beginning; the Word was with God, and the Word was God; and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we have beheld his glory?" Ah! he is veritably the God become manifest in the flesh, the God whose fulness has dwelt among men, has lived and lives eternally in Christ. With clasped hands, on bended knees, do I worship him. I can truly say that I am second to no Christian, by whatever name he may be called, in my passionate adoration of him: but he, the Christ, is not the God of Montmartre. The God of Montmartre is the one who appeared, so it is said, to Marie Alacoque during hallucination. It is he who, in these visions, himself ordained that the Jesuits should be the apostles of the new dispensation. And, indeed, it is the Jesuits who, in the last century, overawed the Gallican episcopacy in spite of their protestations, and Rome itself in spite of its wise misgivings. It is they who, in an unguarded moment, wrung from the Assembly that pretended national offering to the sacred heart of Jesus. And who is this new apparition, this strange figure presented for our adoration? Instead of the Word, the Λόγος, made man, we have a youth of insipid beauty, sensual and mystic, appearing to a deluded nun and exhibiting to her eyes a lacerated viscus—a heart dripping with blood, and surrounded by a red flame. These misguided Christians have, in their audacious fanaticism, done what it was not permitted the cruel executioners of Calvary to do: they have broken his sacred body, they have torn out his holy heart, and parade it about the world on banner, cross, and halberd! Ah! is it not true that paganism is still in our

midst? And I dare assert that the day when Catholic France shall go up to the shrine of Montmartre—should she ever do so—that day will witness the definitive victory of Jesuitism. Paris, conquered by the Prussians and burned by the Communists, will be trampled under foot by the triumphant Jesuits.

But little space is left for me to explain minutely, as I have done in the case of irreligious nationalism, the character of Ultramontanism. However, I will sum it up in one word, in its relation to knowledge, morality, and society.

In the order of knowledge it is still man substituting himself for God. Is it the Bible, that supernatural word of God to the world? Is it reason, natural light of God to man? No: now the Bible is closed; reason is abased. While the pious and learned Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, was pursuing those philosophical studies of his to which we are indebted for the treatise on the *Existence of God*, he suddenly recoiled on his own reason, the reason of man, and viewing in it not the faculty, born shallow and defective, but the object which illuminates it, the absolute ideas which people it as with a starry firmament, and the eternal laws which govern it in its contingent evolutions, "Reason! Reason!" suddenly exclaimed the great Christian thinker, "could it be that thou art he whom I seek?" Yes; in its object reason is God, not in itself, but in its object; and long before Fénelon, St. John had said, "That word is the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Well! reason is in bondage, the Bible is closed: these two communions—the one natural, the other supernatural, but both direct—of man with God are interrupted. What then remains? Man—man of the same flesh and blood as we are, who is often full of good intentions—it is the case of the present Pope, it was the same with his predecessor, but to the goodness of intentions Leo the Thirteenth joins a wisdom relatively considerable in idea and action—a man who may be virtuous, but who also may be (history bears proof of it) reckoned among the weak, sometimes even among the wicked. And yet it is on his lips that the permanent and lying miracle of infallibility is made to dwell. This man, placed between his equals and God, will henceforth be the alpha and omega of moral and religious certitude. Has not the leader of this party, or rather sect, dared to write, "There is only one man in the world who knows anything, and he is the Pope"?*

Such is the intellectual paganism. The moral paganism is that which also places a man between conscience and God. I do not wish to say any harm of Catholic confession: when it is freely and morally practised, when it proceeds from a conscience which opens itself in the full possession of its liberty, dignity, and mod-

L'Illusion Libérale, by M. Louis Veuillot.

esty, and when it is received by a man of enlightened religion and disinterested devotion, who does not wish to dominate over souls, but to serve them, who does not seek to supplant God, but to prepare the ways to him—then the confessional is a blessing, a real blessing, and I would not for my part diminish the respect or the practice of it. But this is not the Jesuitical confession. The Jesuitical confession implies the abdication of personal will, of individual responsibility. Man in the hands of a confessor must be—these are the very words of the book—"like a corpse which can be moved about in all ways, without a resistance, like a staff in the hands of an old man." Not only obedience, but blind obedience, must be practised. This is what I call an immorality—the faculty which ought to enlighten man blinding itself, the moral agent discharging itself of its terrible but glorious responsibility on to a stranger. Even supposing this strange abdication, this monstrous substitution, took place in behalf of all virtues, it nevertheless constitutes a fundamental immorality.

There are certain things which are heavy for man to bear: among them we may class the weight of truth in his reason and the weight of justice in his conscience. It is most convenient to say, "I will think no more, I will not even believe any more, but I will submit myself;" and it is also convenient to say, "I will struggle no longer for justice; I will listen no more, according to the words of St. Paul, to my thoughts which accuse and defend me in turns; I will read no more with the lamp of vigilance and sometimes of anguish that written law, of which St. Paul says 'Everybody is to himself his own law, everybody will be judged by the law which he bears in his heart;' and I abdicate my conscience into the hands of a confessor."

This is paganism—man substituted for God, man intercepting with his fatal shadow the light which comes from above. It is pretended that all this is done in the name of the Church. As regards myself, I shall always distinguish the Church, not only the Catholic Church, which is more vast than Rome, but the Roman Church itself in its generous elements—I shall always separate them from what M. de Montalembert called in a letter to myself "the odious sect which dominates and traffics on the Catholicism of our days." The sect which dominates and trades on the Catholicism of our days, the sect which has attached itself to the Church like an ivy which exhausts it, like a cancer which devours it, some think is an absolute enemy of the Republic. It is a mistake. What it is the enemy of is political and social autonomy—the communication of the conscience of citizens and magistrates with justice and superior reason, directly, immediately, face to face, a people of God governing themselves. But if it can find anywhere—and such things have been seen in South America and elsewhere

—if it can find a republican or Cæsarean democracy, no matter which, that will consent to place above justice, above the rights of one and all, and consequently above God, the canonical Ultramontane right—that is to say, the arbitrary will of the Pope—that sect will be contented with it, it will acclaim it, it will sprinkle holy water on liberty-trees, and even, if necessary, on red Phrygian caps. All it desires of man is one thing: to abdicate direct relations, in the social order as in the moral and intellectual order, with supreme reason, with absolute justice, with God, and to place between earth and heaven a priest—that Italian priest who is called the Pope.

Such are the two paganisms which I point out to my contemporaries, and in concluding this very imperfect article I ask of them: Now, what do you desire? Will you choose between them—or will you reject them both? Will you be Ultramontane, kneeling before the Pope, or will you be sceptic, straying in the midst of your dreams, tottering in the midst of your doubts? You feel that a choice must be made, and you know not how to make it. In your hours of religious sentimentalism you incline toward Ultramontanism; in your hours of philosophical independence you incline toward negation, or at least toward doubt. You know not how to say yes or no decisively. Weak souls, powerless reasons, the majority hesitate, till on the point of death, between the affirmation of their cradle, whose echo awakens in their tomb, and the negation of their youth or the doubt of their manhood. You divide yourselves in your own conscience between two extremes which are equally impossible, without being able to discover the luminous and pacific medium. You divide yourselves in your homes, where you place superstition and incredulity side by side. You send your wives and daughters to the school of a superstitious religion which teaches them to think no longer. You go with your sons to a school of a heartless science, which renders prayer and love impossible. France will be the loser if this schism continues. Republic or Monarchy, she will descend into the byways of decadence, and perhaps into the abyss of catastrophes.

What we must do, and I continue to appeal to my dear fellow-citizens, my dear co-religionists—for, after all, we are all Christians, and when we go to the bottom of our souls we all feel Christianity there—we must, amid all these errors, raise aloft the banner of the Gospel. Instead of isolating ourselves, instead of firing on one another in this civil war, in this criminal and mad war, we must unite together. We must labor in that work of which Mr. Gladstone, one of those statesmen who do not blush to be real Christians, remarked to me one day that the greatest idea of this century was Catholic reform and the unity of the Church. Above Protestantism and its divisions, above Roman Catholicism and its

oppression, above Greek Catholicism and its somnolence or isolation, let us endeavor to arouse a great organic and living Christianity, a vast superior and integral Catholicism, a free and strong federation of churches and consciences; and let us oppose to the two enemies—to the one who says to man, "Thou hast no soul or immortality, and consequently thou art only an ephemeral and suffering animal;" and to the other who says to him, "Give me thy soul, leave to me thy conscience, I alone can save them from Satan and lead them to God"—to these two paganisms let us reply with a restored Christianity. Ah! this is what must be done. Will you do it? I am asked. Are you a St. Denis? No, I am not a St. Denis, but I am one of his disciples. Nor am I alone, for there are legions of his disciples hidden away throughout my beloved country, hidden and timid from this long reign of terror to conscience. But when help and liberty are assured, they will come forth strong in the strength of the Lord, and we shall fight the good fight together—the peaceful battle of Christ's love. Yes, we can do this, we can and we ought. And if they do not, and if I fall and die enveloped in my solitary flag, I shall not die alone discouraged. No, because I shall have fought for the truth, believing that the future will sooner or later realize what the present is not worthy of accomplishing. No—and my friends will allow me to speak thus personally of the course in which all my life and being are engaged—no, I shall never be discouraged by the opposition or the indifference of men, by the delays of time and God. I shall not be like those who seek only immediate success. I shall not be like those who stop before duty and sacrifice, saying to themselves, "If I go further, I shall not be followed." There are disciples of Christ who, alas! speak thus in our days. I shall march alone if I am to be alone. I shall say, like the poet philosopher, "I am a citizen of the centuries to come;" or rather I shall say, as the symbol of our faith: "I believe in the resurrection of the dead," in the resurrection of dead consciences, till that of dead bodies shall have taken place. I believe in the rejuvenation of worn-out institutions, but which must revive because they are necessary; in the triumph of vanquished principles, of truths obscured by those who combat them, and often by those who defend them. I believe in the final victory of truth and justice, and in the reign of God forever on this earth.

HYACINTHE LOYSON *in Nineteenth Century.*

THE NEW FICTION.

The Egoist: A Comedy in Narrative. By GEORGE MEREDITH.
Pendennis. By W. M. THACKERAY.
David Copperfield. By CHARLES DICKENS.
Villette. By CURRER BELL.
Sylvia's Lovers. By MRS. GASKELL.
Three Brothers. By MRS. OLIPHANT.
Madcap Violet. By WILLIAM BLACK.
Far from the Madding Crowd. By THOMAS HARDY.
Cripps the Carrier. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Phineas Finn. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
Daniel Deronda. By GEORGE ELIOT.
The Heir of Redclyffe. By MISS YONGE.
Alec Forbes of Howglen. By GEORGE MACDONALD.

IT has been more than once remarked that when history came to be properly written it would eclipse in attractiveness all the fiction that could be invented and put into books; and, indeed, there is some such saying to be found either in the writings or the reported words of Macaulay. That distinguished man and delightful historian had his own reasons for knowing that the biography of nations might be found interesting even by readers outside the class of students proper. But the day is yet far off when the historian shall jostle the novelist out of his place. Within the last twenty years the novel proper has undergone a development which may still be pronounced astonishing even by those who have been accustomed to consider it, and has taken rank side by side—at no humiliating distance, though, of course, not close—with poetry and philosophy, formerly so entitled. It is far otherwise than sarcastically true that "Romola" and "Daniel Deronda" cannot be called light reading; and, passing away from fiction of that graver sort, it is abundantly clear that not even yet has criticism done all the work which the New Fiction has cut out for it in the way of widening its scope and improving the instruments by which it endeavors to trace the more subtle affiliations of literature. It may almost be said that there is now a branch of criticism specially, if not exclusively, applying to novels; and, perhaps, it may be added that the critics who cultivate this branch of work do not yet feel themselves quite up to their work. In fact, the New Fiction is a product for which the canons were not ready, and some of the best things said about it and what it foretells are little better than self-conscious talk to fill up time.

Of course the notion that the historian could ever supersede the novelist is absurd. However little short of chaotic our present criticism may be in such matters, there can be no risk in laying it down that the historic faculty and the poetic faculty are two very different things. So much to begin with; and it carries us a long

way. Macaulay had poetic faculty, though it was very narrow; but it is certain he would have made a grotesque failure of a novel, if he had attempted one. Lord Brougham did write a novel, but it was rather aborted than produced; and those who have never seen it may be thankful for a mercy not small—there are things one would much rather never have known. What sort of novel would Mr. Grote have written? But novelists have written history, and Mr. Thackeray, who contemplated writing it, would possibly have succeeded. We say possibly; because his Lectures on the Four Georges and on the Humorists of the Eighteenth Century do not encourage one to dispense with phrases of conjecture in this matter. That George Eliot could write history is certain, and it would surprise no one if she were to leave some really monumental work of that order behind her. Bulwer-Lytton did write history, and not unsuccessfully. So did the author of "Caleb Williams" and "St. Leon." If Defoe could not have succeeded as an historian, it would only have been because he was such "a matter-of-lie man" (to quote Charles Lamb's phrase), that he could never copy straight on. "Is that all?" asked the Scotch advocate, when his client had apparently completed his statement of his case—"Is that all?" And the client replied, "Ou ay, man; that's a' the truth; ye maun put the lees till't yourself." It is to be feared that Defoe, while he was telling his true historical story, would, by the necessity of his nature, have added "lees till't" in abundance. And as this brings us up to a point, we may as well stop in an enumeration which might easily be carried on to an indefinite length.

Let a man tell what story he will, he is sure to add "lees till't," though unconsciously. Lord Macaulay did it in his historical and biographical writings, and no man has done it more than Mr. Carlyle. The involuntary false touches come out of a writer's idiosyncrasy. But it is not here that we arrive at the essential difference between the genius of the novelist and that of the historian. Even when the writer is fond of taking an historical basis for his work—like Sir Walter Scott, for example—his manner is obviously different. Nor does mere excess of detail or picturesqueness make all the difference. It lies largely in the *filling up* and in the pervading air of *personal intimacy* which belongs to the novel, as distinguished from the history. You are supposed to know how the historian came by his knowledge, and when he makes a fancy picture he tells you so, directly or indirectly. Not so the novelist. The novelist tells you with impossible minuteness the most secret soliloquy of a man's mind; has unrestrained access to a lady's boudoir, and will tell you all she did there at a given time, though the door was locked and the curtains drawn. From end to end of his story he does not give you his authority, and you are

not expected to ask for it. On the contrary, that would destroy the illusion. The whole of his work consists of digested and transformed experience presented to you under arrangements new to himself. It is all true, except as to "the way it is put," and you feel that it is true—that is, if the work be good of the kind; but you cannot "condescend upon particulars" as to when and where it all happened. Of course, we are now taking only a general view of the matter—there are plenty of books coming under the category of the novel which are more or less historical; but it is admitted that the task of writing a work of fiction avowedly founded on fact is one of extreme delicacy.

It is upon the point of *filling up* that we easily arrive at perhaps the most obvious difference between novel and history. It is quite certain that Napoleon dined; and that he had many interestingly painful discussions with Josephine before putting her away. In point of fact, our interest in Napoleon was so great that the driest and least expressive of historians gave us a good deal of personal gossip about him, and in proportion as we come to feel intimate with a personage we excuse such writing. But to introduce it into history, if the scale of the writing be large, is a difficult task, and we are sure to be sensible of a sort of jolt or jerk in passing from one passage to another, unless the artist be one of consummate skill. If a novelist had conceived a Napoleon, and had introduced the repudiation of Josephine and the marriage to Marie Louise, he would have told the story by fixing on occasions and scenes unimportant in themselves, and filling up till he interested us; at the same time telling the story in the most complete manner conceivable. You would have been introduced, perhaps, to the lady and the Little Corporal taking coffee together—the most insignificant and domestic scene in the world—and then you would have been told all the conversation: how Napoleon knit his brow at a particular moment; how Josephine panted with suppressed anger and suppressed affection, but put her hand to her left side and kept the tears down; how the coffee got cold; how the bread-and-butter was left untasted; or how one little slice was eaten as a feint. You would have had as much of the humor and the pathos as the novelist's imagination of what passed (all in the most minute detail) could help you to; and by the time you got to the end of the chapter you would find you had passed a crisis of the story. Anybody who has never done such a thing before, but will upon this hint examine the structure of a modern novel, will be struck, above all things, with the manner in which the main story is left to be gathered from details in themselves commonplace. "Jane was giddy and Alfred was irritable; they had a quarrel and parted last June." That would be in the manner of the historian, and it would be sufficient for his purpose; but,

of course, the novelist would fill up that outline, while the historian was off and away to something else with which the quarrel between Jane and Alfred stood, we will suppose, in some large relation. It is a pleasant exercise to analyze a good novel in this way—to take the chapters one by one, and note what they are made of; how little "incident" and how much story. We undertake to affirm that the result of such an analysis will invariably be a surprise to the reader—it should, of course, be made after he has read the novel, and if it is a familiar one, so much the better.

But let us listen to a few sentences from the prelude to Mr. George Meredith's last novel, "The Egoist."

"The world is possessed of a certain big book, the biggest book on earth; that might indeed be called the Book of Earth; whose title is the Book of Egoism, and it is a book full of the world's wisdom. So full of it, and of such dimensions is this book, in which the generations have written ever since they took to writing, that to be profitable to us the book needs a powerful compression. . . . The realistic method of a conscientious transcription of all the visible, and a repetition of all the audible, is mainly accountable for our present branfulness, and that prolongation of the vasty and the noisy, out of which, as from an undrained fen, steams the malady of sameness, our modern malady. . . . We have the malady, whatever may be the cure, or the cause. We drove in a body to Science the other day for an antidote; which was as if tired pedestrians should mount the engine-box of headlong trains; and Science introduced us to our o'erhoary ancestry—them in the Oriental posture; whereupon we set up a primeval chattering to rival the Amazon forest nigh nightfall, cured, we fancied. And before daybreak our disease was hanging on to us again, with the extension of a tail. We had it fore and aft. We were the same, and animals into the bargain. That is all we got from Science.

"Art is the specific. . . . In Comedy is the singular scene of charity issuing out of disdain under the stroke of honorable laughter; and Ariel released by Prospero's wand from the fetters of the damned with Sycorax. And this laughter of reason refreshed is floriferous, like the magical great gale of the shifty spring deciding for summer. You hear it giving the delicate spirit his liberty. Listen, for comparison, to an unleavened society: a low as of the udderful cow past milking hour! O for a titled ecclesiastic to curse, to excommunication, that unholy thing! So far an enthusiast perhaps; but he should have a hearing.

"Concerning pathos, no ship can now set sail without pathos, and we are not totally deficient of pathos."

Mr. George Meredith is an original writer of fiction, who has never quite fallen into the ranks of the order; indeed, he is perhaps more of a poet, specifically, than of a novelist, and above all things capable of being a humorist of the Shandean school. If that novel of his with which, for convenience, we have headed our list, had been written as a series of sketches or "magic-lantern slides," to use Coleridge's phrase concerning Goethe's "Faust," it would have been more successful; but he was bound down to the forms of the novel proper, and the need of continuity of narration has strained the genius of the author of "The Shaving of Shagpat"—that very delightful book. But it would not be easy to find a modern writer of fiction better entitled than he is to express opinions like those we have quoted. At all events, that curious

passage concerning the Book of Earth, which is "full of the world's wisdom," and the dictum that "the realistic method . . . is mainly accountable for our present branfulness" and "the modern malady of sameness," should be considered, though the present paper may be too small in compass to take them in. Deferring that, however, we will glance at the more recent fortunes of the novel, especially with regard to the "religious classes."

Even lately—within a month or two—we have had intelligent men condemning novels as worthless, not to say mischievous reading; and it is surely not more than seven or eight years ago since the Archbishop of York caused some surprise and a little downright wonder by admitting in some public address of his that there were novels which might be read without harm, and indeed with both pleasure and profit. The word "evangelical" has, like many other words, been very much clipped as to its ordinary meaning, and we do not know whether Dr. Thomson would claim it as a descriptive adjective or not; but it is more than safe to say that among evangelical people in the old sense the novel has not yet been naturalized, and never can be without a breach of logical propriety. Nevertheless, novels go everywhere nowadays, leaving out of consideration a few very "close circles. The number of evangelical readers—using the word in its old narrow sense—is larger than ever; but the increase has been chiefly among the uneducated classes. These, we need not say, have multiplied enormously, and among them there is no intentional or conscious relaxation of the old strait-laced notions of what is good for "saints" to read. There is a considerable difference in the practice; but the theory is the same; the formal teaching is the same; and when the law is laid down it is laid down in the old terms—exactly, fully, and without abatement. As it happens, the questions thus arising lie at the root of some that strongly interest us in this discussion; and though we cannot here push them to their limits, we cannot possibly omit them.

It is not more than thirty years—it is not twenty years—since the condemnation of the novel, in what were known as the "religious circles," was absolute and unreserved. How the change in practice and sentiment (we are careful not to use the word opinion) came about is another matter; one that will fall to be considered by us almost immediately. But we might almost say that it was brought about surreptitiously—that the New Fiction, so different from the Old, made good its footing in the teeth of reasons which remained the same, and were felt to remain the same. In plain words, the majority of the strictly-so-defined religious public have, in admitting the novel, "sinned against light and knowledge" (as they would say). We have, in truth, one more episode of a very old story. Wrong opinions (we

are, of course, assuming that the old religious judgment against novels was wrong) rarely give way, so far as the multitude are concerned, before right reason; they are gradually weakened by the force of circumstance; then a new tone of sentiment grows up by degrees, rises "like an exhalation," and influences conduct; but it is long before it consolidates or takes decided shape, so that the new *opinion* may adopt it as a garment or a shell. The subject is so curious as well to deserve treatment in some detail, however brief.

There is a well-known work for students, written by an American divine, which had an immense circulation in this country a generation ago, and is still largely read. It contains some admirably wise counsel, and not a little really powerful writing. Thirty years ago this work was edited by no less respectable an authority than "the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A., Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, and Vicar of St. Pancras," a writer who had, in his day, some repute as a poet among readers who were not exacting in the matter of verse; some of his poems, such as "A Father's Grief," "A Daughter's Grief," are still prized for the purposes of the popular selections in use among mildly serious readers. We mention this for an obvious reason: Mr. Dale was a man of taste; he was supposed, like Mr. Melvill (for example), to have a peculiarly intellectual class of hearers, and his readers were of about the same order and rank as those of Dr. Croly and L. E. L. He might, therefore, have been expected to append a foot-note if he felt that what the American divine said about works of fiction was absurd, or even very wide of the mark. But he does nothing of the kind, and the young English student is left to make the best he can of despicable trash, such as we are now going to abbreviate. The general topic of the author is poetry and fiction:

"'What shall be said of such works as those of Byron? Can we not learn things from him which cannot be learned elsewhere?' I reply, yes, just as you would learn, while treading the burning lava, what could not be learned elsewhere. . . . Would you thank a man for fitting up your study, and adorning it with much that is beautiful; and if, at the same time, he filled it with images and ghosts of the most di-gusting and awful description, which were to abide there, and be continually dancing around you all your life? Is he a benefactor to his species, who, here and there, throws out a beautiful thought or a poetic image; but as you stoop to pick it up, chains upon you a putrid carcass, which you can never throw off? I believe a single page may be selected from Lord Byron's works, which has done more hurt to the mind and the heart of the young than all his writings have ever done good; but he will quickly pass from notice, and is doomed to be exiled from the libraries of all virtuous men. It is a blessing to the world that what is putrid must soon pass away. The carcass hung in chains will be gazed at for a short time in horror; but men will soon turn their eyes away, and remove even the gallows on which it swung."

Now it must not for one moment be imagined that this verdict concerning Byron is one that would be considered out of date in circles which are the immediate successors, at this moment, of such

circles as those which welcomed invective like the above. And the same might be said of the verdict concerning the novel proper (as distinguished from stories in verse like Byron's). Let it be noticed that Scott is inculpated :

"'But,' say you, 'has my author ever read Byron and Moore, Hume and Paine, *Scott*, Bulwer, and *Cooper?*' Yes, he has read them all with too much care. He knows every rock and every quicksand ; and he solemnly declares to you that the only good which he is conscious of ever having received from them is a deep impression that men who possess talents of such compass and power, and so perverted in their application, must meet the day of judgment under a responsibility which would be cheaply removed by the price of a world. . . . When you have read and digested all that is really valuable—and that is comprised in what describes the history of man in all circumstances in which he has actually been placed—then betake yourself to works of imagination. 'But can you not, in works of fiction, have the powers of the imagination enlarged, and the mind taught to soar?' Perhaps so—but the Lectures of Chalmers on Astronomy will do this to a degree far beyond all that the pen of fiction can do. 'Will they not give you a command of words and of language which shall be full, and chaste, and strong?' Perhaps so—but if that is what you wish, read the works of Edmund Burke."

The question raised with regard to the comparative effects of different portions of the work of a mind of the size and splendor of Byron's is almost ludicrous ; but we allow it to be thus stated, as it opens in a convenient way a question which lies, otherwise, in our path. The author of the book, however, is conscious that it is over Sir Walter Scott that the main battle will be fought, and he certainly does not flinch from flinging his torch on to the pile at which the *auto-da-fé* is to take place :

"The question in regard to works of fiction usually has a definite relation to the writings of Sir Walter Scott. But because the magician can raise mightier spirits than other magicians, is he, therefore, the less to be feared ? No. While I have confessed that I have read him—read him entire—in order to show that I speak from experience, I cannot but say that it would give me the keenest pain to believe that my example would be quoted, small as is its influence, after I am in the grave, without this solemn protest accompanying it."

Now it will be remembered that the terms of the "solemn protest" are that it will be found "at the day of judgment that the responsibility under which" a writer like Scott (who is incriminated by name in the very passage in question) labors, for having written novels, "would be cheaply removed by the price of a world."

In writing of this order, which still represents the opinions of large masses of serious people, we come across the proper and natural contrast with the view suggested by the passage quoted from Mr. Meredith's new novel. It will be observed that in the adverse criticism just quoted there is, in the first place, an utter blindness to any kind of literary influence except that of the didactic kind : Byron and Hume wrote things which were very wrong, things adverse to just impressions on the most solemn subjects ; therefore their writings must do infinitely more harm than good. Of the

value of poetry like Byron's in communicating impulse to the mind, in giving a sense of largeness to life, and in suggesting innumerable by-paths which lead to nothing but what is (on the more recent and liberal hypothesis) good, there is no sense whatever. The same as to Hume. The real truth is that a moderately intelligent use of Hume's admissions and collateral sallies is one of the most valuable of moral tonics. Recall that unhappy *jeu d'esprit* in which he goes out of his way * to emphasize the moral aberrations of different men and different races, and the different verdicts which have been applied to the same act in different ages—recall that very disagreeable essay, and do not forget the conclusion. Hume ends with an enumeration of the particulars in which men called good have in all ages agreed, and this candid close undoes the mischief of what goes before. "Behold, thou hast blessed them altogether." So far is pretty clear, and we are sure of having carried moderately intelligent and liberal readers a good part of the way with us.

But this does not touch, except remotely, what most concerns us. It shows, indeed, a startling insensibility to the value of the pictorial or dramatic manner of teaching, as opposed (in literary form) to the didactic. But that is not all. When we come to Sir Walter Scott we are fairly flung backward unless we can, by habit, by instinct, or by reflection, take the unfortunate critic's point of view. One would think, notwithstanding Scott's shortcomings in the matter of the Covenanters, it must have required authoritative supernatural illumination to entitle a critic to lay it down that the guilt incurred by the author of "Ivanhoe," "Marmion," "Waverley," would be "cheaply removed by the price of a world." At first sight it would seem absolutely impossible that any human being of ordinary mould could receive one drop of poison from books like Scott's, unless he went very far afield to gather the plant, and then spent a good deal of semi-diabolical labor in distilling the venom. Looking at the matter from the highest secular standpoint, one might be tempted to say that no human being had ever helped others to such a large amount of innocent pleasure as Sir Walter Scott, and that his novels would be cheaply acquired at the price of a world. But the matter cannot quite stop here; for we have at hand a lecture, by an educated English divine, and of later date still, in which the lecturer uses language about works of fiction quite as bad as any that we have quoted, and goes on to depreciate the character *and brains* of Scott, Fielding, and others. They had "no particular pretension to high mental power." Godwin's intellectual qualities are disposed of by the remark, that he "made but an indifferent Dissenting minister"—a new *crux* for genius.

* "A Dialogue" beginning, "My friend Palamedes."

It is a very shocking thing that anybody should have read the story of Jeanie Deans in Scott, and yet be ignorant of the life of—Marlborough! or have read "Tom Jones," and yet be "ignorant of *the real Joneses* * (*sic*), the true and lasting ornaments of our country." This reverend critic then assures us that "writers of fiction" are "morally unhealthy," and supports this by reminding us that "Defoe was a bankrupt, and had been twice in Newgate," and that Sir Walter Scott was "placed in painful circumstances." Lastly, lest we should draw any inference in favor of fiction from the innocent tenderness of the "Vicar of Wakefield," we are told that Goldsmith's "mode of life and thoughts *while writing it* brought him into distress." We are not exaggerating—the words are before us. The argument, of course, stands thus: Goldsmith was evidently unable to write the "Vicar of Wakefield" without falling into vice, such is the influence of fiction on its producer, and we are bound to conclude that upon the reader its influence will be similar.

Now it is not to the purpose to say that all this is antiquated. For to begin with, it is nothing of the kind; though it is much more shame-faced in its policy than it used to be. When writers such as Charles Kingsley, Miss Yonge, and George MacDonald have written novels, which have been read and relished by millions of good and pure souls within distinctly sectarian inclosures—when such books awaken all but universal shouts of delight and gratitude—when *that* is the case, common love of approbation (which is usually very strong in a certain order of mind) makes certain people hold their tongues. They do not want to be laughed at, that is all—but their (more or less) secret opinions remain unaltered; the judgment condemning works of fiction is held as extensively as ever among the serious classes now incriminated; and—here we have prepared a surprise for some—we will do them more justice than they, by their shame-faced reticence, do themselves, and will boldly repeat that if the logic of their creed is the same their condemnation of fiction ought to stand. Robert Hall has left it on record that no writings ever did him so much harm as those of Maria Edgeworth:†

"In point of tendency, I should class Miss Edgeworth's writings among the most irreligious I ever read. Not from any desire she evinces to do mischief, or to unsettle the mind, like some of the insidious infidels of the last century; not so much from any direct attack she makes upon religion, as from a universal and studied omission of the subject. In her writings a very high strain of morality is assumed, she delineates the most virtuous characters, and represents them in the most affecting circumstances of life—in sickness, in distress, even in the immediate prospect of eternity, and finally sends them off the stage with

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* Inigo Jones and Sir William Jones.

† "Life and Writings of Robert Hall, M.A." 6 vols., vol. i. p. 174.

their virtue unsullied—and all this without the remotest allusion to Christianity, the only true religion. Thus, she does not attack religion, or inveigh against it, but makes it appear unnecessary, by exhibiting perfect virtue without it. No works ever produced so bad an effect on my own mind as hers. I did not expect any irreligion there; I was off my guard, their moral character beguiled me, I read volume after volume with eagerness, and the evil effect of them I experienced for weeks."

Now here we have the whole case in little—the whole case, we mean, as to one of its most serious elements. Robert Hall was bound by his creed (which was, however, liberal) to find fiction objectionable unless it was written with a certain dominating purpose. And so are those who, nowadays, hold a creed resembling his. They may and do dodge the obligation; they cannot destroy it. The whole "situation" in this particular is thoroughly insincere.

But Robert Hall had not got to the bottom or nearly to the bottom of his own mind in this matter. What he felt—what he thought was so mischievous (and what, unless he had altered his belief, really was mischievous to him) was not so much the absence of any element of positive Christianity as the diffused, interpenetrating, unconquerable delight of the novelist in life as it is, and the presence of moral elements for which there was no room under shelter of his beliefs—for example, love, as understood among us of the Western nations—a thing of which there is not a germ in the Semitic mind, or a hint in the Old and New Testament. Now it was the more or less impassioned, but always *direct*, delight in life and this world, without reference to any positive Christian institute or dogma, which was at the bottom of it all, and spoiled Mr. Hall's religious life for weeks: and it is this delight which is the essential condition of all good poetry or fiction. Write fiction on any other plan, and nobody will read it. The literary artist in this kind turns over the pages of what Mr. Meredith calls the "Book of Earth"—which is also, as he says, the "Book of Egoism"—and he finds it full, not only of "wisdom" but of delight. And poor Mr. Hall—his tortured organs crammed with sharp-pointed calculi—found that even as little as he got of it in Miss Edgeworth (who is, however, full of animal spirits) took the savor out of his closet and pulpit exercises for "weeks."

Now here we impinge, end on, upon one of the most interesting questions, and from its character necessarily the foremost of the questions suggested by the relation of the New Fiction to the Moral and Spiritual Culture of the age. It would recur again and again in dealing with novelists like Kingsley, Thackeray, and George Eliot, not to mention others. The startling point in the case is that so much of our fiction has lost the healthy simplicity of Scott and his school, and is as much occupied, though in a *subauditur*, with the skeleton in the cupboard of daily life as even a Robert Hall

could be with "the corruption of the human heart" and the "miseries of the perishing creature."

It is the fashion to try to trace things to remote origins, and show more or less plausibly how complex products have been evolved from beginnings held for simple—we say *held for* simple, because the egg is in reality as complex as the chick; and, as Dogberry said, "it will go near to be thought so" before long. What, however, if we follow the fashion, may we suppose to have been the beginning of deliberately composed fiction among human beings? Reserving that point for future consideration, we may pause upon the one which has been already raised, because it is, in the anatomy of the subject, vital. If a man maintains not only that man is imperfect, but that he is corrupt and, without supernatural aid connecting itself with certain beliefs, incapable of good, then he must feel that to him the fountains of art, in poetry, fiction, or otherwise, are sealed. But whatever else may be said of the essential logic of such an opinion as that, it is plain that poetry and fiction have in all ages set themselves in battle array against it, and that the victory seems more and more to lean to their side. Now, as we have already noticed, the *zeit-geist* does not argue—it is in the air, and it conquers by inconsistencies. However, we cannot now follow up this, or trace the history of story telling, so far as we know it, from Jotham's parable down to Mr. George Meredith's Book of Egoism.

Most, if not all, of the critics of the old-fashioned school who have condemned novels and romances have been anxious to explain that they do not extend their condemnation to books like the "Pilgrim's Progress," or stories carefully written in order to inculcate religious truths, or moral truths set in organic relation to religious truths. It is true they have always been very jealous in admitting stories of actual life to any position of even qualified honor, because of the difficulty of introducing what they would call the *sal evangelicum* into such stories, and also because to tell a story of natural human feeling is, from their point of view, slippery work—the "interest" being apt to slide, under the workman's very eye, into paths held to be dangerous. But of course it would never do to condemn simple parables, or even complicated parables, or narratives as inartificial and as little discursive as those of Joseph and his brethren, or Job. This would land them in an obvious difficulty. The great *crux* with them is always the passion of love between man and woman. In the first place, paint it as he will, the artist is sure to get too much color on the canvas—for their taste. In the second place, they are vaguely influenced by the fact already mentioned, that love, as understood among the Westerns, is not to be found in the Bible. When the description of love is carried to the height which is necessary to make it in-

teresting in itself, there are, in the eye of these critics, two evils. The first they see clearly and constantly point out—namely, that "the perishing creature" occupies too large a space in the heart. The second they do not see clearly, but they feel it—and they flinch from pictures of life which attribute so much exalting power to an "earthly" passion: the good woman in the Book of Proverbs, or a subordinated figure like the wife sketched by St. Paul, does not show very congruously with woman as the inspirer and regenerator of the man; a being seen in a seventh heaven of divine lustre, and utterly alien in conception to anything to be found in the Fathers or the Apostles. Governor Winthrop's wife writes to her husband—"I love thee, first, because thou lovest Christ;" but the good man would have been very much hurt if he had believed her. This, I repeat, is the everlasting difficulty as to the poetic, or thoroughly "human," novel, regarded from what we have (without committing any one) agreed to call the "evangelical" point of view. A novel may contain no vice, or other wrong-doing, or it may treat the wrong-doing with the most orthodox severity, and yet the work may be obnoxious to criticism of the kind now contemplated. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is a case in point. True, Hawthorne makes it plain here and there that he did not understand Puritanism after all; but Cotton Mather himself, or a grimmer than he, might be satisfied with the climax—the scene in which the minister dies on the scaffold. Nevertheless, the predominant influence of the story is Naturalistic, and it does not require a *very* subtle intellect to gather doubtful oracles from it. External nature and human nature are both handled with the sympathetic touch of the artist, not with that of the moralist. The Rev. Mr. Wilson would have turned sourly away from the last chapter, in which it is suggested that "a new truth" will some day be "revealed," in order to place certain matters on a more satisfactory footing. "New truth? new truth? Why, what new truth can there be in such a case?" he would have said. "My unlearned and unregenerate brother, you have given your mind too much to ballads and play-books. Learn the lesson of self-abasement, and be not wise above that which is written."

The exact process by which the literature of any given age, or any given branch of literature assumes a new color is sometimes very obscure, but now and then it is amusingly obvious. Many reasons have been assigned for Queen Elizabeth's remaining unmarried. If one of them were proved to be true (which is not possible), then it would follow that very much of the poetic and romantic literature of her age and Milton's received a peculiar tinge from facts which had no more to do with literature or morals than the shape of Cleopatra's nose. As it happens, we can trace the fact that in our own time the religious classes (with large ex-

ceptions) read novels extensively and without scruple to *immediate* causes which lie upon the surface. We are not now taking the larger or deeper view of the matter—we are not going to pause upon the question of the influence of Sir Walter Scott and Miss Austen in breaking fresh ground among that large class of serious readers who take what might be roughly described as the ordinary old-fashioned Church of England view of religion, nor upon the influence in fostering latent naturalistic tendencies which was exercised by the revival of the old ballad literature: the writings of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and the cultivation of German. The last, however, has had more to do with it than would at first sight be supposed. The *childlike* poetic naturalism of German romance and poetry stole upon the mind before there was time to think how Naturalism in art stood related to hard-and-fast literalism of creed—and the waters were out before any one knew it. The direct influence of stories like Fouqué's and ballads like Uhland's was confined, of course, to a few minds. But these were minds that could be swiftly kindled, and that were sure to pass on the torch. However, to pass from such generalities, it may plausibly be said that writers like Miss Yonge, Charles Kingsley, and Dinah Mulock (Mrs. Craik) were the foremost among those who led the way to the new state of things. So far as we know, Mr. Kingsley was the only one who avowedly took up Naturalistic-poetic ground as land lying within the territory of any Biblical creed. He did this with great ardor, and got himself into trouble by it; but he was within his commission as a disciple of Mr. Maurice, whatever may be thought of his policy or his arguments. "It may seem paradoxical, yet it is hardly hazardous, to say that the Maurice theology owes its power not less to its indulgence than to its correction of the pantheistic tendency of the age. It answers the demand of every ideal philosophy and every poetic soul for an indwelling Divine presence, living and acting in all the beauty of the world and the good of human hearts." These sentences of Dr. Martineau's are aimed at the influence of the Maurice dogma upon the practical religious "benevolence" of the age, but they apply with even more obvious weight to the question of the relation between poetic literature and the old stiff orthodoxy. And here, once more, the minds impregnated by Maurice and his school were themselves propagators, and what one man like Dr. George Macdonald acquired he passed on to thousands. We do not pretend to determine to what extent, if any, Dr. MacDonald was at any time indebted to the elder prophet; but the reader may find in the former's poem of "The Disciple" a fragmentary statement of the case as we have put it, and Dr. MacDonald's solution. Now, Dr. MacDonald, like Kingsley, has written no novel without distinctly Christian assumptions. But to a reader within the Christian precincts there is

no great harshness in the transition from, say, "Robert Falconer" to a story by Mrs. Oliphant; from Mrs. Oliphant it is easy to pass to Mr. Trollope; and from him to Mr. Blackmore or Mr. Charles Reade.

In this scale I have left out Mrs. Gaskell, but her influence in making novels acceptable reading in certain circles has been incalculable. It was not on account of any poetic naturalism that her "Ruth" was ever shut out. But Mrs. Gaskell was one of three very notable novelists whose early training lay within Puritan or quasi-Puritan boundaries. The other two are Mrs. Beecher Stowe and George Eliot. Both these writers had the command of a certain dialect (not to say more) which gave them the entry into "evangelical" circles at once. There are thousands of such circles where "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," and much more "Adam Bede," would meet a doubtful welcome; but none where "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "The Minister's Wooing" would not take the readers by storm. It is interesting, by the way, to note the prominence which the question of Poetic Naturalism and Puritanism assumes in Mrs. Stowe's earlier novels. Her own mind was evidently much "exercised" upon it.

The end of it is that, nowadays, nearly everybody reads a story of some kind. Nearly all, if not all, the avowedly religious periodicals, in which a story is at all possible, take care to have one running from number to number. True, the "human interest" in these tales is never strong, nor is the humor; and the range of allusions is narrow. In other words, we find the old antagonism still present—when we look closely. But the general reader does not look closely, and the very thinnest of such narratives approximates more closely to the character of the novel proper than, say, Legh Richmond's "Dairyman's Daughter," or Hannah More's "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife."

It will probably be said that the extended acceptance of the novel in our own day is largely due to the fact that fiction is no longer the indecent thing it once was. But this, so far as it is true, refers us back to the larger question of Poetic Naturalism as against dogmatic literalism; for the purification of fiction has gone on hand-in-hand with certain wide improvements and greater freedom of construction as to what may be good to read. We might here recall the outcry made in certain circles about "Jane Eyre," and later about "Ruth." But it is undoubtedly true that within the boundaries of literature proper there is little fiction that is offensive. Indeed, too much stress—or at least stress of the wrong kind—has been laid upon the presence in recent literature of what might be called the luxurious-wanton novel. The importance of this product has been overrated, and certainly its real significance has not been shown or hinted at. The exaggeration in the treat-

ment of it is easily accounted for. There is a considerable class of leading-article writers and reviewers who are, naturally enough, on the look-out for exciting topics, and fond of exhibiting their parts of speech. It is from these gentlemen that we get those amazingly indignant criticisms of a certain class of novels, which ring so false. The object with which the articles are produced is, in too many cases, worse than that with which the stories are written. The latter are often the work of inexperienced writers, women in particular, who have got into a fume about they know not what, and who really mean no harm. The critics, on the other hand, know very well what they are about; their virtuous indignation is artificial lather; their object is to produce a "spicy" paper, which, under cover of zeal for purity, shall be full of impure suggestion. So much for one class of journalists who make capital out of such novels. But there is another and a still larger class, made up of half-sincere social critics, usually young. These gentlemen (for lady reviewers seldom get into an indecorous passion of decorum) are generally on the right side, so far as intention goes, but they make mountains out of molehills. When you go to the poor abused novel itself you find, probably, that the harm in it is of a kind or a size which would never have struck anybody who was not in want of "a cat to tear—this is Ercles' vein." We have, in fact, but very little fiction which is, in the high and true sense, immoral. There are numerous hints of social heresy, and some nibbling at things which would be better left alone. This seems inevitable in a state of society in which clever young women abound, marriage is difficult, and luxury great. One result of these facts—taken with the vivacity of the modern style of living, and the throwing open of nearly all libraries to all comers—is naturally that men and women, but especially women of imperfect experience, should be imaginatively stretching out their hands toward closed doors of mature experience, and should make a sad muddle of their work. But of wicked intention in such novelists there is small evidence.

The matter, however, goes deeper than what would be generally recognized as immorality, and a widespread but quiet and unsuspected conflict is going on, as we have already said, between Poetic Naturalism in general and the spirit or the belief which would cast it out as a thing unholy or unprofitable. The objection to novels and romances, poems and plays (we use only general phrases) has not been confined strictly to Christian critics of a certain class. It is to be traced in minds of a certain dogmatic order everywhere and in various ages. There is something *like* it, for example, in Plato, and it has its last roots in a philosophy of life which is not necessarily either Christian or anti-Christian. But it is certain that Christian dogmatists of various types have

carried the dislike to Poetic Naturalism of all kinds to lengths which leave one in no doubt as to the logic of the dislike. To take a small instance. About twenty-four years ago Dr. Campbell—a great *malleus hæreticorum* in his day—led a fierce attack upon Mr. Lynch's "Rivulet"—a little book of sacred poems, whose one fault, in the eyes of those who disliked it, was its way of fusing religious faith and the sentiment of natural beauty with the intermediate simply human affections. Dr. Campbell was justly condemned for his virulence, but he knew what he was about when he proclaimed to the like-minded, "Either this book is all wrong, or some of our dogmatic bases must be revised." I do not remember whether Dr. Campbell had an organ at his Tabernacle, but, of course, the question goes to music (nay, to singing) in public worship, to pictures everywhere: and so on, and on. A "spiritual" man of a certain school, who happens to be acutely sensitive to music, will tell you, and tell you truly, that he finds the special emotive agitation caused by music unfavorable to "spirituality." Similarly with novels and romances and poetry. These all arouse more impulse than the dogma or received law of the mind can control, or is, at least in most cases, likely to control. So that the observance of certain rules of conduct is felt to be endangered, and at all events the whole nature is for a time in a tumult.* An outsider may say, "That is your own fault; why do you not put things in their places, subordinate what should be subordinated, and work all the results into your higher life?" Such an appeal, however, comes practically to nothing; for you cannot give eyes to the blind or ears to the deaf.

But this is not the whole of the case. We naturally attack something of sacred force and right divine to all spontaneous emotion of the kind which is said to "carry us out of ourselves." The "spiritually-minded" objector would be the last to deny that spontaneity is of the essence of some kinds of sacredness—and, to put it roughly, he is jealous of competing spontaneities. He finds they surge upward from the sensations caused by music, novels, romances, plays, etc., and he attributes them to—the Devil. They are a sort of demonism. He puts them all from him with averted head, attributing them to the great spontaneous source of evil. That phraseology is not so common now as it used to be—we can trace it through the Middle Ages back to the Fathers, and it belonged to the "Manicheanism," against which Kingsley made such incessant war. That that way of meeting the case is wholly candid is not in my brief to affirm. But, as we have seen, the matter is in course of settlement by the usual non-argumentative

* See what is said upon Music at page 743 of "An Inquiry into the Process of Human Experience," by William Cyples.

methods. Novels go everywhere, more or less. The recent revivals of the old-fashioned "evangelicalism" are against them, but the victory will remain with the novelist. He is largely aided by the usual accommodated phraseology of the pulpit and the religious press. All this stands connected with the spread of scientific knowledge, the increase of luxury, the far-reaching æsthetic revival, and some other topics, which would at the first glance appear utterly alien. There are great changes in the air, and in these the novel will play a large and even increasing part. What will be the probable course of events in this respect is a question which will connect itself with certain typical stories of the last decade, and may, perhaps, be considered in another article.

HENRY HOLBEACH *in Contemporary Review.*

THE PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH.

IN my treatise called "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy" there are two essays on the great pyramid, one dealing with the strange fancies which have been associated with this building by Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, the other advancing a theory respecting the building which seems to me, on the whole, more probable than any other. I do not now propose to go over the ground covered by either of those essays, but, following the practice which I have formerly adopted in like cases, to indicate at full length in the present essay only such points as I have noted since the two former papers were written. If in such study as I have given to the subject in the interval I have found any evidence bearing unfavorably upon the views I have advanced in those papers, I should have judged it right to point out clearly and definitely the nature and weight of such evidence, and to withdraw, if the evidence suggested such a course, from positions taken up in error—not merely abandoning views which appeared erroneous, but pointing out such errors as I had recognized. Since, on the contrary, the evidence I have obtained and the points which I have noticed in relation to the pyramids, and especially to the great pyramid, appear strikingly to confirm the theory I advanced in the essay entitled "The Mystery of the Pyramid," it is but just to indicate the nature of this new or recently noted matter, even as I should have indicated any adverse evidence. If I should thus appear *tenax propositi*, I believe such persistence has its origin in a wish to be just and truthful (qualities which, as we know, Horace associated with tenacity of opinion). I think too that readers of my former papers on the pyramid may find as much interest as I

have found myself in the new matter thus submitted to them, respecting the oldest remaining monuments of human labor (except such as are to be regarded as subjects rather of palæontological than of antiquarian research).

I will first run briefly through such matters of detail as are necessary preliminaries to any discussion respecting the pyramids, following the line laid down in Sir Edmund Beckett's treatise on Building. I may remark that much which he there points out, and especially the theory which he advances respecting the measures of length used in the construction of the great pyramid, was not known to me when I wrote the papers above mentioned. It appears to me that he makes out a very strong case for his theory. I must frankly admit that he by no means entertains a similar opinion respecting my own views as to the purposes for which the pyramid was constructed. He can find nothing, he tells me, to suggest the idea that the builders of the pyramids had any astrological ideas in view ; and so far as I can judge, he would not admit that even astronomy entered into the plans of the pyramid architects otherwise than as an adjunct to the work of building. I believe, however, that Sir E. Beckett's objections to the astrological interpretation of the pyramids, or rather to the association of the astrological theory with the tomb theory, have their origin rather in the idea that such a theory would be associated with my astrological interpretation of the origin of the Sabbath, than in any circumstances known respecting the pyramids or their builders. I have certainly found nothing in Sir E. Beckett's reasonings respecting his own theory (which I consider the most probable theory of pyramid dimensions yet advanced) opposed to my own views, but, on the contrary, much which seems strongly to favor them. Whether the astrological theory has or has not much to be said in its favor is a point which I willingly leave others to decide upon. I think I shall be able here considerably to strengthen the evidence I formerly adduced to show that the pyramid's present features cannot well be accounted for on any other theory.

In the first place, Sir E. Beckett starts with the statement, almost amounting in itself to an admission of the astronomical significance of the pyramid relations, that the great pyramid was built in the year 2170 B.C., by Cheops as Herodotus calls him, but Suphis or Shufu as he is named in hieroglyphics painted on large stones over the king's chamber. This, says Beckett, was in the time of Peleg, "ages before the Israelites were in Egypt, whom some persons have hastily guessed to have been employed in building the pyramids"—an argument effective indeed against Professor Smyth and those followers of his who see in the pyramid a sort of stone Bible, but scarcely as against those who believe no more in the 239 years of Peleg's life than in the nine hundred odd years of Methu-

selah's, or in the literal interpretation of the six days of creation. If we are to start with the theory that, in the year B.C. 2348, there were eight living persons in the world, and that, less than two centuries later, a monarch, ruling a nation large enough to provide tens of thousands of workers, erected the greatest mass of stone-work ever raised on the face of this earth by man, we need not trouble ourselves to explain how and why the great pyramid was built. We might as well admit at once that the pyramid was built under the direct personal superintendence of Uriel the Archangel who has special charge over the astronomical relations of the solar system,

> The same whom John saw also in the sun ;

who also explained earlier to an inquiring angel how, in the beginning,

> This ethereal quintessence of Heav'n
> Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
> That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
> Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move.

One idea is not a whit more untenable than the other.

Secondly, it is to be noted that according to some traditions the second pyramid, though somewhat smaller than the first, and altogether inferior in design, was begun somewhat earlier. I would invite special attention to this point. It is one of those perplexing details which are always best worth examining when we want to obtain a true theory. The second pyramid was certainly built during the reign of the builder of the first or great pyramid. It must have been built, then, with his sanction, for his brother, Chephren, according to Herodotus ; Noun-shop, or Suphis II., according to the Egyptian records. Enormous quantities of stone, of the same quality as the stone used for the great pyramid, were conveyed to the site of the second pyramid, during the very time when the resources of the nation were being largely taxed to get the materials for the great pyramid conveyed to the place appointed for that structure. It would appear, then, that there was some strong—in fact, some insuperable—objection to the building of one great pyramid, larger by far than either the first or second, for both the brothers. Yet nothing has ever been learned respecting the views of the Egyptians about tombs (save only what is learned from the pyramids themselves, if we assume that they were only built as tombs) which would suggest that each king wanted a monstrous pyramid sepulchre for himself. If we could doubt that Cheops valued his brother and his family very highly, we should find convincing proof of the fact, in the circumstance that he allowed enormous sums to be expended on his brother's pyramid, and a great quantity of labor to be devoted to its erection, at the time when his own was in progress at still greater expense, and at the cost of still

greater labor. But if he thus highly esteemed his brother, and, regarding him as the future ruler of Egypt, recognized in him the same almost sacred qualities which the people of Egypt taught their rulers to recognize in themselves, what was to prevent him from combining the moneys and the labors which were devoted to the two pyramids in the construction of a single larger pyramid, which could be made doubly secure, and more perfectly designed and executed? Is anything whatever known respecting either the Egyptians or any race of tomb-loving or rather corpse-worshipping people, which would lead us to suppose that a number of costly separate tomb pyramids would have been preferred to a single, but far larger, pyramid-mausoleum, which should receive the bodies of all the members of the family, or at least of all those of the family who had ruled in turn over the land? If we could imagine for a moment that Cheops would have objected to such an arrangement, is it not clear that when he died his successors would have taken possession of his pyramid, removing his body perhaps, or not allowing it to be interred there, *if* the sole or even the chief purpose for which a pyramid was erected was that it might serve as a gigantic tomb?

We may indeed note as a still more fatal objection to the theory that the chief purpose for which a pyramid was built was to serve as the builder's tomb, that it would have been little short of madness for Cheops to devote many years of his life, enormous sums of money, and the labors of myriads of his people, to the construction of a building which might and probably would be turned after his death to some quite different purpose from that for which he intended it. It is not to be supposed, and indeed history shows it certainly was not the case, that the dynasties which ruled over Egypt were more secure from attack than those which ruled elsewhere in the East during those days. Cheops cannot have placed such implicit reliance on his brother Chephren's good faith as to feel sure that, after his own death, Chephren would complete the pyramid, place Cheops's body in it, and close up the entrance so securely that none could find the way into the chamber where the body was laid. Cheops could not even be certain that Chephren would survive him, or that his own son, Mycerinus or Menkeres, would be able to carry out the purpose for which he (Cheops) had built the pyramid.

Apart, then, from that feature of the tomb theory which seems so strangely to have escaped notice—the utter wildness of the idea that even the most tomb-loving race would build tombs quite so monstrous as these—we see that there are the strongest possible objections against the credibility of the merely tombic theory (to use a word coined, I imagine, by Professor Piazzi Smyth, and more convenient perhaps than defensible). It seems clear on the

face of things that the pyramids must have been intended to serve some useful purpose during the lifetime of the builder. It is clear also (all, indeed, save the believers in the religion of the great pyramid, will admit *this* point) that each pyramid served some purpose useful to the builder of the pyramid, and to him only. Cheops's pyramid was of no use to Chephren, Chephren's of no use to Mycerinus, and so forth. Otherwise we might be sure, even if we adopted for a moment the exclusively tombic theory, that, though Chephren might have been so honest as not to borrow his brother's tomb when Cheops was departed, or Mycerinus so honest as not to despoil either his uncle or his father, yet among some of the builders of the pyramids such honesty would have been wanting. It is clear, however, from all the traditions which have reached us respecting the pyramids, that no anxiety was entertained by the builder of any pyramid on this score. Cheops seems to have been well assured that Chephren would respect his pyramid, and even (at great expense) complete it; and so of all the rest. There must, then, have been some special reasons which rendered the pyramid of each king useless altogether to his successor.

Nay, may we not go somewhat further, and, perceiving that Chephren's pyramid must have been built chiefly at his brother's cost, and nearly all of it during his brother's lifetime, may we not assume that the particular purpose which Chephren's pyramid subserved to Chephren only, was nevertheless such a purpose as in some way advanced the interests of the dynasty? Nothing in the history of the dynasty implies that the relations among its members were very much more cordial than those usually prevailing among kings and their relatives. It would have implied singular generosity on Cheops's part, renewed by Chephren toward Mycerinus, and by Mycerinus toward Asychis, thus to have helped in the erection of mere tombs for their several heirs while these were still dependent upon them. But if the fortunes of the dynasty were in some way involved, or supposed to be involved, in these structures, the case would be entirely altered. It is a characteristic feature of my theory respecting the pyramids, though it certainly was not the point which suggested the theory (and, as the reader of my "Myths and Marvels" is aware, was not even touched upon in my original presentation of the theory), that it explains not merely satisfactorily but fully this particular circumstance, viz., that it was worth the reigning king's while to have special attention paid to the construction, not merely of his brother's pyramid, but also of his eldest son's large pyramid, of his three other sons' small pyramids, and of his six daughters' still smaller pyramids. There seems reason to believe that all these were put in hand, so to speak, nearly at the same time, though the great pyramid of Cheops, owing to the enormous scale on which the preliminary works were

constructed, was probably not actually begun till some time after the others. Very probably the three small pyramids beside the third, the largest of which is the fourth pyramid or the pyramid of Asychis, were all commenced during the lifetime of Cheops. Thus the relative dimensions of the several pyramids, as shown in the accompanying map, Fig. 1, would correspond to the relative

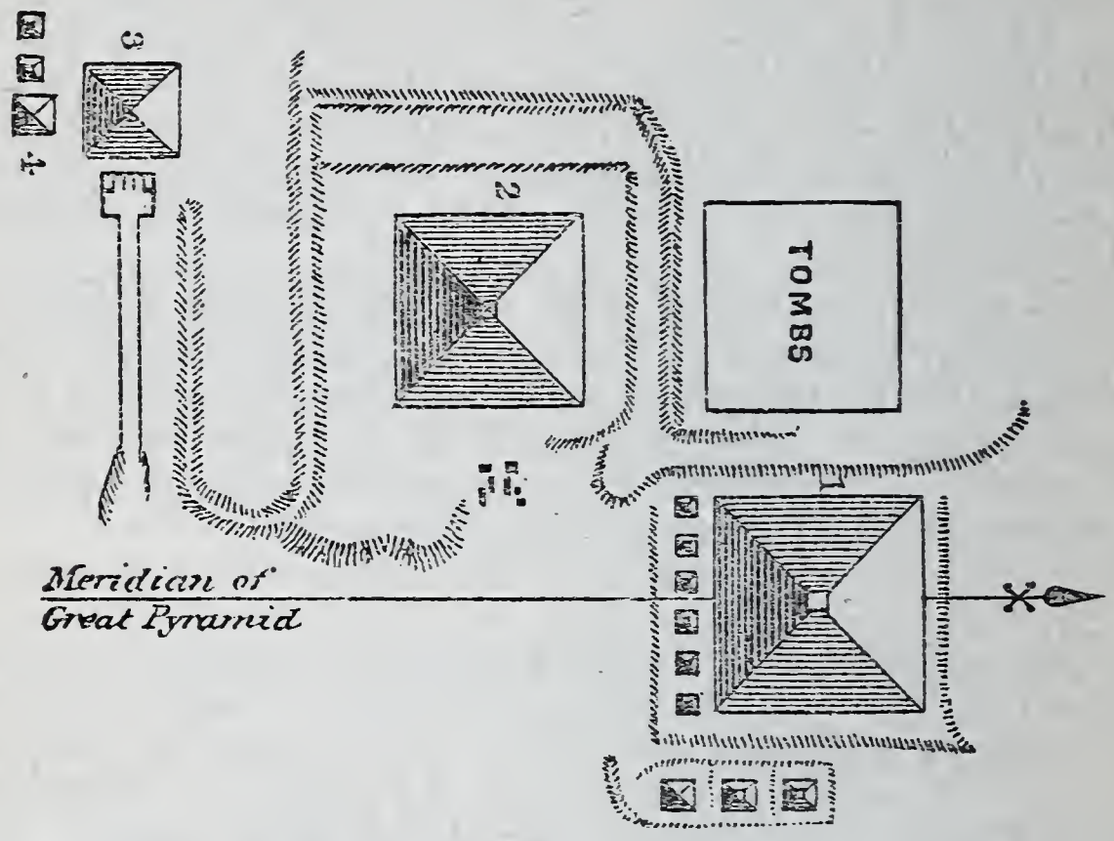


Fig. 1.

importance attached by Cheops to the fortunes—always as associated with his—of the various members of his own family. This would explain, what has hitherto been thought perplexing, the singularly reduced scale on which the pyramid of Mycerinus is built, and the still further and most marked reduction in the case of the pyramid of Asychis. It is not at all likely that Mycerinus, if building a pyramid for himself, would have been content with a smaller pyramid than that of Cheops himself. On the contrary, all that we know of human nature, and especially of the nature of the Egyptian kings, assures us that each successive monarch would have endeavored to surpass his predecessors. On the other hand, if Cheops assigned the proportions of a series of pyramids, one for each member of his family, he would naturally arrange them in order of magnitude as we see them in Fig. 1. To his brother and next heir, his right hand probably in the government of Egypt, he would assign a pyramid second only in dimensions to his own, though greatly inferior in quality. To his eldest son, young, doubtless, when the pyramids were begun, he would assign a much smaller pyramid (No. 3); but as this son was to succeed Chephren

as king, Cheops would give him, like Chephren, a separate inclosure; while to his younger sons and to his daughters he would assign pyramids not only smaller, but inclosed within the same area as his own. Space seems to have been left for Chephren's family, should he have any; but it appears he had no children. To Asychis, his grandson, Cheops would assign a pyramid about as large as those of his own younger sons. It is noteworthy, by the way, that the linear dimensions of the pyramid of Asychis are less than those of the pyramid of Mycerinus, in the same degree that those are less than the linear dimensions of the pyramid of Cheops. Most certainly this distribution of the dimensions was not that which Asychis himself, or Mycerinus, would have selected.

I would submit in passing that this explanation of the relative dimensions of the pyramids of Ghizeh is somewhat more natural than that given by the pyramid-religionists, who insist that the great pyramid was built under divine superintendence (or by divinely inspired architects), and not intended for a tomb at all, while all the other pyramids, being meant for tombs, were therefore inferior in size and construction. Not only is this explanation—the only one ever attempted of this most significant peculiarity of the pyramid group—singularly extravagant in itself, and unsatisfactory further as leaving Cheops, the first pyramid builder, without any pyramid for his tomb, but it gives no explanation whatever of the descent in scale from Chephren's pyramid to that of Mycerinus, and from this to the pyramid of Asychis.

Again, however, I have to note that the circumstance here dwelt upon was not one of those which suggested my theory, nor was it noticed in the paper in which I first advocated that theory. It is one of those pieces of evidence which is almost certain to be noticed in favor of a true theory some time after other evidence has caused such theory to be adopted. But such things do not happen in the case of untrue theories, save by very rare accident. It will presently be seen that the two characteristics of the pyramids, formerly regarded as perplexing, which find a natural and ready explanation in the astrological theory, are by no means the only ones of which the same may be said.

Among points to which my attention has been specially directed by advocates of the exclusively tombic theory of the pyramids, one of the chief, one which, indeed, I was assured by several persons would convince me of the sufficiency of this theory, was what is called Lepsius's Law of Pyramid Building. It is thus referred to and described by Professor Piazzi Smyth: "All the Egyptologists of our age, French, English, German, and American, have hailed the advent on their stage of time of the so-called 'Lepsius's Law of Pyramid Building'; they universally declar-

ing that it satisfies absolutely all the observed or known phenomena. And it may do so for every known case of any Egyptian pyramid, *except* the great pyramid; and there it explains nothing of what *it* chiefly consists in. Taking, however, the cases which it does apply to, viz., the profane Egyptian examples, this alleged 'law' pronounces that the sole object of any pyramid was to form a royal tomb—subterranean, as a matter of course—and that operations began by making an inclined descending passage leading down into the rock, and in cutting out an underground chamber at the end of it. The scheme, thus begun below, went on also growing above-ground, every year of the king's reign, by the placing there of a new heap or additional layer of building stones, and piling them, layer above layer, over a central square-based nucleus upon the levelled ground, virtually above the subterranean apartment; and it was finally (that is, this superincumbent mass of masonry) finished off on that king's death by his successor, who deposited his predecessor's body embalmed and in a grand sarcophagus in the underground chamber, stopping up the passage leading to it, cased in the rude converging sides of the building with bevelled casing stones, so as to give it a smooth pyramidal form, and left it in fact a finished Egyptian and Pharaonic pyramid to all posterity; and no mean realization either of prevailing ideas among some early nations, of burying their monarchs *sub montibus altis*, in impressive quiet, immovable calm, and deep in the bosom of mother earth."

Although Lepsius states that he discovered this solution of the riddle of pyramidal construction, it was in part suggested earlier by James Wilde, and is thus described in the letterpress accompanying Frith's large photographs of Egypt: "A rocky site was first chosen, and a space made smooth, except a slight eminence in the centre to form a peg upon which the structure should be fixed" (which is absurd). "Within the rock, and usually below the level of the future base, a sepulchral chamber was excavated, with a passage inclined downward, leading to it from the north." After describing the way in which the work proceeded, the account goes on to say that "in this manner it was possible for the building of a pyramid to occupy the lifetime of its founder, without there being any risk of his leaving it incomplete to any such degree as would afford a valid excuse for his successor neglecting to perform his very moderate part, of merely filling up the angles and smoothing off generally."

This, however, is not precisely the same as Lepsius's law, and is manifestly less complete and less satisfactory.

But in the first place I am not at all disposed to admit that Lepsius's law, even though it explains the manner in which the pyra-

mids may have been built, is either proved by any evidence cited in its favor, or in turn proves anything respecting the purpose of any of the pyramids. It agrees well with the theory that the pyramids, including, of course, the great one, served as tombs for the several persons to whom they belonged or were assigned. But no one thinks of questioning this, so far as all the pyramids, except the great one, are concerned; and I apprehend that very few share Professor Smyth's faith that King Cheops never was buried, and was never meant to be buried, in the pyramid which bears his name. None of the difficulties of the exclusively tombic theory seem even touched by Lepsius's theory, whether it be accepted or rejected. The construction of the pyramids by single layers year by year, if proved, and if it prove anything, shows that the use of the pyramids related chiefly to the life of those to whom the pyramids were assigned, not solely to their death and burial.

Lepsius's theory is partly based on a circumstance which no astronomer who attentively considers the matter can fail to interpret in one special manner, bearing very significantly on our ideas respecting the purpose for which the pyramids were constructed.

In all the pyramids of Ghizeh there is a slant passage (in some there are two such passages) leading down into the rock, an underground chamber being cut at the end of the passage. Lepsius, of course, like all who regard the astronomical relations fulfilled by the pyramids as of slight importance, pays no special attention to the circumstance that in every case the descending passage passes in a north and south direction, at an angle always of about 26 degrees, and has its entrance always on the northern side. Fig. 2

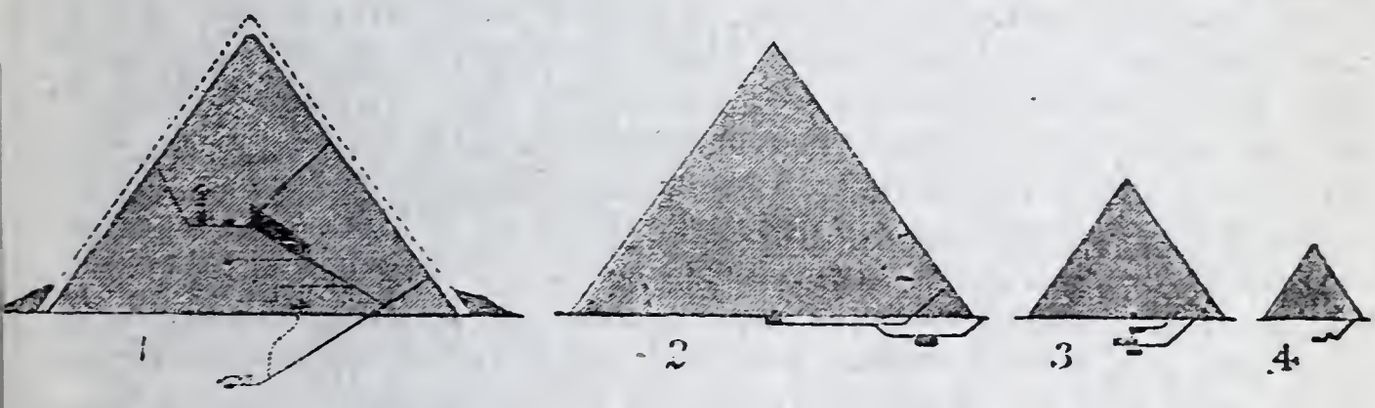


FIG. 2.—Showing the dimensions of the four chief pyramids, and the position of the inclined passages.

shows the position of the descending passages in the four chief pyramids. But if it were not obvious in other ways that astronomical relations were regarded by the builders of the pyramids as of extreme importance, these slant passages would prove it. They show unmistakably (1) that the builders proposed to make the

pyramids fulfil certain definite astronomical conditions ; and (2) the method in which the builders effected their purpose.

I have shown in my article on the Religion of the Great Pyramid how an architect, proposing to set a building in a particuar latitude, might use either the sun, when due south, or those stars which circle close round the pole, for that purpose ; that the better the astronomers were in the days of the pyramid-builders, the more likely they were to prefer the latter, or stellar method, to the former, or solar method ; and that if they adopted the solar method the building would be set too far north unless correction were made for the refraction of the atmosphere ; while if they adopted the stellar method the building would be set too far south. Wherefore, as we find the centre of the great pyramid set somewhat south of the latitude 30° north which the builders clearly intended to have it to occupy—the error being about a mile and a quarter, while, if refraction were wholly neglected, it would have been about a mile and three-quarters—we may infer that the astronomers who superintended the arrangements for fixing the latitude employed the stellar method ; that they were exceedingly skilful observers, considering they had no telescopic meridian instruments ; and (with less certainty) that they made some correction for atmospheric refraction.

I show also fully in that article that astronomers using the stellar method for that purpose would most certainly employ it to set the sides of the "pyramid's" square base facing as exactly as possible the four cardinal points. One method would certainly present itself, and only one would be at all suitable for this purpose. They would take their pole-star, whatever it might be, and would note its direction when passing either just above or just below the pole, as of course it does in every sidereal day. The direction of the star at either of these epochs would be due north. But how could they mark this direction on their selected base? They could in the first place set up a pointed upright, as AB in Fig. 3, at the middle of the northern edge of the base, and another shorter one, CD, so that at one of the epochs, it would not matter which, an eye placed as at E would see the points C and E in the same straight line as the pole-star S. Then the line DB would lie north and south.

This would only be a first rough approximation, however. The builders would require a much more satisfactory north and south line than DB. To obtain this they would bore a slant passage in the solid rock, as DG, which should point directly to the pole-star S when due north, starting their boring by reference to the rough north and south line DB, but guiding it as they went on, by noticing whether the pole-star, when due north, remained visible along the passage. But they would now have to make selection between its passage above the pole and its passage below the pole. In using

the uprights D and B, they could take either the upper or the lower passage; but the underground boring could have but one direction, and they must choose whichever of the two passages of the star they preferred. We cannot doubt they would take the lower passage, not only as the more convenient passage for observation, but because the length of their boring DG would be less for a given horizontal range FD, if the lower passage of S were taken, than it would be for the upper passage, when its direction would be as DG′.

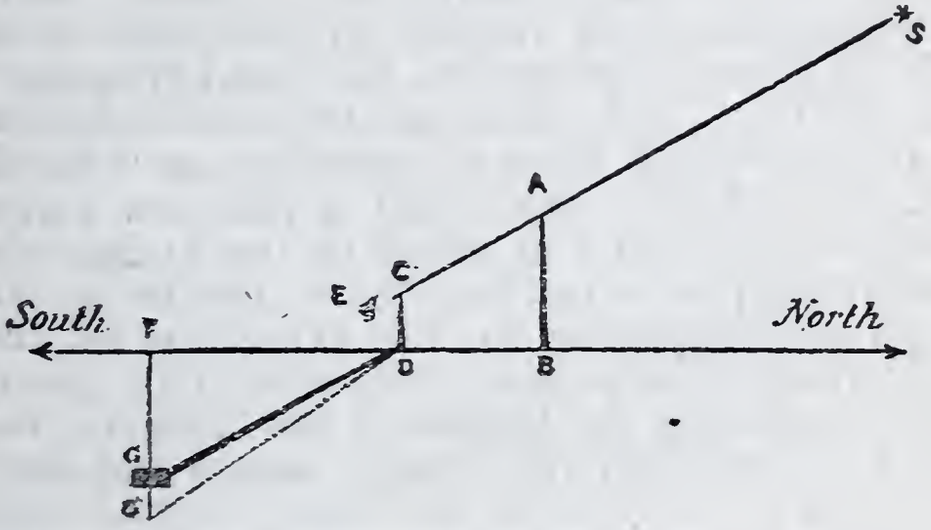


FIG. 3.—Showing how the builders of the pyramid probably obtained their base.

When they had bored far enough down to have a sufficient horizontal range FD (the longer this range, of course, the truer the north and south direction) they would still have to ascertain the true position of F, the point vertically above G. For this purpose they would get F first as truly as they could from the line DB prolonged, and would bore down from F vertically (guiding the boring, of course, with a plumb-line), until they reached the space opened out at G. The boring FG might be of very small diameter. Noting where the plumb-line let down from F to G reached the floor of the space G, they would ascertain how far F lay to the east or to the west of its proper position over the *centre* of the floor of the space. Correcting the position of F accordingly they would have FD the true north and south line.

This method could give results of considerable accuracy; and it is the only method in fact which could do so. When, therefore, we find that the base of a pyramid *is* oriented with singular accuracy, and secondly, that just such a boring as DG exists beneath the base of the pyramid, *running three hundred and fifty feet through the solid rock on which the pyramid is built*, we cannot well refuse to believe that the slant passage was bored for this pur-

pose, which it was so well fitted to subserve, and which *has* been so well subserved in some way.

Now, if this opinion is adopted, and for my own part I cannot see how it can well be questioned, we cannot possibly accept the opinion that the slant tunnel was bored for another purpose solely, or even chiefly, unless it can be shown that that other purpose in the first place was essential to the plans of the builders, in the second place could be subserved in no other way so well, and in the third place was manifestly subserved in this way to the knowledge of those who made the slant borings. Now, it certainly is the case that, noting the actual position of this slant boring, we can form a shrewd guess at the date of the great pyramid's erection. In the year 2170 B.C., and again (last before that) in the year 3350 B.C., and also for several years on either side of those dates, a certain bright star did look down that boring, or, more precisely, could be seen by any one who looked up that boring, when the star was just below the pole in its circuit round that point. The star was a very important one among the old constellations, though it has since considerably faded in lustre, being no other than the star Alpha of the constellation the Dragon, which formerly was the polar constellation. For hundreds of years before and after the dates 3350 and 2170 B.C., and during the entire interval between those dates, no other star would at all have suited the purposes of the builders of the pyramid ; so that we may be tolerably sure this was the star they employed. Therefore the boring, when first made, must have been directed toward this star. We conclude, then, with considerable confidence, that it was somewhere about one of the two dates 3350 B.C., and 2170 B.C., that the erection of the great pyramid was begun. And from the researches of Egyptologists it has become all but certain that the *earlier* of these dates is very near the correct epoch. But though the boring thus serves the purpose of dating the pyramid, it seems altogether unlikely that the builders of the pyramid intended to record the pyramid's age in this way. They could have done that, if they had wanted to, at once far more easily and far more exactly, by carving a suitable record in one of the inner chambers of the building. But nothing yet known about the pyramid suggests that its builder wanted to tell future ages anything whatever. So far from this, the pyramid was carefully planned to reveal nothing. Only when men had first destroyed the casing, next had found their way into the descending passage, and then had in the roughest and least skilful manner conceivable (even so, too, by an accident) discovered the great ascending gallery, were any of the secrets of this mighty tomb revealed—for a tomb and nothing else it has been, ever since Cheops died. To assert that all these events lay within the view of the architect who *seemed* so carefully to endeavor to render them im-

possible, is to ask that men should set their reasoning faculties on one side when the pyramid is in question. And lastly, we have not a particle of evidence to show that the builders of the pyramid had any idea that the date of the building *would* be indicated by the position of the great slant passages. They may have noticed that the pole-star was slowly changing its position with respect to the true pole of the heavens ; and they may even have recognized the rate and direction in which the pole-star was thus moving. But it is utterly unlikely that they could have detected the fact that the pole of the heavens circles round the pole of the ecliptic in the mighty processional period of 25,920 years ;* and unless they knew this, they would not know that the position of the slant passage would tell future generations aught about the pyramid's date. On all these accounts, (1) because the builders probably did not care at all about our knowing anything on the subject, (2) because if they did they would not have adopted so clumsy a method, and (3) because there is no reason for believing, but every reason for doubting, that they knew the passage *would* tell future ages the date of the pyramid's erection, we must regard as utterly improbable, if not utterly untenable, the proposition that the builders had any such purpose in view in constructing the slant passage.

I am therefore somewhat surprised to find Sir E. Beckett, who does not accept the wild ideas of the pyramid religionists, nevertheless dwelling, not on the manifest value of the slant passages to builders desiring to orient such an edifice as the great pyramid, but on the idea that those builders may have wanted to record a date for the benefit of future ages. After quoting a remark from Mr. Wackerbath's amusing review of Smyth's book, to the effect that the hypothesis about the slant passage is liable to the objection that, the mouth of the passage being walled up, it is not easy to

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* If the architect of the great pyramid knew anything about the great processional period, then—unless such knowledge was miraculously communicated—the astronomers of the pyramid's time must have had evidence which could only have been obtained during many hundreds of years of exact observation, following of course on a long period during which comparatively imperfect astronomical methods were employed. Their astronomy must therefore have had its origin long before the date commonly assigned to the Flood. In passing I may remark that in a paper on the pyramid by Abbé Moigno, that worthy but somewhat credulous ecclesiastic makes a remark which seems to show that the stability and perfection of the great pyramid, and therefore the architectural skill acquired by the Egyptians in the year 2170 B.C. (a date he accepts), proves in some unexplained way the comparative youth of the human race. To most men it would seem that the more perfect men's work at any given date, the longer must have been the preceding interval during which men were acquiring the skill thus displayed. On the contrary, the pyramids, says Abbé Moigno, "give the most solemn contradiction to those who would of set purpose throw back the origin of man to an indefinite remoteness." It would have been well if he had explained how the pyramids do this.

conceive how a star could be observed through it, Beckett says, "Certainly not, after it was closed; but what has that to do with the question whether the builders thought fit to indicate the date to any one who might in after ages find the passage, by reference to the celestial dial, in which the pole of the earth travels round the pole of the ecliptic in 25,827 years, like the hand of a clock round the dial?" But in reality there is no more extravagant supposition among all those ideas of the pyramidalists, which Beckett justly regards as among the wildest illustrations of "the province of the imagination in science," than the notion that this motion of the pole of the earth was known to the builders of the pyramid, or that, knowing it, they adopted so preposterous a method of indicating the date of their labors.

Let us return to the purposes which seem to have been actually present in the minds of the pyramid-builders.

Having duly laid down the north and south line, FD, in Fig. 3, and being thus ready to cut out from the nearly level face of the solid rock the corner sockets of the square base, they would have to choose what size they would give the base. This would be a question depending partly on the nature of the ground at their disposal, partly on the expense to which King Cheops was prepared to go. The question of expense probably did not influence him much; but it requires only a brief inspection of the region at his disposal (in the required latitude, and on a firm rock basis) to see that the nature of the ground set definite limits to the base of the building he proposed to erect. As Piazzi Smyth remarks, it is set close to the very verge of the elevated plateau, even dangerously near its edge. Assuming the centre of the base determined by the latitude observations outside, the limit of the size of the base was determined at once. And apart from that, the hill country directly to the south of the great pyramid would not have permitted any considerable extension in that direction, while on the east and west of its present position the plateau does not extend so far north as in the longitude actually occupied by the pyramid.

These considerations probably had quite as much to do with the selection of the dimensions of the base as any that have been hitherto insisted upon. Sir E. Beckett says, after showing that the actual size of the base was in other respects a convenient one (in its numerical relation to previous measures), the great pyramid "must be some size," but "why Cheops wanted his pyramid to be about" its actual size he does not profess to know. Yet, if the latitude of the centre of the base were really determined very carefully, it is clear that the nearest, and in this case the northern, verge of the rock plateau would limit the size of the base; and we may say that the size selected was the largest which was available, subject to the conditions respecting latitude. True, the latitude is

not correctly determined ; but we may fairly assume it was meant to be, and that the actual centre of the base was supposed by the builders to lie exactly in latitude 30 degrees north.

However, we may admit that the dimensions adopted were such as the builders considered convenient also. I fear Sir E. Beckett's explanation on this point, simple and commonplace though it is, seems preferable to Professor Smyth's. If, by the way, the latter were right, not only in his views, but in the importance he attaches to them, it would be no mere *façon de parler* to say "I fear ;" for a rather unpleasant fate awaits all who "shorten the cubit" as Sir E. Beckett does. "I will not attempt," says Professor Smyth, "to say what the ancient Egyptians would have thought" of certain "whose carriages," it seems, "try to stop the way of great pyramid research," "for I am horrified to remember the Pharaonic pictures of human souls sent back from heaven to earth, in the bodies of pigs, for far lighter offences than shortening the national cubit." Sir E. Beckett has sought to shorten the pyramid cubit, which with Smyth is "the sacred, Hebrew earth-commensurable, anti-Canite cubit," a far heavier offence probably than merely "shortening the national cubit." But, after all, it is unfortunately too true, that if the shorter cubit which Beckett holds to have been used by the pyramid-builders was not so used, the pyramid does its best to suggest that it was ; and if Beckett and those who follow him (as I do in this respect) are wrong, the pyramid and not they must be blamed. For, apart from the trifling detail that the Hebrew cubit of 25 inches is entirely imaginary, "neither this cubit, nor any multiple of it, is to be found in a single one of all Mr. Smyth's multitude of measurements, except two evidently accidental multiples of it in the diagonals of two of the four corner sockets in the rock ; which are not even square, and could never have been seen again after the pyramid was built, if the superstructure had not been broken up and stolen, which was probably the last thing that Cheops or his architect expected." But of the other cubit, "the pyramid and the famous marble 'Coffer,' in the king's chamber (which was doubtless also Cheops's coffin until his body was 'resurrectionized' by the thieves who first broke into the pyramid) do contain clear indications." The cubit referred to is the working cubit of 20$\frac{3}{4}$ inches, or about a fiftieth of an inch less. For a person of average height it is equal to about the distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger, *plus* a hand's-breadth, the former distance being the natural cubit (for a person of such height). The natural cubit is as nearly as possible half a yard, and most probably our yard measure is derived from this shorter cubit. The working cubit may be regarded as a long half yard, the double working cubit or working Egyptian yard measure, so to speak, being 41$\frac{1}{2}$ inches long.

The length of the base-circuit of the great pyramid may be most easily remembered by noticing that it contains as many working cubits as our mile contains yards, viz., 1760; giving 440 cubits as the length of each of the four sides of the base. If Lincoln's Inn Fields were enlarged to a square having its sides equal to the greatest sides of the present fields, the area of this, the largest "square" in London, would be almost exactly equal to that of the pyramid's base—or about 13½ acres. The front of Chelsea Hospital has almost the same length as a side of the pyramid's base, so also has the frontage of the British Museum, including the houses on either side to Charlotte Street and Montague Street. The average breadth of the Thames between Chelsea and London Bridge, or, in other words, the average span of the metropolitan bridges, is also not very different from the length of each side of the great pyramid's base. The length measures about 761 feet, or nearly 254 yards. Each side is in fact a furlong of 220 double cubits or Egyptian yards.

The height of the pyramid is equal to seven elevenths of the side of the base, or to 280 cubits, or about 484 feet. This is about 16 feet higher than the top of Strasburg Cathedral, 24 feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome, and is about 130 feet higher than our St. Paul's.

These are all the dimensions of the pyramid's exterior I here propose to mention. Sir E. Beckett gives a number of others, some of considerable interest, but of course all derivable from the fact that the pyramid has a square base 440 cubits in the side, and has a height of 280 cubits. I may notice, however, in passing, that I quite agree with him in thinking that the special mathematical relation which the pyramid-builders intended to embody in the building was this, that the area of each of the four faces should be equal to a square having its sides equal to the height of the pyramid. Herodotus tells us that this was the condition which the builders adopted; and this condition is fulfilled at least as closely as any of the other more or less fanciful relations which have been recognized by Taylor and his followers.

But what special purpose had the architect in view, as he planned the addition of layer after layer of the pyramidal structure? So far as the mere orienting of the faces of the pyramid was concerned, he had achieved his purpose so soon as he had obtained, by means of the inclined passage, the true direction of the north and south lines. But assuming that his purpose was to provide in some way for astronomical observation, a square base with sides facing the cardinal points would not be of much use. It would clearly give horizontal direction lines, north and south-east and west, north-east and south-west, and north-west and south-east. For if observers were set at the four corners, A, B, C, D, as in Fig. 4, with suitable uprights, where dots are shown at these

corners, a line of sight from D's upright to A's would be directed toward the south, from the same upright to B's would be directed toward the south-west, and from the same to C's would be directed toward the west. Lines of sight from the other three uprights to each of the remaining ones would give the other directions named, or eight directions in all round the horizon.

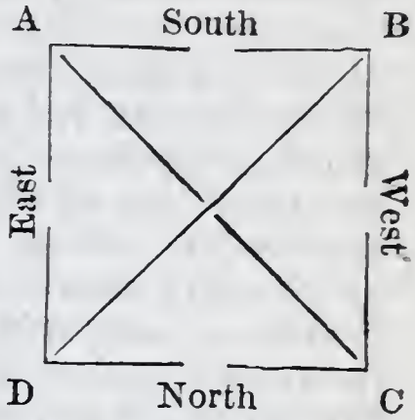


FIG. 4.

But such direction-lines are not very useful in astronomical observation, because the celestial bodies are not always or generally on the horizon. And no one who pays attention for any length of time, or with any degree of care, to the motions of the celestial bodies, will fail soon to recognize that east and west lines are of very little observational use compared with north and south lines, whether taken horizontally or in a direction suitably elevated above the horizon. For whereas every star in the sky comes due south or north (unless it should pass exactly overhead) once in every circuit around the pole (without counting the sub-polar northings of those stars which never set), and at the same constant and regular intervals, the sun, moon, and planets also coming south at intervals only slightly varying because of the motions of these bodies among the stars, the heavenly bodies do not come east and west at the same intervals. The sun does not come east or west at all, for instance, during the winter half of the year, while in the summer half he passes from due east to due west in a time which grows shorter and shorter as the length of the day increases. Without entering further into considerations which I have dealt with more fully in another place,* it is manifest that any architect proposing to erect an edifice for observing the heavenly bodies would direct his attention specially to the meridian. He would require to observe bodies crossing different parts of the meridian. But he would recognize the fact that the southern half of the meridian was altogether more important than the northern; for the sun and moon and all the planets cross the meridian toward the south. Again, those regions toward the south which are crossed by these bodies would be the most important of all.

What the architect would do then would be this. He would so raise the building, layer by layer, as to leave a suitable narrow opening, directed north and south, and bearing on the part of the southern sky which the sun, moon, and planets traverse.

Now, the grand gallery in the pyramid of Cheops fulfils pre-

* See my article on the Great Pyramid in the *Contemporary Review* for September, 1879.

cisely such a purpose as this. Before the upper part of the pyramid was added the passage of the sun and moon and every one of the planets across the meridian, except perhaps Mercury (but I am not at all sure that Mercury need be excepted), could be observed through this remarkable slant gallery. Venus, of course, could only be seen in the daytime when due south; but we know that at her brightest she can be readily seen in the daytime when her place in the sky is known. And through a long narrow passage like the grand gallery of the pyramids of Cheops she could be seen when much nearer the sun's place in the sky. Of course, to observe the sun, moon, or a planet, the astronomer would only be so far down the tunnel as to see the planet crossing the top of the opening. If he went farther down he would lose the observation; but the farther down he went without losing sight of the body, the more favorable would be the conditions under which the observations would be made. Sometimes he could go to the very lowest part of the gallery. At midwinter, for instance, the sun could be observed from there, just crossing the top of the exceedingly small narrow slice of sky seen from that place.

I am not, however, specially concerned *here* with the question of the manner in which astronomical observations would be made through the great ascending gallery of the great pyramid. That is a subject full of interest, but I leave it for fuller treatment elsewhere. What I desire here specially to note is, that the gallery could only be used when the pyramid was incomplete. While as yet all the portion of the pyramid above the gallery was not erected, the heavenly bodies could be observed not only along the great gallery, but also from the level platform forming the upper surface of the pyramid in that stage of its construction. But when the building began to be carried beyond that stage—unless for a while a long strip in front of the gallery was left incomplete—the chief use of the building for purposes of stellar observation must have come to an end. Not only have we no record that an open space was left in this way, and no trace in the building itself of any such peculiarity of construction, but it is tolerably manifest that no such space could have been safely left after the surrounding portions had been carried beyond a certain height.

It is here that I find the strongest argument for the theory I have advanced, respecting the purpose for which the pyramids were built. It is certain that, while these buildings were specially constructed for astronomical observations of some sort, while the entire interior construction of the great pyramid adapted it specially for such a purpose, yet, only a short time after the great gallery and the other passages of this mighty structure had been completed, it was treated as no longer of any use or value for astronomical work. It was carried up beyond the platform where

the priestly astronomers had made their observations, until the highest and smallest platform was added; and then the casing stones were fitted on, which left the entire surface of the pyramid perfectly smooth and polished, not the minutest crack or crevice marring either the sloping sides or the pavement which surrounded the pyramid's base.

Now, I do not say that there is nothing surprising in what is known, and especially in the last-mentioned circumstance, when the theory is admitted that the great pyramid was built by Suphis or Cheops in order that astronomical observations might be continued throughout his life, to determine his future, to ascertain what epochs were dangerous or propitious for him, and to note such unusual phenomena among the celestial bodies as seemed to bode him good or evil fortune. It does seem amazing, despite all we know of the fulness of faith reposed by men of old times in the fanciful doctrines of astrology, that any man, no matter how rich or powerful, should devote many years of his life, a large proportion of his wealth, and the labors of many myriads of his subjects, to so chimerical a purpose. It *is* strange that a building erected for that purpose should not be capable of subserving a similar purpose for his successors on the throne of Egypt. Strange also that he should have been able to provide in some way for the completion of the building after his death, though that must have been a work of enormous labor, and very expensive, even though all the materials had been prepared during his own lifetime.

But I do assert with considerable confidence that no other theory has been yet suggested (and almost every imaginable theory has been advocated) which gives the slightest answer to these chief difficulties in the pyramid problem. The astrological theory, if accepted, gives indeed an answer which requires us to believe the kingly builder of the great pyramid, and, in less degree, those who with him or after him built the others, to have been utterly selfish, tyrannical, and superstitious—or, in brief, utterly unwise. But unfortunately the study of human nature brings before us so many illustrations of the existence of such folly and superstition in as great or even greater degree, that we need not for such reasons reject the astrological theory. Of other theories it may be said that, while not one of them, except the wild theory which attributes the great pyramid to divinely instructed architects, presents the builders more favorably, every one of these theories leaves the most striking features of the great pyramid entirely unexplained.

Lastly, I would note that the pyramids, when rightly viewed, must be regarded, not as monuments which should excite our admiration, but as stupendous records of the length to which tyranny and selfishness, folly and superstition, lust of power and greed of wealth, will carry man. Regarded as works of skill, and

as examples of what men may effect by combined and long-continued labor, they are indeed marvellous, and in a sense admirable. They will remain, in all probability, and will be scarcely changed, when every other edifice at this day existing on the surface of the earth has either crumbled into dust or changed out of all knowledge. The museums and libraries, the churches and cathedrals, the observatories, the college buildings, and other scholastic edifices of our time, are not for a moment to be compared with the great pyramid of Egypt in all that constitutes material importance, strength, or stability. But while the imperishable monuments of old Egypt are records of tyranny and selfishness, the less durable structures of our own age are in the main records of at least the desire to increase the knowledge, to advance the interests, and to ameliorate the condition of the human race. No good whatever has resulted to man from all the labor, misery, and expense involved in raising those mighty structures which seem fitted to endure while the world itself shall last. They are and ever have been splendidly worthless. On the other hand, the less costly works of our own time, while their very construction has involved good instead of misery to the lowlier classes, have increased the knowledge and the well-being of mankind. The goodly seed of the earth, though perishable itself, germinates, fructifies, and bears other seed, which will in turn bring forth yet other and perchance even better fruits: so the efforts of man to work good to his fellow-man instead of evil, although they may lead to perishable material results, will yet germinate, and fructify, and bear seed, over an ever-widening field of time, even to untold generations.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR *in the Gentleman's Magazine.*

THE BEGINNINGS OF GREEK SCULPTURE.

I.—THE HEROIC AGE OF GREEK ART.

THE extant remains of Greek sculpture, though but a fragment of what the Greek sculptors produced, are both in number and in excellence, in their fitness, therefore, to represent the whole of which they were a part, quite out of proportion to what has come down to us of Greek painting, and all those minor crafts which, in the Greek workshop, as at all periods when the arts have been really vigorous, were closely connected with the highest imaginative work. Greek painting is represented to us only by its distant reflection on the walls of the buried houses of Pompeii, and the designs of subordinate though exquisite craftsmen on the vases.

Of wrought metal, partly through the inherent usefulness of its material, tempting ignorant persons into whose hands it may fall to re-fashion it, we have comparatively little ; while, in consequence of the perishableness of their material, nothing remains of the curious wood-work, the carved ivory, the embroidery and colored stuffs, on which the Greeks set much store—of that whole system of refined artisanship, diffused, like a general atmosphere of beauty and richness, around the more exalted creations of Greek sculpture. What we possess, then, of that highest Greek sculpture is presented to us in a sort of threefold isolation ; isolation, first of all, from the concomitant arts—the frieze of the Parthenon without the metal bridles on the horses, for which the holes in the marble remain ; isolation, secondly, from the architectural group of which, with most careful estimate of distance and point of observation, that frieze, for instance, was designed to be a part ; isolation, thirdly, from the clear Greek skies, the poetical Greek life, in our modern galleries. And if one here or there, in looking at these things, bethinks himself of the required substitution ; if he endeavors mentally to throw them back into that proper atmosphere, out of which alone they can exercise over us all the magic by which they charmed their original spectators, the effort is not always a successful one, within the gray walls of the Louvre or the British Museum.

And the circumstance that Greek sculpture is presented to us in such falsifying isolation from the work of the weaver, the carpenter, and the goldsmith, has encouraged a manner of regarding it too little sensuous. Approaching it with full information concerning what may be called the inner life of the Greeks, their modes of thought and sentiment amply recorded in the writings of the Greek poets and philosophers, but with no lively impressions of that mere craftsman's world of which so little has remained, students of antiquity have for the most part interpreted the creations of Greek sculpture, rather as elements in a sequence of abstract ideas, embodiments, in a sort of petrified language, of pure thoughts, interesting mainly in connection with the development of Greek intellect than as elements of a sequence in the material order, as results of a designed and skilful dealing of accomplished fingers with precious forms of matter for the delight of the eyes. Greek sculpture has come to be regarded as the product of a peculiarly limited art, dealing with a specially abstracted range of subjects ; and the Greek sculptor as a workman almost exclusively intellectual, having only a sort of accidental connection with the material in which his thought was expressed. He is fancied to have been disdainful of such matters as the mere tone, the fibre or texture, of his marble or cedar-wood, of that just perceptible yellowness, for instance, in the ivory-like surface of the Venus of

Melos; as being occupied only with forms as abstract almost as the conceptions of philosophy, and translatable it might be supposed into any material—a habit of regarding him still further encouraged by the modern sculptor's usage of employing merely mechanical labor in the actual working of the stone.

The works of the highest Greek sculpture are indeed *intellectualized*, if we may say so, to the utmost degree; the human figures which they present to us seem actually to conceive thoughts; in them, that profoundly reasonable spirit of design which is traceable in Greek art continuously and increasingly, upward from its simplest products, the oil-vessel or the urn, reaches its perfection. Yet, though the most abstract and intellectualized of sensuous objects, they are still sensuous and material, addressing themselves, in the first instance, not to the purely reflective faculty, but to the eye; and a complete criticism must have approached them from both sides—from the side of the intelligence, toward which they rank, indeed, as great thoughts come down into the stone; but from the sensuous side also, toward which they rank as the most perfect results of that pure skill of hand, of which the Venus of Melos, we may say, is the highest example, and the little polished pitcher or lamp, also perfect in its way, perhaps the lowest.

To pass by the purely visible side of these things, then, is not only to miss a refining pleasure, but to mistake altogether the medium in which the most intellectual of the creations of Greek art, the Æginetan or the Elgin marbles, for instance, were actually produced; even these having, in their origin, depended for much of their charm on the mere material in which they were executed; and the whole black and gray world of extant antique sculpture needing to be translated back into ivory and gold, if we would feel the excitement which the Greek seems to have felt in the presence of these objects. To have this really Greek sense of Greek sculpture it is necessary to connect it, indeed, with the inner life of the Greek world, its thought and sentiment, on the one hand; but on the other hand also, with those minor works of price, *intaglios*, coins, vases—that whole system of material refinement and beauty in the outer Greek life, which these minor works represent to us; and with these, as far as possible, we must seek to relieve the air of our galleries and museums of their too intellectual grayness. Greek sculpture could not have been precisely a *cold* thing; and, whatever a color-blind school may say, pure thoughts have their coldness, a coldness which has sometimes repelled from Greek sculpture, with its unsuspected fund of passion and energy in material form, those who cared much, and with much insight, for a similar passion and energy in the colored world of Italian painting.

Theoretically, then, we need that world of the minor arts as a complementary background for the higher and more austere Greek

sculpture; and, as matter of fact, it is just with such a world—with a period of refined and exquisite *tectonics* (as the Greeks called all crafts strictly subordinate to architecture), that Greek art actually begins in what is called the Heroic Age, that earliest, undefined period of Greek civilization, the beginning of which cannot be dated, and which reaches down to the first Olympiad, about the year 776 B.C. Of this period we possess, indeed, no direct history and but few actual monuments, great or small; but as to its whole character and outward local coloring, for its art, as for its politics and religion, Homer may be regarded as an authority. The Iliad and the Odyssey, the earliest pictures of that heroic life, represent it as already delighting itself in the application of precious material and skilful handiwork to personal and domestic adornment, to the refining and beautifying of the entire outward aspect of life; above all, in the lavish application of very graceful metal-work to such purposes. And this representation is borne out by what little we possess of its actual remains, and all we can infer. Mixed, of course, with mere fable, as a description of the heroic age, the picture which Homer presents to us, deprived of its supernatural adjuncts, becomes continuously more and more realizable as the actual condition of early art, as we emerge gradually into historical time, and find ourselves at last among datable works and real schools or masters.

The history of Greek art, then, begins, as some have fancied concerning general history, in a golden age, but in an age, so to speak, of real gold, of those first twisters and hammerers of the precious metals—men who had already discovered the flexibility of silver and the ductility of gold, the capacity of both for infinite delicacy of handling, and enjoying with complete freshness a sense of beauty and fitness in their work—a period of which that flower of gold on a silver stalk, picked up lately in one of the graves at Mycenæ, or the legendary golden honeycomb of Dædalus, might serve as the symbol. The heroic age of Greek art is the age of the hero as a smith.

There are in Homer two famous descriptive passages in which this delight in curious metal-work is very prominent: the description in the Iliad of the shield of Achilles,* and the description of the house of Alcinous in the Odyssey.† The shield of Achilles is part of the suit of armor which Hephæstus makes for him at the request of Thetis; and it is wrought of variously colored metals, woven into a great circular composition in relief, representing the world and the life in it. The various activities of man are recorded in this description in a series of idyllic incidents with such

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* *Il.* 18, 468–608. † *Od.* 7, 37–132.

complete freshness, liveliness, and variety that the reader from time to time may well forget himself, and fancy he is reading a mere description of the incidents of actual life. We peep into a little Greek town, and see in dainty miniature the bride coming from her chamber with torch-bearers and dancers, the people gazing from their doors, a quarrel between two persons in the market-place, the assembly of the elders to decide upon it. In another quartering is the spectacle of a city besieged, the walls defended by the old men, while the soldiers have stolen out and are lying in ambush. There is a fight on the river-bank; Ares and Athene, conspicuous in gold, and marked as divine persons by a scale larger than that of their followers, lead the host. The strange, mythical images of Kêr, Eris, and Kudoimos mingle in the crowd. A third space upon the shield depicts the incidents of peaceful labor—the ploughshare passing through the field, of enamelled black metal behind it, and golden before; the cup of mead held out to the ploughman when he reaches the end of the furrow; the reapers with their sheaves; the king standing in silent pleasure among them, intent upon his staff. There are the laborers in the vineyard in minutest detail; stakes of silver on which the vines hang; the dark trench about it, and one pathway through the midst; the whole complete and distinct, in variously colored metal. All things and living creatures are in their places—the cattle coming to water to the sound of the herdsman's pipe, various music, the rushes by the water-side, a lion-hunt with dogs, the pastures among the hills, a dance, the fair dresses of the male and female dancers, the former adorned with swords, the latter with crowns. It is an image of ancient life, its pleasure and business. For the centre, as in some quaint chart of the heavens, are the earth and the sun, the moon and constellations; and to close in all, right round, like a frame to the picture, the great river Oceanus, forming the rim of the shield, in some metal of dark blue.

Still more fascinating, perhaps, because more completely realizable by the fancy as an actual thing—realizable as a delightful place to pass time in—is the description of the palace of Alcinous in the little island town of the Phæacians, to which we are introduced in all the liveliness and sparkle of the morning, as real as something of last summer on the sea-coast; although, appropriately, Ulysses meets a goddess like a young girl carrying a pitcher, on his way up to it. Below the steep walls of the town, two projecting jetties allow a narrow passage into a haven of stone for the ships, into which the passer-by may look down, as they lie moored below the roadway. In the midst is the king's house, all glittering, again, with curiously wrought metal; its brightness is "as the brightness of the sun or of the moon." The heart of Ulysses beats quickly when he sees it standing amid plantations ingeniously

watered, its floor and walls of brass throughout, with continuous cornice of dark iron ; the doors are of gold, the door-posts and lintels of silver, the handles, again, of gold—

> "The walls were massy brass ; the cornice high
> Blue metals crowned in colors of the sky ;
> Rich plates of gold the folding-doors incase ;
> The pillars silver on a brazen base ;
> Silver the lintels deep-projecting o'er ;
> And gold the ringlets that command the door."

Dogs of the same precious metals keep watch on either side, like the lions over the old gateway of Mycenæ, or the gigantic, human-headed bulls at the entrance of an Assyrian palace. Within doors the burning lights at supper-time are supported in the hands of golden images of boys, while the guests recline on a couch running all along the wall, covered with peculiarly sumptuous women's work.

From these two glittering descriptions manifestly something must be deducted ; we are in wonder-land, and among supernatural or magical conditions. But the forging of the shield and the wonderful house of Alcinous are no merely incongruous episodes in Homer, but the consummation of what is always characteristic of him, a constant preoccupation, namely, with every form of lovely craftsmanship, resting on all things, as he says, like the shining of the sun. We seem to pass, in reading him, through the treasures of some royal collection ; in him the presentation of almost every aspect of life is beautified by the work of cunning hands. The thrones, coffers, couches of curious carpentry, are studded with bossy ornaments of precious metal effectively disposed, or inlaid with stained ivory or blue *cyanus*, or amber, or pale amber-like gold ; the surfaces of the stone conduits, the sea-walls, the public washing-troughs, the ramparts on which the weary soldiers rest themselves when returned to Troy, are fair and smooth ; all the fine qualities, in color and texture, of woven stuff are carefully noted—the fineness, closeness, softness, pliancy, gloss, the whiteness or nectar-like tints in which the weaver delights to work ; to weave the sea-purple threads is the appropriate function of queens and noble women. All the Homeric shields are more or less ornamented with variously colored metal, terrible sometimes, like Leonardo's, with some monster or grotesque. The numerous sorts of cups are bossed with golden studs, or have handles wrought with figures, of doves, for instance. The great brazen cauldrons bear an epithet which means *flowery*. The trappings of the horses, the various parts of the chariots, are formed of various metals. The women's ornaments and the instruments of their toilet are described—

πόρπας τε γναμπτάς θ' ἕλικας, καλύκάς τε καὶ ὅρμους

—the golden vials for unguents. Use and beauty are still undivided; all that men's hands are set to make has still a fascination alike for workmen and spectators. For such dainty splendor Troy, indeed, is especially conspicuous. But then Homer's Trojans are essentially Greeks—Greeks of Asia; and Troy, though more advanced in all elements of civilization, is no real contrast to the western shore of the Ægean. It is no *barbaric* world that we see, but the sort of world, we may think, that would have charmed also our comparatively jaded sensibilities, with just that quaint simplicity which we too enjoy, in its productions; above all, in its wrought metal, which loses perhaps more than any other sort of work by becoming mechanical. The metal-work which Homer describes in such variety is all *hammer*-work, all the joinings being effected by pins or rivetting. That is just the sort of metal-work which, in a certain *naïveté* and vigor, is still of all work the most expressive of actual contact with dexterous fingers; one seems to trace in it, on every particle of the partially resisting material, the touch and play of the shaping instruments, in highly trained hands, under the guidance of exquisitely disciplined senses —that *cachet*, or seal of nearness to the workman's hand, which is the special charm of all good metal-work, of early metal work in particular.

Such descriptions, however, it may be said, are mere poetical ornament, of no value in helping us to define the character of an age. But what is peculiar in these Homeric descriptions, what distinguishes them from others at first sight similar, is a sort of internal evidence they present of a certain degree of reality, signs in them of an imagination stirred by surprise at the spectacle of real works of art. Such minute, delighted, loving description of details of ornament, and following out of the ways in which brass, gold, silver, or paler gold, go into the chariots and armor and women's dress, or cling to the walls—the enthusiasm of the *manner* —is the warrant of a certain amount of truth in all that. The Greek poet describes these things with the same vividness and freshness, the same kind of fondness, with which other poets speak of flowers; speaking of them poetically, indeed, but with that higher sort of poetry which seems full of the lively impression of delightful things recently seen. Genuine poetry, it is true, is always naturally sympathetic with all beautiful sensible things and qualities. But with how many poets would not this constant intrusion of material ornament have produced a tawdry effect! The metal would all be tarnished and the edges blurred. And this is because it is not always that the products of even exquisite tectonics can excite or refine the æsthetic sense. Now it is probable that the objects of oriental art, the imitations of it at home, in which for Homer this actual world of art must have consisted, reached

him in quantity, and with a novelty, just sufficient to warm and stimulate without surfeiting the imagination ; it is an exotic thing of which he sees just enough and not too much. The shield of Achilles, the house of Alcinous, are like dreams indeed, but this sort of dreaming winds continuously through the entire Iliad and Odyssey—a child's dream after a day of real, fresh impressions from things themselves, in which all those floating impressions reset themselves. He is as pleased in touching and looking at those objects as his own heroes ; their gleaming aspect brightens all he says, and has taken hold, one might think, of his language, his very vocabulary becoming *chryselephantine*. Homer's artistic descriptions, though enlarged by fancy, are not wholly imaginary, and the extant remains of monuments of the earliest historical age are like lingering relics of that dream in a tamer but real world.

The art of the heroic age, then, as represented in Homer, connects itself, on the one side, with those fabulous jewels so prominent in mythological story, and entwined sometimes so oddly in its representation of human fortunes—the necklace of Eriphyle, the necklace of Helen, which Menelaus, it was said, offered at Delphi to Athene Pronœa on the eve of his expedition against Troy—mythical objects, indeed, but which yet bear witness even thus early to the æsthetic susceptibility of the Greek temper. But, on the other hand, the art of the heroic age connects itself also with the actual early beginnings of artistic production. There are touches of reality, for instance, in Homer's incidental notices of its instruments and processes ; and, again, especially as regards the working of metal. He goes already to the potter's wheel for familiar, life-like illustration. In describing artistic wood-work he distinguishes various stages of work ; we see clearly the instruments for turning and boring, such as the old-fashioned drill-borer whirled round with a string ; he mentions the names of two artists, the one of an actual workman, the other of a craft turned into a proper name—stray relics, accidentally preserved, of a world, as we may believe, of so wide and varied activity. The forge of Hephæstus is a true forge ; the magic tripods on which he is at work are really put together by conceivable processes, known in early times. Compositions in relief similar to those which he describes were actually made out of thin metal plates cut into a convenient shape, and then beaten into the designed form by the hammer over a wooden model. These reliefs were then fastened to a differently colored metal background or base, with nails or rivets, for there is no soldering of metals as yet. To this process the ancients gave the name of *empæstik*, such embossing being still, in our own time, a beautiful form of metal-work.

Even in the marvellous shield there are other and indirect notes of reality. In speaking of the shield of Achilles, I departed in-

tentionally from the order in which the subjects of the relief are actually introduced in the Iliad, because, just then, I wished the reader to receive the full effect of the variety and elaborateness of the composition as a representation or picture of the whole of ancient life embraced within the circumference of a shield. But in the order in which Homer actually describes those episodes he is following the method of a very practicable form of composition, and is throughout much closer than we might at first sight suppose to the ancient armorer's proceedings. The shield is formed of five superimposed plates of different metals, each plate of smaller diameter than the one immediately below it, their flat margins showing thus as four concentric stripes or rings of metal, around a sort of boss in the centre, five metals thick, and the outermost circle or ring being the thinnest. To this arrangement the order of Homer's description corresponds. The earth and the heavenly bodies are upon this boss in the centre, like a little distant heaven hung above the broad world, and from this Homer works out, round and round, to the river Oceanus, which forms the border of the whole; the subjects answering to or supporting each other in a sort of heraldic order—the city at peace set over against the city besieged—spring, summer, and autumn balancing each other—quite congruously with a certain heraldic turn generally in the contemporary Assyrian art, which delights in this sort of conventional spacing out of its various subjects, and especially with some extant metal chargers of Assyrian work, which, like some of the earliest Greek vases with their painted plants and flowers conventionally arranged, illustrate in their humble measure such heraldic grouping.

The description of the shield of Hercules, attributed to Hesiod, is probably an imitation of Homer, and, notwithstanding some fine mythological impersonations which it contains, an imitation less admirable than the original. Of painting there are in Homer no certain indications, and it is consistent with the later date of the imitator that we may perhaps discern in his composition a sign that what he had actually seen was a painted shield, in the predominance in it, as compared with the Homeric description, of effects of color over effects of form; Homer delighting in ingenious devices for *fastening* the metal, and the supposed Hesiod rather in what seem like triumphs of heraldic *coloring;* though the latter also delights in effects of mingled metals, of mingled gold and silver especially—silver figures with dresses of gold, silver centaurs with pine-trees of gold for staves in their hands. Still, like the shield of Achilles, this too we must conceive as formed of concentric plates of metal; and here again that spacing is still more elaborately carried out narrower intermediate rings being apparently introduced between the broader ones, with figures in rapid, horizontal, unbroken motion, carrying the eye right round the shield, in contrast

with the repose of the downward or inward movement of the subjects which divide the larger spaces; here too with certain analogies in the rows of animals to the designs on the earliest vases.

In Hesiod then, as in Homer, there are undesigned notes of correspondence between the partly mythical ornaments imaginatively enlarged of the heroic age, and a world of actual handicrafts. In the shield of Hercules another marvellous detail is added in the image of Perseus, very daintily described as hovering in some wonderful way, as if really borne up by wings, above the surface. And that curious, haunting sense of magic in art, which comes out over and over again in Homer—in the golden maids, for instance, who assist Hephæstus in his work, and similar details which seem at first sight to destroy the credibility of the whole picture, and make of it a mere wonder-land—is itself also, rightly understood, a testimony to a real excellence in the art of Homer's time. It is sometimes said that works of art held to be miraculous are always of an inferior kind; but at least it was not among those who thought them inferior that the belief in their miraculous power began. If the golden images move like living creatures, and the armor of Achilles, so wonderfully made, lifts him like wings, this again is because the imagination of Homer is really under the stimulus of delightful artistic objects actually seen. Only those to whom such artistic objects manifest themselves through real and powerful impressions of their wonderful qualities, are apt to invest them with properties magical or miraculous.

I said that the inherent usefulness of the material of metal-work makes the destruction of its acquired form almost certain, if it comes into the possession of people either barbarous or careless of the work of a past time. Greek art is for us, in all its stages, a fragment only; in each of them it is necessary, in a somewhat visionary manner, to fill up empty spaces, and more or less make substitution; and of the finer work of the heroic age, thus dimly discerned as an actual thing, we had at least till recently almost nothing. Two plates of bronze, a few rusty nails, and certain rows of holes in the inner surface of the walls of the "treasury" of Mycenæ, were the sole representatives of that favorite device of primitive Greek art, the lining of stone walls with burnished metal, of which the house of Alcinous in the Odyssey is the ideal picture, and the temple of Pallas *of the Brazen House* at Sparta, adorned in the interior with a coating of reliefs in metal, a later, historical example. Of the heroic or so-called Cyclopean architecture (a form of building so imposing that Pausanias thought it worthy to rank with the Pyramids), that "treasury" is a sufficient illustration. Treasury, or tomb, or both (the selfish dead, perhaps, being supposed still to find enjoyment in the costly armor, goblets, and mirrors laid up there), this dome-shaped building, formed of concentric rings of

stones gradually diminishing to a coping-stone at the top, may stand as the representative of some similar buildings in other parts of Greece, and of a great deal of a similar kind of architecture, constructed of large many-sided blocks of stone, fitted carefully together without the aid of cement, and remaining in their places by reciprocal resistance. Characteristic of it is the general tendency to use vast blocks of stone for the jambs and lintels of doors, for instance, and in the construction of gable-shaped passages; two rows of such stones being made to rest against each other at an acute angle, within the thickness of the walls.

So vast and rude, fretted by the action of nearly three thousand years, the fragments of this architecture may often seem, at first sight, like works of nature. At Argos, Tiryns, Mycenæ, the skeleton of the old architecture is more complete. At Mycenæ the gateway of the *acropolis* is still standing with its two well-known sculptured lions—immemorial and almost unique monument of primitive Greek sculpture—supporting, herald-wise, a symbolical pillar on the vast, triangular pedimental stone above. The heads are gone, having been fashioned possibly in metal by workmen from the East. On what may be called the *façade*, remains are still discernible of inlaid work in colored stone, and within the gateway, on the smooth slabs of the pavement, the wheel-ruts are still visible. Connect them with those metal war-chariots in Homer, and you may see in fancy the whole grandiose character of the place, as it may really have been. Shut within the narrow inclosure of these shadowy citadels were the palaces of the kings, with all that intimacy which we may sometimes suppose to have been alien from the open-air Greek life, admitting, doubtless, below the cover of their rough walls, many of those refinements of princely life which the middle age found possible in such places, and of which the impression is so fascinating in Homer's description, for instance, of the house of Ulysses, or of Menelaus at Sparta. Rough and frowning without, these old *châteaux* of the Argive kings were delicate within with a decoration almost as dainty and fine as the network of weed and flower that now covers their ruins, and of the delicacy of which, as I said, that golden flower on its silver stalk, or the golden honeycomb of Dædalus, might be taken as representative. In these metal-like structures of self-supporting polygons, locked so firmly and impenetrably together, with the whole mystery of the reasonableness of the arch implicitly within them, there is evidence of a complete artistic command over weight in stone, and understanding of the "law of weight." But over weight only; the ornament still seems to be not strictly architectural, but, according to the notices of Homer, tectonic, borrowed from the sister arts, above all from the art of the metal-workers, to whom those spaces of the building are left which a later age fills with painting, or re-

lief in stone. The skill of the Asiatic comes to adorn this rough native building; and it is a late, elaborate, somewhat voluptuous skill, we may understand, illustrated by the luxury of that Asiatic chamber of Paris, less like that of a warrior than of one going to the dance. Coupled with the vastness of the architectural works which actually remain, such descriptions as that in Homer of the chamber of Paris and the house of Alcinous furnish forth a picture of that early period—the tyrants' age, the age of the *acropoleis*, the period of great dynasties with claims to "divine right," and in many instances at least with all the culture of their time. The vast buildings make us sigh at the thought of wasted human labor, though there is a public usefulness too in some of these designs, such as the draining of the Copaic lake, to which the backs of the people are bent whether they will or not. For the princes there is much of that selfish personal luxury which is a constant trait of feudalism in all ages. For the people, scattered over the country, at their agricultural labor, or gathered in small hamlets, there is some enjoyment, perhaps, of the aspect of that splendor, of the bright warriors on the heights—a certain share of the nobler pride of the tyrants themselves in those tombs and dwellings. Some surmise, also, there seems to have been, of the "curse" of gold, with a dim, lurking suspicion of curious facilities for cruelty in the command over those skilful artificers in metal—some ingenious rack or bull "to pinch and peal"—the tradition of which, not unlike the modern Jacques Bonhomme's shudder at the old ruined French donjon or bastille, haunts, generations afterward, the ruins of those "labyrinths" of stone, where the old tyrants had had their pleasures. For it is a mistake to suppose that that wistful sense of eeriness in ruined buildings, to which most of us are susceptible, is an exclusively modern feeling. The name *Cyclopean*, attached to those desolate remains of buildings which were older than Greek history itself, attests their romantic influence over the fancy of the people who thus attributed them to a superhuman strength and skill. And the Cyclops, like all the early mythical names of artists, have this note of reality, that they are names not of individuals but of classes, the guilds or companies of workmen in which a certain craft was imparted and transmitted. The Dactyli, the *Fingers*, are the first workers in iron; the savage Chalybes in Scythia the first smelters; actual names are given to the old, fabled Telchines—Chalkon, Argyron, Chryson—workers in brass, silver, and gold, respectively. The tradition of their activity haunts the several regions where those metals were found. They make the trident of Poseidon; but then Poseidon's trident is a real fisherman's instrument, the tunny-fork. They are credited, notwithstanding, with an evil sorcery, unfriendly to men, as poor humanity remembered the makers of chains, locks, Procrustean

beds; and, as becomes this dark, recondite mine and metal work, the traditions about them are gloomy and grotesque, confusing mortal workmen with demon guilds.

To this view of the heroic age of Greek art as being, so to speak, an age of real gold, an age delighting itself in precious material and exquisite handiwork in all tectonic crafts, the recent extraordinary discoveries at Troy and Mycenæ are, on any plausible theory of their date and origin, a witness. The æsthetic critic needs always to be on his guard against the confusion of mere curiosity or antiquity with beauty in art. Among the objects discovered at Troy—mere curiosities, some of them, however interesting and instructive—the so-called royal cup of Priam, in solid gold, two-handled and double-lipped (the smaller lip designed for the host and his libation, the larger for the guest), has in the very simplicity of its design, the grace of the economy with which it exactly fulfils its purpose, a positive beauty, an absolute value for the æsthetic sense, strange and new enough, if it really settles at last a much-debated expression of Homer; while the "diadem," with its twisted chains and flowers of pale gold, shows that those profuse golden fringes, waving so comely as he moved, which Hephæstus wrought for the helmet of Achilles, were really within the compass of early Greek art.

And the story of the excavations at Mycenæ reads more like some well-devised chapter of fiction than a record of sober facts. Here, those sanguine, half-childish dreams of buried treasure discovered in dead men's graves, which seem to have a charm for every one, are more than fulfilled in the spectacle of those antique kings, lying in the splendor of their crowns and breast-plates of embossed plate of gold; their swords, studded with golden imagery, at their sides, as in some feudal monument; their very faces covered up most strangely in golden masks. The very floor of one tomb, we read, was thick with gold-dust—the heavy gilding fallen from some perished kingly vestment; in another was a downfall of golden leaves and flowers, and, amid this profusion of thin fine fragments, rings, bracelets, smaller crowns as if for children, dainty butterflies for ornaments of dresses, and that golden flower on a silver stalk—all of pure, soft gold, unhardened by alloy, the delicate films of which one must touch but lightly; yet twisted and beaten, by hand and hammer, into wavy, spiral relief, the cuttle-fish with its long undulating arms appearing frequently.

It is the very image of the old luxurious life of the princes of the heroic age, as Homer describes it, with the arts in service to its kingly pride. Among the other costly objects was one representing the head of a cow, grandly designed in gold with horns of silver, like the horns of the moon, supposed to be symbolical of Hêrê, the great object of worship at Argos. One of the interests

of the study of mythology is that it reflects the ways of life and thought of the people who conceived it ; and this religion of Hêrê, the special religion of Argos, is congruous with what has been here said as to the place of art in the civilization of the Argives ; it is a reflection of that splendid and wanton old feudal life. Hêrê is, in her original essence and meaning, equivalent to Demeter—the one living spirit of the earth, divined behind the veil of all its manifold visible energies. But in the development of a common mythological motive the various peoples are subject to the general limitations of their life and thought ; they can but work outward what is within them ; and the religious conceptions and usages, ultimately derivable from one and the same rudimentary instinct, are sometimes most diverse. Out of the visible, physical energies of the earth and its system of annual change, the old Pelasgian mind developed the person of Demeter, mystical and profoundly awful, yet profoundly pathetic, also, in her appeal to human sympathies. Out of the same original elements, the civilization of Argos, on the other hand, develops the religion of Queen Hêrê, a mere Demeter, at best, of gaudy flower-beds, whose toilet Homer describes with all its delicate fineries ; though, characteristically of Homer, we may still detect, perhaps, some traces of the mystical person of the earth, in the all-pervading scent of the ambrosial unguent with which she anoints herself, in the abundant tresses of her hair, and in the curious variegation of her ornaments. She has become, though with some reminiscence of the mystical earth, a very limited human person, wicked, angry, jealous—the lady of Zeus in her castle sanctuary at Mycenæ, in wanton dalliance with the king, coaxing him for cruel purposes in sweet sleep, adding artificial charms to her beauty.

Such are some of the characteristics with which Greek art is discernible in that earliest age. Of themselves, they almost answer the question which next arises, Whence did art come to Greece? or was it a thing of absolutely native growth there? So some have decidedly maintained. Others, in a period which had little or no knowledge of Greek monuments anterior to the full development of art under Pheidias, who, in regard to the Greek sculpture of the age of Pheidias, were like people who, in criticising Michelangelo, should have no knowledge of the earlier Tuscan school—of the works of Donatello and Mino da Fiesole—easily satisfied themselves with theories of its derivation ready-made from other countries. Critics in the last century, especially, noticing some characteristics which early Greek work has in common, indeed, with Egyptian art, but which are common also to all such early work everywhere, supposed, as a matter of course, that it came, as the Greek religion also, from Egypt—that old, immemorial, half-known birthplace of all wonderful things. There are, it is true, authorities for this de-

rivation among the Greeks themselves, dazzled as they were by the marvels of the ancient civilization of Egypt, a civilization so different from their own, on the first opening of Egypt to Greek visitors. But, in fact, that opening did not take place till the reign of Psammetichus, about the middle of the seventh century B.C., a relatively late date. Psammetichus introduced and settled Greek mercenaries in Egypt, and, for a time, the Greeks came very close to Egyptian life. They can hardly fail to have been stimulated by that display of every kind of artistic workmanship gleaming over the whole of life ; they may in turn have freshened it with new motives. And we may remark, that but for the peculiar usage of Egypt concerning the tombs of the dead—their habit of investing the last abodes of the dead with all the appurtenances of active life—of that whole world of art, so various and elaborate, nothing but the great, monumental works in stone would have remained to ourselves. We should have experienced in regard to it, what we actually experience too much in our knowledge of Greek art—the lack of a fitting background, in the smaller tectonic work, for its great works in architecture, and the bolder sort of sculpture.

But, one by one, at last, as in the mediæval parallel, monuments illustrative of the earlier growth of Greek art before the time of Pheidias have come to light, and to a just appreciation. They show that the development of Greek art had already proceeded some way before the opening of Egypt to the Greeks, and point, if to a foreign source at all, to oriental rather than Egyptian influences ; and the theory which derived Greek art, with many other Greek things, from Egypt, now hardly finds supporters. In Greece all things are at once old and new. As in physical organisms, the actual particles of matter have existed long before in other combinations ; and what is really new in a new organism is the new cohering force—the *mode* of life—so, in the products of Greek civilization, the actual elements are traceable elsewhere by antiquarians who care to trace them ; the elements, for instance, of its peculiar national architecture. Yet all is also emphatically *autochthonous*, as the Greeks said, new-born at home, by right of a new, informing, combining spirit playing over those mere elements, and touching them, above all, with a wonderful sense of the nature and destiny of man—the dignity of his soul and of his body—so that in all things the Greeks are as discoverers. Still, the original and primary motive seems, in matters of art, to have come from without ; and the view to which actual discovery and all true analogies more and more point is that of a connection of the origin of Greek art, ultimately with Assyria, proximately with Phœnicia, partly through Asia Minor, and chiefly through Cyprus—an original connection again and again reasserted, like a surviving trick of inheritance, as in later times it came in contact with the civili-

zation of Caria and Lycia, old affinities being here linked anew ; and with a certain Asiatic tradition, of which one representative is the Ionic style of architecture, traceable all through Greek art—an Asiatic curiousness, or *ποικιλία*, strongest in that heroic age of which I have been speaking, and distinguishing some schools and masters in Greece more than others ; and always in appreciable distinction from the more clearly defined and self-asserted Hellenic influence. Homer himself witnesses to the intercourse, through early, adventurous commerce, as in the bright and animated picture with which the history of Herodotus begins, between the Greeks and Eastern countries. We may, perhaps, forget sometimes, thinking over the greatness of its place in the history of civilization, how small a country Greece really was ; how short the distances onward, from island to island, to the coast of Asia, so that we can hardly make a sharp separation between Asia and Greece, nor deny, besides great and palpable acts of importation, all sorts of impalpable Asiatic influences by way alike of attraction and repulsion, upon Greek manners and taste. Homer, as we saw, was right in making Troy essentially a Greek city, with inhabitants superior in all culture to their kinsmen on the Western shore, and perhaps proportionally weaker on the practical or moral side, and with an element of languid Ionian voluptuousness in them, typified by the cedar and gold of that chamber of Paris—an element which the austere, more strictly European element of the Dorian Apollo will one day correct in all genuine Greeks. The Ægean, with its islands, is, then, a bond of union, not a barrier ; and we must think of Greece, as has been rightly said, as its whole continuous shore.

The characteristics of Greek art, indeed, in the heroic age, so far as we can discern them, are those also of Phœnician art, its delight in metal among the rest, of metal especially as an element in architecture, the covering of everything with plates of metal. It was from Phœnicia that the costly material in which early Greek art delighted actually came—ivory, amber, much of the precious metals. These the adventurous Phœnician traders brought in return for the mussel which contained the famous purple, in quest of which they penetrated far into all the Greek havens. Recent discoveries present the island of Cyprus, the great source of copper and copper-work in ancient times, as the special mediator between the art of Phœnicia and Greece ; and in some archaic figures of Aphrodite with her dove, brought from Cyprus and now in the British Museum—objects you might think, at first sight, taken from the niches of a French Gothic cathedral—are some of the beginnings, at least, of Greek sculpture manifestly under the influence of Phœnician masters. And, again, mythology is the reflex of characteristic facts. It is through Cyprus that the religion of

Aphrodite comes from Phœnicia to Greece. Here, in Cyprus, she is connected with some other kindred elements of mythological tradition, above all with the beautiful old story of Pygmalion, in which the thoughts of art and love are connected so closely together. First of all, on the prows of the Phœnician ships, the tutelary image of Aphrodite *Euplœa,* the protectress of sailors, comes to Cyprus—to Cythera ; it is in this simplest sense that she is, primarily, *Anadyomene.* And her connection with the arts is always an intimate one. In Cyprus her worship is connected with an architecture, not colossal, but full of dainty splendor—the art of the shrine-maker, the maker of reliquaries ; the arts of the toilet, the toilet of Aphrodite ; the Homeric hymn to Aphrodite is full of all that ; delight in which we have seen to be characteristic of the true Homer.

And now we see why Hephæstus, that crook-backed and uncomely god, is the husband of Aphrodite. Hephæstus is the god of fire, indeed ; as fire he is flung from heaven by Zeus ; and in the marvellous contest between Achilles and the river Xanthus in the twenty-first book of the Iliad, he intervenes in favor of the hero, as mere fire against water. But he soon ceases to be thus generally representative of the functions of fire, and becomes almost exclusively representative of one only of its aspects, its function, namely, in regard to early art ; he becomes the patron of smiths, bent with his labor at the forge, as people had seen such real workers ; he is the most perfectly developed of all the Dædali, Mulcibers, or Cabeiri. That the god of fire becomes the god of all art, of architecture included, so that he makes the houses of the gods, and is also the husband of Aphrodite, marks a threefold group of facts ; the prominence, first, of a peculiar kind of art in early Greece, that beautiful metal-work, with which he is bound and bent ; secondly, the connection of this, through Aphrodite, with an almost wanton personal splendor ; the connection, thirdly, of all this with Cyprus and Phœnicia, whence, literally, Aphrodite comes. Hephæstus is the "spiritual form" of the Asiatic element in Greek art.

This, then, is the situation which the first period of Greek art comprehends : a people whose civilization is still young, delighting, as the young do, in ornament, in the sensuous beauty of ivory and gold, in all the lovely productions of skilled fingers. They receive all this, together with the worship of Aphrodite, by way of Cyprus, from Phœnicia, from the older, decrepit Eastern civilization, itself long since surfeited with that splendor ; and they receive it in frugal quantity, so frugal that their thoughts always go back to the East, where there is the fulness of it, as to a wonder-land of art. Received thus in frugal quantity, through many generations, that world of Asiatic tectonics stimulates the sensuous capacity in them, accustoms the hand to produce and the eye to appreciate the

more delicately enjoyable qualities of material things. But nowhere in all this various and exquisite world of design is there as yet any adequate sense of man himself, nowhere is there an insight into or power over human form as the expression of human soul. Yet those arts of design in which that younger people delights have in them already, as *designed* work, that spirit of reasonable order, that expressive congruity in the adaptation of means to ends, of which the fully developed admirableness of human form is but the consummation—a consummation already anticipated in the grand and animated figures of epic poetry, their power of thought, their laughter and tears. Under the hands of that younger people, as they imitate and pass largely and freely beyond those older craftsmen, the fire of the reasonable soul will kindle, little by little, up to the Theseus of the Parthenon and the Venus of Melos.

The ideal aim of Greek sculpture, as of all other art, is to deal, indeed, with the deepest elements of man's nature and destiny, to command and express these, but to deal with them in a manner, and with a kind of expression, as clear and graceful and simple, if it may be, as that of the Japanese flower-painter. And what the student of Greek sculpture has to cultivate generally in himself is the capacity for appreciating the expression of thought in outward form, the constant habit of associating sense with soul, of tracing what we call expression to its sources. But, concurrently with this, he must also cultivate, all along, a not less equally constant appreciation of intelligent *workmanship* in work, and of design in things designed, of the rational control of matter everywhere. From many sources he may feed this sense of intelligence and design in the productions of the minor crafts, above all in the various and exquisite art of Japan. Carrying a delicacy like that of nature itself into every form of imitation, reproduction and combination—leaf and flower, fish and bird, reed and water—and failing only when it touches the sacred human form, that art of Japan is not so unlike the earliest stages of Greek art as might at first sight be supposed. We have here, and in no mere fragments, the spectacle of a universal application to the instruments of daily life of fitness and beauty, in a temper still unsophisticated, as also unelevated, by the divination of the spirit of man. And at least the student must always remember that Greek art was throughout a much richer and warmer thing, at once with more shadows, and more of a dim magnificence in its surroundings than the illustrations of a classical dictionary might induce him to think. Some of the ancient temples of Greece were as rich in æsthetic curiosities as a famous modern museum. That Asiatic ποικιλία, that spirit of minute and curious loveliness, follows the bolder imaginative efforts of Greek art all through its history, and one can hardly be too

careful in keeping up the sense of this daintiness of execution through the entire course of its development. It is not only that the minute object of art, the tiny vase-painting, *intaglio*, coin, or cameo, often reduces into the palm of the hand lines grander than those of many a life-sized or colossal figure; but there is also a sense in which it may be said that the Venus of Melos, for instance, is but a supremely well-executed object of *vertu*, in the most limited sense of the term. Those solemn images of the temple of Theseus are a perfect embodiment of the human ideal, of the reasonable soul and of a spiritual world; they are also the best *made* things of their kind, as an urn or a cup is well made.

A perfect, many-sided development of tectonic crafts, a state such as the art of some nations has ended in, becomes for the Greeks a mere opportunity, a mere starting-ground for their imaginative presentment of man, moral and inspired. A world of material splendor, moulded clay, beaten gold, polished stone: the informing, reasonable soul entering into that, reclaiming the metal and stone and clay, till they are as full of living breath as the real warm body itself; the presence of those two elements is continuous throughout the fortunes of Greek art after the heroic age, and the constant right estimate of their action and reaction, from period to period, its true philosophy.

WALTER H. PATER *in Fortnightly Review.*

IRISH NEEDS AND IRISH REMEDIES.

OF the many stirring questions which move men's minds at the present time there is, perhaps, none which more nearly concerns the welfare of the empire than our political relations with Ireland. For this may involve not merely the peace and prosperity of that portion of our home dominions, but the entire future of representative institutions in these islands. On one point there is in theory at least general agreement—Ireland and Irish difficulties ought not to be looked upon from a party point of view, and the old race hatred which has done so much mischief in the past should be allowed now peacefully to slumber. The good government of Ireland, the encouragement of a friendly disposition on the part of its people toward England and the common Parliament, have to be considered as much for the sake of the general interest as for the benefit of our fellow-subjects on the other side of the Irish Channel. So far, we can scarcely contend that our rule has been either politically or economically very successful. It rests still in a greater degree upon force than upon the loyalty and good-will

of the majority of the population. A country which is still treated with exceptional rigor, where Coercion Acts are not uncommon, volunteer enrollment not permitted, the possession of arms tabooed, and where, in addition to the permanent garrison of 40,000 regular troops, a local army of 12,000 well-armed and well-disciplined men is kept up, under the name of a constabulary, in order to enforce the law and put down possible risings, is not a land which has yet entered fully into the spirit of free institutions.

Recent events have brought this home to us in a very unpleasant shape; but there is something more annoying in this case than in any other. We are accustomed to pride ourselves on our skill as administrators, still more upon our readiness to do justice to those who are in any way dependent upon us for obtaining the recognition of their rights, however much those rights may run counter to our own apparent interest. Yet here at our very door we are unable to satisfy, or even to permanently tranquillize, a people who have furnished many of the best soldiers to our armies, some of the ablest and most brilliant orators and writers to our literature, and, more remarkable still, the most successful Viceroy of India (Lord Mayo), and the most capable Governor-General of Canada (Lord Dufferin) of our time. There is no great distance between the two countries to render inquiry tedious, expensive, or difficult; no radical difference of language, customs, or even of religion to interfere with mutual understanding. A trip across to Dublin, and thence to all parts of the island, is pleasant as well as easy, though few English politicians think of taking it until they have been appointed Chief Secretary, or there is some trouble afoot. Books, articles, pamphlets, debates without end, have been devoted to the elucidation of the subject, and Ireland has beyond doubt been the best-discussed country in Europe for the last five-and-thirty years.

Nevertheless, at the end of three quarters of a century of Union there seems as little genuine contentment with British rule as there was in the year 1800. The slightest agitation on any public question shows at once that disloyalty and disaffection lie close to the surface of apparent tranquillity. Irish journals of large circulation and considerable ability openly rejoice at the prospect of what would be joint failure, and mourn at the idea of joint success; a rising in India is viewed with satisfaction, as a rightful protest against tyranny, though thousands of Irishmen have served and serve still with distinction in our great dependency. Few, in short, can doubt that in a period of real danger England's difficulty would again be Ireland's opportunity, and that, if any fair chance of success offered, the hotter-headed agitators in Ireland and in America would try the effect of another rising. At such a time indeed we might even move twenty thousand men from India with less risk of disturbance than an equal number from Ireland, though

doubtless if matters were left to Irishmen alone to deal with, the Protestants of the north and the well-to-do Catholics would soon put down any communistic insurrection.

Still, in spite of recent agitation and turmoil, most Englishmen and Scotchmen fail to discern any deep reason for dissatisfaction. They see no very serious grievance—nothing which the Imperial Parliament has not shown a disposition of late years to handle and constitutionally to amend. Is Ireland really overtaxed and depleted? Irish members certainly do not lack the oratorical or literary faculty. Let them make it clear, and bring in a well-considered bill to remedy the injustice. Are Catholics still under political or educational disabilities? The common Parliament cannot now be accused of indifference to their fairly-stated claims. Is an extension of the franchise needed? England, in the opinion of many, is in the like case, and at any rate the last Reform Bill is comparatively recent. Does the Land Act of 1870 need further revision in a liberal and therefore in a conservative sense? Let the Irish members agree among themselves upon a measure, and they will be sure of at least as much attention as English members can secure for English bills. If they are unable to come to terms themselves upon what is desirable, they can scarcely expect the whole House of Commons to be able to see at once what is required. Such is the common feeling, and though there is something to be said on the other side as to the manner in which Irish members have on some occasions been outvoted on matters of purely local concern, it is scarcely surprising that much anger and impatience have been aroused by the late agitation and the renewed denunciation of a House of Commons in which a hundred and five Irish members have seats.

If ever in any country men in power showed themselves anxious to remove all ground for ill-feeling between two peoples, that certainly did Mr. Gladstone's administration in 1869 and 1870 with reference to Ireland. Two deeply-rooted prejudices in the minds of Englishmen were overruled by Scotch and Irish votes, in order that justice might be done in one respect, and an earnest attempt made to bring about a settlement in another. No sooner had this triumph been won, no sooner, too, had the ballot been carried, which, in the opinion of one of the ablest of the Irish representatives, "brought for the first time the influence and will of the Irish people directly to bear upon the assembly at Westminster," than the new party which had been organized set to work to agitate for a more or less complete separation, and for the last two or three years they have used the forms of representative government to embarrass and obstruct the assembly which, as had been admitted, displayed great readiness to remove their recognized grievances. What is more, persistence is threatened in these tactics un-

til the majority is worried into acquiescence in its own defeat. Take what view we may of the evils from which Ireland has been and is now suffering—and I for one hold that Ireland cannot safely be looked at altogether from an English standpoint—can we wonder that there is a growing disinclination to discuss the condition of the country calmly? It would be a grave misfortune indeed if the irritation occasioned by what is now going on were to interfere with the reforms that may be needed. But sober Irishmen must know very well that the only hope of obtaining a portion of what they are striving for, is by convincing the general assembly in which they are so fully represented, that what is asked is reasonable, and that the proposed arrangements would work. Certainly nothing that Ireland can do will force on the first steps toward repeal or separation. Rather, if pushed too far, the action now threatened may tend to exasperate. The agitation, even taking the highest estimate of its strength, is a small matter; serious, no doubt, as a most unwelcome symptom of a bad feeling which it was hoped was dying down, but nothing calculated to disturb a nation that passed without much concern through the troubles of 1848, and to whom the Fenian rising of 1867 seemed only a poor practical joke. Obstruction in the House of Commons is graver. But there are limits beyond which this mechanical interruption will not be tolerated, and to assume that the purely factious tactics* will be tamely put up with in the next Parliament (no matter how many Home Rulers may be returned for Irish or English constituencies) is to take a very low estimate of the new House of Commons.

At the same time none can deny to Irishmen the perfect right to agitate legally for home rule. The only proper course, therefore, when Catholics and Protestants, rich and poor, join together to claim self-government, is to try to understand what is really wanted, why the cry has arisen, and how it can most advantageously be met. To tell Mr. Shaw and Mr. Mitchell Henry, the O'Conor Don and Mr. Sullivan, that a movement which has virtually pushed aside their leadership in favor of less scrupulous persons must simply end in political chaos, is nothing to the point. They have all of them character and property to lose, and doubtless see something in home rule which callous Englishmen fail to discover.

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* The serious obstruction of last session began with Sir Stafford Northcote's refusal to pledge the Government to give another night to the discussion of the O'Conor Don's Catholic University Bill, on the ground that the business of the House was already behindhand. One Irish member after another got up, and declared that this step should not conduce to the pushing forward of public business. They carried out this threat on the moment by delaying the Indian Budget for an hour and a half. Irish members complained of having been deceived; but it is surely not the best way to show a capacity for self-government to endeavor to render all representative government impossible.

For we are told that home rule will settle everything. The national aspirations of the Irish—none the less romantic for being wholly undefined—the religious differences between Catholic and Protestant, the disputes between landlord and tenant, these and sundry other difficult matters will be satisfactorily disposed of at one and the same time. Home rule is in short the panacea for all Irish trouble. What the Imperial Parliament cannot comprehend or grapple with, that an Irish Parliament will solve without the least exertion. Much is it to be regretted that the matter has never yet been set out in such a form as to convey any distinct meaning.

Hitherto in putting forward their views on this important subject, Irishmen have relied much upon the history of past grievances and the general advantages of their new scheme, but have rarely, it may indeed be said never, entered upon details. Mr. Butt, who was specially careful in this respect, was congratulated by his supporters on the fact that he skilfully avoided giving his opponents the advantage of telling them what he really wanted. But as has been seen from the first, it is precisely in the details of any plan of home rule that the real difficulty lies. As to the past there is now no great difference of opinion. That Ireland suffered much under English domination admits of no dispute. Up to our own day but little effort was made to conciliate the bulk of the people, or to govern the country for its own sake. The most necessary reforms were withheld until, as in the case of Catholic emancipation, the government yielded to one agitation only in such wise as to provoke another. Naturally, therefore, the Irish look back to what seems to them the one bright spot in their history—the Parliament which kept up a sort of illusory independence for nearly twenty years. The memory of the great orators of that assembly still lingers in the land, and lends a deceptive gilding of national greatness to the period, while the bribery and corruption by which the Union was brought about afford ground enough for saying that it was unfairly obtained. A comparison too of the view taken of O'Connell during his lifetime with that which is held now, serves to show yet more clearly the mistakes which have been made. That turbulent orator was, as all now see, a patriot, and his demand for the disruption of the empire ought to have been met by the steady removal of Irish grievances. Had this been done, more time might have been devoted to the consideration of the economical condition of Ireland which brought about the catastrophe of 1847. With that catastrophe the history of Ireland for men of the present generation may be said to begin. Between 1800 and 1846 the population of Ireland had increased, under the combined influence of cottier tenancy and the potato, from 4,500,000 to nearly 9,000,000. Two bad crops in succession killed 1,000,000 of the inhabitants and drove 2,000,000 away, bringing

down the population to about its present level. There were grave mistakes made, but from that time to this the terrible famine of 1847 has been referred to by Irish orators as if it had been a crime of the British Government. Thousands of Irishmen in America and the British colonies, as well as in Ireland itself, are bitter enemies of the nation to whom they attribute their enforced expatriation.

With all this we must simply make our account. It would be as impossible, as it would unquestionably be ruinous, to retransplant the emigrants and their descendants to Irish soil. What part the Irish either abroad or in England would have in that new nationality which the Fenians think to create, none outside of the secret brotherhood can possibly imagine. Home rule, however complete, would in nowise affect the dwellers in Liverpool, Glasgow, or Southwark, New York or St. Louis. Moreover the soberer of the Irish leaders are as much opposed to Fenianism as they were ten or twelve years ago. In so far as that element of disorder comes to the front, the central government may fairly expect the support of intelligent Irishmen of whatever position or creed. With Fenianism the issues pass at once outside political limits, and involve questions which few wish to open without seeing further than they can see at present.

But in the thirty-two years which have passed since the great famine, Ireland has not advanced with the rapidity that might have been hoped for, and her stagnation has appeared the more obvious in comparison with the extraordinary increase in wealth of England and Scotland during the same period. At first there was to all appearance great improvement. In spite of much hardship and even cruelty, the emigration and evictions benefited Ireland as a whole. The inflow of capital from England raised the rate of wages. The 5,500,000 left had more elbow-room, and the improvement of communication gave opportunities for employment in England at better pay than at home. But remaining still a poor agricultural country with a large absentee proprietary, we have now evidence and to spare that in many parts of the island the people are still living from hand to mouth, and eke out in the best times but a precarious subsistence. Exceptional measures, such as have never been called for in any part of England during the whole six years of growing depression, have had to be taken this year in hot haste for the relief of the people in the West of Ireland. Nor should it be forgotten that up to a late date Conservatives and Liberals alike refused to admit the gravity of the distress. This of course puts a new and forcible argument in the mouth of the advocates of home rule. If we could not see (they may contend) and would not believe that the effects of agricultural depression must be far heavier in Ireland than in England, how can we

satisfactorily handle more important matters? Happily there have not been the political grievances of the past for agitators to work upon. The right of a landlord to demand rent so long as society remains what it is, cannot be disputed, nor of course his right to evict on non-payment; but whatever objections may be taken to Mr. Gladstone's outspoken observations as to the influences which enabled him to carry the Disestablishment of the Irish Church and the Irish Land Bill, or even as to the merits of these measures in themselves, the agitation of this autumn and winter would have been infinitely more dangerous if the former at least had not been passed.* The indifference of the Imperial Parliament to Irish concerns, the incapacity to deal fairly where vested interests were involved, and the religious animosity which blinded men's eyes to the principles of ordinary justice, would have afforded the groundwork for orations of a very different character from those which, as it is, have done much mischief.

Dr. Neilson Hancock's able and dispassionate paper in the last number of this *Review* shows that much has still to be done before Ireland is placed upon a level with England and Scotland in matters of ordinary administration. But it should not be overlooked that, owing to a variety of causes, Ireland is still far behind both the sister countries in many respects, and it does not follow that Irishmen are fully prepared for all measures that might be suited to Scotland. Still, when this allowance is made, it is open to all who choose to follow Dr. Hancock's plain unvarnished statement that Irish Catholics are still, nominally at least, under disabilities which liberal men of both parties would wish to free them from; that the Poor Law—that the law itself is bad in principle may be admitted without affecting the contention—is behind what is thought necessary in richer England; that public education ought to be placed upon an equal footing with that in England or Scotland; that localization of jurisdiction and cumulative voting should be introduced. Here we have suggestions of more complete assimilation. But immediately afterward come the proposals that the Bright clauses should be further extended, and Ulster tenant-right—a custom extorted and maintained outside of the law for generations by the energy and independence of a non-Irish people—should be made law for all Ireland. This is, of course, considerably in advance of English or Scotch legislation.

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* The famous third clause, giving compensation for eviction, has turned out the failure most Conservatives and many Liberals predicted it would. On the one hand the landlord, though not prevented from unduly raising the rent, was stopped from turning out a tenant, however bad a farmer he might be, without heavy compensation. On the other, by giving this second interest in the soil, eviction, even for non-payment of rent, was created into a greater grievance than before. Thus a good tenant's rent might be raised as the reward of his improvements, but there was no adequate means of dealing with a bad tenant.

Dr. Hancock maintains also, in common with the home rulers, that the imperial Parliament has neglected Irish affairs, and that, therefore, Irishmen have just ground for complaint. When this is examined into, it is difficult to see that Irishmen, except in regard to matters on which there has been the widest difference of opinion among themselves, have more reason to grumble than the rest of us. If they had pressed the economical and legal considerations now coming to the front with the same energy as has been devoted to Catholic education, far more would have been done by this time. Admitting also to the fullest extent the claims of the Irish members, we have still to learn, as Dr. Hancock says, that whole or partial separation is the best or safest way to carry them. That, in fact, is a very mild way of putting it. Decentralization is a principle which, as a rule, finds favor with the country, but a method which would leave it open to a body of men to declare that property in land had ceased to exist for one section of society, is scarcely in accordance with any government at all. Even granting that the demand for home rule is to be justified on general grounds, how Ireland would benefit has not yet been shown.

That so far there should have been no intelligible draft of any definite project for home rule made public, surely goes to show that its advocates are fully aware of the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of proposing a plan which would stand the test of criticism and discussion. Home rule, as we know it, may mean anything. It is the most elastic political formula yet discovered. It serves to include for the time being men who mean widely different things. Thus, there are those who really aim at no more than they say, and honestly believe that a better and more economical system of government for Ireland might be established by Irishmen themselves, without in the least affecting the connection between the two countries, or sapping the authority of the imperial government. There are others who say plainly that home rule is a step to repeal of the Union, and a yet more complete separation. Lastly, there are the Nationalists pure and simple, whose "Ireland for the Irish" signifies something which they know will never be yielded except to a successful rebellion. Patriotism, self-seeking demagogism, and misguided fanaticism are found for a time under the same banner.

The clearest explanation of what the home rule party wish is still to be found in the original resolutions passed by the committee of the Home Government Association appointed for that purpose. All subsequent speeches have been based upon these original propositions, and the arguments used in the home rule debate of 1874 were directed rather to the expansion of grievances which home rule must of itself remedy, than to the proof of how it could be satisfactorily carried out in practice. In brief, however, the

home rule programme comprises the following heads: A national parliament of the Queen, Lords, and Commons of Ireland. This parliament to have the right of legislating for, and regulating, all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, with full control over Irish resources and revenues, subject only to the obligation of contributing the just proportion to the Imperial expenditure. The Imperial Parliament is alone to have the power of dealing with foreign and colonial questions, as well as with all matters of Imperial defence.

This brief programme means, as we have since learned, that Ireland is to have the exclusive management of her own taxation, her own land laws, her own education, her own railways, fisheries, and public works, through a parliament sitting in Dublin, of which the Upper House will consist entirely of Irish peers, and the Lower will be elected by Irishmen living in Ireland. Now I venture to think that if Irish home rulers could show that such a parliament might be summoned without bringing on the break-up of the Union; that its meeting would really benefit Ireland; if it could be proved, too, that Imperial interests would suffer no injury, and that, in fact, the whole arrangement would not fail from the start —if all these points I say could be satisfactorily established, little objection would be raised to the proposals. There is no more feeling on the part of members of the House of Commons, or of Englishmen generally, against a parliament at Dublin than against a parliament at Edinburgh, or say at Carnarvon. Why should there be nowadays? We are dealing with political business, and all we want to know is what may be the best way of carrying on the queen's government. It is merely because the Irish remedies are thought to be wholly impracticable, that they are denounced as impolitic. In any case the burden of proof rests with those who consider the present system faulty, and recommend the substitution of another.

It is well, nevertheless, in view of the near approach of a general election, to gather from the vague statements at hand what steps would have to be taken before another Irish parliament could find itself established on College Green. For, as we see, those who propose to stand for English constituencies are called upon, if they wish to secure the Irish electors, to pledge themselves to vote for an inquiry into home rule. Now an inquiry ordered by the House of Commons has always hitherto been directed toward some practical end. But in this case an inquiry is proposed into an impalpable theory of government—an inquiry into the framework and constitution of a political will-o'-the-wisp, which no Irish member has yet been good enough to catch and table for our inspection. Would it not be well that accommodating Englishmen should ask their Irish friends to be so kind as to describe for them what the basis of the investigation is to be?

An Irish parliament is to sit in Dublin. Well and good. Under what franchise is its Lower House to be elected? Is that to be settled by the House of Commons; or, supposing such a thing possible, by a caucus of the present Irish members by themselves? Even now some are in favor of a reduction of the franchise and others are not when the Irish members are in a minority. What would be the case when a lowering of the qualification put the entire power of election for all local business in the hands of a poverty-stricken and uneducated peasantry? Some points here would seem to deserve consideration. Would anything satisfy the Catholic majority of the people of Ireland which fail to give them the majority of the representatives in the Irish House of Commons? Is it conceivable that the Imperial Parliament would consent to any Reform Bill for Ireland alone which would bring this about? Granting the readiness of Catholics and Protestants together to give the fullest possible right of voting under existing circumstances, manifestly affairs would assume a totally different appearance when the balancing influence of English and Scotch members was withdrawn. The classes possessed of property and intelligence would be legally at the mercy of a body whose members had been elected by men holding views on the subject of the right of individual ownership, and the proper incidence of taxation, much at variance with what is at present supposed to be sound. Nor would this difficulty be in any way met if the settlement were left to the Irish members themselves.

But it may be said the Irish House of Lords would act as a check upon the Irish House of Commons, even if Mr. Davitt or Mr. Stephens became Prime Minister, and Mr. Brennan or Mr. Daly was appointed Home Secretary. So far from this being the case, we have here only a danger the more. The Irish peers are nearly all Protestants and all landlords; the Irish commons would probably be most of them tenants, or the representatives of tenants, and Catholics. Have we not in this arrangement the making of a deadlock of the most anarchical description? We have only to imagine for a moment an Irish parliament at work by itself upon a reform of the land laws, including the newly-developed theory of rent, to see where this would land the whole community. To put the thing plainly, would the owners of property in Ireland allow the class now agitating for a change, to carry out their views under home rule without that sort of opposition which has elsewhere led to civil war? How long, again, would the Lower House submit to be thwarted in the slightest degree by the Upper, without resorting to violence? When the Imperial Parliament passes a measure for the benefit of this or that portion of the Irish population, there is no option on the part of dissentients about giving way. There is power at hand to enforce the law. But there is no such obvious

disparity of force in Ireland alone by any means, unless the Imperial authority is to be invoked to carry out the decisions of the local parliament—an arrangement which would scarcely be the home rule we understand.

Of course the Protestant members and landlords of the home rule party may have some method of restricting the suffrage carefully concealed, which would obviate possible hitches, which would reconcile conflicting interests, and assure the peaceable settlement of the reforms so loudly called for. If so, they do us a grave injustice by not bringing it forward. For not the most radical among us could view without apprehension the unchecked development of some of the schemes lately broached to admiring audiences. Is Ireland fit for manhood suffrage?. That is what the rank and file of home rulers seem to favor. First, then, let us know whether manhood suffrage is to be the basis of the Irish House of Commons ; and if not, at what point short of that it is intended to stop? As in the event of any serious difference of opinion leading to a collision the interests of both countries would necessitate Imperial intervention, it is only right that we should have some opportunity of judging how soon, if home rule were granted, such interference would again become unavoidable. Otherwise the Imperial Parliament is asked blindly to give the people of Ireland the power to organize disturbance, without any right whatever to stop them until it took an active shape.

Assuming this initial difficulty disposed of, further drawbacks at once come into view. For example, the home rulers declare that there is no wish whatever to break up the Imperial connection, none to avoid paying a just share of the Imperial taxation. Not disputing the former statement, who is to settle what is a just share of the Imperial taxation, the Irish or the Imperial Parliament? For there is a doubt on this head. Sir Joseph McKenna, Mr. Mitchell Henry, and others contend—with how much of justice it is not my present purpose to inquire—that Ireland is taxed twice as heavily as England in proportion to the relative means of the two countries, and that besides the terms of Union are infringed by this excess. Therefore there is a difference of opinion as to what would constitute a "just" contribution to the Imperial exchequer. The records of the old Irish Parliament show what difficulty there was in arranging matters then. Will the process be any more simple now? For it is not to be presumed for a moment that England and Scotland would allow Ireland to frame her own estimate as to the amount which she should be called upon to pay. At that rate there might as well be separation at once, leaving Ireland to keep up an army and navy on her own account, and establish a nationality in good earnest—an arrangement which, apart from its political absurdity, she would soon find burdensome enough.

It must rest then with the infinitely more powerful portion of the partially disunited kingdom, to say how much Ireland should pay at the outset. But this would be a varying amount. Say that it became necessary for the whole country to embark in a dangerous war calling for sacrifices from all, how long could the smooth working of such a complicated arrangement be expected? Thus, even if an agreement had been arrived at as to what was a just proportion one year, we could not rely upon getting it the next, when the contribution was to be increased by necessary taxation in excess of previous demands. Again, in the matter of the taxes themselves. Ireland can never be allowed the right to tax exactly in the way she pleases. Here, indeed, we at once enter upon those Imperial functions which the home rulers protest they have no desire to interfere with. To tax imports, however, is such a pleasing way of raising revenue that we can scarcely suppose the Irish Parliament would long resist the temptation to try how this would answer. In short, whichever way we turn, a home rule parliament butts up against some Imperial business which could not be delegated to Ireland save by complete separation of the two countries.

The United States—the Federal and State legislatures—independent yet not conflicting Canada—the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments—are instanced as parallel to the form of government which it is designed to set up in Ireland. But these associations are very different from any connection which can ever exist between England and Ireland. They presume an equality or the prospect of an equality, and besides, as has been pointed out over and over again, the matters to be arranged are far more simple. Moreover, the tendency even there is toward centralization in important matters, and the doctrine of State rights cannot be pushed far without a danger of disruption. On every possible scheme of confederation, Ireland would always be in the control of England. Such countries as Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland merely maintain their independence because of the jealousies of their neighbors, or because they are too small to be worth interfering with. Hungary, which is sometimes cited as a country holding a similar position to that claimed for Ireland, will shortly only prove how impossible it is to work such a dual government for any length of time. As to our colonies, their position and history render any analogy between the two cases altogether out of place. Indeed, all such analogies are quite misleading. What is wanted is a plain, straightforward scheme—an intelligible sketch of how an independent parliament is to be reconciled with unavoidable dependence; how Ireland is to have her cake at Westminster and eat it at Dublin. For it is to be observed that no word has been yet heard of giving up the right to Irish representation in the Im-

perial Parliament.* The whole affair is still in the clouds. Bound up with England as the most patriotic Irishman must admit his country to be, a separate nationality is a chimera. Yet the separate parliament can scarcely mean anything else. The Fenians are much more logical and scarcely less practical than Mr. Parnell. Yet no Englishman, I suppose, would pledge himself to vote for an inquiry into an Irish republic, with "agrarian communism" as its basis. It is precisely because home rule assumes that no change will be made in the constitution, and that the Union will be maintained, that it has obtained so much success even as it has. Let it once be made clear that final separation is its goal, and the end of the movement is at hand.

There is, however, a more serious drawback than any of mere detail, involved in turning over the entire government of Ireland to Irishmen without any external control. It is argued because Catholics and Protestants have joined in this home rule cry, because Catholic constituencies have returned Protestants, and the Catholic clergy show no objection to Mr. Parnell, that therefore the self-governed Ireland of the future would know no religious differences, and that national prosperity would wipe out the bitter feuds of the past. This is the assumption, but what is there to justify it? Not the state of Ireland itself. True we have not had of late something little short of civil war in the streets of Belfast, and the usual festivals of riot have passed over with only a moderate allowance of homicide. But why? Because the Imperial Government has in each case taken the greatest precautions to keep the peace, much to the disgust of the people themselves. Not to speak, however, of what occurred last year at Lurgan and elsewhere, only the other day at the election of a dispensary doctor in a small town in the south of Ireland, it was necessary to call up a strong body of regular troops in order to obviate the chance of a serious collision. The Protestant home rulers themselves are perfectly well aware that religious feeling still runs very high, and that self-government might easily intensify it. Nor would the improvement of the wealth of the country, supposing it to be effected, at all interfere with the display of this traditional animosity. Irishmen in America and Canada are well-to-do enough, but the ancestral differences about the Battle of the Boyne are there debated with the same keen enjoyment of manslaughter as in old Ireland itself. Cities otherwise peaceable enough have been

* "I propose no change in the Imperial Parliament, and if my scheme were adopted, the House would meet next year just as it has done this; there would not be a single change in members or constituencies; there would be members for Leeds, Glasgow, Dublin and Limerick. The only change would be to take from that Assembly some of the duties which it now discharges in reference to Irish business, and to relegate them to another."—*Mr. Butt in the House of Commons*, June, 1874.

turned into fields of battle between rival processions of Irishmen, who held different opinions on matters of the smallest possible moment. Americans and Canadians alike look upon Irishmen as altogether impracticable in such matters, and wonder that they ever kept from flying at one another's throats in their own country. Unpleasant as obstruction is, a religious misunderstanding might easily be still more objectionable.

Once more, however. It is said that Irishmen manage what is left to their control exceedingly well; that their Poor Law, though inefficient owing to its legal shortcomings, is ably administered, their prisons and county unions carefully arranged, and that their municipal governments will challenge comparison with any on this side of the Irish Channel. All this, however, it must be remembered, is under pressure from without. In other parts of the world Irishmen in groups have not distinguished themselves for uprightness, or regard for the laws of the countries where they settle. This may be in part due to their neglected education, and in part to the absence of their natural leaders, whom, until the land question broke up the ties between them, they respected and followed. But in view of the home rule proposal, unworkable as it is on other points, it is not out of place to recall the fact that the only great city that was ever administered by south of Ireland Irishmen was New York. The population of New York is nearly two millions. The members of the Tammany organization, which had it under their command, were almost wholly Irish; they depended for their support upon Irish votes, and if ever there was a favorable opportunity for showing capacity for honest and intelligent administration without cost to themselves, there it was. How they took advantage of it, who runs may read. A more corrupt gang never preyed upon a civilized community. The whole municipal government became one organized villainy, and the only people who throve were rowdies and bribe-taking judges. Wherever in American cities the Irish voters have got the upper hand, there, in a greater or less degree, the same phenomena have been reproduced. What has been the attitude of Irish laborers toward negroes and Chinese when they have come into competition, it is unnecessary to recall. In the same way the Molly Maguires of Pennsylvania, whose murderous outrages shocked the whole American community, were Irishmen, and this secret band of unionists could not of course plead barbarous landlords as an excuse for their assassinations.

It would be monstrous indeed to speak of the able and upright men who head the Home Rule party, in the same breath with the scoundrels who did their best to ruin New York; or to link the Catholic population of Ireland, so singularly free from odious crime, with the brutal colliers of the Schuylkill region. But the

leaders may be only the Girondins of an Irish revolution. How long would they keep the control of their countrymen, when it came to dealing with the revenues and resources of the country for —as one of them has lately advocated—the encouragement of local enterprises? The common contention on the part of Irishmen that the State has duties toward them very different from any that it is called upon to perform in England—an argument which is in part accepted by Englishmen themselves—points clearly to home rule as a sort of beneficent if impersonal providence, which is to do for Ireland something that at present is not to be done.

But even when the impracticable nature of the home rule programme so far as it is intelligible is shown, we are evidently no nearer to a settlement of Irish difficulties. It is not to be expected that Parliamentary action will cease when the return of good times and the renewal of emigration has cooled down the agitation in Ireland itself. Even if the alleged grievances were righted, there might still remain that idea of a nationality by which, as the ablest Irish writer of this generation has truly said, the difficulty of dealing with the people is enormously increased. Nevertheless, we see in the case of Scotland, this sentiment of nationality is gratified without the slightest danger to the connection between the two countries. No one would accuse Scotchmen of any lack of pride in their country; no one would think of imputing to them an incapacity for self-government or self-assertion. Yet there is no call on their part for home rule. They are perfectly satisfied to await their turn of legislation, and in more than one instance—notably in the case of the law of Hypothec—they have been content to see a measure, supported by a great majority of Scotch members, overruled time after time by the majority of the House of Commons. Taking their full part in the discussions of other questions, they have recompensed themselves by their influence in other directions for the temporary neglect of their own immediate concerns. It has been said that the Scotch vote disestablished the Irish Church, and certainly it has had great effect at many times in our recent history. But then we are told that the cases are entirely different. Not nearly so much so as Irishmen generally assume. The Scotch Parliament was brought to an end by bribery. For a long period the country was fearfully misruled, and a prey to civil war and contending factions. There was more ground for saying that Scotland could never be pacified, and that Highlander and Lowlander, Churchmen and Covenanters, would never come to a peaceful agreement, than that Irishmen will never consent to accept the conditions of union with England; or that Catholics and Protestants will never agree to differ while returning members to a joint Parliament in London. But then we have never treated Ireland as we have treated Scotland, and we are in too great a hurry to reap the benefit of recent conciliatory measures.

Scotland is not discontented, because, in the main, her affairs are managed by Scotchmen in the interest of Scotland. The great majority of Scotchmen are Liberal, and only an insignificant minority of Scotch members have enrolled on the Conservative side. None the less, they acquiesce without complaint in a Conservative administration for the three kingdoms, though they know that it must postpone reforms, because a Scotchman is appointed Lord Advocate ; and no attempt is made (as in Ireland was made, until very recently) to force Englishmen into all the higher administrative and legal posts, or to treat the people as a whole as if they were a recently conquered race. If an English Conservative had the sole charge of Scotch Bills, if the statements of Scotch members were commonly treated as unworthy of belief, and if the whole tone toward Scotchmen were one rather of contempt than of conciliation, then we may be very sure the cry for home rule north of the Tweed would be loud enough. It is because instead of pursuing such a course Scotland is fully consulted, even in matters of sentiment, that there is no trouble in that quarter. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Lowther are highly creditable specimens of the sound, shrewd English gentleman ; but as Mr. Shaw has lately pointed out, and as is well known to all who have watched what has passed during the present administration, they do not understand Irishmen as Lord Carlingford and Lord Mayo understood them, or as Mr. Plunket or the O'Conor Don would understand them. This is nothing in English affairs, but it becomes a serious matter in trying times in Ireland. Our theory that any one may be pitchforked into any office, whether he has had previous training for it or not, has been tried rather hard of late. Unless Ireland is to be held still upon terms which we have refused to sanction of late years in any part of the empire, the Irish ought to be put on the same footing as the Scotch. If this principle were accepted, and the Chief Secretary were always an Irishman, very little more would be heard of the cry for home rule—a cry which, perhaps, some even of those who are elected on it do not very heartily join in.

There is some ground for saying that certain measures have not been taken because they conflict too much with English views. More than a generation ago, two men of such different opinions as Cavour and Lord Beaconsfield were of opinion that a peaceful revolution was the proper remedy for Irish troubles. It is sad to read in 1880 Cavour's liberal yet conservative recommendations in 1844, and to see how few of them have been carried out. Still the tenants of Ireland are Catholic, and the landlords Protestant ; still absenteeism is a curse of the country ; still much cottier tenancy prevails. Education is very imperfect, and the Poor Law incomplete. The Italian statesman was certainly a lover of a territorial

aristocracy, and not too friendly to the Roman Catholic Church; yet, looking at Ireland with an impartial eye, he was of opinion that in her case it would be well "to abolish entails, and also the right of primogeniture; to permit the partition of inheritances, and to simplify the processes and formalities now required for the sale or division of landed estate. To the British people these measures would seem very serious; they would be regarded by them as expedients almost revolutionary." So revolutionary that they have barely been spoken of during all that long interval, and except for what the famine did for those who were left, we have to start from nearly the same point as when this passage was penned. The chief object now as then is to bring about a peaceful change to enable the landed proprietors to rid themselves of a property which they hold at a disadvantage, because owing to race, creed, and disinclination to live in the country, they leave their land to be improved by their tenants, and are unable to identify themselves with the body of the people. We have found out in India that laws and methods of rule which suit us very well are wholly inapplicable, and even ruinous under different circumstances. Even in England we are beginning to doubt whether the privileges accorded by society to the owners of land are so beneficial to the country as was sometimes thought. In Ireland the people have no doubt at all as to the effect of English laws. Fixity of tenure, and an extension of the scope of the Bright clauses, are called for by men whose natural sympathies would be with the landlords.

When home rule is refused finally, as sooner or later it must be, by both parties, no matter how much either of them may coquet mean time with the Irish vote, it will be absolutely necessary to show a readiness to settle this and other questions. To shut our eyes to our social and political dangers because some agitators have gone beyond all reasonable limits, or because a proportion of the people would confiscate property, and a few have resisted the law, is not in accordance with any wise view of the duty of a government. Those are altogether in the wrong, and must be summarily treated, who demand that they shall own the fee-simple of the soil on paying rent at a valuation for fifteen or twenty years; those again, who urge that any man who has taken a piece of land for six months is entitled to hold it in perpetuity are almost equally to blame; for at this rate even the tenant who last purchased his holding will perhaps shortly find a poorer sub-tenant, whom he has let to, raising an agitation in the same sense, and all contract in relation to land is at an end. But all this does not alter the fact that the present tenure is not approved by any impartial person who has examined into it. Nor, on the other hand, would ownership, however complete, enable the occupiers of small patches to raise themselves much above the limit of starvation. Granting

that cottier tenancy is a miserable failure, it by no means follows that any reform will relieve us from the drawbacks incident to the natural conditions of the country. Tillage has been kept up with difficulty in some districts for generations, as the statute-book shows. The general tendency is toward pasture and dairy-farming, which need fewer hands, and are more profitable than arable land. To legislate to stop a process which is suited to the country would be, of course, sheer madness. In Ireland, as in other countries, it is not possible to do what is economically most desirable. If it were, few can question that the poorer peasants would be far better off in America or the English colonies, even if they were given the fee-simple of their holdings to-morrow. If, therefore, State intervention is thought necessary in the direction of enabling the tenants to obtain possession of their holdings, it can scarcely be refused in the direction of assisted emigration, to which the Home Rule party, as represented by Mr. Parnell, seem to object. Otherwise the evils of subdivision and subletting which have manifested themselves before will certainly appear again.

It is at any rate the business of English and Irish politicians and publicists to consider this troublesome subject without prejudice. Either party may fairly undertake it without sacrifice of principle, for the Bright clauses of Mr. Gladstone's Act were accepted by Conservatives as well as by Liberals, and even fixity of tenure was given to sub-tenants in Bengal (with an unfortunate result as some allege, owing to the Hindoo law) by an English administration. If we cannot hand over the management of the matter to Irishmen, we are at least bound to clear our minds of any feeling as to the effect which such changes as the abolition of entails might have on the solution of a similar problem in England. Home rulers are at least right so far. On another point also there is a good deal to be said for their view. Absenteeism is, and long has been, a serious drawback to Ireland. The yearly drain of little short of £4,000,000 and more, is no trifle even economically, apart from the bad political effect of treating with tenants exclusively through agents, who have no interest in the estates, and look upon the whole question as a mere matter of salary and commission. In any steps which are taken to enable the Irish to become possessors of their holdings, the estates of permanent absentees may at least be considered fit subjects for experiment. Not the most abject idolator of the rights of real property can contend that *they* feel any deep interest in the welfare of a country which they rarely or never visit, and which in many instances their continuous demand for increased rent tends to pauperize. To allow such people to assert their privileges to the full extent, when they altogether neglect their duties, is simply to legalize and encourage a ruinous system.

Landlords are maintained in the peaceful enjoyment of their land because on the whole it has been found to the general advantage of society that they should be so. But in particular instances, where forced sale is advisable, it is carried out, and the Encumbered Estates Act might very well be supplemented by an Absentee Act—the Bright clauses under the wider interpretation now given to them by a vote of the House of Commons being applied in all sales effected. To read much of what is written nowadays, one might suppose that the 12,000 landlords of Ireland had not only the right to be protected in putting the law in force against their tenants, but that any change whatsoever in the law itself, however economically or politically desirable, must be a shock to the whole social system, and a step toward agrarian communism. Such argument on one side is almost as bad as the anti-rent agitation on the other. The Imperial Parliament is quite capable of steering between the two extremes and of satisfying all reasonable demands without danger. This an Irish Parliament certainly could not do, and whatever questions might safely be left to Irishmen to settle, the land is not one of them.

The desire for more local self-government is not, however, confined to Ireland, though there it is pressed in a different shape from elsewhere. There is, as is commonly admitted, far too much local business brought before Parliament, and the excessive expense inflicted upon the country, and especially upon Ireland and Scotland, by the private bill system calls for some remedy. Railways, water-works, and other matters of a similar nature might well be transferred to commissions, while the power of municipalities and shire councils could be beneficially extended at the same time. This has been proposed by both Conservatives and Liberals, and any scheme would necessarily include Ireland. Unfortunately concession would now be translated as a surrender to agitation and clamor, while the resistance to the police of late has produced a stronger feeling in this country than ever. But though such measures may be beyond the scope of the expiring Parliament, they may be thought of as matter for the next. To suppose that the difficulties of Ireland can be solved at a blow is of course absurd. Whatever changes are made must be gradual. But much has been learned by the Irish themselves during the late agitation. They see that neither in England nor in America can they expect sympathy for demands which go the length of confiscation and the upsetting of all law. On the other hand, we have had occasion to learn that the poverty of Ireland is no mad craze of Irish members, but that what in England means only pressure and hardship, in Ireland means famine. It rests with the present administration, by a careful attention to the needs of the people now—manifestly, individual charity, loans to landlords, and the Poor Law are insuffi-

cient for the growing distress—and by firmness, combined with conciliation, both within and without the House of Commons during the present year, to relieve the country from the scandal of obstruction in the approaching session. But to ensure that Ireland shall be, in future, a source of strength rather than weakness or annoyance, she will have to be governed more in accordance with the views of the majority of her population, and less on the lines of any preconceived policy, however apparently sound. This may involve some concessions disagreeable to our prejudices, but the pacification and contentment of any portion of the United Kingdom is well worth the sacrifice of rigid political consistency.

H. M. HYNDMAN *in Fortnightly Review.*

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

THE reigns of the female sovereigns of England hold a remarkable position in our annals. Perhaps as a little compensation for the ill-treatment which their sex has always had in literature, it has so happened that the two great epochs under which letters have specially flourished in our country have been those of our two queen-regnants, in themselves as unlike as two human creatures could well be; and this, no doubt, is one reason why the ages of Elizabeth and Anne have always specially attracted the attention of men of letters. But it has not been literature alone that has given them importance. In both cases these epochs themselves were of the most critical character, full of the surgings of new elements, the struggles of new forces with the old, and the full tide of one and another of those great waves of mental energy which seem to rise and fall periodically among men, though without leaving any trace by which their recurrence can be calculated. Comets and eclipses have no longer any mystery for us. We know when they will come as well as we know when the omnibus will pass the corner of the street; but we do not know when the law of mental revolution will bring such constellations as those which adorned the "spacious times of great Elizabeth" into our firmament again, or vary them, as in the combinations which still make glorious, though with a less exuberant light, the age of Anne. We are afraid the days of Victoria will not shine with a similar lustre; but as we are not spectators, but actors in the drama at this present moment, we may leave that calculation to those who come after us. In the mean time, it is enough to mark how curious is the recurrence of these high tides of energy and genius in the race, and how little they are traceable to any conscious agencies, or come under any

established laws. Why, for instance, to say nothing of the more ethereal soul of the poet, did military genius leap over more than half a century from Marlborough to Wellington? And why, oh why, has no one appeared since worthy to hold the candle to those great soldiers? These are phenomena which do not enter into the theories of Mr. Darwin or the calculations of Mr. Galton. All other ebbings and flowings may be gauged and tabulated; but here is a kind of high and low tide which is controlled by no moon and foreseen by no astronomer. When it comes it awakens the world, if not directly to applause and admiration, at least to the struggle of new forces and the exhilarating consciousness of life renewed. The general course of living is stimulated, and every drop of salt water in every wave rises so much the higher upon the beach, dashes with more exultant foam of storm upon the rocks. And those ages stand out upon the duller level with a freshening of interest, an inexhaustible dramatic call upon our sympathies. They detach themselves from the background in which the great concerns of the world are always lumbering on, more or less dully, and make us aware of what has been accomplished for good or for evil in the intervals. In Elizabeth's time the great passion of our modern national life was preparing; but the stream had only gained grandeur and force and nobility by that swelling of all its currents which preceded the catastrophe. In Anne's time chaos was subsiding once more, the torrents calming down into their channels, the streams collecting to fill the national veins. Or, to change the metaphor, these two great and wealthy epochs of history are like the banks between which a raging and tumultuous stream is making its furious way. From one eminence the clear-sighted spectator might foresee a national agony of troubles to come; and from the other could look back upon dangers miraculously overcome, and a passage accomplished for the ark of safety through storm and peril.

And even the most abstract of historians—the writers to whom men are not men but only officials in the long procession of events, kings and statesmen and generals—must permit a certain personality to appear when a woman holds, even nominally, the chief place in the historic scene. The group which surrounds Queen Anne is remarkable in various ways. It is not that she herself has, like her great predecessor, any touch of genius, or even of that intense and large individuality which often takes the place of genius, to make her remarkable; but there is a curious mixture of the great and the paltry in her immediate circle, and in the influences that move that circle so wonderful a combination of motives and objects that are imperial in their vast importance, with impulses and babble which are scarcely superior to a housekeeper's room—that the comic and the tragical, the familiar and the heroic, get mixed up in a way which never surely was seen before on so exalted a stage. The

most conventional type of female government, the hackneyed devices of broad comedy, to show how intriguing waiting-maids can manage a stupid mistress, could not have been more perfectly realized than in this chapter of the great epic of English story; and yet the men pushed in and out of office by these Abigails were such men as Marlborough and Bolingbroke, and the affairs of the nation came to no fatal break-down under their influence. This strange group at the head of affairs adds a whimsical element to the great tale which is in some respects so majestic and in others so trivial; and in conformity with this strange conjunction, the age itself sweeps along—so great, so polished, so courtly; so mean, so rude, so brutal; so full of piety and simplicity, and the most depraved morals and the loudest vice; swearing like the coarsest trooper, yet writing like Addison—that the paradox is kept up throughout, and enters into every detail.

It is scarcely, however, the curious manifestations of character, or picturesque contrasts of national life, which so abound in the age of Anne, which have been Dr. John Hill Burton's * leading inducements to add this fine and full study of an epoch so important to the valuable history of Scotland which we already owe to him, and of which it is the natural corollary and conclusion. Though his work is full of lively and graphic touches, the reader is aware that it is not his custom to present a series of word-pictures in place of a sustained and serious narrative. Neither is there any fear that he will take refuge in the abundant gossip of the time, by way of amusing our minds, and withdrawing them from the great threads of meaning which traverse all, but which, amid the confusion of warp and weft, it is not always easy to keep hold upon. So far as Scotch affairs are concerned, it is, as we have said, the natural sequel of his great history. The Revolution Settlement, with which that valuable work concludes, important as it was, still left many points which were capable of being reopened. It was a kind of betrothal rather than marriage of two very different, in some particulars dissimilar and often jarring companions, neither of whom was much inclined to yield to the other, and for whose future accord and conjugal jogging on together, with no more than lawful bickering, very substantial pledges had to be taken. If the bridergoom was arrogant and overbearing, the bride was grim and fierce beyond the use even of mediæval heroines; and as in every betrothal there is always a possibility still of severance, so in this one there were moments when the silken leash was strained to its utmost, and one or the other ready to fling off the bondage, and stamp upon the uncompleted contract. The

* A History of the Reign of Queen Anne. By John Hill Burton, D.C.L., Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. 3 Vols. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

story of the concluding passages, and of the accomplished fact of the Union, is told more clearly and more fully in these pages than it has yet been told, with an indication of the vital points of difference, which only an authority at once in Scotch law and history could have so thoroughly mastered; and very interesting is the contrast and coupling of the two powers, who, the legal fetters once forged, have on the whole kept on their way with so much harmony, and as much mutual comprehension as perhaps was possible. This concluding chapter of the separate annals of his country Dr. Burton owed to us—and he has paid the debt thoroughly.

But even the Union, important as it is, is but one of the events in Queen Anne's reign, the great animating thought and inspiration of which were the Protestant succession—a principle which made England at that period—notwithstanding all the difference of politics, lively enough and warlike at all times—more surely a unanimous nation than she had ever been. Nothing can show more clearly the profound distrust with which the Catholic creed had imbued the whole race than this passionate national sentiment. The great Protestant King William had lived and died unbeloved and unsympathetic; a great man, no doubt, but one who neither conciliated the prejudices nor attracted the affections of the country, which he on his side did not love; and the choice of the new line in which the crown was to descend was one which must have wounded the beliefs and inclinations of many in a country where primogeniture has outlived all changes. Nor was there anything in the character of the House of Hanover to call forth national enthusiasm. The narrow mind, which so often goes with narrow possessions—a strong nationality totally alien from our own (notwithstanding those strenuous relationships of race which were not discovered, or, at least, insisted upon, till long after), and manners which were neither charming in themselves nor capable of modification—made the foreign elector, the "German lairdie," in his own person, a figure most unlikely to call forth any enthusiasm. Dr. Burton speaks of this contemptuous nickname as a proof of the popular misconception of the antiquity and importance of the house from which we sought our reigning line. But the six-and-thirty quarterings of Teutonic heraldry have never been impressive to the English intelligence, and we doubt whether the fullest understanding of them would have much changed the sentiment which suggested that felicitous title. Nobody knows better than our historian, or has more clearly pointed out, the intolerant insularism and contempt of other people, which is one of the great national characteristics of Englishmen; and a tremendous weight of pedigree overbalancing a meagre estate, has always been a favorite object of derision; but this makes the extraordinary unanimity of the national sentiment only the more apparent. Whatever was to happen to the

nation, one thing it was resolved should not happen. England might have a monarch she hated Such a thing had been, and had been endured; but a Popish king she would not tolerate. Notwithstanding the existence of a by no means insignificant Jacobite party, and of a large class, which, without courage enough to be Jacobite, had romantic leanings that way, or a kind of fantastic sympathy with a fallen king and banished race, this feeling was so general that agitation, great and universal enough to be called unanimous, sprang up in a moment at any menace from St. Germains, or any hint of interference from France. The English people were under the influence of a scare, as the French people have been in recent days. When a nation takes fright it is generally for no small matter, nor is the panic an easy thing to deal with. We indeed pretend to smile when we see the passionate terror of our neighbors across the Channel for the red ghost of Revolution, of which they have so much better a knowledge than we have. But the same agony of fear confused men's judgments in Queen Anne's day, in respect to her possible successors. At the merest glimpse of a returning Stewart the country entirely lost its self-possession. And from the balance of power in Europe to the sermon of a popular preacher in St. Paul's, everything that could by the remotest construction lead toward this end, brought on a fit of that furious fear which is one of the most terrible of passions.

Dr. Burton keeps the action of this great national influence very clearly before us—not allowing himself to be led away as so many are by the exciting and brilliant details of the war itself to a forgetfulness of its great inspiration. Most of us, to tell the truth, recall only with an effort the reason why Blenheim was fought at all. We are as much at a loss as Southey's pleasant children to remember "what good came of it at last," and "what they killed each other for." The war of the Spanish succession—the question whether Philip of France or Charles of Austria should fill the vacant throne—does not seem a question to move the world, or above all, to carry British troops and British money into all the fastnesses of the Continent. But the preponderance of the house of Bourbon touched England with a far more vivid sense of danger then, than when a hundred years later, Marlborough's great successor Wellington, with one of these strange repetitions so common in history, once more confronted the encroaching power of France at the head of a great European resistance to the universal conqueror. Napoleon frightened us a little, too, with threats of an invasion; but the possible predominance of Louis XIV. over half a world made England fly to her weapons with passionate alarm and determination. She saw as the conclusion, not only the distant danger of a too great monarch who should wear the united crowns of France and Spain, but of a Catholic crusade, which should bring

back another Charles, with a train of priests, and all those principles of despotism which her soul scarcely loathed more than it loathed the paraphernalia of the mass. The present generation is apt to laugh at the balance of power; and probably, had the German conqueror of 1871 found it possible to *croquer* another kingdom or two in addition to the big morsel of Alsace-Lorraine, England would still have looked on with much tranquillity. But we have no pretenders nowadays, any more than they had the principle of non-intervention in the old times.

This struggle for the firm establishment of the Protestant succession, of which the great wars of Marlborough were but one of the products, was the very soul of the reign of Anne. She was, almost more than any other sovereign, a mere tenant—no possessor of the throne. "*Après moi le déluge*," might have been said of her with as much reason, though happily less verification of the prophecy, than occurred in the case of her contemporary. And till the last moment of her life there were still a hundred chances that all the elaborate precautions of the great statesmen of the time, all the efforts of arms and outlay of blood and money, might prove of no avail, and the old struggle recommence again. To the determined stand made by the nation and its great leaders during this critical period, England owes it that the two romantic insurrections of 1715 and 1745—with which it is impossible, on the other hand, not to feel a personal sympathy—have remained in the category of romantic and tragic episodes, and never really touched the substituted royalty which the country had deliberately chosen—not a lovely, or dignified, or much-beloved substitution, but yet the choice of the nation, and justifying that choice.

But what an eventful and bustling life, forgetful, except by fits and starts, of any great national principle at all, though always ready to respond to any appeal in support of it, occupies the foreground behind which the lines of the national destiny were being worked so firmly into the great web! Did Marlborough himself mean much more than beating the French and winning every battle that lay in his way? Most of the statesmen who thus tenaciously and stoutly worked at the pulling down of the French power, and the keeping out of the Catholic line, had coquetted with both in their day; and it is almost impossible to tell how much meaning there was in the almost brutal determination with which the mass of the population backed up those helmsmen of the national bark, who guided the ship so strongly on one course, without ever banishing from their minds the possibility of having at a moment's notice to change to another. Perhaps the fact is, that the unreasoning force of popular prejudice, and strong and bitter resentment of national recollection against Rome and James, had, after all, more power in determining that course than all the convictions

of the great steersmen, and that the mob really cared more for Protestant ascendency than the ministers. But everybody cared for beating the French, whatever was to be the issue: that was an evident and glorious good, let the conclusions be what they might; and in the mean time every kind of stirring business and pleasure was going on before the footlights, while the cannon roared in the middle distance, and, behind all, the leaders of the time watched and tested the completeness of the enemy's overthrow, the reasons that might occur for staying their hand, the silent change of the situation procured in a moment, not by any great battle, but by a touch of Providence. Dr. Burton, though he has not fallen into the temptation of character painting, has yet given due attention to the curious group which stands foremost on this crowded scene. On the whole he is very favorable to Marlborough. Fortunately the limited period which he treats includes the best portion only of the great soldier's life; and the historian allows that it is "a satisfaction not to be responsible for an investigation and final estimate of his conduct throughout the twelve previous years." We will not go beyond our sphere by attempting investigations from which Dr. Burton is glad to be relieved. Marlborough's great love for his wife —who, remarkable woman as she undoubtedly was, must have been somewhat trying on occasions, but who never seems to have experienced anything but the utmost devotion from her husband—invests with a curious domestic halo the least peaceable figure of an age in which domestic virtue was certainly little prominent. The great general, with his head full of strategy and warlike contrivances, and the lives of thousands in his hands, who, having parted with his wife while she was angry, receives her "dear letter" of reconciliation with almost abject gratitude, declaring that till he received it his life was of no value, and he did not care what became of him, is at once whimsical and touching in his tenderness. We may quote, however, Dr. Burton's estimate of Marlborough under circumstances more greatly important in the full course of his splendid career.

"Unlike most men of great firmness and self-reliance, Marlborough courted counsel and discussion. He could conduct it with absolute calmness and courtesy. On his own clear views of what was to be done it had no effect, but it gained him coadjutors; for he was like Wolsey, fair-spoken and persuasive. His patience was inexhaustible. He was cautious, but his caution had its corrective in an unmatched promptitude of vision. He thus never committed a rash act, and he never missed an opportunity for striking an effective blow. His fertility in resources made him less amenable to disappointment when his favorite scheme was thwarted, than men of smaller resources, whose mind contains but one scheme at a time, and that being forbidden, are destitute of other resource, and helpless. To him, if one way were closed there was ever another opening He felt secure in himself—be the conditions that were to be wrought with what they might, he would bring out of them results which no other man could effect.

"It would be difficult to name another man whose communications ranged

through so many strata of social grade as his. They passed through the whole world of Europe, from the emperor, who was still by courtesy the chief of kings, through various grades of royalty into still more numerous grades of nobility, till they reached the riff-raff brought out of the dregs of the various nations by the recruiter or the crimp. Having had the arduous duty of thus addressing men far above himself in rank, and of addressing in remonstrance, in rebuke, sometimes in menace, he knew and practised the maxim that a strict observance of etiquette in communication with superiors is the way to save the inferior man's self-respect and true position from invasion by the higher power. . . . Marlborough's dealing with the petty sovereignties owning these outlying contingents remains as a brilliant specimen of the firm and the conciliatory in the management of men. He is invariably courteous. Tendering advice or even objection is a favor. If he has to press hard, his tone is supplicatory rather than imperious, and there are no bounds to the merit and distinction he is prepared to concede to those who will give their invaluable co-operation to his next great project. . . . The most confidential of his communications" (Dr. Burton adds in another place) "were in the possession of his kinsman * in the English Treasury, who so faithfully supplied him with the equipments and material supplies for the great project. But even Godolphin knew not whither the army was ultimately to march; and, indeed, Marlborough himself did not know; but it was part of the flexible power that led him always to a victory, and never to a defeat, or even a failure, that he could change his purpose at a moment's warning when he examined the surrounding conditions. He was like the engineer among a vast apparatus of powerful machinery, who, by gently turning a handle in a disc, can change the direction in which his potent enginery works, or even utterly reverse the whole process."

This fine and splendid figure does not, however, push out of sight, though it might well do so, the homely royal pair—the queen, whose individuality Dr. Burton takes a little pains to note when he can, in all its modest manifestations, and the royal consort, who was so profoundly unlike the idea which, in these days, we have been enabled to form of what a royal consort might be. It is Lord Stanhope, we think, who says, with unusual humor, that if there was a duller person in the country than her Majesty herself, it was her Majesty's husband. And Dr. Burton affords us a glimpse of this harmless personage, so utterly insignificant and unimportant in the story of his wife's reign, which relieves the seriousness of the dignified group that held the fate of the country in its hands. "The one thing for which Prince George is chiefly known to the world," our historian says, "is the occasion when his monotonous stupidity prompted the solitary jest that twinkles through the gloomy career and character of King James; and it came at the gloomiest moment of his days, when his family and kindred were one by one deserting him." We are indebted, however to another writer for the comical-rueful picture of poor "Est-il-possible," in which, out of the "monotonous stupidity" so well characterized, there breaks a dull reflection of the same kind of piteous humor. When the agitation against Occasional Conformity

* We are somewhat at a loss to know why Dr. Burton should insist that Marlborough and Godolphin were kinsmen. The son of one married the daughter of the other; but this is merely family connection, not relationship.

was at its height, Prince George, we are told, was sent to the House of Lords to vote for the bill abolishing it, which was strongly promoted by the High Church party. The dutiful husband did as he was told; but being himself only an Occasional Conformist, and keeping up his little Lutheran chapel for his own spiritual consolation, did it against the grain, and whispered to the leader of the Opposition, "My heart is vid you," as he went into the orthodox lobby. Poor royal Dane! happy for him that he was not born to set right those times which were out of joint. "It is difficult to understand," Dr. Burton says, "how one not incapacitated by mental disease could have kept so entirely out of the notice of the world." Nothing can be more likely than that it was the entire want of support and backing up from her husband which made Anne herself so dependent on her friends; and whatever we may think of the sentimentalities of their correspondence, there is something very touching in the forlorn queen's constant appeal to the sympathy and sustaining force of her high-spirited favorite—that imperious duchess, whom even Dr. Burton, like everybody else, treats with jocular familiarity as Sarah. Here is a specimen of the curious qualities inherent in names. If my Lady Marlborough's name had been Mary, would any of her numerous historians have ventured on such a familiar use of it? We think not.

The queen is fat, and not very dignified; but she is always simple and kind, at least until the jar comes. When the poor little Duke of Gloucester died, and Anne became childless, there is something in her adoption of the title "unfortunate" in her simple letters which goes to the reader's heart. A mother of many children, but childless, the wife of a harmless drone, separated from all her natural kindred, what was the simple soul to do but to surround herself with that little band of friends? When Marlborough's only son died, she entreated to be allowed to go to them, protesting that only those who knew the same grief could comfort each other. In this, as in the heart of many a humble sufferer, lay the tragedy of her life. Otherwise there is nothing disagreeable in the little affectation of homely names which she adopted after the fashion of her time. She called the splendid pair who hold in history a position so much more brilliant than her own, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman; and Dutch William, her brother-in-law, was Mr. Caliban—a name in which a little faint fun combines with the domestic spitefulness which prevails in almost every coterie. "Poor unfortunate Morley" is not so clever as any of those fine people; but the roundabout, plump, motherly Majesty, who suggests the duchess's housekeeper rather than her sovereign, was by no means without color or character. Mrs. Freeman cares no more for the Church than for anything else that stands in her path; but the queen makes an unwavering stand for it, and takes her own way,

with a mild determination which shows that there is nothing abject in her dependence on her friend. Dr. Burton's apology for Anne, and explanation of her position, is well worthy the reader's attention, and treats the subject with a justice rarely awarded to her.

And when the quarrel ensued which has pointed a foolish moral ever since about female squabbles and friendships, and Mrs. Masham (once more a woman unfortunate in her name—for who can refrain from making a jest about Abigail?) succeeded the duchess, the statesmen that waiting-woman brought in her train were respectable specimens of persons introduced by the back-stairs. Had Queen Anne been surrounded by all the wisest sages in her empire, it is to be doubted whether she could have done much better than Marlborough and Godolphin, Harley and St. John; who, indeed, were anything but immaculate—but yet as unlike the pretty gentlemen of a chambermaid's favor as it is possible to conceive. So much should be said in favor of Queen Anne and her women. One or two things in her life show a fine liberality. Almost her first royal act was to give up a portion of her revenue—the "tenths and first-fruits," originally intended as a Papal tribute, but transferred to the Crown at the Reformation—as a benefaction to the poor clergy, from whose livings it had been originally subtracted. Bishop Burnet claims the merit of this act, but it was one to which all his rhetoric could not move King William. Dr. Burton seems doubtful whether this gift has really benefited the Church; but we believe there are many recipients of "Queen Anne's Bounty" who could satisfy him to the contrary. In any case, whether spoiled by maladministration or not, this royal giving up to the poor parish priest of the contribution originally intended for his own ecclesiastical superior, then swept into the revenues of the Crown, was a seemly and gracious act. At a later period, when the country was drained by the expenses of the great war, the queen gave a very large contribution from her civil list for the public necessities.

This great war, which Marlborough's genius turned into one succession of victories, filled the greater part of the reign of Anne with the excitement and high tension of a conflict in which the

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"The growth of her friendships is touching in itself, as an effort to find something in the world dearer than greatness and power, and to enjoy a little of that simple life—so hard to be reached from the steps of the throne—where friends can confide their thoughts and aspirations to each other without their being trumpet-tongued by the unscrupulous favorites that haunt the steps of royalty. And if it was a weakness, it was grandly exercised—it gained for the recasting of Europe that one whose name is yet the greatest among warriors—if we count in our estimate only those whose science and achievements we know with sufficient distinctness for comparison. It secured the greatest financial minister that ever ruled Britain."

national *prestige* was to all, and the national safety, in the opinion of many, deeply involved. Its nominal object, which was to prevent the elevation to the throne of Spain of Philip of Anjou, the second son of Louis XIV., putting in his place the Archduke Charles, son of the emperor, was frustrated with that strangest and most solemn irony of fate which so often turns man's greatest efforts into confusion. According to the arbitration of war, all pronounced itself on the side of Charles, until, in a moment, death cleared the way for him to the imperial throne, making his accession to that of Spain as impossible as had been, at first, the candidature of the French prince whom Europe feared to see unite the crowns of France and Spain upon one head. Philip of Anjou, accordingly, at the end of all the prodigious efforts made to prevent it, ascended peaceably the Spanish throne ; but not the less was the real object of the war attained. The power of Louis was shaken to pieces. Only here and there a sagacious and far-seeing observer had yet divined that the power and splendor of France rested on a foundation of volcanic misery which, sooner or later, must come to a terrible explosion. And at the moment when Louis XIV.—moved, one cannot tell by what charitable temptation, what softening of the heart toward his unfortunate kinsman on his death-bed—appeared like a god by the bedside of the exiled and dying King James, and solemnly promised to recognize his son as King of Great Britain after him, nothing could be more magnificent than the position of France in Europe. Louis was *le Grand Monarque*, and his country *la grande nation*, beyond all rivalship or comparison. Successful in war, full of conquests, covered with glory, there seemed nothing that this triumphant country could not accomplish ; and when Spain became the inheritance of a Bourbon, and the rich cities and strongholds of the Low Countries were occupied by French soldiers, no wonder that the wealthy Dutchmen, whose riches had tempted so many conquerors, should take fright. No less fright took England when the fine dramatic *tableau* of the godlike monarch appeared in that darkened room at St. Germains, carrying transport to the bosoms of the poor little mock court and all the busy conspirators. The great Louis was never concerned in a more fatal pageant. He had the first armies, the most scientific generals, in the world—and the science of arms had just taken a great leap, and so equipped itself with rules and systems that its results could almost be determined beforehand, so clearly settled and ascertained was the order of its operations. But Marlborough was one of those for whom rules are not made. He used science when it suited him, and laughed at it in those cases where the inspiration of genius knew better. When he ought to have been working his way from step to step along the beaten path, he made a sudden blow at the heart, such as discomfited all the array

against him, and shook the opposite forces for the moment into pieces.

Dr. Burton is very interesting and lucid in his description of the critical and momentous battle of Blenheim. It was far away from the border towns which the allied armies had been taking one by one, and with which the French had hoped they would continue to amuse themselves until France had swept across the unprepared Continent, and won a kind of empire of the world by mastering Vienna. But Marlborough could march more rapidly, and keep his own counsel better than the best of the generals against him. The reader will not look for those details here which Dr. Burton supplies so ably, but we may indicate the manner in which he treats them by the following account of the last act in that fierce and brief drama of battle. When the victory was gained, there was found to be a detachment of twelve thousand men shut up in the village of Blenheim, so crowded together that action was almost impossible to them, their commander lost, and the entire forces of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, flushed with victory, in front of them.

"They showed vigor and courage, but to no possible end. They attempted to make sorties, after the manner of invested garrisons; but there were essential differences that baffled such attempts at the outset. The fortress has outworks, within the protection of which sallying-parties can form so as to fall on the besiegers in battle array; and when it is necessary, they can again come within the shelter of the outworks. But the unfortunates in Blenheim could only run out in the vain hope of forming themselves in rank outside, and with the certainty of being immediately slain. It was a period of awful suspense to the assailants as well as the assailed, for the solemn question arose, Was the victor, according to the hard law of a soldier's duty, to do the worst he could against the enemy if that enemy continued obstinate? The whole of Marlborough's army surrounded the village, with not only the cannon originally in its possession, but those taken from the enemy. The troops in the village were so closely packed that we hear of the small area of the churchyard affording relief to the pressure. Must the victor then pound the village in a cannonade, and crush the twelve thousand under its shattered houses?

"This gloomy juncture is enlivened by an incident exemplifying the indomitable elasticity of the spirit of the Frenchman, and his instinct for the enjoyment of the mocking spirit of his intellect under the most tragic conditions. Two figures were seen to approach the doomed crowd. One was a French officer, the other in his uniform proclaimed himself an officer of rank in the British army. Was this latter a prisoner brought to them by one of themselves? Were they then able, at the conclusion of that disastrous day, to say they had made prisoner a British officer? Such was the tenor of the grim merriment in which the two were received. The British officer was Lord Orkney, accompanied by one of the French prisoners, to represent to his fellow-soldiers the hopelessness of their position, and to beseech them to surrender. It was a bitter alternative. The true soldier, in the choice of his profession, has thrown his life as a stake that may be taken up at any time. He cannot accept the alternative of saving it by anything that has the faintest tinge of grudging it. Yet there may be occasions where one who has responsibility for many other lives as well as his own, may seek and find the more honorable alternative in the act that must preserve all; and such surely was the condition of those who consented to the surrender of the village of Blenheim. There is little doubt that the surrender was a mighty relief

to Marlborough, looking to the horrible work that had to be done if the imprisoned mob continued defiant."

We are not quite sure that it is generous on the part of the historian to characterize this outburst of the wild gayety of despair as a proof of the "mocking spirit" of the French intellect. Other men besides Frenchmen have given vent to that laugh of desperation in the face of death; indeed, supreme excitement as often takes that form of expression as any other. But the incident in any case is very striking. We need not dwell, however, on the record of victories which moved England to impassioned interest, and intoxicated her with national pride. There is nothing finer in the book than the manner in which Dr. Burton sets the great soldier before us—in the very spirit of Addison's fine lines, which he quotes more than once—like the great Angel of the Storm, "who drives the furious blast," while himself, "serene and calm" as the summer skies,

> "And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
> Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

While these thunders of war were bellowing abroad, changes of still more vital importance were taking place at home. We need not pause upon the Sacheverell Commotions, to which Dr. Burton gives two instructive chapters, testifying to elaborate research—though there is a great deal of the paradoxical interest which is characterstic of the time in the prosecution of the popular preacher for his enunciation of those doctrines of divine right which were as obnoxious to the whole large scope of English statesmanship as Louis XIV. himself and his predominance in Europe, though sympathized in both by the queen and the mob, the two extremes of society—but will proceed at once to Dr. Burton's great central interest, the history of the Union, upon which he has put forth his full strength. It would be difficult to say too much of the thorough and exhaustive record which our historian has given us of all the principles involved. It is no mere chronicle of the squabbles of commissioners on one hand or the other, abortive meetings, lukewarmness on the English side, and angry petulance on the side of the Scots, as it might easily have been; but a clear and lucid account of all the hidden forces involved, such as requires the eye of a philosopher as well as a historian. When Queen Anne came to the throne, though her authority extended over a really unanimous people on both sides of the Tweed, wishing nothing better than such a legitimate compromise as was found in her natural rights, between the law of hereditary succession and the new institution of elective sovereignty, the two halves of the kingdom were yet two, separated by some real and important discordances of feeling, and by many bickerings and mutual offences, such as are too common among neighbors, and not unknown even in the closest

circle of family life. A quarrel full of mutual aggravations and recriminations, nay, of absolute hostilities now and then, had been going on between them for years; and it had not yet become quite apparent, even to the wisest statesmen on either side, that—whatever might be the cost—these two must be made one or else break adrift altogether, an alternative forbidden at once by nature and by every true principle of policy. Throughout this quarrel Scotland had, we think (if it be not national partiality that affects our judgment), a stronger position and more reason in her resistance than England in her exactions. The cruel satisfaction with which—after refusing to the Scots any share in her commercial ventures, at a moment when the world was crazy on that subject—the richer and more powerful nation had looked on, nay, worse than looked on, at the ruin of Darien, had roused a furious sense of wrong in the Scottish bosom. Dr. Burton treats this burning question, still capable of rousing the wrath even of spectators so distant as ourselves, with great impartiality and calm; but he points out very clearly the determination of the Englishman to let nobody interfere with his trade—an impassioned yet sullen determination to which he clung in the face of every law and national motive more elevated than his profit and prejudice. Foreign intervention had been checked by the first Navigation Act, passed under the Protectorate, and aiming at the diminution of the Dutch trade, which threatened to deprive England of the mastery of the seas, in which she took so much pride. And Scotland had been included within the protected circle upon the same terms as the rest of Great Britain, and only foreign powers were shut out. But though the union of the two Crowns was a sort of general union of the two realms, there was really no feeling even of friendship between Scotch and English. The Scots, in spite of their subjection to the same sovereign, were practically looked upon as foreigners, and the second Navigation Act placed them upon the same footing in law as the subjects of other Powers. From the passing of this Act we have a continuous struggle, the Scots trying every means to induce, or even force, the English to yield them the much-coveted freedom of trade; while on the other side we find a stubborn resistance kept up until the two kingdoms seemed actually on the verge of war.

Monopoly was the great idea of the time in commercial matters; in fact few if any other considerations seem to have commended themselves to even the most sagacious of the statesmen of the day. Throughout the varied phases of the relations between England, Scotland, and Ireland, the ruling theory in the English mind is always the same, that the best, if not the only, way to make one state rich, is to make and keep its neighbors poor. The relations of England with the two other kingdoms which now form with

her the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, were no doubt very different. The difference is declared clearly enough from the English point of view in the answer returned by the English commissioners in 1678 to the Scotch demand to be included in the privileges allowed to Ireland and Wales. This answer declares that Ireland is not only under one king with England, as Scotland, but belongs to, and is an appendix of, the Crown of England; that laws made by the English Parliament are binding in Ireland, while those of the Irish Parliament require confirmation by the English Privy Council; finally, that the high officers of the Crown have authority and jurisdiction in Ireland, "all which," it adds, "is quite otherwise in relation to Scotland." This difference is clearly shown subsequently, in the manner in which the theory of monopoly affected the measures taken by England toward Scotland and Ireland respectively.

The branch of trade which was in Anne's reign exciting most attention in England was the woollen manufactory. Here the three kingdoms came into contact: the plains of England were not the only places in the island upon which sheep could be reared; large flocks might be, and were, kept on the rougher and more broken country in Scotland and Ireland, and wool was one of the most important productions of both these kingdoms. This, of course, in pursuance of the prevailing theory, had to be put down at once; but the method of proceeding adopted was not the same in the two cases. Scotland, as has been already pointed out, was in all but name an independent state. Its legislation could, indeed, to a certain extent, be stopped by the refusal of the royal assent to the measures passed by the Estates; but even this was anything but a reliable power, and had to be used with the greatest caution; while in no way could the Houses of the English Parliament legislate for the internal affairs of Scotland as they could for Ireland. The difference between the relations was, in short, practically the same as that between relations with a foreign power and those with a colony. They could and did prohibit the importation into England of Scotch wool, thus considerably injuring and discouraging the chief industry of the rival kingdom, and breaking off entirely negotiations for a union of Scotland and England, which at the time presented fair hopes of ultimate success; but with regard to the Irish competition they could do better still, and their proceedings in this direction were a most brilliant and instructive application of the ruling idea. Not only could the Irish trade to a great extent be crushed, but it might be made to help the English woollen manufactory. To this end all exportation to any foreign country—*i.e.*, to anywhere but England—of Irish wool in any shape whatever, was forbidden under heavy penalties; while, for its safe conveyance to English ports, a large staff of officers

was established on either side of the Channel, who actually watched the wool from its being shorn to its delivery in a stated port. Indeed it would be almost laughable, had it not been the cause of so much distress, to trace the extent to which the great theory of monopoly was followed out in dealing with the unhappy Irish. In compensation to a certain extent for the suppression of the wool trade, the Government determined to plant another industry in Ireland, and the linen trade was chosen. Arbitrary though the alternative was, the newly-introduced manufacture grew and flourished to a remarkable extent. The way in which its great success was welcomed in England is, however, a curiosity in history. Finding that it had got into the hands of a Scotch colony in the north, and was therefore not reaching the classes specially intended, it was proposed to remove the manufactory further toward the south of Ireland, so as to spread the industry over the whole country; but in discussing the question of a new grant for this, the commercial magnates are prevented from action by the fear that "if Ireland should fall into the making of fine linen, it would affect the trade of England." Such was the fear expressed by the Commissioners of the Board of Trade, and the mass of English merchants were of opinion that no further encouragement ought to be given to the Irish linen trade. It is difficult to imagine the real existence of so much ignorance and blindness as are here displayed. England had deprived Ireland of one trade in obedience to the mistaken principles of the age; she had implanted another to remedy the distress which she had caused, and at the moment when this substituted industry appeared to be on the point of accomplishing the object for which it was professedly instituted, the help and encouragement necessary to it were withheld. And the reason of this great stroke of policy was, that the new trade was tending to make Ireland rich and prosperous, to enable it to be a useful and self-supporting part of the kingdom, instead of a state ever oppressed with poverty and distress, and in need of assistance and relief from England!

Commercial tyranny of this kind was, however, safer as well as easier in the case of Ireland than in that of Scotland. The Irish might indeed be driven by distress to acts of lawlessness and violence, but the kingdom was in the power of the English Crown absolutely, and could originate no really formidable reprisals. But the refusal of the Scotch demand was a matter of much greater importance. The Scots Estates were greatly exasperated by the determined refusal of their claims, and as union seemed impossible, the next best thing appeared to them to be a more thorough and complete separation. This feeling culminated in the famous Act of Security, by which it was enacted that, in case of the queen's dying without issue, the Parliament of Scotland should

choose from the royal Protestant line a successor to the throne of Scotland, with the limitation that the person chosen should on no account be the appointed successor to the English throne, unless during the interval the two kingdoms should have come to satisfactory terms for the protection of the freedom, religion, and commerce of Scotland. The violent nature of this Act clearly testifies to the depth of feeling excited in Scotland by the selfishly exclusive position taken up by the English Government on the question of trade. Hitherto the two kingdoms, though practically independent in government, and widely separated in feelings, had been nominally united by the fact that they were both subject to one sovereign. But even this tie was now threatened. The Scots Parliament went to the utmost length that angry opposition could go. Not only did they leave themselves free to choose a different monarch, but bound themselves to do so. Thus all possibility of even a chance union was removed by the Act of Security, unless or until the Scotch claims should be fully granted. So great, in fact, was the feeling against England, that an Act was also passed by the Scots Estates to encourage the importation into Scotland of French wines, etc., notwithstanding the fact that England and France were at war at the time.

Other events, of less importance in themselves, were tending at the same time to widen the breach between the two kingdoms. The Scots do not appear to have been fully alive to the surpassing merits and paramount importance of the system of monopoly, and they had made another claim besides that of free trade, which the English could not consistently allow. In an unlucky moment, fired with the speculative spirit of the times, the Scotch had established the well-known and ill-fated Darien Company to trade with Africa and the Indies. One of the stipulations made on their side during the negotiations for the Union was that this company, reduced though it was by this time to the verge of ruin, should be continued, with the alternative, which was eventually adopted, of the purchase of the shares by England. Here, however, the old question came in again ; there already existed in England the East India Company, which claimed the monopoly of the Indian trade, and no English commission could think of giving it a rival. This special point of the controversy introduces a whimsical incident into the tale. The Indian Company took the matter into its own hands, and chancing to find in the Thames a vessel belonging to this presumptuous rival, gave the Scotch a hint of the power of their monopoly by seizing the vessel and its contents ; nor could any Scotch claims obtain redress. Like the East India Company, the promoters of the Darien Scheme determined to act for themselves, and soon got an opportunity for reprisals, when one morning an English vessel was found to have been driven into the Forth

for shelter. It was suggested, and of course instantly believed, that here was a ship belonging to the great East India Company, and the Edinburgh folk flocked to see it, no objections being made by the crew. Among others, one day, three boat-loads of curious visitors came out, all of course perfect strangers to each other, and were received with great cordiality by the officers of the Worcester, who little suspected that among them was no less a person than Mr. Roderick Mackenzie, secretary to the Darien Company, and burning for vengeance. His plans were well laid; and the boats which brought off his party, divided so as to attract less attention, contained good store of wine and spirits, a cargo which made his welcome certain. What Dr. Burton describes as "a thoroughly jovial revel" then took place; and when the party broke up, and Mr. Mackenzie was saying good-by to the Worcester officers at the door of their cabin, he seized a moment when all his party were outside and all the officers inside the room, shut the door suddenly, and so had the officers as in a trap. The men, deprived of their leaders, were easily mastered, and the ship remained in the possession of the adventurous secretary and his friends. Here the story takes a tragical turn: it was soon discovered that the Worcester did not belong to the East India Company, as had been at first supposed; no one appeared to have any claim upon her except her crew, and the goods in her hold were not stowed away regularly, as for trade, but rather heaped up indiscriminately, in a way that excited suspicions of a less legal method of acquisition. These suspicions, strengthened by conversations overheard between the men, and by the startling news that one of the ships of the Darien Company had been captured and destroyed by pirates, soon ripened into certainties in the minds of the people; and Green, the captain, with thirteen others, were arrested, tried, and condemned for murder and piracy. The judgment was rash; for after-inquiries proved that the unfortunate vessel lost could not have been destroyed by the Worcester. Yet the sentence was so far justifiable that the men were proved, two of them by their own confession, to be pirates and murderers, guilty in other cases, if not in this; and on the ground that a pirate is an enemy of the human race, his execution is always legal, given proof of the offence. Still they might all perhaps have escaped, had it not been made to a certain extent a national question. The seizing of the Worcester was in itself an act which England might well resent; and English influence was exerted to the utmost to prevent the decreed executions. But the feelings of the Scotch people were too strongly excited to be calmed without a sacrifice; and accordingly, in direct opposition to the wishes of the English Government, Green and two of the crew were executed. Dr. Burton does not attempt to justify this act, blaming for it most justly

the looseness of the Scotch criminal procedure; but at the same time he observes, with equal truth and force, that, had almost any of the Continental powers captured Green in the pursuit of his calling, it would have been a case of torture to begin with, and, for all who escaped hanging, the galleys for life.

Another case in which matters at one time threatened to become serious was what is known as the "Scotch Plot," an attempt on the part of the well-known and unprincipled Simon Fraser of Lovat to gain prominence for himself, and vengeance upon some personal enemies, by a Jacobite rising in the Highlands, assisted by aid from France. The plot came to nothing, as any scheme based upon the raising of 10,000 men in the Highlands was sure to do; but it created great excitement in London, and did not tend to increase the confidence felt in the friendly dispositions of Scotland.

Meanwhile while the two kingdoms were drifting further asunder every day, the English Parliament had produced its answer to the Scotch Act of Security. All must, by this time, have been alive to the fact that they had before them the alternative of either allowing the Scots to compete with them in trade, or entering upon a war which, though it could hardly be formidable, must of necessity be fraught with disastrous consequences to their trade for a time. And their answer to the valiant defiance of the Scots was a wise and well-considered measure. It provided for the fortification of strong places in the north, and other warlike preparations, and further signified the readiness of the English to accept the separation of the realms, should it be forced on them, by declaring that, from a given time, every native of Scotland should be considered an alien, and debarred from the privileges of a natural-born English subject; while, at the same time, it offered hopes of settlement by giving the queen power to appoint commissioners for a treaty of union. The great merit of this answer lies in the manner in which, by showing equal readiness to accept either alternative, they cast back upon Scotland the responsibility of either holding to their ill-advised threats, which it is hard to believe can ever have been uttered except merely as threats, or, by consenting to treat for a union, making the trial whether these threats had produced their desired effect. The Estates adopted the latter course, and a commission was appointed; but hardly had they begun their meetings before it was made evident that England had determined to yield her point, and surrender to the bold front shown by the Scotch. How such a defiance as that of the Act of Security can have frightened England into so great concessions can only be explained on the supposition that the English statesmen who managed the affair were really more prudent and far-sighted men than their commercial theories would lead us to believe. Dr. Burton evidently thinks they were: he remarks of the Act of Security:

"It might be conjectured, from the action of England at this juncture, that the sage Godolphin did not regret the formidable measures of Scotland, in some hope that the dread of war might frighten the great trading interests of England into compliance with the free trade demands of Scotland."

The "sage Godolphin" must undoubtedly have been too sage to feel this dread of war himself, but the great trading interests must as undoubtedly have done so, as, from the first meeting of this commission, the behavior of England to Scotland is marked with the greatest courtesy and compliance. The question of trade is given up without a murmur; the terms of union are sent up to Scotland to be debated clause by clause in the Scots Estates before they are laid before the English Parliament; and, finally, when sent back from Scotland revised and remodelled, they are passed through the House of Commons without any discussion of detail. In March, 1707, England and Scotland thus became one.

There were, of course, many differences between the forms and customs of the two kingdoms thus suddenly amalgamated. A doubt must have remained as to whether the proud and sensitive Scots would be willing to take their place in a parliament regulated entirely by the traditions of the race so long in opposition. On this point, however, Scotland showed no deficiency of good sense, and returned the courtesy displayed in the matter by the other side, by a prompt and unresisting submission to the English forms of procedure. The Scottish Historiographer-Royal takes this opportunity of paying a noble tribute to the English Parliamentary forms:

"They stand not only unmatched but unapproached in efficiency, by any other public institution not copied from them, as a mechanism for collecting the predominating judgment of a popular assembly on any piece of business, whether of the simplest or the most complex character. . . . This noble organization may be counted as the collective trophies gained in the long contest between prerogative and privilege; and those who had the keeping of so precious a charge would not and dared not sacrifice a morsel of it."

Thus ended, to the peace and consolation of all concerned, a most irritating and difficult negotiation. The Union at first was bitterly unpopular in the north; but Dr. Burton, whose view throughout is more statesmanlike and philosophical than local, gives little space or importance to the hostility. Many circumstances of disturbance have occurred since; and perhaps there might have been, had the country been keen to take offence, a sufficient tale of neglects and slights to touch the pride of a people so tenacious. But Scotland has always taken the wiser and more dignified part. She has never shown any wish to be pitied, and has pursued her own way without sulking like a touchy dependant at every demonstration of English self-superiority. Any such suggestion as that which has so long kept Ireland aflame, for repeal of the bond which unites the two nations, would be received in Scotland with

inextinguishable laughter. The two are, indeed, no longer two, notwithstanding a goodly remnant of prejudices and ignorance on both sides, but to all intents and purposes one people.

The only chapter in Dr. Burton's book which seems to us disappointing is the one which it was to be expected that an experienced writer of his large cultivation and taste would have written with most zest—the chapter on literature. Perhaps the sense that the natural temptation would be to give this chapter special prominence, may have had something to do with the restriction of its limits. It is a subject which could not fail to fill the mind with a hundred images. The "Augustan Age"—the time of polished prose and more polished verse—a kind of revival of letters and reawakening of all the Muses—it is an odd piece of neglect to crowd all the superabundant wit of such a period into a corner, and give us a series of detached and by no means exhaustive notices instead of that brilliant story of a climax in literary art which we might have expected. For the age of Anne was not only rich, but also characteristic in the highest degree—no repetition of what had gone before, but a new and striking development of intelligence, owning new influences and a changed standard of excellence. Whether we do, or do not, give in our personal adhesion to the "Popish" reign of polished correctness, we are unable to deny its power; and when we reflect that Dr. Burton dedicates very nearly an entire chapter to the refugee Rapin and his history, we are more and more astonished at the limited space he allots to, and the hurried survey he gives of, the abounding literature of the time. He begins the record with a kind of apology. "The writings of Pope, Addison, Arbuthnot, and Steele, with a large portion of the multitudinous works, small and great, contributed by Defoe, are among the living literature of the present age, and it would be a discourtesy to suppose that any reader required to be informed about them." This is, no doubt, a most graceful way of eluding us, and it is hard to be severe upon an author who thus compliments our supposed intelligence with so courtly a bow, and an air of so much polite deference. But, as a matter of fact, it would be an equal discourtesy to suppose that any reader was unacquainted with Marlborough, whom, nevertheless, the historian sets before us in detail. And of all the striking aspects of the age of Anne, its literary development is perhaps the one which has most charm and interest. Records of wars, though exciting beyond measure when accompanied by the keen zest of contemporary interest, are not, as a rule, very attractive reading. We pounce upon every little human incident in the chronicle of strategy or carnage, and care much less how the battle or Blenheim was won than about that tragic pause after it which Dr. Burton has so well described. And it requires a great deal of character and human interest in the com-

binations of great politicians to carry the ordinary reader through all the cabals and intrigues, the councils and debates of Parliamentary history; but the republic of letters has the gift of being always, or almost always, amusing. Perhaps the actors in that drama are not so much above the ordinary level of interest as are those who guide the affairs of the nation; their vicissitudes, their disappointments and successes, are personal, the sweetness of their fame is such as we can all appreciate, and in most cases involves much amusing revelation of themselves. They are the only class who stand as it were in the foreground of their works, and hand to us with human smiles their contribution, which is so much greater than that of any other class, to the elucidation of humanity. And there never was a time in which we were taken more completely into the confidence of our instructors than in the days of Queen Anne. They were not the most admirable, nor even the most blameless, of mankind; but they have nothing to hide from us, those wits of the coffee-houses, those fine moralists with their ruffles dabbled in ink and wine, those coarse thinkers and exquisite writers. Perhaps it is the *Spectator* more than anything else which has given us the sensation of actually walking about among them, seeing them hob and nob over their claret, hearing of their misfortunes and successes—a great man's ear gained, a dedication accepted, a place secured, which shall leave them free to rhyme; or else, more interesting still, an audience refused, and a careless patron set up forever in his folly and petty greatness to the admiration and ridicule of the world. And no doubt the accessibility of this wonderful literary panorama makes Dr. Burton less careful to give his own account of it. But we cannot help regretting this. "An acquaintance with the *Spectator*" has, we suspect, very much ceased to be "a quality in the possession of all young persons whose education was not neglected." It has dropped, like so many more edifying things, from the list of books which it is indispensable for a gentleman to know. That list, we rather think, has narrowed greatly, so far as English literature is concerned, in recent days; and certainly it does not include the *Spectator*. And though the furniture of Queen Anne's time has come into request, we are not aware that the contemporary literature has followed a similar rule.

What our historian really does, however, in this department, is to give us a few sketches of the great writers of the time in which he is naturally hampered by the fact that all those great writers flourished beyond this limited period, and that the reign of Queen Anne embraced but a portion of their lives. Swift is the one of this distinguished company whose strange and gloomy figure is set most distinctly before us. He is not a favorite with the historian, nor are the extracts he makes from the letters to Stella of a kind to

raise the great dean in the opinion of a reader unacquainted with him; but Dr. Burton is surely somewhat over-severe in his treatment of so remarkable a personage. All the license he grants to Swift's works is that, "although they are of a nature not to be palpably discussed in an age of decorum like the present, it is scarcely just that, flagrant as he chose to make them, they should be absolutely forgotten." Rabelais is more gross than Swift, yet Rabelais is quoted and gloated over by innumerable authorities, and holds the highest place as a classic, which, indeed, is also Swift's case. It was not a clean age, and much that is indispensable to our present ideas was not so much as thought of; but yet we doubt whether, in the existing condition of literature, we have any right to throw so murderous a stone. Swift's character and his works, however, are matters much too complex to be discussed in such contracted limits, and Dr. Burton treats them more as a man might do who was counselling a youth not to have anything to do with literature of this description, than as an impartial critic reviewing a great national writer. Our sympathies are so entirely with Dr. Burton that we are the more bound to protest against a method which does not do justice either to the author or reader.

Addison and Steele are named, and no more, in the record, though Addison is the *fine fleur* of literature in Queen Anne's age, the most exquisite of workmen, and, notwithstanding Pope's tremendous invective, as irreproachable, perhaps, as his generation permitted. We cannot help being reminded of the fact that our historian has his hobbies like other men, and that we had met with him in the quaint researches of the "Book-Hunter" before we knew him in the wider field of history, when we light, at intervals through these pages, and notably in the literary chapter, upon an unknown worthy, who might be Dr. Burton's own invention, so new is he to our ears at least. Tom Brown—not our learned Sir Thomas, of meditative memory, but an altogether individual person, unknown, Dr. Burton allows, even to ordinary English biographical dictionaries—is the new brother whom we find introduced, without much preface, head and shoulders, into the limited list of authors here noticed As he is Dr. Burton's discovery, it is well that he should have all the credit of him.

"There was another Thomas Brown busily writing and printing throughout our period—a genial being, who generally comes to the surface in the gossip of the day as 'Tom Brown.' When the two are estimated with each other, the one might be likened to a solemn organ, the other to a flute, keen and melodious. Sir Thomas avowedly dealt with learned matters, but Tom appears to have been the greater scholar of the two. He was saturated with classicalities, both Latin and Greek. He lets his reader see, with quaint innocent-like hints, that he sees some of the horrors hidden in classical literature. But he does not dwell on them as one like-minded—he rather lets it be seen that he sees it all and could enlarge on it if his taste induced or permitted him so to indulge. He has much to say about indecorums and immoralities, but he cannot be called an indecorous

or immoral writer: and indeed he is apt to create surprise by the success that attends him in making the objects of his lash distinct, in language so inoffensive as he uses. He is a monument of purity if we set him beside the very reverend scorner who is believed by so many to give lustre to the literature of the age."

Among the considerable extracts which Dr. Burton gives from the works of this new-old master there is one passage quoted, in a note in the first volume, from this writer, which is very original at least, and, if it is to be relied upon, gives a new view of the position of the Dissenters and the Church in this age of transitions. Notwithstanding the various revelations on this subject which have all gone to convince the reader that a parson in Queen Anne's time was in every respect a very different man, and holding a very different rank, from that of the humblest curate nowadays, it is startling to be told of "the attractions of the Non-conforming interests in the eyes of a worldly-minded scholar selecting his lot as a pastor." Tom Brown is more graphic in this contrast than in the other commentaries upon the age which are quoted from him. He describes the disadvantages of the "poor painful priest" with some humor, showing how he finds in his new parish "an old rotten house ready to fall," tithes to be paid to the king, hospitality to be kept up—"none of my parishioners to go from me with dry lips;" and that in the patron's house "it is two to one that there is an abigail who must be married;" whereas on the other side the attractions are represented as follows:

"Suppose me then in a congregation as their pastor, teacher, holder-forth—call it what you please. You must know that they will be a select number of people (not like your churches, a herd made up of a few sheep and a multitude of goats), most of them of the sweet female sex (whose kindness toward their spiritual pastors or teachers is never less than their zeal for what they teach them), scattered up and down here and there in several of your parishes. And for the better edification of these precious souls, it will be in my power to choose the place of my residence or abode; and if I do not choose a convenient place 'tis my own fault. Instead of an old rotten parsonage or vicarage house, I promise myself forty, fifty, or threescore good houses, where I shall be entertained with such fulness of delight, yea, and empire too (not like your pitiful curates or chaplains that must sneak to the groom or butler), that even the gentlemen that pretend to make gods of their landlords will be apt to envy me; and if I resolve to enter into the matrimonial state, I shall be strangely unfortunate if, instead of an abigail, I meet not with some opulent widow, or some tender-hearted virgin of no ordinary fortune." "No obligation to hospitality will lie upon me, and I shall be troubled with few visitors but such as will bring their entertainment with them, if they send it not before them; I shall not be liable to pay one penny out of my income to bishops or chancellors, to church or poor—no, nor to the king and queen. And what a happiness, think you, will this be, to live under a government and enjoy so much good under its protection, and not part with one farthing toward the support of it."

If this is not very brilliant satire, it is still legitimate enough, and has some revelation in it of one or two characteristics of the time, which is the grand condition of satire—the chief thing that gives it any attraction for posterity.

Defoe, Dr. Burton discusses chiefly in respect to his political

writings, which, if the principle is a sound one, that these are "not to be found, like those of Addison, Steele, and Arbuthnot, in every gentleman's library," and therefore, have more need to be produced as new to the reader, is right enough. But Defoe's greatness lies so entirely in the marvellous realism of his imagination, if we may use so paradoxical an expression, and his character in a political point of view is so little attractive, that we could have wished a different choice. It is no doubt true, as is well said by the last biographer of this strange genius, that his life was essentially that of a journalist and political writer, and that his fictions were but incidents in his career. But at this distance these are the incidents which tell. And the peculiarity of Defoe's imaginative works is, we think, specially characteristic of the time, which was not an age for abstractions or elevated fancy, but one which loved detail and that fiction with the air of fact in it of which Defoe was the supreme master. The imagination of Addison was of a loftier kind. It conceived an ideal character, while Defoe only created an imaginary man; but yet there is that resemblance between them which runs even through the portraits of a period—a resemblance which, no doubt, has something to do with costume, yet is more than costume. Sir Roger de Coverley is such a noble gentleman as Defoe has no conception of. Yet he is set before us with all the tender skill of a miniature painter—line upon line, tint upon tint—his peruke, his ruffles, his old hall and servants, idealized only so far as the genius that created him was of a spiritual kind, and had called forth out of the unknown a noble and tender human being, superior to all his surroundings, before proceeding to set him bodily before us, among the fresh fields and old-world habits in which he lived. The details here are in just subjection to the beautiful ideal of humanity which makes the whole world more bright—but yet the details are there, and though illuminated by a more lovely light of fancy, all is real in the soft landscape, every turn of the road and undulation of the soil painted for us, and even the very manners of the chairmen and shouts of the link-boys in Covent Garden, when our fine old gentleman comes to town. A painter could make a picture from nothing but these descriptions—not perhaps so deadly exact as Hogarth, but full of visionary resemblance, and perhaps more true though less real. This is the literary tendency of the age. Memoirs, letters which are autobiographies, reported interviews, in which every word of every dialogue remains, and you know how many lackeys the suitor passed in the great man's antechambers and how many horses he had to his coach, if not how many ruts and ditches on the way. Of this tendency Defoe was the typical example. He was the climax to which the art pushed itself through all its softer and broader processes. With Addison it was conjoined with the purest poet-

ical inspiration ; and Sterne, a little later, mingled it artfully with many other ingredients, the evil part of which should not make us forget that by times he also rose to a high and beautiful level of ideal conception. But Defoe, with his brilliant intellect and prosaic character, carried it to the most absolute development which art ever had. We do not know very much about the kind of man his Crusoe was—no ideal of him, nor of what he would do in other circumstances, could have formed itself in the mind of any reader—but we know himself where he stands, and could make his portrait, and map out the road, and find the shelf on which he kept his treasures. He is as real to us as our next neighbors. We see him go and come, and note all his industries and the cleverness of his inventions, and never ask ourselves for a moment whether any of these wonderful expedients are unlikely. How, indeed, can they be called unlikely, when we see them, and the need of them, and perceive how his resources meet the ever-increasing strain made upon them? It is the very triumph of fact turned into imagination—of the real taken possession of, moulded and leavened and worked out, pervaded by a creative force, but never losing its distinct and solid standing-ground. This man of fiction—this shipwrecked sailor—is, we repeat, as our next-door neighbor, whom we watch every day of our lives, and see in every particular of his existence, yet know nothing about. We could touch him and handle him did we stretch forth a finger, but we have never come to speech of him, nor do we know what is in his heart. The mental tendency of the time toward minute observation and lengthened record—the spirit which found so much interest in life that every turning of a corner was an event, and all the facts of existence memorable—reached its very furthest point in this great, curious, intense, and yet limited intellect, of which we feel sometimes inclined to doubt whether, notwithstanding its so vivid and extraordinary imaginative efforts, it possessed any imagination at all. Here, however, the remembrance of a work, to our own eyes much more striking and impressive than any of the others—the "Journal of the Plague"—comes before us and stops our mouths. But even there, though the power of putting himself into a place and circumstances conceived by fancy is extraordinary, we are again confronted on every side by the real, and know very little, though more than Crusoe, of the man by whose side we walk, and through whose eyes we see.

Here, however, is the boundary-wall sharply marked, against which we can do no more than knock our heads, if any one of us should have the ambition of superseding Defoe. He has gone as far as man can go in the path he has chosen. Genius greater and more suggestive may diverge on all sides, but Defoe carries his art to the last limits of the possible. He is the perfect realization of

fact in fiction, and absolute prose in imagination. He is a photographer, but of a scene that exists only in fancy; a printer, but with types that never were founded. How far this is from the highest art it is almost impossible to say, yet it is the climax of that realism which ran through all literary effort in his period, most perfect in skill, most bewildering in fac-simile—a sort of highly-concentrated marketable essence of fact reproduced in fiction. So strongly was this the case, that when a real record of remote individual experiences dropped into the world without much information about its authorship, the very gravity of its truthfulness suggested to the critics that it must be the work of Defoe. He was thus the most perfect example of his age and its tendency in literature. It was an age of narrative, and he was Narrative impersonified—the very genius of the material imagination.

It is amusing, however, to note, through the medium of some of these literary sketches, how very little merit was necessary, notwithstanding the existence of so many great writers, to gain a figure among the men of letters of Queen Anne. This is a reflection, perhaps, which every new generation makes. Not very long ago we were startled and horrified to hear from one of the best of contemporary critics the audacious assertion that the world-renowned coterie of the *Edinburgh Review*, in place of being, as we devoutly supposed, brilliant men of genius all, and worthy to have invented the modern periodical, were not a bit better than their successors—nay, that magazine writers of the present day are as a class superior, both in what they have to say, and the manner in which they say it, to those demigods. The statement personally took away our breath, yet it is not without evidence in its favor. But when we turn to the examples given, for instance, of Gay, we can but reflect, with dismayed astonishment, that the writer of those feeble verses walked complacently about the world labelled Poet, in the lifetime of Pope, and consorted with that master of expression on terms of easy equality as being, he too, a master of song. Contemporary eyes, we suppose, will continue to make these strange mistakes until the end of time.

Thus Dr. Burton places before us one of the most critical periods in our history—an age full of corruption and meanness, yet likewise of such a bold and resolute stand upon a broad principle as has seldom been equalled either in its tenacity or its success; a reign full of petty cabals and back-stairs intrigues, yet in which the best men were chosen for the offices they were most fit to fill, with as much discrimination as if Wisdom herself, and not Court-favor, had presided at their selection. It would have better suited the supposed logic of events that the husband of Duchess Sarah should have been a fool and an incapable person, instead of the greatest

soldier and diplomatist of his times. But Providence was kind in this respect to the solitary queen and childless woman who was so little adapted for a crown, yet in whose period of sovereignty the English throne was settled so securely that all the deficiencies of the new dynasty and all the romantic attractions of the old, failed to shake its equilibrium for a moment; and two nations full of jarring elements were happily made into one, and thus stood fast—and have stood fast ever since—against all assaults; and the English arms gained more than the barren glory which so often attends great victories, by subduing and rendering harmless the only antagonist who could have interfered with the internal peace and safety of the country. To set forth the great aims pursued through much personal pettiness, and a bewildering flutter of contemporary comment—to show the energy and fulness and exuberant life of the period, and all it accomplished—was no light task. Dr. Burton has fulfilled it with a breadth of philosophical discrimination, justice, and impartiality which the readers of his former works will indeed fully calculate upon, but which are rare qualities at a time when picturesque description has almost won the day among us over sound judgment and impartial truth.

Blackwood's Magazine.

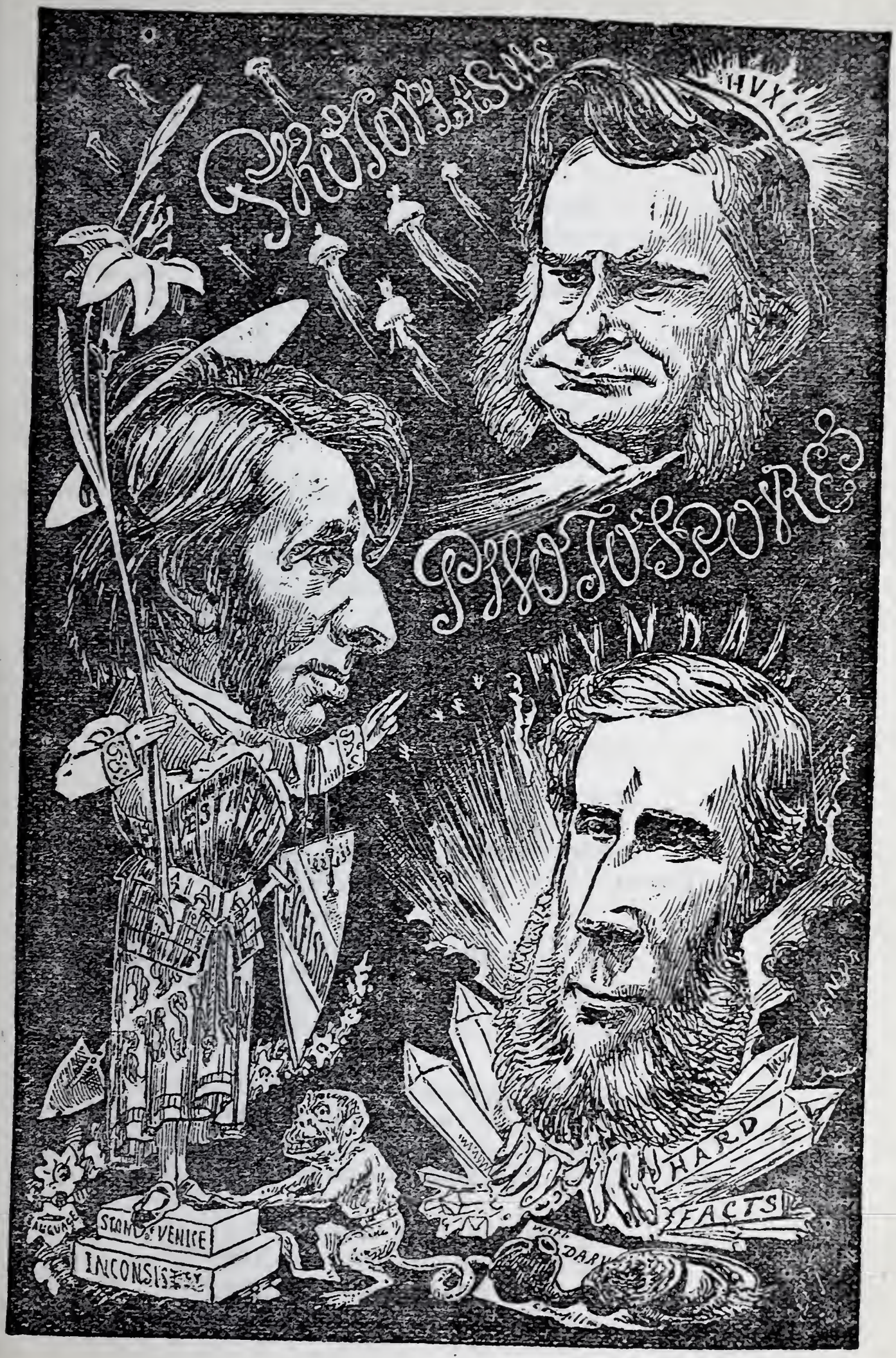
SENSATIONAL SCIENCE.

The rage for knowledge grows apace,
A pace that quite terrific is;
To-day the whole of Britain's race
Devoutly scientific is.

No more in cloisters science roams,
No tyrant gives a knock to it;
It writes, we rush to buy its tomes;
It lectures, and we flock to it.

For science now our girls and boys
Their love for thee recant, O mime!
The clown is shunned for higher joys,
And Tyndall beats the pantomime.

The "Institution" lectures draw
The babes who once loved merriment;
And tiny tots can lisp the law
That governs each experiment.


HVXLEY
STONE of VENICE
INCONSISTENCY
HARD
FACTS

Our laughing girls give up their play,
All bitten by the mania
To hear what Huxley has to say
On Patagonian crania.

Ethnology bids croquet stand,
And cast aside lawn tennis is
For Evolution's doctrines and
The charms of Biogenesis.

On Life and Death and Hell (O fie !)
These famous men enlighten us ;
They wing their flight so very high
They positively frighten us.

On all our cherished creeds they fall,
Without the least apology,
And hurl the bowl that scatters all
The ninepins of theology.

We sit enthralled when Huxley shows,
Or writes about, in articles,
The stream of life that ebbs and flows
In protoplasmic particles.

And when the microscope reveals
What lies in specks gelatinous,
The timid maiden almost squeals,
" O dear, to think we've *that* in us !"

Then Darwin says that our papas
(Is't science this or lunacy ?)
Ran up the trees with our mammas
In man's old world, Baboonacy.

Our girls, from views so wild as these,
Half angry and half funky rise ;
To say they come from chimpanzees
Does make the darlings' monkey rise.

" Art-culture" leads a giddy throng,
Who ape the strict æsthetical,
And think the " pretty" must be wrong,
The " tidy" quite heretical.

The critic's jargon, quickly caught,
  Is lisped by girls at boarding-school ;
And art's at present largely taught
  According to the "hoarding-school."

Grim Ruskin frowns and hurls his darts,
  And lifts his voice to lecture all
On painting, sculpture, and the arts,
  And topics architectural.

In Ruskin's page all dip awhile,
  For quaint and clever Ruskin is ;
As "pitching in" pervades his style,
  The world of readers thus kin is.

Like Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, he
  Must now and then his quarrels have ;
But all of them the great B. P.
  Encrowned with lavish laurels have.

Explain, O Truth, why men like these
  Are heroes educational ! Miss Truth replies,
"Why, if you please,
  Because they're so sensational!"

GEORGE R. SIMS, *from Time.*

MIDDLE-CLASS DOMESTIC LIFE IN SPAIN.

IN an old and now but little read work on Spain, "Spanisches für die Gebildetewelt," by Von Alban Stotz, the following remarkable passage occurs. Speaking of the Spanish Department in the first exhibition in 1851, he says : "I beheld only three things : a sword, a bishop's staff, and a very beautiful guitar."

I have never read an observation more pithy, or, when well considered, more descriptive in a few words, of the Spanish national character ; there is, save in Cataluña—and the Cataluñans say they are not Spaniards !—very little solid industry in Spain, but there is an old-world chivalry, well-betokened by the sword above-mentioned ; a mediæval state of religion ; and a love of amusement, well-betokened by the tinkling guitar.

Many writers, notably Ford and Borrow, have written, and writ-

ten well and truthfully, upon the always interesting and picturesque peasant classes of Spain. Those mahogany-faced sons of the wild, gray, spreading *campo*, or of the blue, romantic sierra, semi-gypsy, semi-savage, wholly uneducated, nobly chivalrous, children of Nature, whom the railway traveller, as he rattles through the wastes of Andalusia or the pine-woods near Seville, sees flitting, ghost-like, in gaudy dresses in the country or province. They shuffle along, singing their wild melancholy ditties, at set of sun, in sandalled feet through clouds of dust toward their lonely *pueblo*, flitting, with their patient ass trotting in front, through the groves of stunted, glaucous olive-trees, or threading the narrow track that skirts the hedge of aloe, or of prickly pear.

Rough sons of toil! full of interest are you, your quaint herbal remedies, your strange folk-lore, your erotic songs and ditties, your women's wailing *nana* (nursery rhyme) as they put baby to sleep, your outlandish superstitions—full of interest for poet, painter, or any lover of the old-world and the curious and the romantic! But, rough indeed; and with a vengeance! Said Pepita, my nurse-maid, to me to-night, her sweet face rippling over with a naïve smile, "*Dios me libre de cazarse con un hombre de campo!*" *i.e.*, "God preserve me from ever being wedded to a campo-man, or field-laborer!" and an old fisherman, smoking his coarse paper cigarette in my den, looked up and said:

"*Ya lo creo, Pepita: una gente que tiene poca civilisacion;*" *i.e.*, "I believe you, Pepita: they are a set of men who can boast of very little civilization."

It is not of the domestic life of these wild sons of toil that I am about to speak in the present chapter, but of the life of a different class, namely, the middle class of Spain, among which I place the priest, the well-to-do tradesman, the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant, and, in a word, the town or country gentleman. No English pen has ever yet portrayed the life of these persons—their manners, their mode of life, houses, food, income, religion, ideas, and nurseries.

In this chapter I entirely disclaim speaking of the inhabitants of the frigid north-west of Spain; I have never visited the so-called Carlist provinces, and if, as I am told, the inhabitants are very English, and their climate very Scottish, I certainly shall say with Pepita, "*Dios me libre!*"—"God preserve me!"

I write of the three fourths of the Peninsula with which I am familiar, and have for many years been familiar—Andalusia, the Castiles, Valencia, Murcia, Cataluña, and, but slightly, Aragon.

The sword, the pastoral staff, the guitar, are specially emblematic of the tastes and character of the nation, but especially of that part of it which is composed of the great middle class: the men are most chivalrous, and full of courage; the women are devoted and

religious—religious in the true and natural sense of the word, tender-hearted, loving, generous, timid, true as Toledo steel to a true and responding heart; and both men and women love amusement, music, social intercourse, bright jest and something beyond that, the theatre, the bull-ring, the lottery stakes, the guitar.

How often do they not laugh at the life and lot of their English brothers and sisters, these middle classes of Spain, and say, "Why, she is a sufferer and he a toiler; life has no charms for them." "God bless me; no sunshine, no Virgin—chops, beefsteaks; beefsteak, chops; counting-house and office; husband dozing at night, his sovereigns in his pocket, to be banked to-morrow; never goes to any place of amusement with, and never fondles, his wife—why, life at that rate is not worth having!" So they temper amusement with toil, and toil with amusement, and, if much money be not amassed, at least there is this to be said for their mode of life, that it does not sour many, that they all glide down the stream of life swiftly and brightly, and that a more lasting coin than dollar or sovereign passes current with us all—amiability, or, as Aristotle defines it, easy pleasantry.

In describing the mode of life of the middle classes in the Peninsula, our first consideration must be the *casa*, or house, and its rent.

The average middle-class house, especially in Andalusia, was formerly, a long, low stone building, with large bow-windows caged in iron bars, raised about eight or ten inches above the level of the street: at this window, in the gloaming, all the courting is done: the cloaked Spaniard stands outside, and converses in hushed whispers with the dark-eyed, tenderly passionate girl of his choice within; a Spanish girl, when she loves, loves to devotion, and her warm blood and natural trustfulness of disposition are restrained and guarded by no moral culture, but by external precautions of bar and bolt.

Generally now, however, the houses are built in one or two stories, and within are divided into *pisos*, or flats, on each of which lives a separate family. Within doors, the following is the regular arrangement of the house:

There is the *sala*, or drawing-room, the property of the ladies, and at each end, opening into it with folding-doors, is an *alcoba*, or recess-room, very often dark, and windowless, to keep out the sun; husband and wife each occupy an *alcoba*, sleeping separately, with the length of the *sala* between them.

There is, next, the *comedor*, or dining-room, with an *alcoba* opening out of it; or, it may be, with the *despacho*, or study of the master of the house. There is, besides, the kitchen, with its low range of brick shelf, in which are sunk three small holes, the *ornillas*. These are filled with charcoal, the blue flame of which seems forever flickering; the earthen pot, containing the *puchero*, is ever

thereon, sending forth through the house its savory odors. Out of the kitchen, which is, generally, a wretched room, opens the closet, called vulgarly *escusado*, but, in mouths more refined, *jardin* or *retrete*. A small dark room used for lumber or bath-room is called *trasalcoba*, or second *alcoba;* and then there is the *recibidor*, or ante-room, answering the same purpose as the old-fashioned English hall or waiting-room.

If a married couple, without children, or a bachelor desire a lodging, they ask for a *departamento*, which consists of bedroom, sitting-room, bathroom, and *gabinete*, or writing-room.

As regards furniture and general appearance of the interior, much need not be said. The walls are whitewashed, not papered; the room-floors are all of brick, and covered with *estera*, a thin but tasteful matting made of straw, with various colors and various patterns; plain painted wooden beams form the ceiling; the chairs and sofas are much as in England and France, but there is always the *brasero* or charcoal-pan in each room in winter. This *copa*, or *brasero*, often costs from £2 to £3, and is highly valued; it is used in family conclave, and in the afternoon *tertulia*, or ladies' meeting, a sort of "kettle-drum," but without the kettle. At these ladies' gatherings no refreshment of any sort or kind is ever offered, nor, if offered, would it be accepted; indeed, to offer a lady refreshment would be considered very bad form—bad ton, indeed.

"*Oh, Dios eterno de mi vida: Ahi! Ahi!*" said a Spanish lady to me a few days since, when two Englishmen entered and asked for a glass of sherry or a cup of coffee. "*Dios de mi alma! que demonios son los Ingleses! Los Españoles comen cada uno en su casa; los Ingleses comen ron, te, cerveza, á cada casa;*" *i.e.*, "O eternal God! God of my life and of my soul! what demon-friends are these English! The Spaniards eat, each one at his own house; the English drink and eat at every house, rum, beer, tea," etc.

Such a thing as a dinner-party, that curse of English middle-class life, when the doctor's spread must be honored by the parson and his wife, and the parson must "return the squire's hospitality," within a given time after having received it—entertainments where not a single person enjoys the dinner; where there is no conversation; where the poor cook is driven distracted; where the mistress is on pins and needles lest Sally, fresh caught from the workhouse, should upset the soup—entertainments where all are equally uncomfortable—such abominations do not exist in Spain. The ladies meet, chat, and talk for an hour in the afternoon; in the evening, the gentlemen come in, and merely smoke their paper cigarettes, and, perhaps, drink a glass of cold water (but rarely); and so, with bright conversation, and no expense or trouble to either master or servants, a great deal of simple pleasure is afforded, and all come satisfied, and drop off pleased and contented. Even to go so high

in middle-class life as the regular weekly reunion at Señor Castelar's modest house in Madrid, no viands are ever offered; the guests simply sit round the room of the great orator, smoke their paper cigarettes, and listen to his sparkling wit and brilliant conversation; and thus the privilege of entertaining your friends is put within the reach of all.

Poverty in middle-class people is never a bar to seeing society; and poverty owes a debt to Spanish customs. Here there is none of the cruel mortification carried on against decent poverty as in England; the poor charity-school girl's beautiful rich hair is not cropped and shorn. In England, poverty, I grant, has less physical suffering, and is better relieved, than in Spain, but it is far more insulted. In Spain, poverty has great suffering, but it has no insults to wound its feelings: all may be poor, one day; poverty is sympathized with; poverty maintains its decent self-respect.

And every one who has a chair and a *brasero* can give a winter evening's party, and meet their friends in social intercourse.

I come to speak of one more, and that an important, use of the *copa*, or *brasero:* a wire cage is put over the brass pan of glowing charcoal, and it is lifted into the bed, after the fashion of the English warming-pan; shifted about from side to side, the sheets are soon thoroughly warmed. The comfort of this to an invalid in the icy cold of Madrid or Valladolid can hardly be told. Every good housewife buys, each week, at the door, a packet costing 2½*d.*, of dried lavender flowers, and each day sprinkles a certain portion upon the glowing charcoal; thus the whole room is perfumed, and smells much like a church where the incense has lately been swung.

It is in this way, too, that the close room of the invalid is fumigated, the pan being put on his bed, and the fumes of the aromatic lavender playing round him like a cloud, and giving warmth, sweetness of perfume, and relief to the bronchial tubes.

As regards house-rent, for £36 per annum a good one-story house (unfurnished) may be had, in Andalusian towns; and a *piso*, or flat, for £2 per month. For living at a lodging-house, the guest pays about 8*s.* per diem, for which he gets one small room, the use of a public sitting-room, and two meals per diem, with weak wine *ad libitum*.

In old Spanish houses there is generally a very cleverly contrived secret receptacle for money, akin to the "secret-drawer" of the old-fashioned English desk; and even now this secret cupboard is much used, the Spanish idea of security being—(an idea founded on bitter experience of many years)—to cage the windows in iron bars, lock up the house at night, in winter, draw round one of the family, look at the money, and then: "Why, I am very safe; all I love and all I need is contained within the four walls of my *casa*."

There is, I grieve to say, a vast deal of distrust of banks and government securities, and a great holding to the proverb, "*No hay mas amigo que Dios, y un duro en el bolsillo ;*" *i.e.*, "No friend save God, and a dollar in your pocket."

And now with the middle class there is no banking of money ; the bankers, to begin with, give no interest, as a rule ; and so, just as in Scotland in the troubled year of 1650, the goldsmiths were the only bankers, so now, in Spain, the gentry constantly hoard their money in their own houses ; some put their jewellery and plate in the *montes de piedad*, of which more anon

We have now fairly finished our sketch of the Spanish gentleman's or tradesman's house ; we must rise at early morning, to pass an ordinary day with a family of the class which I am attempting to describe.

The Spaniards are, as a rule, exceedingly early risers, the chief business of shopping being necessarily, owing to the scorching heats by day, performed in the early morning ; at 4 A.M. the dawn —the lovely, cool, even chilly *madrugada* of Spain—breaks out dimly, the last sound of the *senero's*, or night-watchman's, cry has died away along the voiceless street—then the family arise, the ladies to dress, the men to smoke the morning cigarette, and all to drink a cup of chocolate and eat a fragment of toast or sponge-cake.

Ere five o'clock has struck, the streets are thronged ; the servants are all *en route*, basket on arm, to buy the day's provisions at the fruit-market, the ladies of the party are all fussing about, putting on the "customary suit of solemn black," for is not the *misa*, or early service bell, already clanging out from the old gray, time-honored church tower.

A more beautiful sight, or one more suggestive, than a Spanish street corner at 6 A M., I have never yet beheld. Two streams are meeting in the crowded, sunlit, joyous streets—the poor toilers and the stately dark-robed dames and their daughters, and the husband or son of the family. They each are going on a different errand ; each to a different scene and place ; the gentry to church, the servants to the *plaza de fruta ;* and the two sides of the religious life, working and praying, are finely contrasted.

With lustrous, dreamy eyes, with stately step, with gilt-leaved prayer-book in hand, with rich silk dress of deepest black, and black mantilla, the lithe but stately Spanish ladies glide over the rugged stones on their way to the *misa* at the early morn, in the perfumed, incense-scented church, in the crumbling, hoary square, in the lowly street.

Not like the ostentatious religion of the English is this Spanish phase of Christian worship ; the English worshipper, donning his or her religion, just as he dons his Sunday attire, presses toward

his pew, at glare of eleven o'clock sun, sits out a two hours' service, observes that "Mr. So-and-so wasn't there," and criticises the sermon: thus breaking at once the first rule of Christianity—"Judge not."

The Spaniard, in plain mourning suit or dress, just pushes humbly aside the curtain of the church-door, and kneels to pray upon the lowly *estera*, or the stone-flagged floor, and, having prayed, slips out, wholly unseen and unobserved in the sombre gloom and darkness of the church.

The Spaniard listens to, but forbears to criticise the preacher and his words.

The Spaniard makes religious worship a part of his daily life.

The Spaniard has no "pew" or "sitting": he kneels beside his shoemaker, his shoeblack, his field-laborer, his costermonger, his milliner, and, in God's house, at least to all appearance, all are equal.

The Spaniard is not locked into a building for two hours, as is the fashion in English churches: he goes in, kneels down, and slips out unobserved when his heart is satisfied and his feelings have expended themselves in his act of worship.

The stream of toilers has met the stream of prayers, and Mary and Martha separate, until breakfast-time, when servant and master meet again.

The hours of meals with the Spanish families differ slightly; but, with all, there are two chief meals—(to say nothing of the cup of early chocolate)—in the day. At 11 A.M. or 12 is the *almuerzo*, or breakfast, and at 4 or 6 P.M. the *comida*, or dinner. A few years since the custom was (and it prevails now, in old *pueblos* and with old families) to breakfast at 9.30 A.M. and dine at 3, and have a trifle of supper at 9 P.M.

In Cataluña the manufacturing poor have *almuerzo* at 8.30 A.M., *merienda*, or luncheon, at 12, and *comida*, or *cena*, at 6 or 6.30 P.M.; while the peasantry in most parts of Spain have at 6 A.M. a *copa* of *aguaniente*, at 12 their breakfast, at 4 P.M. just a "snack" and a cigar, and at 6, on their return home, their supper.

However, modern middle-class Spain breakfasts at 11 A.M., and dines at about 5 or 6 P.M.

Dines—breakfasts—lunches! did I say? If these words convey to my reader's ears the idea of strictly fixed hours, of papa standing sharpening his scythe at the end of the table to mow down beef in sheaves, mamma pegging into some unhappy child who comes in with a tumbled pinafore, a "grace" before meat, that absolutely means nothing (Spaniards say, "God only listens to one grace, that is, the sending a slice of the dinner to the poor;" and I think they say truly) and a "grace after meat" that means less than nothing,

but before the saying of which no one may dare to move from table —if my words conjure up any such picture before my reader's eyes, let them be immediately dismissed.

The perfect ease of the family life, even if, as I believe, it is too often carried to excess, binds the members of one family together with, literally, "cords of a man." Nowhere, as in Spain, do the big sons so love and seek their seat at their father's simple table, and love to be with their mother and sisters.

True, too often they are men who ought to be up and doing: winning honor in the army or navy, toiling in the counting-house, felling trees in the colonies, or delving for gold in far 'Frisco. But I am bound, in writing, to put the lights as well as the shadows before my readers, and, deeply as I lament to see "Young Spain" so often content to live upon his aged father's savings, yet I must not disguise the fact of the great affection and amiability that exists.

It is breakfast-time: the *aguador*, or water-carrier, has filled the barrels, and the table is "laid"—with a snowy cloth, with porous Andujar pitchers of classic shape; with a melon rolling here and there; knives, forks, plates, put on without any regard to order or arrangement; bunches of white and purple grapes, and a few bottles of red astringent wine; the red wine, like Burgundy, of Val de peñas; the amber-colored wine of Almera (grown in the slopes around Albuñol); the red wine of Cataluña; or, perhaps, the white wine of Seville. Bread lies, in spiral *roscas*, or in French rolls, or in *teleras* (long thick staves of coarse bread), all about the table; a few aromatic flowers, bought in the *plaza*, stand in the midst.

An old man comes in—a servant-girl, with bare arms, and in undress uniform, comes in. Well, they look round—the family have not come to table. "*Bueno: paciencia!*"—"Well: patience!" they say, and the man lights his paper cigarette, and leans against the door.

The mother and father, and one or two daughters of the family, come in, and take their places; the father quietly takes the melon before him and cuts it into slices, passing the plate round from one to the other: all are wonderfully silent, respectful, self-controlled; the household seems so peaceful, so patriarchal in its simple primitiveness that the stranger feels out of place; it is another, purer, older world into which he has entered; all so simple, so natural, so self-respectful, no servant-girlism, no bells, no waiting at table of flunkey or footman, or awkward cub just caught from the stable-yard.

The sons saunter in, cigar in mouth, but reverent toward their parents, and, saluting them with the morning kiss of affection and of peace, take their slice of melon.

Then the soup, or *caldo*, is placed carefully on the table, anywhere, and each takes a plateful; then comes the *cocida*, for the richest families live much as the poor, and, in true, natural Spain, there are no *gourmets* or gourmands; then comes, as I have said, the *cocida*—meat stewed to rags, from which the *caldo* has been taken, with rice, and slices of every sort of stewed vegetable, of the luscious, aromatic, semi-pungent vegetables of the country. A little dish of sausage, or of bacon, follows; then bread and cheese, and then fruit again, and the men drink a little, but very little, wine, the women only water. A cup of coffee and a cigarette follow—the meal is over. The clock goes half-past twelve or one, and it is well-nigh time to lie down, if in summer in the darkened *alcoba*, and rest for a few hours, or sit down and make dresses for the coming Feast-day. The dinner or *comida* is but a repetition of the *almuero* or breakfast; *all* have good appetites, both for the one and for the other, and the girl, so delicate, in chiselled features and pallid complexion and graceful form, will quite surprise you by her healthy appetite and the easy naturalness with which, with a beaming face, ever contented, joyous, and overflowing with kindness, she takes the fruits of the earth, and the simple meal.

As to complaining of "a bad dinner," that is a thing simply unheard of; there is no need for a cook to know more than how to *guisar* a stew—that is enough for these simple and unsophisticated, but most refined and delicate, children of Nature.

And dinner over, there is the *paseo*, or walk, in the cool dusky evening, in the accustomed spot; and the men go to the *casino*, smoke, drink coffee, and talk politics. Then, at night, early, all repair to bed—the bed with its most costly worked linen, its fringes of lace; for even the humblest peasant, with a mud-floor, will, like the Albanians, have beautiful and ornate bed-linen.

You will, in this slight sketch of middle-class domestic life, have been struck by its three leading features—its frugality, its simplicity, and its naturalness.

HUGH JAMES ROSE *in Temple Bar.*

WHAT IS JUPITER DOING?

THE question so often suggested by changes in the aspect of the planet Jupiter, "What is he doing?" is again forcibly put by the appearance of a remarkable spot of enormous dimensions, and of a reddish or orange-brown tint, which has occupied the attention of observers for several months, and which seems to be identified, so

far as relates to position and form, though not in color, with what has been seen on former occasions.

Probably no celestial bodies reach a permanent condition ; constant change seems a law of nature ; but there may be great variations in the rates at which changes occur. If we assume as probable a modification of the nebular theory, suns and their attendant planets are formed by the condensation of matter in an extreme state of tenuity, and the mass of suns and planets may receive frequent additions in the shape of any smaller or less heavy bodies they are able to attract. Our sun is probably a great devourer of meteors ; and as our earth crosses the orbits of certain meteoric swarms, we have showers of shooting stars, fortunately so small that their bombardment is unnoticed.

Scarcely anything is known, or plausibly guessed, concerning the condition and properties of nebulous matter. If, for example, the spectrum of a nebula indicates hydrogen, we may be pretty sure it is not in the state of the gas as it is known in our laboratories. The recent discoveries of Crookes concerning the properties of matter a million times more attenuated than common air lead to the hope that fresh light may be thrown upon many astronomical questions ; but in the mean time it is impossible to form more than a vague idea of the condition of any star or planet that does not in its main features resemble our earth ; and this can be said only of Mars, on whose globe we can discover what is probably land and what is water, and see white masses, which it is reasonable to believe are snow, form and melt away as the planet's winter and summer affects them in turns.

Our earth has long been in a state of slow as distinguished from that of rapid change. The geologist finds the oldest rocks he can discover affording indications that they were formed when the circumstances of the globe were sufficiently like what they are now for fair comparison. The earth's surface may have been warmer, its atmosphere more moist, and it may have contained more carbonic acid than we now find ; storms may have been more frequent and more violent, but the assemblage of differences between what now is and what was at the time of any formation the geologists can reach would not noticeably approach the enormous difference that separates the condition of our earth from that of either Jupiter or Saturn. It is possible that they now represent stages which our earth passed through in remote times, and they may be undergoing changes that are approximating them to our present condition. It is, however, probable that, while there are analogies and resemblances in the life-histories of all the heavenly bodies, there are also individual peculiarities and diversities not less important or less striking

Jupiter's diameter is about eleven times that of our earth, and

his mean destiny is about a quarter that of the earth, or about a third more than water. Now, a bulky body may be composed of heavy materials, and still, as a whole, be light, like an iron ship or a lump of pumice-stone, that will float in water. The pumice lump is light on account of its vesicular formation, so that the mass consists of heavy felspathic material and the air it contains. Extract the air, and the pumice loses its floating power, though still far from heavy in proportion to its bulk. Most of the earth's crust is formed of solids much heavier than water. Granites are more than two and a half times heavier than water, slaty rocks much about the same, and so are ordinary limestones, the variations of all being from about 2·5 to 2·9. The ironstone group contains denser minerals; red hematite has a specific gravity of 4·5; magnetic ironstone, 4·5 to 5·2, etc.; and many other ores are heavy.

At some remote period, when only part of the now solid earth had been condensed from gaseous and vapory matter, our planet might have had a mean density like that of Jupiter, as its rocky materials contain between forty and fifty per cent of oxygen; and while condensations and chemical combinations were going on rapidly our globe must have been the scene of

Thunders, lightnings, and prodigious storms.

And it is probable that certain stars which have suddenly blazed forth with passing splendor have exhibited to us the spectacle of conflagrations extending over millions and billions of square miles. Color-changes in Jupiter—such as those noticed by Mr. Browning and the writer in 1869–70—may have been caused by soda-flames, though not fierce enough or extensive enough to add materially to his ordinary luminosity, which is estimated as always exceeding, though not in a very high degree, what it would be by mere reflection of light received from the sun. A drawing after Mr. Browning was published in the fifth volume of the "Student and Intellectual Observer," showing a broad, full, yellow equatorial belt; also broad belts of purplish brown edged with narrower yellow bands above and below it, and curious white patches in the upper dark belt. The polar belts were purplish and olive. The appearance and disappearance of these remarkable belts indicated great physical changes, and it is to be regretted that spectroscopes could not afford as much information as was hoped for. The planet, though appearing much brighter than any star, gives, according to Mr. Browning, a spectrum fainter than that of a star of the second magnitude. It is the size of the planet and his nearness, as compared with the distance of any fixed star, that makes him such a brilliant object. The size of a luminous body greatly affects our estimation of the intensity of its light. Mr. Huggins, at the time

mentioned, discovered some dark lines in the Jovian spectrum not belonging to the solar spectrum, and probably resulting from the absorptive action of the planet's atmosphere. He also pointed out that the remarkable yellow color had been seen some years before. Quite recently Mr. Huggins has been employing his large reflector to take photographic spectra of the planet, and he informs the writer that "from G to O in the outer violet there is no sensible modification, either in addition or absence of lines, of the solar spectrum." This is curious, as Jupiter has exhibited a good deal of primrose tint, with orange-brown belts and a big orange-brown spot.

A telescopic view of Jupiter usually exhibits some dark belts, occupying a zone of considerable breadth, on either side of the planet's equator, with less conspicuous markings nearer the polar regions. It is also common to find various-shaped patches brighter than the rest. Sometimes the general pattern formed by these markings lasts for months with little visible alteration. At other times a few minutes are sufficient for changes of enormous magnitude. The first question that arises is, what do the dark bands or spots mean? Are they portions of the solid body of the planet, which have some fixity of shape, in any degree analogous to that of our mountain chains or great continents? Or are they cloudy matter of less light-reflecting power than the bright and dense atmosphere by which the planet appears to be surrounded? Or are they merely more transparent parts of that atmosphere, through which no lower objects happen to reflect light enough to be visible? If the bright parts of the Jovian disc are light-reflecting clouds, and the dark belts the body of the planet, we should suppose it would be common to see a notched appearance of the edges; but this is not so. "Ordinarily," as Captain Noble says, "the belts fade perceptibly as they approach the actual edge of the disc;" "but," he adds, "I *have* seen the belts right up to it." The softening of the belts, as the planet's rotation brings them to the edges of the disc, probably arises from the dark parts being considerably below the boundary of the Jovian atmosphere, and thus seen through a greater thickness of it when near the edges. When the dark belts touch the edge without noticeable softening they must be higher up, and less likely to be any part of the solid body, if Jupiter has anything that can be so called. The great spot of this season has never been seen close to the edge. A very moderate magnification is sufficient to show that as the planet rotates it comes into view decidedly at some distance from the luminous margin, and disappears at a similar distance from the opposite margin.

Telescopes, under the most favorable conditions, and of the greatest power, only reveal very large features of the planet. It is

impossible to see anything like details of structure, and this makes the identification of objects seen at different times more or less uncertain. If we had glimpses of great mountain chains in Jupiter it would be something like seeing the Andes or the Himalayas all in a lump, from some skiey perch, so far off as to prevent the separate peaks and valleys from being noticed. Jupiter is about five and one fifth times as far from the sun as we are—our mean distance, according to the last reckoning, being 92,620,000 miles. With the moon only 240,000 miles off, and very frequently bearing a much higher magnification than can be applied without confusion to Jupiter, telescopes bring no object near. A magnification of 1000 linear—only usable under very favorable circumstances—makes lunar objects as big, but not as distinct, as a naked-eye vision of them would do if it could approach within 240 miles. With the enormously greater distance of Jupiter it must be evident how impossible it is for anything but huge masses to be seen.

Jupiter's atmosphere is much larger in proportion to any solid matter he may contain than that of our earth to its solid matter. It is also much denser, and from its greater distance only gets about one twenty-fifth as much solar influence as reaches us. For these and other reasons it is not unlikely that some of his cloud formations may be more lasting than ours. That his gaseous envelope is, however, at times subject to violent disturbances arising from a prodigious exertion of internal forces is proved by instances of sudden changes in the diameter of the disc. The Rev. T. W. Webb, in his "Celestial Objects," mentions as "inexplicable" an observation of Smyth, confirmed by similar observations of Maclear and Pearson, all being at different places, namely, that on June 26th, 1828, Jupiter's second satellite, after fairly entering upon the disc, in the course of its revolution, was subsequently seen for four minutes outside it, and then suddenly vanished. More recently Secchi noticed a similar phenomenon; and the explanation can only be that Jupiter's atmosphere was suddenly blown out for some thousands of miles and retreated again. Secchi states that on April 2d, 1874, he watched the first satellite as it was about to cross the planet's disc, which appeared "finely undulated." "When the satellite approached within its own diameter of the margin of the planet the latter sprang toward it, appeared to touch it, and immediately retired. This happened, backward and forward, until the satellite had plainly entered upon the planet; that is to say, for four or five minutes.* . . . The satellite appeared fixed, and all the movement seemed to belong to the disc of the planet."

In October, 1879, Mr. Kidd, of Bramley, Guilford, saw, as is

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* *Comites Rendus*, 1874, vol. lxxviii. p. 1468

described in the *Observatory* for November, the second satellite first touch the disc, then appear separated from it, and finally pass behind it, but remain for some time visible through it. The *Observatory* for November also quotes the Chicago *Tribune*, to the effect that observations at the Dearborn Observatory indicate that changes in the outline of the planet take place from day to day. Two sets of measures at the interval of a week are stated to have shown a difference in the direction of the major axis amounting to 5°.

When extensive belts or bright portions change rapidly, the storm effects must be immensely greater than in any of our hurricanes. Jupiter's motion at the equator is at the rate of about 28,000 miles an hour ; his daily rotation is completed in a few seconds less than ten hours ; and objects in Jupiter weigh about two and a half times as much as on our earth. When our winds move with a hurricane speed of 85 miles an hour, they exert a pressure upon whatever they strike equal to 36 pounds per square foot. What, then, must be the force of a Jovian storm, moving much heavier matter than our air, at the rate of 300 miles an hour, as was observed on one occasion by Herschel.

On another occasion South saw a spot 22,000 miles long, and before a friend who was present could commence a sketch it had nearly all changed. There may in such cases be violent chemical action, a terrific clashing together of atoms, and the precipitation of solid oxides of metals, like the fumes produced by the burning of magnesium wire.

In considering the persistence of spots or markings, it seems that the dark ones are more lasting than the light. A dark spot noticed by Cassini in 1665 was visible up to 1713, though obscured at intervals—at one time for eight years.

Some interesting white spots were noticed in 1878 by Niesten, of the Brussels Observatory, to change from a circular to an elongated form as they appeared in the centre or nearer the sides of the disc. This would indicate something like a columnar form, looking round when seen vertically, and elongated when seen aslant.

Lately, as already mentioned, a very fine dark spot has been seen upon the south equatorial belt. It was found by Niesten to be 13″ long, and 3″ wide, the polar diameter of the planet being 48″. When Captain Noble saw this spot, on August 22d, 1879, he made a memorandum that "the remarkable spot sketched on November 19th, 1858 (nearly twenty-one years ago), reappears—or one very similar indeed to it does—to-night."

M. Niesten kindly sent to the writer—who published a translation of it in the *Astronomical Register* for November—a list of observations of red spots more or less identical in aspect with this one, and probably of the same formation. It is not to be expected

that in the revolutionary state of things existing in Jupiter there would be the same persistence of form that belongs to our islands and continents; and it is quite possible that there may be huge islands of vesicular formation, far bigger than all Australia, floating in viscous seas; so that if the figure of a spot remains the same, or spots seen at different times bear a strong resemblance to each other, they *might* be identical, even though there had been some change of place. Mathematicians tell us that the flattening at the poles noticeable in Jupiter and Saturn, and caused by their rapid rotation, would be greater than measurement shows, if such light bodies were homogeneous. There must, therefore be some portions much denser than others, and these planets most probably contain matter in all intermediate stages, from the attenuated gaseous, through the viscid, to the solid. It must often happen, as Chacornac considered traceable in the sun, that condensation produces a great down-rush, and substances that have been solidified falling into hotter regions get melted up or vaporized again.

The great red spot lies like a continent some 24,000 miles long, surrounded by a rather narrow sea of light, and over it Niesten noticed two brilliant little spots which he appropriately named "pearls." There is a general concurrence of opinion that the big spot grew ruddier than when it first appeared, or rather richer in color; its "*redness*" has been chiefly caused by the want of achromatism in the telescopes employed. Class mirrors silvered—which represent colors most correctly—show the tints to be orange-brown. The bright parts, as seen by the writer with a With-Browning silvered mirror and a fine prism, closely resembled the color of autumn beech-leaves in full sunlight. Some Merz telescopes add, from their defects, a purple tint; and an instrument of another maker gives the spot the color known as Venetian red. Dr. Pigott, who has a With-Browning silvered mirror instrument, and a fine refractor by Wray, finds the latter so unusually well corrected that its performance coincides closely with that of the former. Color-changes, both as regards time and intensity, may be caused by the greater or less translucency and refracting powers of the atmosphere through which any object is seen; but they may also very frequently arise from the greater or less heat and luminosity of solid or viscid matter below the cloudy strata, and from important modifications of chemical action. Between September 3d, at from 10.45 to 10.55 P.M., and October 4th, 10.40 P.M., Captain Noble's drawings, made at Maresfield, show a great change in the aspect of the planet, affecting the brightness and the tint of enormous spaces. Parts above the great spot which were brilliant on the former occasion had become cloudy, and, south-east of the spot, there came a round white spot, with very dark surroundings. These changes must have affected many millions of square miles.

On October 16th, at 10.5 P.M., he noticed the color of the red spot, "more marked than ever." There were also extensive changes in the belts, and the polar regions were more cloudy. He made the following entry in his note-book: "It is a most noticeable feature; the red spot reposes like an island in the middle of a light space on the planet's disc, and the belts, north and south of it, seem in a great measure to conform to its curved outline. This would indicate a disturbance of a stupendous character, from the amount of the area involved."

On the whole, during the season for observation of 1879-80 Jupiter has been more than usually interesting. From pole to pole changes of great magnitude have been produced with prodigality of violence rather than with economy of time. Perhaps the mighty planet is still in the stage of youth, with blazing and explosive energies that a few hundred thousands of years may be required to tame down to the soberness of our comparatively quiescent earth.

HENRY J. SLACK *in Belgravia.*

HAGEN'S DEATH SONG.

(*From the German of Felix Dahn*).

Now I'm the last remaining, the princes all are dead;
How in the silver moonlight the blood-stained floor shines red.

The jovial, glad Burgundians, how quiet are they now!
I hear their heart-blood trickling, from open gashes, slow.

Forth from the palace rises a steam and smell of blood,
And for their meal, hoarse-shrieking, the vultures leave the wood.

King Gunther tosses wildly, with fever dreams oppressed,
Since a sharp bolt descending cleft keen his helmet's crest.

Slain lies the tuneful Volcker—he laughed out as he died:
"Take all I have, oh, Hagen, my fiddle, take," he cried.

To guard from Hunnish treason, his fiddle dear to screen,
He bore it on his trusty back, which never foe hath seen.

Like nightingales it sounded when Volcker bent the bow,
Far differently 'twill echo in my rough hands I trow.

Four strings I see are broken, three whole ones yet I spy—
I never yet have twirled them, no fiddler sweet am I.

To-day I fain am tempted to try grim Hagen's lay :
An honest heartfelt cursing's as good as prayer I say !

So now I curse all women ! woman that's false and base :
Lo, for two white-limbed women must die Burgundian race.

Out on the weak illusion of love and such like prate,
All love is but a fiction, and real is only hate !

Fools but repent their actions ! he is but worthy of breath,
Who, sword in hand, hot hate in heart, firmly endures till death.

Had I to shape my life anew, my actions one by one,
'Fore Heaven, there's not a single deed that I would leave undone.

And should a second Siegfried, beloved of men, appear,
Again I'd thrust a second time into his back my spear !

Why snap, ye craven lute strings ? Do ye refuse such song ?
Hark ! who with step of thunder the palace stalks along !

And nearer yet and nearer, a shadow grim and great,
Yon is no Hunnish spy or slave, yon sounds like march of Fate.

Up and arouse, King Gunther ! I know that stride so stern :
Up and arouse ! 'Tis death, revenge ! Lo, Dietrich comes of Berne !

KATE FREILIGRATH-KROEKER *in University Magazine.*

THE CID.*

IT is not surprising that so picturesque a figure as that of the Cid should attract the notice of English writers, and that to the names of Frere, Lockhart, Southey, and Dennis we should have to add that of a fresh exponent of the career of the great Spanish champion. Mr. Ormsby has not been simply going over old ground, or merely gathering the aftermath. It is true that Southey has brought together the scattered incidents related in chronicle, poem,

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* *The Poem of the Cid* : a Translation from the Spanish, with Introductionn and Notes. By John Ormsby. (Longmans.)

and ballad ; but it is equally true that it remained for Mr. Ormsby to undertake the first formal English translation of the "Poema del Cid," a fragment of 3744 lines narrating the occurrences which have been diluted in literary merit and attenuated in historical likelihood by some of the subsequent writers. It is perhaps a pity that in so small a work the original, which is not very readily accessible, has not been printed side by side with Mr. Ormsby's version of it, which has very evidently been undertaken from genuine and almost enthusiastic admiration. The Poema was, he tells us, the companion of a pedestrian ramble "through the scenes of the Cid's exploits in Valencia, Aragon, and Castile." This admiration has not inspired him with sufficient courage to render the entire poem, and he has accordingly given considerable sections of it in the form of a condensed prose narrative. Thus to the fragments translated by Frere we have, after all, only to add a larger fragment. It is no more than justice to say that the most characteristic portions of the Poema have been turned into easy flowing verse which very fairly represents the simplicity and directness of the original. The incompleteness we have named, while detracting from the value of Mr. Ormsby's work as a critical contribution to the literature of the Cid, will not lessen its interest for the general reader, who will find in it a graphic portraiture of the Cid Campeador, a portrait more vivid and ornate than that given by the cold-blooded historians, some of whom regard the hero as a myth, and yet not overladen with the puerile exaggerations fastened on his memory by the singers of some of the later *romances historicos*. The "Poema del Cid" offers a number of interesting problems for the consideration of the student of literature. Existing in a unique MS. found at the birthplace of the hero, it stands at the very threshold of Spanish poetry, and its date and authorship have alike been contested. Before Chaucer sang the chivalry of England, and before Dante had glorified the vernacular of Italy, the singer of the Campeador had produced a poem reflecting much of the national feeling of the chivalrous spirit of the Middle Ages. There has been a dispute as to whether it is the work of one man or a cento of ballad narratives strung together. The matter can hardly be regarded as definitely settled. Mr. Ormsby holds strongly to the individual origin of the poem, but states very fairly the arguments for and against that view. This he has done in his Introduction, which is really a careful, but too concise, monograph of the literary history of the Poema. If we accept the theory that it is the work of one man, the author, whoever he may have been, had homely dignity of language, the power of effective narrative, and a grim sense of humor. Above all, he impresses us with the feeling of reality. His characters are not mere puppets, but beings of flesh and blood, from the dastard Infantes of Carrion to the little-

speaking but much-doing Dumb Peter. The poem is the glorification of the national hero of Castile—Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, "El Cid Campeador." Its opening lines show us the gallant knight weeping over the wreck of his household gods as he leaves Bivar, a banished man to whom none might give food or assistance on penalty of life and limb. A weak man would have succumbed under such difficulties, but the Cid by strength and valor conquers a place for himself in the world, sets himself on almost equal terms with his sovereign, and sees his daughters sought in marriage by princes of the blood royal. It is this victorious struggle and the conquest over hard fate and evil fortune that gives it deep interest to the career of the Cid. The Castilian saw in this rugged, long-bearded, hardy hero, who cleft Moors in twain and forced refractory lions back into their den, a human symbol of that energy and courage which gained for Spain her high place among the nations. The ages have not paled the figure of Myo Cid; for if we have now only an "imperfect sympathy" with his habit of levying bla nail, his superstitious belief in augury, or his knavish device for obtaining a loan from the Jews, we can still estimate at its true worth the loyalty, chivalry, courage, and courtesy of El Cid. WILLIAM E. A. AXON, *in The Academy.*

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

WITHIN the hollow silence of the night
I lay awake and listened. I could hear
Planet with punctual planet chiming clear,
And unto star star cadencing aright.
Nor these alone. Cloistered from deafening sight,
All things that are, made music to my ear:
Hushed woods, dumb caves, and many a soundless mere,
With Arctic mains in rigid sleep locked tight.
But ever with this chant from shore and sea,
From singing constellation, humming thought,
And Life through time's stops blowing variously,
A melancholy undertone was wrought;
And from its boundless prison-house I caught
The awful moan of lone Eternity.

ALFRED AUSTIN *in Cornhill Magazine.*

THE MANLINESS OF CHRIST.

INTRODUCTORY.

SOME time ago, when I was considering what method it would be best to adopt in Sunday afternoon readings with a small class in the Working Men's College, I received a communication which helped me to come to a decision. It came in the form of a proposal for a new association, to be called "The Christian Guild." The promoters were persons living in our northern towns, some of which had lately gained a bad reputation for savage assaults and crimes of violence. My correspondents believed that some organized effort ought to be made to meet this evil, and that there was nothing in existence which would serve their purpose. The Young Men's Christian Associations had increased of late, indeed, in numbers, but had failed to reach the class which most needed Christian influences. There was a wide-spread feeling, they said, that these associations—valuable as they allowed them to be in many ways—did not cultivate individual manliness in their members, and that this defect was closely connected with their open profession of Christianity. They had separated their members too much from the ordinary habits and life of young men; and had set before them a wrong standard, which taught, not that they were to live in the world and subdue it to their Master, but were to withdraw from it as much as possible.

Therefore they would found their new "Christian Guild" on quite other principles. They aimed, indeed, at something like a revival of the muscular Christianity of twenty-five years ago, organized for missionary work in the great northern towns. The members of the Guild must be first of all Christians, but selected as far as possible for some act of physical courage or prowess. It was proposed that the medal of the Royal Humane Society, or the championship of a town or district in running, wrestling, rowing, or other athletic exercise, should qualify at once for membership. These first members were to form the root, as it were, out of which branches of the Guild were to grow—one, they hoped, in every great centre of population. Each branch, if properly supported, might attract the most vigorous and energetic young men of its district, and so by degrees give a higher tone to the sports and occupations which absorb the spare time and energies of young Englishmen.

I did not see my way to joining any such movement, which, indeed, never seemed at all hopeful to me; nor do I know whether anything more has been done in the matter. But the proposal set me thinking on the state of things amongst us which the Christian Guild was intended to meet. I was obliged to admit that my own experience, now stretching over a quarter of a century in London, agreed to some extent with that of my northern correspondents. Here, too, this same feeling exists, or it may be this same prejudice, as to "Young Men's Christian Associations" amongst the class from which their members are for the most part taken. Their tone and influence are said to lack manliness, and the want of manliness is attributed to their avowed profession of Christianity. If you pursue the inquiry, you will often come upon a distinct belief that this weakness is inherent in our English religion; that our Christianity does appeal and must appeal habitually and mainly to men's fears—to that in them which is timid and shrinking, rather than to that which is courageous and outspoken. This strange delusion is often alleged as the cause of the want of power and attraction in these associations.

I do not myself at all share this opinion as to the Young Men's Christian Associations, for, so far as I have had the means of judging, they seem to me, especially in the last few years, to have been doing excellent service, though they work in a narrow groove. But whether this be so or not is a matter of comparative indifference, and the controversy may safely be left to settle itself. But the underlying belief in the rising generation that Christianity is really responsible for this supposed weakness in its disciples, is one which ought not to be so treated. The conscience of every man recognizes courage as the foundation of manliness, and manliness as the perfection of human character, and if Christianity runs counter to conscience in this matter, or indeed in any other, Christianity will go to the wall.

But does it? On the contrary, is not perfection of character—"Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect," perfection to be reached by moral effort in the faithful following of our Lord's life on earth—the final aim which the Christian religion sets before individual men; and constant contact and conflict with evil of all kinds the necessary condition of that moral effort, and the means adopted by our Master, in the world in which we live, and for which he died? In that strife, then, the first requisite is courage or manfulness, gained through conflict with evil—for without such conflict there can be no perfection of character, the end for which Christ says we were sent into this world. But was Christ's own character perfect in this respect—not only in charity, meekness, purity, long-suffering, but in courage? If not, can he be anything more than the highest and best of men, even if he were that; can

he be the Son of God in any sense except that in which all men are sons?

This was the question which was forced on me at the time by the proposals of the Christian Guild, and it gave me the hint I was in search of as to the method of our Sunday readings. We followed it up as well as we could through the events recorded in the Gospels, applying the test at every stage of the drama. The results are collected in the following papers.

PART I.—THE HOLY LAND A.D. 30—THE BATTLE FIELD OF THE GREAT CAPTAIN.

"Phœnicia and Palestine were sometimes annexed to and sometimes separated from the jurisdiction of Syria. The former was a narrow and rocky coast; the latter was a territory scarcely superior to Wales in fertility or extent! Yet Phœnicia and Palestine will ever live in the memory of mankind, since America as well as Europe has received letters from the one and religion from the other."
—GIBBON, chap. i.

IN order to approach our subject with any chance of making the central figure clear to ourselves, and getting out of the atmosphere of unreality in which our ordinary religious training is too apt to leave us, we must make an effort to understand the condition and the surroundings of life in Palestine when our Lord appeared in it as a leader and teacher.

Take first the southern portion, the scene of the opening and closing days of his ministry, and of periodical visits during those three years. While he was still a boy under ten years of age the Romans had deposed Herod Archelaus, and had annexed Judea, which was from thenceforth ruled as a province of the empire by a Roman procurator. The rebellion of Judas of Gamala, which followed shortly afterward, was a fierce protest of the Jews against the imperial taxation and the yoke of Rome. It was suppressed in the stern, Roman fashion, and from that time till the commencement of Christ's public ministry, Jerusalem and the surrounding country were on the verge of revolt, a constant source of anxiety to the Roman procurators, and held down with difficulty by the heavy hand of the legions which garrisoned them.

All that was best and worst in the Jewish character and history combined to render the Roman yoke intolerably galling to the nation. The peculiar position of Jerusalem—a sort of Mecca to the tribes acknowledging the Mosaic law—made Syria the most dangerous of all the Roman provinces. To that city enormous crowds of pilgrims of the most stiff-necked and fanatical of all races, flocked three times at least in every year, bringing with them offerings and tribute for the temple and its guardians, on a scale which

must have made the hierarchy at Jerusalem formidable even to the world's master, by their mere command of wealth.

But this would be the least of the causes of anxiety to the Roman governor, as he spent year after year face to face with these terrible leaders of a terrible people.

These high priests and rulers of the Jews were indeed quite another kind of adversaries from the leaders, secular or religious, of any of those conquered countries which the Romans were wont to treat with contemptuous toleration. They still represented living traditions of the glory and sanctity of their nation, and of Jerusalem, and exercised still a power over that nation which the most resolute and ruthless of Roman procurators did not care wantonly to brave.

At the same time the yoke of high priest and scribe and Pharisee was even heavier on the necks of their own people than that of the Roman. They had built up a huge superstructure of traditions and ceremonies round the law of Moses, which they held up to the people as more sacred and binding than the law itself. This superstructure was their special charge. This was, according to them, the great national inheritance, the most valuable portion of the covenant which God had made with their fathers. To them, as leaders of their nation—a select, priestly, and learned caste—this precious inheritance had been committed. Outside that caste, the dim multitude, "the people which knoweth not the law," were despised while they obeyed, accursed as soon as they showed any sign of disobedience. Such being the state of Judea, it would not be easy to name in all history a less hopeful place for the reforming mission of a young carpenter, a stranger from a despised province, one entirely outside the ruling caste, though of the royal race, and who had no position whatever in any rabbinical school.

In Galilee the surroundings were slightly different, but scarcely more promising. Herod Antipas, the weakest of that tyrant family, the seducer of his brother's wife, the fawner on Cæsar, the spendthrift oppressor of the people of his tetrarchy, still ruled in name over the country, but with Roman garrisons in the cities and strongholds. Face to face with him, and exercising an *imperium in imperio* throughout Galilee were the same priestly caste, though far less formidable to the civil power and to the people, than in the southern province. Along the western coast of the Sea of Galilee, the chief scene of our Lord's northern ministry, lay a net-work of towns densely inhabited, and containing a large admixture of Gentile traders. This infusion of foreign blood, the want of any such religious centre as Jerusalem, and the contempt with which the southern Jews regarded their provincial brethren of Galilee, had no doubt loosened to some extent the yoke of the priests and scribes and lawyers in that province. But even here their tradi-

tionary power over the masses of the people was very great and the consequences of defying their authority as penal, though the penalty might be neither so swift or so certain as in Jerusalem itself. Such was the society into which Christ came.

It is not easy to find a parallel case in the modern world, but perhaps the nearest exists in a portion of our own empire. The condition of parts of India in our day resembles in some respects that of Palestine in the year A.D. 30. In the Mahratta country, princes, not of the native dynasty, but the descendants of foreign courtiers (like the Idumean Herods), are reigning. British residents at their courts, hated and feared, but practically all-powerful as Roman procurators, answer to the officers and garrisons of Rome in Palestine. The people are in bondage to a priestly caste scarcely less heavy than that which weighed on the Judean and Galilean peasantry. If the Mahrattas were Mohammedans, and Mecca were situate in the territory of Scindiah or Holkar ; if the influence of twelve centuries of Christian training could be wiped out of the English character, and the stubborn and fierce nature of the Jew substituted for that of the Mahratta ; a village reformer amongst them, whose preaching outraged the Brahmins, threatened the dynasties, and disturbed the English residents, would start under somewhat similar conditions to those which surrounded Christ when he commenced his ministry.

In one respect, and one only, the time seemed propitious. The mind and heart of the nation was full of the expectation of a coming Messiah—a King who should break every yoke from off the necks of his people, and should rule over the nations, sitting on the throne of David. The intensity of this expectation had, in the opening days of his ministry, drawn crowds into the wilderness beyond Jordan from all parts of Judea and Galilee, at the summons of a preacher who had caught up the last cadence of the song of their last great prophet, and was proclaiming that both the deliverance and the kingdom which they were looking for were at hand. In those crowds who flocked to hear John the Baptist there were doubtless some even amongst the priests and scribes, and many amongst the poor Jewish and Galilean peasantry, who felt that there was a heavier yoke upon them than that of Rome or of Herod Antipas. But the record of the next three years shows too clearly that even these were wholly unprepared for any other than a kingdom of this world, and a temporal throne to be set up in the holy city.

And so, from the first, Christ had to contend not only against the whole of the established powers of Palestine, but against the highest aspirations of the best of his countrymen. These very Messianic hopes, in fact, proved the greatest stumbling-block in his path. Those who entertained them most vividly had the greatest

difficulty in accepting the carpenter's son as the promised Deliverer. A few days only before the end he had sorrowfully to warn the most intimate and loving of his companions and disciples, "Ye know not what spirit ye are of."

We must endeavor to keep these external conditions and surroundings of the life of a Galilean peasant in the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius Cæsar in our minds, if we really wish honestly to understand and appreciate the work done by one of them in those three short years, or the character of the doer of it.

PART II.—THE TESTS OF MANLINESS.

"Obvius in palatio Julius Atticus speculator, cruentum gladium ostentans, occisum a se Othonem, exclamavit; et Galba, 'Commilito,' inquit, 'quis jussit?' insigni animo ad coercendam militarem licentiam, minantibus intrepidus, adversus blandientes incorruptus."—*Tacit. Hist.*, lib. i., cap. xxxv.

One other precaution we must take at the outset of our inquiry, and that is, to settle for ourselves, without diverging into useless metaphysics, what we mean by "manliness, manfulness, courage" My friends of the Christian Guild seemed to assume that these words all have the same meaning, and denote the same qualities. Now, is this so? I think not, if we take the common use of the words. "Manliness and manfulness" are synonymous, but they embrace more than we ordinarily mean by the word "courage;" for instance, tenderness, and thoughtfulness for others. They include that courage which lies at the root of all manliness, but is, in fact, only its lowest or rudest form. Indeed, we must admit that it is not exclusively a human quality at all, but one which we share with other animals, and which some of them—for instance, the bulldog and weasel—exhibit with a certainty and a thoroughness which is very rare amongst mankind.

In what, then, does courage, in this ordinary sense of the word, consist? First, in persistency, or the determination to have one's own way, coupled with contempt for safety and ease, and readiness to risk pain or death in getting one's own way. This is, let us readily admit, a valuable, even a noble quality, but an animal quality rather than a human or manly one, and obviously not that quality of which the promoters of the Christian Guild were in search. For I fear we cannot deny that this kind of courage is by no means incompatible with those savage or brutal habits of violence which the Guild was specially designed to put down and root out amongst our people. What they desired to cultivate was obviously not animal but manly courage; and the fact that we are driven to use these epithets "animal" and "manly" to make our meaning clear, shows, I think, the necessity of insisting on this distinction and keeping it well in mind.

We should note, also, that the tests of the Guild were, with one exception, not really adapted as tests even of animal courage, much less of manliness. For they proposed that the possession of the Royal Humane Society's medal or the badge of excellence in athletic games should be the qualification for the first members. Now the possession of the medal does amount to *primâ facie* evidence, not only of animal courage but of manliness; for it can only be won by an act involving not only persistency and contempt of pain and danger, but self-sacrifice for the welfare of another. But proficiency in athletic games has no such meaning, and is not necessarily a test even of animal courage, but only of muscular power and physical training. Even in those games which, to some extent, do afford a test of the persistency, and contempt for discomfort or pain which constitute animal courage—such as rowing, boxing, and wrestling—it is of necessity a most unsatisfactory one. For instance, Nelson—as courageous an Englishman as ever lived, who attacked a Polar bear with a handspike when he was a boy of fourteen, and told his captain, when he was scolded for it, that he did not know Mr. Fear—with his slight frame and weak constitution, could never have won a boat race and in a match would have been hopelessly astern of any one of the crew of his own barge; and the highest courage which ever animated a human body would not enable the owner of it, if he were himself untrained, to stand for five minutes against a trained wrestler or boxer.

Athleticism is a good thing if kept in its place, but it has come to be very much over-praised and over-valued amongst us, as I think these proposals of the Christian Guild, for the attainment of their most admirable and needful aim, tend to show clearly enough, if proof were needed. We may say, then, I think, without doubt, that its promoters were not on the right scent or likely to get what they were in search of by the methods they proposed to use. For after getting their society of athletes it might quite possibly turn out to be composed of persons deficient in real manliness.

While, however, keeping this conclusion well in mind, we need not at all depreciate athleticism, which has in it much that is useful to society, and is indeed admirable enough in its own way. But as the next step in our inquiry, let us bear well in mind that athleticism is not what we mean here. True manliness is as likely to be found in a weak as in a strong body. Other things being equal, we may perhaps admit (though I should hesitate to do so) that a man with a highly-trained and developed body will be more courageous than a weak man. But we must take this caution with us, that a great athlete may be a brute or a coward, while a truly manly man can be neither.

Having got thus far, and satisfied ourselves what is not of the

essence of manliness, though often assumed to be so (as by the promoters of the Christian Guild), let us see if we cannot get on another step, and ascertain what is of that essence. And here it may be useful to take a few well-known instances of courageous deeds and examine them; because if we can find out any common quality in them we shall have lighted on something which is of the essence of, or inseparable from, that manliness which includes courage—that manliness of which we are in search.

I will take two or three at hazard from a book in which they abound, and which was a great favorite here some years ago, as I hope it is still—I mean Napier's "Peninsular War." At the end of the storming of Badajoz, after speaking of the officers, Napier goes on, "Who shall describe the springing valor of that Portuguese grenadier who was killed the foremost man at Santa Maria? or the martial fury of that desperate rifleman who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword-blades, and then suffered the enemy to dash his head in pieces with the ends of their muskets?" Again, at the Coa, "a north of Ireland man named Stewart, but jocularly called 'the Boy,' because of his youth, nineteen, and of his gigantic stature and strength, who had fought bravely and displayed great intelligence beyond the river, was one of the last men who came down to the bridge, but he would not pass. Turning round he regarded the French with a grim look, and spoke aloud as follows: 'So this is the end of our brag. This is our first battle, and we retreat! The boy Stewart will not live to hear that said.' Then striding forward in his giant might he fell furiously on the nearest enemies with the bayonet, refused the quarter they seemed desirous of granting, and died fighting in the midst of them."

"Still more touching, more noble, more heroic, was the death of Sergeant Robert McQuade. During McLeod's rush this man, also from the north of Ireland, saw two men level their muskets on rests against a high gap in a bank, awaiting the uprise of an enemy. The present Adjutant-general Brown, then a lad of sixteen, attempted to ascend at the fatal spot. McQuade, himself only twenty-four years of age, pulled him back, saying, in a calm, decided tone, 'You are too young, sir, to be killed,' and then offering his own person to the fire, fell dead, pierced with both balls." And, speaking of the British soldier generally, he says in his preface, "What they were their successors now are. Witness the wreck of the Birkenhead, where four hundred men, at the call of their heroic officers, Captains Wright and Girardot, calmly and without a murmur accepted death in a horrible form rather than endanger the women and children saved in the boats. The records of the world furnish no parallel to this self-devotion." Let us add to these two very recent examples, of which we have all been read-

ing in the last few months: the poor colliers who worked day and night at Pont-y-pridd, with their lives in their hands, to rescue their buried comrades; and the gambler in St. Louis who went straight from the gaming-table into the fire, to the rescue of women and children, and died of the hurts after his third return from the flames.

Looking, then, at these several cases, we find in each that resolution in the actors to have their way, contempt for ease, and readiness to risk pain or death, which we noted as the special characteristics of animal courage, which we share with the bulldog and weasel.

So far all of them are alike. Can we get any farther? Not much, if we take the case of the rifleman who thrust his head under the sword-blades and allowed his brains to be knocked out sooner than draw it back, or that of "the boy Stewart." These are intense assertions of individual will and force—avowals of the rough hard-handed man that he has that in him which enables him to defy pain and danger and death—this and little or nothing more; and no doubt a very valuable and admirable thing as it stands.

But we feel, I think, at once, that there *is* something more in the act of Sergeant McQuade, and of the miners in Pont-y-Pridd—something higher and more admirable. And it is not a mere question of degree, of more or less, in the quality of animal courage. The rifleman and "the boy Stewart" were each of them persistent to death, and no man can be more. The acts were, then, equally courageous, so far as persistency and scorn of danger and death are concerned. We must look elsewhere for the difference, for that which touches us more deeply in the case of Sergeant McQuade than in that of "the boy Stewart," and can only find it in the motive. At least it seems to me that the worth of the last lies mainly in the sublimity of self-assertion, of the other in the sublimity of self-sacrifice.

And this holds good again in the case of the Birkenhead. Captain Wright gave the word for the men to fall in on deck by companies, knowing that the sea below them was full of sharks, and that the ship could not possibly float till the boats came back; and the men fell in, knowing this also, and stood at attention without uttering a word, till she heeled over and went down under them. And Napier, with all his delight in physical force and prowess, and his intense appreciation of the qualities which shine most brightly in the fiery action of battle, gives the palm to these when he writes, "The records of the world furnish no parallel to this self-devotion." He was no mean judge in such a case; and, if he is right, as I think he is, do we not get another side-light on our inquiry, and find that the highest temper

of physical courage is not to be found or perfected in action, but in repose? All physical effort relieves the strain, and makes it easier to persist unto death, under the stimulus and excitement of the shock of battle, or of violent exertion of any kind, than when the effort has to be made with grounded arms. In other words, may we not say that, in the face of danger, self-restraint is after all the highest form of self-assertion, and a characteristic of manliness as distinguished from courage?

But we have only been looking hitherto at one small side of a great subject, at the courage which is tested in times of terror, on the battle-field, in the sinking ship, the poisoned mine, the blazing house. Such testing times come to few, and to these not often in their lives. But, on the other hand, the daily life of every one of us teems with occasions which will try the temper of our courage as searchingly, though not as terribly, as battle-field or fire or wreck. For we are born into a state of war; with falsehood and disease and wrong and misery, in a thousand forms, lying all around us, and the voice within calling on us to take our stand as men in the eternal battle against these.

And in this life-long fight, to be waged by every one of us single-handed against a host of foes, the last requisite for a good fight, the last proof and test of our courage and manfulness, must be loyalty to truth—the most rare and difficult of all human qualities. For such loyalty, as it grows in perfection, asks ever more and more of us, and sets before us a standard of manliness always rising higher and higher.

And this is the great lesson which we shall learn from Christ's life, the more earnestly and faithfully we study it. "For this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, to bear witness to the truth." To bear this witness against avowed and open enemies is comparatively easy. But to bear it against those we love, against those whose judgment and opinions we respect, in defence or furtherance of that which approves itself as true to our own inmost conscience, this is the last and abiding test of courage and of manliness. How natural, nay, how inevitable it is, that we should fall into the habit of appreciating and judging things mainly by the standards in common use amongst those we respect and love. But these very standards are apt to break down with us when we are brought face to face with some question which takes us ever so little out of ourselves and our usual moods. At such times we are driven to admit in our hearts that we, and those we respect and love, have been looking at and judging things, not truthfully, and therefore not courageously and manfully, but conventionally. And then comes one of the most searching of all trials of courage and manliness, when a man or woman is called to stand by what approves itself to their consciences as true, and to protest for it

through evil report and good report, against all discouragement and opposition from those they love or respect. The sense of antagonism instead of rest, of distrust and alienation instead of approval and sympathy, which such times bring, is a test which tries the very heart and reins, and it is one which meets us at all ages, and in all conditions of life. Emerson's hero is the man who, "taking both reputation and life in his hand, will with perfect urbanity dare the gibbet and the mob, by the absolute truth of his speech and rectitude of his behavior." And, even in our peaceful and prosperous England, absolute truth of speech and rectitude of behavior will not fail to bring their fiery trials, if also in the end their exceeding great rewards.

We may note, too, that in testing manliness as distinguished from courage, we shall have to reckon sooner or later with the idea of duty. Nelson's column stands in the most conspicuous site in all London, and stands there with all men's approval, not because of his daring courage. Lord Peterborough in a former generation, Lord Dundonald in the one which succeeded, were at least as eminent for reckless and successful daring. But it is because the idea of devotion to duty is inseparably connected with Nelson's name in the minds of Englishmen, that he has been lifted high above all his compeers in England's capital.

In the throes of one of the terrible revolutions of the worst days of imperial Rome—when probably the cruellest mob and most licentious soldiery of all time were raging round the palace of the Cæsars, and the chances of an hour would decide whether Galba or Otho should rule the world, the alternative being a violent death—an officer of the guard, one Julius Atticus, rushed into Galba's presence with a bloody sword, boasting that he had slain his rival, Otho. "My comrade, by whose order?" was his only greeting from the old Pagan chief. And the story has come down through eighteen centuries, in the terse, strong sentences of the great historian prefixed to this chapter, a test for all times.

Comrade, who ordered thee? whose will art thou doing? It is the question which has to be asked of every fighting man, in whatever part of the great battle-field he comes to the front, and determines the manliness of soldier, statesman, parson, of every strong man and suffering woman.

> "Three roots bear up Dominion: knowledge, will,
> These two are strong: but stronger still the third,
> Obedience: 'tis the great tap-root, which still,
> Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred,
> Though storm and tempest spend their utmost skill."

I think that the more thoroughly we sift and search out this question the more surely we shall come to this as the conclusion of the whole matter. Tenacity of will, or wilfulness, lies at the root of

all courage, but courage can only rise into true manliness when the will is surrendered; and the more absolute the surrender of the will the more perfect will be the temper of our courage and the strength of our manliness.

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,"

our laureate has pleaded, in the moment of his highest inspiration,

"Our wills are ours to make them thine."

And that strong Son of God to whom this cry has gone up in our day, and in all days, has left us the secret of his strength in the words, "I am come to do the will of my Father and your Father."

PART III.—CHRIST'S BOYHOOD.

"So close is glory to our dust,
So near is God to man;
When duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can."—EMERSON.

ONE great difficulty meets the student of our Lord's life and character from whatever side, and with whatever purpose, he may approach it. The whole authentic record of that life, up to the time of his baptism, when he was already thirty years old, is comprised in half a dozen sentences. All that we know is the story of his visit to Jerusalem at the age of twelve, when he was lost in the crush of the great feast, and his parents turned back to look for him: "And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting at the feet of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. And when they saw him they were amazed, and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou so dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? And they understood not this saying which he spake unto them. And he went down to Nazareth and was subject unto them."

The silence of the evangelists as to all other details of his youth and early manhood, except this one short incident, which belongs rather to his public than to his private life, is intended no doubt to fix our attention on the former, as that which most concerns us. At the same time it is impossible for those who will follow, as best they may, Christ's steps and teaching, setting before themselves that highest outcome and aim of it all, "be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect," not to turn often in thought to those early years of his in which the weapons must have been forged, and the character formed and matured, for the mighty war.

And it cannot be denied that, to such seekers, this short temple story is in many ways baffling, even discouraging. There is something at first sight, wilful indeed, possibly courageous, but not manly, in a boy of twelve staying behind his parents in a strange city without their knowledge or consent; something thoughtless, almost ungracious, in the words of reply to Mary's "thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." "How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" (or "in my Father's courts," as the words are more truly translated).

The clue to this apparent divergence from the perfect manly life is given with rare insight and beauty in Mr. Holman Hunt's great picture. At any rate the face and attitude of the boy there seemed for the first time to make clear to me the meaning of the recorded incident, and to cast a flood of light on those eighteen years of preparation which yet remained before he should be ready for his public work. The real meaning and scope of that work, in all its terrible majesty and suffering and grandeur, have just begun to dawn on the boy's mind. The first sight of Jerusalem and of the temple has stirred new and strange thoughts within him. The replies of the doctors to his eager questionings have lighted up the consciousness which must have been dimly working in him already, that he was not altogether like those around him—the children with whom he was accustomed to play, the parents at whose knees he had been brought up.

Many of us must have seen, all must have read of, instances of a call to their spirits being clearly recognized by very young children, and coloring and moulding their whole after lives. We can scarcely say how early this awakening of a consciousness of what he is, of what he is meant to do, has come to this or that young child, but no one will question that it does so come in many instances long before the age of twelve. And so I think we may safely assume that when Christ came up for the first time to the feast which commemorated the great deliverance of his nation, the boy was already conscious of a voice within, calling him to devote himself to the work to which the God of his fathers had in like manner called, in their turn, Moses, and Samuel, and David, and Elijah, and Judas Maccabæus, and all that grand roll of patriot prophets, and kings, and warriors, with whose names and doings he would be already familiar. Amidst all the pomp of the great festival he found the chosen people weighed down by a sterner and more degrading bondage than had befallen them in all their long annals. And all that he heard and saw in the holy city, amongst the crowds of worshippers, and the rabbis teaching in the temple courts—the first view of the holy hill of Sion, the joy of the whole earth—the strange contrast of the eager traffic, the gross Mammon-worship, the huge slaughtering of beasts with all the brutal accompaniments,

with that universal longing and expectation in those multitudes for the Messiah, who should lead and work out the final deliverance and triumph of the people of God in that generation—must have stirred new questionings within him, questionings whether that voice which he had been already hearing in his own heart was not only *a* call, such as might come to any Hebrew boy, but *the* call—whether amongst all that vast assembly he was not the one upon whom the supreme task must be laid, who must be the deliverer of this people, so certainly and eagerly looked for.

To the young spirit before whose inward eye such a vision is opening all human ties would shrink back, and be for the moment forgotten. And, when recalled suddenly by the words of his mother, the half-conscious, dreamy answer, "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's courts, about his business?" loses all its apparent wilfulness and abruptness.

And so, full of this new question and great wonder, he went home to the village in Galilee with his parents, and was subject to them; and the curtain falls for us on his boyhood and youth and early manhood. But as nothing but what is most important, and necessary for understanding all of his life which we need for our own growth into his likeness, is told in these simple gospel narratives, it would seem that this vivid light is thrown on that first visit to Jerusalem because it was the crisis in our Lord's early life which bears most directly on his work for our race. If so, we must, I think, allow that the question, once fairly presented to the boy's mind, would never again have left it. Day by day it would have been coming back with increasing insistency, gathering power and weight. And as he submitted it day by day to the God whom prophet and Psalmist had taught every child of the nation to look upon as "about his path and about his bed, and knowing every thought of his heart," the consciousness must have gained strength and power. As the habit of self-surrender and simple obedience to the voice within grew more perfect, and more a part of his very being, the call must have sounded more and more clearly.

And, as he was in all things tempted like as we are, again and again must his human nature have shrunk back and tried every way of escape from this task, the call to which was haunting him; while every succeeding month and year of life must have disclosed to him more and more of its peril and its hopelessness, as well as of its majesty.

We have, then, to picture to ourselves this struggle and discipline going on for eighteen years—the call sounding continually in his ears, and the boy, the youth, the strong man, each in turn solicited by the special temptations of his age, and rising clear above

them through the strength of perfect obedience, the strength which comes from the daily fulfilment of daily duties—that "strength in the Lord" which St. Paul holds up to us as possible for every human being. Think over this long probation, and satisfy yourselves whether it is easy, whether it is possible to form any higher ideal of perfect manliness.

And without any morbid curiosity, and I think with profit, we may follow out the thoughts which this long period of quiet suggests. We know from the evangelists only this, that he remained in obscurity in a retired village of Galilee, and subject to his reputed father and mother. That he also remained in great seclusion while living the simple peasant life of Nazareth we may infer from the surprise, not unmixed with anger and alarm, of his own family, when, after his baptism, he began his public career amongst them. And yet, on that day, when he rose to speak in the synagogue, it is clear that the act was one which commended itself in the first instance to his family and neighbors. The eyes of all present were at once fixed on him as on one who might be expected to stand in the scribe's place, from whom they might learn something, a man who had a right to speak.

Indeed, it is impossible to suppose that he could have lived in their midst from childhood to full manhood without attracting the attention, and stirring many questionings in the minds, of all those with whom he was brought into contact. The stories in the Apocryphal Gospels of the exercise of miraculous powers by Christ as a child and boy may be wholly disregarded; but we may be sure that such a life as his, though lived in the utmost possible seclusion, must have impressed every one with whom he came in contact, from the scribe who taught the Scriptures in Nazareth to the children who sat by his side to learn, or met him by chance in the vineyards or on the hill-sides. That he was diligent in using such means for study as were within his reach, if it needed proof, would appear from his perfect familiarity with the laws and history of his country at the opening of his ministry. And the mysterious story of the crisis immediately following his baptism, in which he wrestled, as it were, face to face with the tempter and betrayer of mankind, indicates to us the nature of the daily battle which he must have been waging, from his earliest infancy, or at any rate ever since his first visit to Jerusalem. No one can suppose for a moment that the trial came on him for the first time after the great prophet to whom all the nation were flocking had owned him as the coming Christ. That recognition removed, indeed, the last doubt from his mind, and gave him the signal for which he had been patiently waiting, that the time was come and he must set forth from his retirement. But the assurance that the

call would come at some time must have been growing on him in all those years, and so when it does come he is perfectly prepared.

In his first public discourse in the synagogue of Nazareth we find him at once announcing the fulfilment of the hopes which all around him were cherishing. He proclaims, without any preface or hesitation, with the most perfect directness and confidence, the full gospel of the kingdom of heaven. "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand." He takes for the text of his first discourse the passage in Isaiah: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive, the recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord," and proceeds to expound how "this day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears." And within the next few days he delivers his Sermon on the Mount, of which we have the full record, and in which we find the meaning, and character, and principles of the kingdom laid down once and for all. Mark, that there is no hesitation, no ambiguity, no doubt as to who he is, or what message he has to deliver. "I have not come to destroy but to fulfil the law which my Father and your Father has given you, and which you have misunderstood. This which I am now unfolding to you is the meaning of that law, this is the will of my Father who is in heaven."

Thus he springs at once, as it were, full-armed into the arena; and it is this thorough mastery of his own meaning and position from the first—this thorough insight into what he has to do, and the means by which it is to be done—upon which we should fix our thoughts if we want to understand, or to get any notion at all of, what must have been the training of those eighteen years.

How had this perfect insight and confidence been reached? "This young peasant, preaching from a boat or on a hill-side, sweeps aside at once the traditions of our most learned doctors, telling us that this, which we and our fathers have been taught, is not what the God of Israel intended in these commandments of his; but that he, this young man, can tell us what God did really intend. He assumes to speak to us as one having authority. Who gave him this authority?" These, we know, are the kind of questionings with which Christ was met at once, and over and over again. And they are most natural and necessary questionings, and must have occurred to himself again and again, and been answered by him to himself, before he could have stood up to proclaim with the tone of absolute authority his good news to the village congregations in Galilee, or the crowds on the Mount, or by the lake.

Who gave thee this authority? We can only reverentially, and

at a distance, picture to ourselves the discipline and struggles by which the answer was reached, which enabled him to go out without the slightest faltering or misgiving, and deliver his full and astounding message, the moment the sign came that the time had come, and that it was indeed he to whom the task was intrusted.

But the lines of that discipline, which in a measure is also the discipline of every one of us, are clearly enough indicated for us in the story of the temptation.

In every subtle form this question must have been meeting the maturing Christ day after day. Art thou indeed the Son of God who is said to be coming to redeem this enslaved and degraded people, and with and beside them all the kingdoms of the world? Even if these prophets have not been dreaming and doting, art not thou at least dreaming and doting? At any rate if that is your claim put it to some test. Satisfy yourself, and show us, while satisfying yourself, some proof of your title which we, too, can recognize. Here are all these material, visible things which, if your claim be true, must be subject to you. Show us your power over some of them—the meanest if you will, the common food which keeps men alive. There are spiritual invisible forces too, which are supposed to be the ministers of God, and should therefore be under the control of his Son—give us some sign that you can guide or govern the least of them. Why pause or delay? Is the burden growing lighter on this people? Is the Roman getting year by year less insolent, the publican less fraudulent and exacting, the Pharisees and rulers less godless, the people, your own kin amongst them, less degraded and less brutal? You are a grown man, with the full powers of a man at any rate. Why are you idling here when your Father's work (if God be your Father) lies broadcast on every side, and no man standing forth to "the help of the Lord against the mighty," as our old seers used to rave?

I hope I may have been able to indicate to you, however imperfectly, the line of thought which will enable each of you for yourselves to follow out and realize, more or less, the power and manliness of the character of Christ implied in this patient waiting in obscurity and doubt through the years when most men are at full stretch—waiting for the call which shall convince him that the voice within has not been a lying voice—and meantime making himself all that God meant him to be, without haste and without misgiving.

In the time of preparation for the battle of life this is the true touchstone. Haste and distrust are the sure signs of weakness, if not of cowardice. Just in so far as they prevail in any life, even in the most heroic, the man fails, and his work will have to be done over again. In Christ's life up to the age of thirty there is not the slightest trace of such weakness or cowardice. From all that we

are told, and from all we can infer, he made no haste, and gave way to no doubt, waiting for God's mind, and patiently preparing himself for whatever his work might be. And so his work from the first was perfect, and through his whole public life he never faltered or wavered, never had to withdraw or modify a word once spoken. And thus he stands, and will stand to the end of time, the true model of the courage and manliness of boyhood and youth and early manhood.

Before passing on to the public life of Christ, there is one point which has been raised, and upon which perhaps a few words should be said, although it does not directly bear upon our inquiry. I refer to the supernatural power which all Christians hold to have dwelt in him, and to have been freely exercised within certain limits during his public career. Was he always conscious of it? And if so, did he exercise it before his call and baptism? Here we get not the slightest direct help from the gospel narratives, and (as has been already said) no reliance whatever can be placed on the apocryphal stories of his boyhood. We are therefore left to our own judgment and reason, and there must always be differences between the conclusions at which one man and another will arrive, however honestly each may search for the truth.

To me, however, one or two matters seem to be clear enough. The first is, that he had only the same means as the rest of us of becoming conscious of his relationship to God. For, if this were not so, he is no example for us, he was not "tempted like as we are." Now the great difference between one man and another depends upon how these means are used; and, so far as they are used according to the mind and will of God, we gain mastery over ourselves and our surroundings. "As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it," may be a startling saying of Mr. Emerson's, but is one which commends itself to our experience and reason, if we only consult them honestly. Let us take the most obvious example of this law. Look at the relations of man to the brute creation. One of us shall have no difficulty in making friends of beasts and birds, while another excites their dread and hate, so that even dogs will scarcely come near him. There is no need to go back to the traditions of the hermits in the Thebaid, or St. Francis of Assisi, for instances of the former class. We all know the story of Cowper and his three hares from his exquisite letters and poem, and most of you must have read or heard of the terms on which Waterton lived with the birds and beasts in his Yorkshire home, and of Thoreau, unable to get rid of wild squirrels and birds who would come and live with him, or from a boat taking up fish, which lay quetly in his hand till he chose to put them back again into the stream. But I suppose there is scarcely one

of us who has not himself seen such instances again and again, persons of whom the old words seemed literally true. "At destruction and famine thou shalt laugh; neither shalt thou be afraid of the beasts of the earth. For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field, and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee."

I remember myself several such; a boy who was friends even with rats, stoats, and snakes, and generally had one or other of them in his pockets; a groom upon whose shoulders the pigeons used to settle, and nestle against his cheeks, whenever he went out into the stable-yard or field. Is there any reasonable way of accounting for this? Only one, I think, which is, that those who have this power over and attraction for animals have always felt toward them and treated them as their Maker intended—have unconsciously, perhaps, but still faithfully, followed God's mind in their dealings with his creatures, and so have stood in true relations to them all, and have found the beasts of the field at peace with them.

In the same way the stones of the field are in league with the geologist, the trees and flowers with the botanist, the component parts of earth and air with the chemist, just in so far as each, consciously or unconsciously, follows God's method with them—each part of his creation yielding up its secrets and its treasures to the open mind of the humble and patient, who is also at bottom always the most courageous, learner.

And what is true of each of us beyond all question—what every man who walks with open eyes and open heart knows to be true of himself—must be true also of Christ. And so, though we may reject the stories of the clay birds, which he modelled as a child, taking wing and bursting into song round him (as on a par with St. Francis's address to his sisters the swallows at Alvia, or the flocks in the Marches of Venice, who thereupon kept silence from their twitterings and songs till his sermon was finished), we cannot doubt that in proportion as Christ was more perfectly in sympathy with God's creation than any mediæval saint, or modern naturalist, or man of science, he had more power than they with all created things from his earliest youth. Nor could it be otherwise with the hearts and wills of men. Over these we know that, from that time to this, he has exercised a supreme sway, infinitely more wonderful than that over birds and beasts, because of man's power of resistance to the will Christ came to teach and to do, which exists, so far as we can see, in no other part of creation.

I think, then, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that he must have had all these powers from his childhood, that they must have been growing stronger from day to day, and he, at the same time, more and more conscious of possessing them, not to

use on any impulse of curiosity or self-will, but only as the voice within prompted. And it seems the most convincing testimony to his perfect sonship, manifested in perfect obedience, that he should never have tested his powers during those thirty years as he did at once and with perfect confidence as soon as the call came. Had he done so his ministry must have commenced sooner; that is to say, before the method was matured by which he was to reconstruct, and lift into a new atmosphere and on to a higher plane, the faith and life of his own nation and of the whole world. For it is impossible to suppose that the works which he did and the words he spoke at thirty—which at once threw all Galilee and Judea into a ferment of hope and joy and doubt and anger—should have passed unnoticed had they been wrought and spoken when he was twenty. Here, as in all else, he waited for God's mind; and so, when the time for action came, worked with the power of God. And this waiting and preparation must have been the supreme trial of his faith. The holding this position must have been in those early years the holding of the very centre of the citadel of man's soul (as Bunyan so quaintly terms it), against which the assaults of the tempter must have been delivered again and again while the garrison was in training for the victorious march out into the open field of the great world, carrying forth the standard which shall never go back.

And while it may be readily admitted that Christ wielded a dominion over all created things, as well as over man, which no other human being has ever approached, it seems to me to be going quite beyond what can be proved, or even fairly assumed, to speak of his miracles as supernatural, in the sense that no man has ever done, or can ever do, the like. The evidence is surely all the other way, and seems rather to indicate that if we could only have lived up to the standard which we acknowledge in our inmost hearts to be the true one—could only have obeyed every motion and warning of the voice of God speaking in our hearts from the day when we first became conscious of and could hear it—if, in other words, our wills had from the first been disciplined, like the will of Christ, so as to be in perfect accord with the will of God—I see no reason to doubt that we, too, should have gained the power and the courage to show signs, or, if you please, to work miracles, as Christ and his apostles worked them.

PART IV.—THE CALL OF CHRIST.

"Sound, thou trumpet of God! come forth, great cause, to array us!
King and leader, appear! thy soldiers sorrowing seek thee."—A. Clough.

At last the good news for which they had been longing comes to the expecting nation. A voice is heard in the lonely tracts be-

yond Jordan—the route along which the caravans of pilgrims from Galilee passed so often, to and from the feasts at Jerusalem—proclaiming that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. The news is soon carried to the capital, and from Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, the people go out to hear it; and, when they have heard it are baptized in crowds, eagerly claiming, each for himself, a place in this kingdom. It gathers strength till it moves rulers and priests, council and Sanhedrim, as well as the people who know not the law; and presently priests and Levites are sent out from Jerusalem to test messenger and message, and ask, "Who art thou? What kingdom is this thou art proclaiming without our sanction?" It spreads northward also, and the despised Galileans from lake shore and half pagan cities flock down to hear it for themselves, and the simplest and bravest souls amongst them, such as Andrew and Simon Peter, to attach themselves to the preacher. From the highways and lake cities it pierces the Galilean valleys, and comes to the ears of Jesus, in the carpenter's cottage at Nazareth.

He, too, is moved by the call, and starts for the Jordan, filled, we may be sure, with the hope that the time for action has come at last, that the God of Israel is again about to send deliverance to his people. May we not also fairly conjecture that, on his way to Bethabara, to claim his place in the national confession and uprising, he must have had moments of rejoicing that the chief part in the great drama seemed likely after all to be laid on another? As a rule, the more thoroughly disciplined and fit a man may be for any really great work, the more conscious will he be of his own unfitness for it, the more distrustful of himself, the more anxious not to thrust himself forward. It is only the zeal of the half-instructed when the hour of a great deliverance has come at last—of those who have had a glimpse of the glory of the goal, but have never known or counted the perils of the path which leads to it—which is ready with the prompt response, "Yes—we can drink of the cup; we can be baptized with the baptism."

But in Christ, after the discipline of those long waiting years, there was no ambition, no self-delusion. He had measured the way, and counted the cost, of lifting his own people and the world out of bondage to visible things and false gods, and bringing them to the only Father of their spirits, into the true kingdom of their God. He must, indeed, have been well enough aware how infinitely more fit for the task he himself was than any of his own brethren in the flesh, with whom he was living day by day, or of the men of Nazareth with whom he had been brought up. But he knew also that the same voice which had been speaking to him, the same wisdom which had been training him, must

have been speaking to and training other humble and brave souls, wherever there were open hearts and ears, in the whole Jewish nation. As the humblest and most guileless of men, he could not have assumed that no other Israelite had been able to render that perfect obedience of which he was himself conscious. And so he may well have hurried to the Jordan in the hope of finding there, in this prophet of the wilderness, "Him who should come," the Messiah, the great deliverer—and of enlisting under his banner, and rendering him true and loyal service, in the belief that, after all, he himself might only be intended to aid and hold up the hands of a greater than himself. For we must remember that Christ could not have heard before he came to Bethabara that John had disclaimed the great title. It was not till the very day before his own arrival that the Baptist had told the questioners from Jerusalem, "I am not he."

But if any such thought had crossed his mind, or hope filled his heart, on the way to the Baptist, it was soon dispelled, and he, left again in his own loneliness, now more clearly than ever before, face to face with the task, before which even the Son of God, appointed to it before the world was, might well quail, as it confronted him in his frail human body. For John recognizes him, singles him out at once, proclaims to the bystanders, "This is he! Behold the Lamb of God! This is he who shall baptize with the fire of God's own Spirit. Here is the deliverer whom all our prophets have foretold." And by a mysterious outward sign, as well as by the witness in his own heart and conscience, Christ is at once assured of the truth of the Baptist's words—that it is indeed he himself and no other, and that his time has surely come.

That he now thoroughly realized the fact for the first time, and was startled and severely tried by the confirmation of what he must have felt for years to be probable, is not only what we should look for from our own experiences, but seems the true inference from the gospel narratives. For, although as soon as the full truth breaks upon him he accepts the mission and work to which God is calling him, and speaks with authority to the Baptist, "Suffer it to be so now," yet the immediate effect of the call is to drive him away into the wilderness, there in the deepest solitude to think over once again, and for the last time to wrestle with and master, the tremendous disclosure. And the story of the temptation which immediately follows—so full of mystery and difficulty in many ways—is invaluable for the light which it casts, not only on this crisis of his life, but before and after—on the history of the world's redemption, and the method by which that redemption is to be accomplished, the part which each individual man and woman is called to play in it.

For Christ's whole life on earth was the assertion and example

of true manliness—the setting forth in living act and word what man is meant to be, and how he should carry himself in this world of God's—one long campaign, in which "the temptation" stands out as the first great battle and victory. The story has depths in it which we can never fathom, but also clear, sharp lessons which he who runs may read, and no man can master too thoroughly. We must follow him reverently into the wilderness, where he flies from the crowds who are pressing to the Baptist, and who to-morrow will be thronging around him, if he goes back amongst them, after what the Baptist has said about him to-day.

Day after day in the wilderness the struggle goes on in his heart. He is faint from insufficient food in those solitudes, and with bodily weakness the doubts grow in strength and persistence, and the tempter is always at his side, soliciting him to end them once for all, by one act of self-assertion. All those questionings and misgivings as to his origin and mission which we have pictured to ourselves as haunting him ever since his first visit to Jerusalem, are now, as it were, focussed. There are mocking voices whispering again as of old, but more scornfully and keenly, in his ear, "Are you really the Messiah, the Son of God, so long looked for? What more proof have you to go upon than you have had for these many years, during which you have been living as a poor peasant in a Galilean village? The word of this wild man of the wilderness? He is your own cousin, and a powerful preacher, no doubt, but a wayward, wilful man, clad and fed like a madman, who has been nursing mad fancies from his boyhood, away from the holy city, the centre of national life and learning. This sign of a descending dove, and a voice which no one has heard but yourself? Such signs come to many, are never wanting when men are ready to deceive themselves, and each man's fancy gives them a different meaning. But the words, and the sign, and the voice, you say, only meet a conviction which has been growing these thirty years in your own heart and conscience? Well, then, at least for the sake of others, if not for your own sake, put this conviction to the proof, here, at once, and make sure yourself, before you go forth and deceive poor men, your brethren, to their ruin. You are famishing here in the wilderness. This, at least, cannot be what God intends for his Son, who is to redeem the world. Exercise some control over the meanest part of your Father's kingdom. Command these stones to become bread, and see whether they will obey you. Cast yourself down from this height. If you are what you think, your Father's angels will bear you up. Then, after they have borne you up, you may go on with some reasonable assurance that your claim is not a mere delusion, and that you will not be leading these poor men whom you call your brethren to misery and destruction."

And when neither long fasting and weakness, or natural doubt, distrust, impatience, or the most subtle suggestions of the tempter, can move his simple trust in his Father or wring from him one act of self-assertion, the enemy changes front and the assault comes from another quarter. "You may be right," the voices seem now to be saying; "you may not be deceived, or dreaming, when you claim to be the Son of God, sent to redeem this fair world, which is now spread out before you in all its glory. That may be your origin, and that your work. But, living as you have done till now in a remote corner of a despised province, you have no experience or knowledge of the methods or powers which sway men, and establish and maintain these kingdoms of the world, the glory of which you are beholding. These methods and powers have been in use in your Father's world, if it be his, ever since man has known good from evil. You have only to say the word, and you may use and control these methods and powers as you please. By their aid you may possibly 'see of the travail of your soul and be satisfied;' without them you will redeem nothing but perhaps a man here and there—without them you will postpone instead of hastening the coming of your Father's kingdom, to the sorrow and ruin of many generations, and will die a foiled and lonely man, crushed by the very forces you have refused to use for your Father's service. If they were wholly evil, wholly unfit for the fulfilment of any purpose of his, would he have left them in command of his world till this day? It is only through them that the world can be subdued. Your time is short, and you have already wasted much of it, standing shivering on the brink, and letting the years slip by in that cottage at Nazareth. The wisest of your ancestors acknowledged and used them, and spread his kingdom from the river to the Great Sea. Why should you reject them?"

This, very roughly and inadequately stated, is some shadow of the utmost part or skirt, as it were, of the trial-crisis, lasting forty days, through which Christ passed from his private to his public career. For forty days the struggle lasted before he could finally realize and accept his mission with all that it implied. At the end of that time he has fairly mastered and beaten down every doubt as to his call, every tempting suggestion to assert himself, or to accept or use any aid in establishing his Father's kingdom which does not clearly bear his Father's stamp and seal on the face of it. In the strength of this victory he returns from the desert, to take up the burden which has been laid on him, and to set up God's kingdom in the world by the methods which he has learned of God himself—and by no other.

Thus in following the life of Christ up to this point, so far as we have any materials, we have found its main characteristic to be patience—a resolute waiting on God's mind. I have asked you

to test, in every way you can, whether this kind of patience does not constitute the highest ideal we can form of human conduct, is not in fact the noblest type of true manliness. Pursue the same method as to this isolated section of that life, the temptation, which I readily admit has much in it that we cannot understand. But take the story simply as you find it (which is the only honest method, unless you pass it by altogether, which would be cowardly) and see whether you can detect any weakness, any flaw in the perfect manliness of Christ under the strain of which it speaks—whether he does not here also realize for us the most perfect type of manliness in times of solitary and critical trial. Spare no pains, suppress no doubt, only be honest with the story, and with your own consciences.

There is scarcely any life of first-rate importance to the world in which we do not find a crisis corresponding to this, but the nearest parallel must be sought amongst those men, the greatest of their kind, who have founded or recast one of the great religions of the world. Of these (if we except the greatest of all, Moses) Mohammed is the only one of whose call we know enough to speak. Whatever we may think of him and the religion he founded, we shall all probably admit that he was at any rate a man of the rarest courage. In his case too it is only at the end of long and solitary vigils in the desert that the vision comes which seals him for his work. The silver roll is unfolded before his eyes, and he who holds it bids him read therein the decrees of God, and tells him, "Thou art the prophet of God, and I his angel."

He is unmanned by the vision, and flies trembling to his wife, whose brave and loving counsel, and those of his friends and first disciples, scarcely keep him from despair and suicide.

I would not press the parallel further than to remark that Christ came out of the temptation with no human aid, having trod the wine-press alone, serene and resolute from that moment for the work to which God had called him.

It remains to follow his life in action, and to scrutinize its special characteristics there. And again I would ask you to sift every step thoroughly for yourselves, and see whether it will not bear the supreme crucial test from first to last. Apply that test, therefore, without scruple or limitation in respect of this special quality of manliness, from which we started on our inquiry. I have admitted, and admit again, frankly and at once, that if the life will not stand the test throughout, in every separate action and detail, the Christian hypothesis breaks down. For we may make allowances for the noblest and bravest men, for Moses, and Elijah and St. Paul, for Socrates and Luther and Mohammed, and every other great prophet, but we can make none for the perfect Son of man and Son of God. His life must stand the test under all circum-

stances, and at every moment, or the ground breaks through under our feet, and God has not revealed himself in man to men, or redeemed the world by the methods in which Christendom has believed for nineteen hundred years.

PART V.—CHRIST'S MINISTRY. ACT I.

"This perfect man, by merit called my son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men."

MILTON, *Paradise Regained*, Book I.

IT will be necessary for our purpose to follow in outline the events of our Lord's ministry as a consecutive narrative. If I do so without calling your attention to the endless difficulties and questions which have been fairly raised as to the occurrence and sequence of many of those events, it is not because I wish to ignore them myself, or to lead you away from the examination of them. In our time, which is, perhaps, before all things an age of criticism, much has been done toward the creation of a science of history, and therefore of a science of religion, which is the highest part of history. We have discovered, or at any rate have done much to perfect, the use of new and searching methods of investigation, and have applied, and are applying, these to every department of human knowledge and human life.

It was not to be expected, or indeed to be wished, that the new criticism should pause before that history, or the books containing it, which our forefathers held too sacred to be looked upon or treated as ordinary history. It has not paused, and, while respecting our fathers' reverent feeling for the books which have done so much for our nation and for the world, we may rejoice that it has not; and that friend and foe in this generation have been alike busy in turning all the light which recent research has placed within their reach upon the story of our Lord's ministry, and the gospel narratives in which it is contained.

We English were in danger of idolatry in this matter—of putting the Book in the place of Him of whom it testifies—and it is well for us that we have been shaken, however roughly, out of a habit which fostered unreality in the very centre of our lives. We were inclined to claim for Christ's religion, and for its evidences, immunities which neither he nor his apostles ever claimed. That position has been abandoned, and the best representatives of every school of religious thought amongst us (so far as I am aware) now challenge the freest inquiry, and lend their own aid in carrying it on. And amongst the first, and not least formidable, difficulties which have met Christian writers has been that of harmonizing the writings of the four evangelists so as to make the several narratives fit into one continuous whole.

Whether it is possible that this can ever be done completely, in the absence of the discovery of new evidence, which there is no reason to look for, seems to be very doubtful. At any rate it has not been accomplished hitherto. But the general outline comes out clearly enough, and this is all we need in order to pursue our own particular inquiry satisfactorily.

Turning, then, to the point at which we have arrived, we shall find ourselves at once met by questions of detail as to our Lord's return from the wilderness after his temptation. Whether he returned to the scene of John's baptism, on the Jordan, and remained there for some days, or went straight back into Galilee from the desert: whether he commenced his active ministry at once, or even yet postponed it until John had been put in prison —are questions about which there is as yet no general concurrence of opinion.

You may each of you judge for yourselves of the difficulties by comparing the passages in the four gospels which relate to this period.

Taking this warning with us, we need trouble no further about the harmonies. Indeed, for our purpose, they are of very little consequence, for, take the narrative how we will, it divides itself beyond all question into several distinct and clearly marked periods. The first of these is that between the temptation and the formal opening of Christ's ministry in Galilee, marked by his first great discourse at Nazareth, the abandonment of his home, and the selection of the five first Apostles for special and continuous service. This first period extends at most over a few months, or more probably weeks, beginning a few days before the feast of the Passover, and ending in the early summer; at the time, not (so far as I am aware) exactly ascertained, when Herod Antipas seized John the Baptist and put him in prison. We must run through it shortly, noting the principal events, and then applying our test to such of them as seem to come within the scope of our inquiry.

The temptation over, Christ appears to have returned by Bethabara on his way to his Galilean home. The crowds were still pressing to John's baptism, and a group of the most earnest amongst them had already gathered round the Baptist, and were attaching themselves to his person, as the sons of the prophets round Elisha, the apostles round Christ himself, the companions of Medina round Mohammed.

To two of these disciples John points out Christ as that Son of God, of whom he was sent to bear record. They follow him, spend a few hours of the afternoon with him, and recognize him as the Messiah. One of them, Andrew, brings his brother Simon Peter to Christ. He himself calls Philip, who in his turn brings

his friend Nathanael. With these five Christ starts for his home in Galilee.

These earliest followers, we may note, are almost certainly of the twelve apostles. As to Andrew, Simon Peter, and Philip, who are expressly named, there is no question; and there is good reason to believe that the companion of Andrew, whose name is not given, was John, the son of Zebedee, and that Nathanael was the Apostle Bartholomew, whose name is constantly coupled in the gospels with that of Philip. Nathanael was of Cana of Galilee, of what trade we do not know; the other four were of Bethsaida, a suburb of Capernaum, fishermen on the Sea of Galilee.

They accompany Christ to Cana, Nathanael's home, where they meet Christ's mother, and are present at the marriage feast, at which his first miracle is wrought. From thence they follow him to Capernaum, and some of them go on with him to Jerusalem to the Passover, at which he drives out the cattle-dealers from the outer court of the temple, and overthrows the tables of the money-changers.

This act fixes the attention of all Jerusalem upon him, and brings him at once under the notice of the Sanhedrim. One of its members, a Pharisee, seeks an interview with him by night. He commits himself neither to the mob nor to the nobleman. After the feast he remains for some time in the northern part of Judea, where his fame attracts followers, whom his disciples baptize. He then passes through Samaria, still attended by his followers, stopping some days in the city of that name, and preaching there. They then go into Galilee, and, while the disciples apparently separate for the time to their own homes and pursuits, he returns to Nazareth, to begin his formal ministry amongst those who had known him from his childhood. They turn upon him in the middle of his first discourse, and attempt to murder him. He leaves his old home for the neighboring village of Cana, where he is found by the ruler whose son is sick at Capernaum. He heals the child, and follows the father to that city, where he hears of the imprisonment of the Baptist, and at once enters on the second stage of his public career.

And now, following the narrative, step by step so far, see if you can find any trace in it of a failure of courage, even for a moment. In the first place you will find, generally, that there is no wavering or hesitation at any point. The time for these is past, and, the call once recognized and accepted, there is no shrinking or looking round or going back. The strain and burden of a great message of deliverance to men has again and again found the weak places in the faith and courage of the most devoted and heroic of those to whom it has been intrusted. Moses pleads under its pressure that another may be sent in his place, asking despairingly, "Why hast

thou sent me?" Elijah prays for death. Mohammed passes years of despondency and hesitation under the sneers of those who scoff, "There goeth the son of Abdallah, who hath his converse with God!" Such shrinkings and doubtings enlist our sympathy, make us feel the tie of a common humanity which binds us to such men. But no one, I suppose, will maintain that perfect manliness would not suppress, at any rate, the open expression of any such feelings. The man who has to lead a great revolution should keep all misgivings to himself, and the weight of them so kept must often prove the sorest part of his burden.

But let us pass on to the particular events of this period. As to many of them, the question of whether they are courageous or not perhaps does not arise, except in so far as it arises on every act in our lives, each of which may and indeed must be done either manfully with perfect directness, or unmanfully with more or less adroitness. The man whose yea is yea and his nay nay is, we all confess, the most courageous, whether or no he may be the most successful in daily life. And he who gave the precept has left us the most perfect example of how to live up to it. And this quality you will find shines out at once in these early conversations with Nathanael, Nicodemus, and the woman of Samaria, as much as in the discourses of his later years.

Before considering them we may glance at the purification of the temple, an act which at any rate should satisfy those who think courage best proved by physical daring. At this time, we must remember, he had no following, such as the crowd that swept after him on Palm Sunday, three years later, into the temple courts. But, leaving the act to speak for itself, look at the rare courage of the speech by which that act is justified when it is challenged. He, not even a Levite, a mere peasant from a despised province, had presumed to exercise authority in the very temple precincts! Jerusalem was full of worse idolatries, but the idolatry of the temple buildings was, perhaps, the strongest. The Jews seem to have regarded them as Christians have sometimes regarded the visible Church, or the Bible—as an object of worship; to have thought that if they perished God himself would perish. And so Christ's answer goes straight to the root of their idolatry. His words were not understood by the crowd, or even by his own disciples, in their full meaning—that his body, and the body of every man, is the true temple of God. But they understood enough of them to see that he had no superstition about these splendid buildings of theirs, and was trying to lift them above local and national prejudices, and those who would not be lifted brooded over them till their day of vengeance came.

But there were those on whom the daring acts and words of Christ were already taking hold. Many of those who had come

up to the Passover believed in him, some even amongst the rulers. One of these we hear more of at once.

Nicodemus, we must remember, was a leading member of the Sanhedrim, a representative of that section of the rulers who, like the rest of the nation, were expecting a deliverer, a king who should prevail against the Cæsar. They had sent to the Baptist, and had heard of his testimony to this young Galilean, who had now come to Jerusalem, and was showing signs of a power which they could not but acknowledge. For had he not cleansed the temple, which they had never been able to do, but, notwithstanding their pretended reverence for it, had allowed to be turned into a shambles and an exchange? They saw that a part of the people were ready to gather to him, but that he had refused to commit himself to them. This, then, the best of them must have felt, was no mere leader of a low, fierce, popular party or faction. Nicodemus at any rate was evidently inclined to doubt whether he might not prove to be the king they were looking for, as the Baptist had declared. The doubt must be solved, and he would see for himself.

And so he comes to Christ, and hears directly from him, that he has indeed come to set up a kingdom, but that it is no visible kingdom like the Cæsar's, but a kingdom over men's spirits, one which rulers as well as peasants must become new men before they can enter—that a light has come into the world, and "he that doeth truth cometh to that light."

From beginning to end there is no word to catch this ruler, or those he represented; no balancing of phrases or playing with plausible religious shibboleths, with which Nicodemus would be familiar, and which might please, and, perchance, reconcile, this well-disposed ruler and the powerful persons he represented. There is, depend upon it, no severer test of manliness than our behavior to powerful persons, whose aid would advance the cause we have at heart. We know from the later records that the interview of that night, and the strange words he had heard at it, made a deep impression on this ruler. His manliness, however, breaks down for the present. He shrinks back and disappears, leaving the strange young peasant to go on his way.

The same splendid directness and incisiveness characterize his teaching at Samaria. There, again, he attacks at once the most cherished local traditions, showing that the place of worship matters nothing, the object of worship everything. That object is a father of men's spirits, who wills that all men shall know and worship him, but who can only be worshipped in spirit and in truth. He, the peasant, who is talking to them, is himself the Messiah, who has come from this Father of them and him, to give them this spirit of truth in their own hearts.

The Jews at Jerusalem had been clamoring round him for signs of his claim to speak such words, and in the next few days his own people would be crying out for his blood when they heard them. These Samaritans make no such demand, but hear and recognize the message and the messenger. The seed is sown, and he passes on never to return and garner the harvest; deliberately preferring the hard, priest-ridden lake cities of the Jews as the centre of his ministry. He will leave ripe fields for others to reap. This decision, interpret it as we will, is that of no soft or timid reformer. Take this test again and compare Christ's choice of his first field for work with that of any other great leader of men

This first period fitly closes with the scene at Nazareth. Here he returns, while the reports of his doings at the feast at Jerusalem are fresh in the minds of his family and fellow-townsmen. They are excited and divided as to him and his doings. A thousand reasons would occur for speaking soft things, at such a moment, for accommodating his teaching, here at any rate, to the wants and tastes of his hearers, so as to keep a safe and friendly asylum at Nazareth, amongst the scenes and people he had loved from childhood. It is clear that some of his family, if not his mother herself, were already seriously alarmed and displeased. They disliked what they had heard of his teaching at Jerusalem and on his way home, which they felt must bring him to ruin, in which they might be involved. He must have seen and conversed with them in his own home before that scene in the synagogue, and have had then to endure the bitter pain of alienating those whom he loved and respected, and had reason to love and respect, but who could not for the time rise out of the conventional, respectable way of looking at things.

To stand by what our conscience witnesses for as truth, through evil and good report, even against all opposition of those we love, and of those whose judgment we look up to and should ordinarily prefer to follow; to cut ourselves deliberately off from their love and sympathy and respect, is surely, I repeat, one of the most severe trials to which we can be put. A man has need to feel at such times that the Spirit of the Lord is upon him in some measure, as it was upon Christ when he rose in the synagogue of Nazareth, and, selecting the passage of Isaiah which speaks most directly of the Messiah, claimed that title for himself, and told them that to-day this prophecy was fulfilled in him.

The fierce, hard, Jewish spirit is at once roused to fury. They would kill him then and there, and so settle his claims, once for all. He passes through them, and away from the quiet home where he had been brought up—alone, it would seem, so far as man could make him so, and homeless for the remainder of his life. Yet not alone, for his Father is with him; nor homeless, for

he has the only home of which man can be sure, the home of his own heart, shared with the Spirit of God.

PART VI.—CHRIST'S MINISTRY. ACT II.

"What is it that ye came to note?
A young man preaching from a boat."

A. CLOUGH.

THE second period of our Lord's ministry is one, in the main, of joyful progress and triumph, in which the test of true manliness must be more subtle than when the surroundings are hostile. It consists, I think, at such times in the careful watchfulness not to give wrong impressions, not to mislead those who are touched by enthusiasm, conscious of new life, grateful to him who has kindled that life in them.

It is then that the temptation to be all things to all men in a wrong sense—to adapt and accommodate teaching and life to a lower standard in order to maintain a hold upon the masses of average men and women who have been moved by the words of lips touched by fire from the altar of God—has generally proved too much for the best and strongest of the world's great reformers. It is scarcely necessary to labor this point, which would, I think, be sorrowfully admitted by those who have studied most lovingly and carefully the lives of such men, for instance, as Savonarola or Wesley. If you will refer to a recent and valuable work on the life of a greater than either of these, Mr. Bosworth Smith's "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," you will find there perhaps the best illustration which I can give you of this sad experience.

When Mohammed returns from Medina, sweeping at last all enemies out of his path, as the prophet of a new faith, and the leader of an awakened and repentant people, his biographer pauses to notice the lowering of the standard, both in his life and teaching. Power, he pleads, brings with it new temptations and new failures. The more thoroughly a man is carried away by his inspiration, and convinced of the truth and goodness of his cause and his message, the more likely is he to forget the means in the end, and to allow the end to justify whatever means seem to lead to its triumph. He must maintain as he can, and by any means, his power over the motley mass of followers that his mission has gathered round him, and will be apt to aim rather at what will hold them than at what will satisfy the highest promptings of his own conscience.

We may allow the plea in such cases, though with sorrow and humiliation. But the more minutely we examine the life of Christ the more we shall feel that here, again, there is no place for it. We shall be impressed with the entire absence of any such bending

to expediency, or forgetting the means in the end. He never for one moment accommodates his life or teaching to any standard but the highest: never lowers or relaxes that standard by a shade or a hair's-breadth, to make the road easy to rich or powerful questioners, or to uphold the spirit of his poorer followers when they are startled and uneasy, as they begin half-blindly to recognize what spirit they are of. This unbending truthfulness is, then, what we have chiefly to look for in this period of triumphant progress and success, questioning each act and word in turn, whether there is any swerving in it from the highest ideal.

It is not easy to mark off distinctly the time over which it extends, but it seems so me to commence with his return to Capernaum, after the healing of the centurion's son, when he hears of the imprisonment of John, and to end with the estrangement of many of his followers at his teaching as to the bread of life and the nearly contemporaneous and final and open rupture with and defiance of the chief priests and scribes and Pharisees, when they change from suspicious and watchful critics into open and avowed enemies, baffled for the moment, but dogging his footsteps and thirsting for his blood.

It is upon his relations with these scribes and Pharisees more particularly that we must keep our attention fixed, as it is here, if anywhere, that we may look for a failure of nerve and truthfulness, and therefore of manliness.

We must gather our connected view of this period from all the narratives, and shall find the beginning most clearly indicated in St. Matthew, in the last part of the fourth chapter, where he recalls to his side Peter and Andrew and the sons of Zebedee—who appear to have left him for the moment and to have returned to their boats and nets at Bethsaida—and opens his ministry in the lake cities by the Sermon on the Mount. For the end we must go to the eleventh chapter of St. Luke, where, in the house of a Pharisee, he speaks the words which madden Pharisees and lawyers into urging him vehemently to speak of many things, and watching for the words which will enable them to entangle, and, as they think, to destroy him.

First, then, as to the main facts so far as they are necessary for our purposes. We may note that our Lord accepts at once the imprisonment of the Baptist as the final summons to himself. Gathering, therefore, a few of John's disciples round him, and welcoming the restless inquiring crowds who had been roused by the voice crying in the wilderness, he stands forward at once to proclaim and explain the nature of that new kingdom of God, which has now to be set up in the world. Standing forth alone, on the open hillside, the young Galilean peasant gives forth the great proclamation, which by one effort lifted mankind on to that

new and higher ground on which it has been painfully struggling ever since, but on the whole with sure though slow success, to plant itself and maintain sure foothold.

In all history there is no parallel to it. It stands there, a miracle or sign of God's reign in this world, far more wonderful than any of Christ's miracles of healing. Unbelievers have been sneering at and ridiculing it, and Christian doctors paring and explaining it away ever since. But there it stands, as strong and fresh as ever, the calm declaration and witness of what mankind is intended by God to become on this earth of his.

As a question of courageous utterance (with which we are here mainly concerned), I would only ask you to read it through once more, bearing in mind who the preacher was—a peasant, already repudiated by his own neighbors and kinsfolk, and suspected by the national rulers and teachers; and who were the hearers—a motley crowd of Jewish peasants and fishermen, Romish legionaries, traders from Damascus Tyre, and Sidon, and the distant isles of Greece, with a large sprinkling of publicans, scribes, Pharisees, and lawyers.

The immediate result of the sermon was to bow the hearts of this crowd for the time, so that he was able to choose followers from amongst them, much as he would. He takes fishermen and peasants, selecting only two at most from any rank above the lowest, and one of these from a class more hated and despised by the Jews than the poorest peasant, the publicans. It is plain that he might at first have called apostles from amongst the upper classes had he desired it—as a teacher with any want of courage would surely have done. But the only scribe who offers himself is rejected.

The calling of the apostles is followed by a succession of discourses and miracles, which move the people more and more, until, after that of the loaves, the popular enthusiasm rises to the point it had so often reached in the case of other preachers and leaders of this strange people. They are ready to take him by force and make him a king.

The apostles apparently encourage this enthusiasm, for which he constrains them into a ship, and sends them away before him. After rejoining them and rebuking their want of understanding and faith, he returns with them to the multitudes, and at once speaks of himself as the bread from heaven, in the discourse which offends many of his disciples, who from this time go back and walk no more with him. The brief season of triumphant progress is drawing to an end, during which he could rejoice in spirit in contemplating the human harvest which he and his disciples seem to be already successfully garnering.

But even while the prospect was fairest, while the people were

surging round him in the first enthusiasm of their new faith, there had been ominous signs of that antagonism of the rulers which was to end on Calvary, and we have now to glance at the relations of Christ with them during this same period.

This antagonism was of gradual growth. In the first instance many of the scribes and Pharisees seem to have followed him more for the purpose of hearing and watching than in a spirit of direct hostility. In the Sermon on the Mount he only once alludes to them directly, when he tells his hearers that unless their righteousness exceeds that of the scribes and Pharisees there can be no place for them in this kingdom of which he is now proclaiming the laws. It does not appear, however, at first that they were alienated by what was then said, for soon afterward we find Pharisees and doctors of the law from Jerusalem "and every town of Galilee and Judea" sitting by while he teaches, "and the power of the Lord was present to heal them."

Now, however, they are aroused and startled by Christ's address to the palsied man—"Thy sins are forgiven thee." The cure of the man silences them for the moment. They are filled with fear, and glorify God, saying, "We have seen strange things to-day." But Christ's next act again rouses their jealousy afresh. He has not called any of them to his side; that, probably, they would have deemed presumption. They are waiting and watching; thinking, doubtless, that their presence gives a sanction and respectability to the young teacher, which he, and the crowds who come to hear and be healed, will in due course learn to appreciate. Meantime it might restrain him and them from rash acts and words, which would ruin a national movement that might possibly be hereafter guided to the advantage of Israel.

But now, while the great men are thus balancing, and probably admiring themselves for their liberality, Christ singles out Levi the publican, calls him as an apostle, and goes to his house to feast with a large company of other publicans. The great people remonstrate angrily. Such an act outrages all their notions of the orthodox conduct of a prophet. Christ replies simply, that he has come to call sinners, not the righteous, to repentance.

A few days later an even more serious question is raised between them. On a Sabbath-day his disciples pluck and eat the corn, and Christ justifies them. On the next Sabbath, while they are watching him, he heals a man, with the obvious purpose of trying them, and claims to be Lord of the Sabbath as he had claimed power to forgive sins. They begin to be filled with madness, and commune what they can do to him.

Still, however, the breach is not final. They have not abandoned the hope of using the young preacher and prophet for their purposes. So Simon, one of their number, invites him to his

house, and, though neglecting the usual courtesies of an entertainer (as out of place in the case of a peasant), is evidently not treacherous in the invitation. He might well flatter himself on his freedom from class prejudices, and feel that such condescension would have a good effect on his guest, and might lead him in good time to rely on and consult persons moving in the upper ranks of Jewish society as to his future course.

The story of the woman, a sinner, who gets into the room and anoints Christ's feet, and the use which he makes of the incident—to bring home to Simon's mind, with the most exquisite temper and courtesy, but with the most faithful firmness, his shortcomings as a host, and his want of true insight as a man—are amongst the finest illustrations we have of his method with the great and powerful of his nation. Before leaving the house he once more reasserts his power to forgive sins.

We must now follow him to Jerusalem, to which he goes up to one of the feasts, and, at the headquarters of the scribes and Pharisees, deliberately raises afresh the burning questions which he had left rankling in the minds of the provincial hierarchy. He heals the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda on the Sabbath-day, and sends him through the streets carrying his bed. Challenged to defend himself (probably before the Sanhedrim), he claims, more explicitly than ever before, that God is his Father, and has given him not only power to do mighty works, but "authority to execute judgment;" that their own Scriptures testify of him as he who can give them life if they will come to him for it. Upon which they, naturally enough, seek to slay him; but he gets back unscathed to Galilee, and then follows the scene which I have referred to as the end of this period of his ministry.

The Pharisees are now dogging his footsteps wherever he goes, but even yet have not given up the hope of coming to some terms with One whom they cannot help acknowledging to wield a power over the people which has slipped away from themselves. Influenced possibly by a discourse in which he upbraids the people as an evil generation, without specially alluding, as was so often his custom, to the people's leaders and teachers as those upon whom the chief guilt rested, they again invite him into their own circle. But now the time is past for the kindly courtesy of the feast in Simon's house. The usual means of washing before meat are there, but he rejects them. They express a well-bred astonishment, and then follows that scathing denunciation of their hypocrisies and tyrannies, of their "inward parts full of ravening wickedness," which makes the breach final and irrevocable between the Son of Man and the rulers of Israel.

Thenceforth Christ has more and more to "tread the wine-press alone," surrounded by bewildered followers, and powerful ene-

mies resolved on his destruction, and unscrupulous as to the means by which it must be compassed.

PART VII.—CHRIST'S MINISTRY. ACT III.

"By the light of burning martyr fires Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back."

LOWELL.

WE have now reached the critical point, the third act in the world's greatest drama. All chance of the speedy triumph of the kingdom of God, humanly speaking, in this lake country of Galilee—the battle-field chosen by himself, where his mightiest works had been done and his mightiest words spoken—the district from which his chosen companions came, and in which clamorous crowds had been ready to declare him king—is now over. The conviction that this is so, that he is a baffled leader, in hourly danger of his life, has forced itself on Christ. Before entering that battle-field, face to face with the tempter in the wilderness, he had deliberately rejected all aid from the powers and kingdoms of this world, and now, for the moment, the powers of this world have proved too strong for him.

The rulers of that people—Pharisee, Sadducee, and Herodian, scribe and lawyer—were now marshalled against him in one compact phalanx, throughout all the coasts of Galilee, as well as in Judea.

His disciples, rough, most of them peasants, full of patriotism, but with small power of insight or self-control, were melting away from a leader who, while he refused them active service under a patriot chief at open war with Cæsar and his legions, bewildered them by assuming titles and talking to them in language which they could not understand. They were longing for one who would rally them against the Roman oppressor, and give them a chance, at any rate, of winning their own land again, purged of the heathen and free from tribute. Such an one would be worth following to the death. But what could they make of this "Son of Man," who would prove his title to that name by giving his body and pouring out his blood for the life of man—of this "Son of God," who spoke of redeeming mankind and exalting mankind to God's right hand, instead of exalting the Jew to the head of mankind?

In the face of such a state of things, to remain in Capernaum, or the neighboring towns and villages, would have been to court death, there, and at once. The truly courageous man, you may remind me, is not turned from his path by the fear of death, which is the supreme test and touchstone of his courage. True; nor was Christ so turned, even for a moment.

Whatever may have been his hopes in the earlier part of his

career, by this time he had no longer a thought that mankind could be redeemed without his own perfect and absolute sacrifice and humiliation. The cup would indeed have to be drunk to the dregs, but not here, nor now. This must be done at Jerusalem, the centre of the national life and the seat of the Roman government. It must be done during the Passover, the national commemoration of sacrifice and deliverance. And so he withdraws, with a handful of disciples, and even they still wayward, half-hearted, doubting, from the constant stress of a battle which has turned against him. From this time he keeps away from the great centres of population, except when, on two occasions—at the Feast of Tabernacles and the Feast of the Dedication—he flashes for a day on Jerusalem, and then disappears again into some haunt of outlaws, or of wild beasts. This portion of his life comprises something less than the last twelve months, from the summer of the second year of his ministry till the eve of the last Passover, at Easter, in the third year.

In glancing at the main facts of this period, as we have done in the former ones, we have to note chiefly his intercourse with the twelve apostles, and his preparation of them for the end of his own career and the beginning of theirs; his conduct at Jerusalem during those two autumnal and winter feasts; and the occasions when he again comes into collision with the rulers and Pharisees, both at these feasts and in the intervals between them.

The keynote of it, in spite of certain short and beautiful interludes, appears to me to be a sense of loneliness and oppression, caused by the feeling that he has work to do, and words to speak, which those for whom they are to be done and spoken, and whom they are, first of all men, to bless, will either misunderstand or abhor. Here is all the visible result of his labor and of his travail, and the enemy is gathering strength every day.

This becomes clear, I think, at once, when, in the first days after his quitting the lake shores, he asks his disciples the question, "Whom do the world, and whom do ye, say that I am?" He is answered by Peter in the well-known burst of enthusiasm, that, though the people only look on him as a prophet, such as Elijah or Jeremiah, his own chosen followers see in him "the Christ, the Son of the living God."

It is this particular moment which he selects for telling them distinctly, that Christ will *not* triumph as they regard triumphing; that he will fall into the power of his enemies, and be humbled and slain by them. At once the proof comes of how little even the best of his own most intimate friends had caught the spirit of his teaching or of his kingdom. The announcement of his humiliation and death, which none but the most truthful and courageous of men would have made at such a moment, leaves them almost as

much bewildered as the crowds in the lake cities had been a few days before.

Their hearts are faithful and simple, and upon them, as Peter has testified, the truth has flashed once for all, that there can be no other Saviour of men than this man with whom they are living. Still, by what means and to what end the salvation shall come, they are scarcely less ignorant than the people who had been in vain seeking from him a sign such as they desired. His own elect "understood not his saying, and it was hid from them, that they perceived it not." Rather, indeed, they go straight from that teaching to dispute amongst themselves who of them shall be the greatest in that kingdom which they understand so little. And so their Master has to begin again at the beginning of his teaching, and, placing a little child amongst them, to declare that not of such men as they deem themselves, but of such as this child, is the kingdom of heaven.

The episode of the Transfiguration follows; and immediately after it, as though purposely to warn even the three chosen friends who had been present against new delusions, he repeats again the teaching as to his death and humiliation. And he reiterates it whenever any exhibition of power or wisdom seems likely to encourage the frame of mind in the twelve generally which had lately brought the great rebuke on Peter. How slowly it did its work, even with the foremost disciples, there are but too many proofs.

Amongst his kinsfolk and the people generally, his mission, thanks to the cabals of the rulers and elders, had come by this time to be looked upon with deep distrust and impatience. "How long dost thou make us to doubt? Go up to this coming feast, and there prove your title before those who know how to judge in such matters," is the querulous cry of the former as the Feast of Tabernacles approaches. He does not go up publicly with the caravan, which would have been at this time needlessly to incur danger, but, when the feast is half over, suddenly appears in the temple. There he again openly affronts the rulers by justifying his former acts, and teaching and proclaiming that he who has sent him is true, and is their God.

It is evidently on account of this new proof of daring that the people now again begin to rally round him. "Behold, he speaketh boldly. Do our rulers know that this is Christ?" is the talk which fills the air, and induces the scribes and Pharisees, for the first time, to attempt his arrest by their officers.

The officers return without him, and their masters are, for the moment, powerless before the simple word of him who, as their own servants testify, "speaks as never man spake." But if they cannot arrest and execute, they may entangle him further, and prepare for their day, which is surely and swiftly coming. So

they bring to him the woman taken in adultery, and draw from him the discourse in which he tells them that the truth will make them free—the truth which he has come to tell them, but which they will not hear, because they are of their father the devil. He ends with asserting his claim to the name which every Jew held sacred, "before Abraham was, I am." The narrative of the seventh and eighth chapters of St. John, which record these scenes at the Feast of Tabernacles, have, I believe, done more to make men courageous and truly manly than all the stirring accounts of bold deeds which ever were written elsewhere.

The report of what had happened at the Feast of Tabernacles seems to have rekindled for a moment the fitful zeal of the people of Galilee. Christ does not, however, avail himself of this reaction until the time comes for another return to Jerusalem to the Feast of Dedication, when, probably in the month of November or early in December, he returns once more to Capernaum, to prepare for his last journey. The Pharisees, impotent themselves for the moment, now hurry to warn him that Herod is seeking to kill him; but he passes on his way with perfect indifference.

The crowds seem, as of old, inclined to gather round him again. He selects seventy from amongst them, and sends them on to prepare his route, following himself, and, this time, it being his last pilgrimage, with the multitude.

And now, again, in the first days of this progress, the most trusted of the apostles show how little, even yet, they understand their Lord, or their own work. When they see their Master once more at the head of a throng of followers the old spirit comes back on them as strongly as ever, and they are anxious to call down fire from heaven to consume those who will not receive him. His rebuke and warning, yet again, pass by them, and get no hold on them. Rather, the incidents of the journey impress them more and more with the belief that, at last, the kingdom is coming with power. At length, at some point in the progress, they are amazed, and as they follow are afraid. Once more Christ takes them aside, and endeavors to dispel their dreams, repeating to them, in painful detail, what will happen to himself at Jerusalem at the end of this journey; that he will be betrayed, delivered to the Gentiles, mocked, scourged, spat upon, crucified. In spite of this warning, and while it is yet ringing in their ears, we find James and John asking for the places of honor in the kingdom of their own imaginations!

At the feast he is met by the Pharisees and scribes in a somewhat different temper from that which they had shown at the end of his last visit. For he is once again at the head of a vast and eager multitude. They know that some, even of their own number, are inclined to believe in him. They appeal to him, passion-

ately, to say who he is. He replies by referring to his former teaching about his Father, whom they claimed as their God, adding, "I and my Father are one."

Such a reply he well knew could only have one result. He was alone; and in the ears of those who surrounded him he was speaking blasphemy, which could only be expiated by instant death. Yet he neither hesitates nor temporizes, but, when they seize stones to inflict the penalty, meets them with a bearing so calm and manly that they can no more cast the first stone at him than they could three months before at the woman taken in adultery.

He leaves Jerusalem once more after the feast, going across Jordan with his apostles to the country where John came preaching and baptizing, and remains there preaching to those who come to him, until the news of Lazarus's death takes him for a few days to Bethany. After the raising of his friend he returns to Perea again, and leaves it only when the great caravan is passing by on its way to the Passover, in the early spring. He joins the caravan with his disciples, passing with it through Jericho, the city of priests, and selecting there the publican Zaccheus as his host—a last lesson, by example, of the kind of material which will be used in building up his kingdom.

On the first day of the feast he rides into Jerusalem in apparent triumph, the city mob joining the pilgrim mob in greeting him with loud hosannas. Once more he cleanses the temple, and rouses the covetousness of the money-changers into active alliance with the bigotry of the priests, and the wild anger and jealousy of the rulers, to sweep this terrible Galilean revolutionist from the face of the earth, before he shall ruin them all.

For two days he continues to meet them in the temple and public resorts of the city, shaming, confuting, and denouncing them, and widening, hour by hour, that breach which was already gaping wide between the nation and city and their true Lord and King. The last scene in the temple, recorded in John, brings the long struggle to a close.

The more carefully you study this long wrestle with the blind leaders of a doomed nation, which has now come to an end, the more you will recognize the perfect truthfulness, and therefore the perfect courage, which marks Christ's conduct of it. From beginning to end there is no word or act which can mislead friend or foe. The strife, though for life and death, has left no trace or stain on his nature. Fresh from the last and final conflict in the temple court, he can pause on the side of Olivet to weep over the city, the sight of which can still wring from him the pathetic yearnings of a soul purified from all taint of bitterness.

It is this most tender and sensitive of the sons of men—with fibres answering to every touch and breath of human sympathy or

human hate—who has borne with absolutely unshaken steadfastness the distrust and anger of kinsfolk, the ingratitude of converts, the blindness of disciples, the fitful and purblind worship, and hatred, and fear of the nation of the Jews. So far, we can estimate to some extent the burden and the strain, and realize the strength and beauty of the spirit which could bear it all. Beyond and behind lie depths into which we can but glance. For in those last hours of his life on earth the question was to be decided whether we men have in deed and in truth a brotherhood, in a Son of Man, the head of humanity, who has united mankind to their Father, and can enable them to know him.

PART VIII.—THE LAST ACT.

"Thou seem'st both human and divine;
The highest, holiest manhood Thou!"

TENNYSON.

WE have reached the last stage, which is also the most critical one, of our inquiry. It is upon the accounts which we have of Christ's agony that the scornful denials of his manliness mainly rest. How, it is asked, can you Christians recognize as perfect man, as the head and representative of humanity, one who showed such signs of physical fear and weakness as Christ, by your own confession, showed in the garden of Gethsemane? Even without going to the roll of saints and martyrs, hundreds of men and women can be named who have looked a cruel death in the face without flinching, and endured tortures at least as painful as his with a constancy which was wanting in him.

It was, indeed, a speech of this kind in which the death of the Abolitionist leader, John Brown, was contrasted with that of Christ, as one so far superior in manliness that it ought to be enough of itself to shame Christians out of their superstition, which confirmed me in proposing this inquiry to you, as the most necessary and useful one we could engage in.

Now I freely admit that there is no recorded end of a life that I know of more entirely brave and manly than this one of Captain John Brown, of which we know every minutest detail, as it happened in the full glare of our modern life not twenty years ago. About that I think there would scarcely be disagreement anywhere. The very men who allowed him to lie in his bloody clothes till the day of his execution, and then hanged him, recognized this. "You are a game man, Captain Brown," the Southern sheriff said in the wagon. "Yes," he answered, "I was so brought up. It was one of my mother's lessons. From infancy I have not suffered from physical fear. I have suffered a thousand times more from bashfulness;" and then he kissed a negro child in its mother's

arms, and walked cheerfully on to the scaffold, thankful that he was "allowed to die for a cause, and not merely to pay the debt of nature, as all must."

There is no simpler or nobler record in the "Book of Martyrs," and in passing I would only remind you, that he at least was ready to acknowledge from whence came his strength. "Christ, the great Captain of liberty as well as of salvation," he wrote just before his death, "saw fit to take from me the sword of steel after I had carried it for a time. But he has put another in my hand, the sword of the Spirit, and I pray God to make me a faithful soldier wherever he may send me." And to a friend who left him with the words, "If you can be true to yourself to the end how glad we shall be," he answered, "I cannot say, but I do not think I shall deny my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ." The old Abolitionist would have been as amazed as any man at such a comparison as we are dealing with, and would have reminded us that, so far from treading the wide-press alone, he was upheld by the sympathy and enthusiasm of all of his own nation, and of the world outside his own nation, for whom he cared.

No such support had Christ. He knew too well that even the strongest of the little band which came with him to the garden would deny him before the light dawned over Olivet. And that sense of utter loneliness it was, more probably than all the rest of the burden which he was carrying, that wrung from him the prayer of agony, recalled almost before it was uttered, that the cup might pass from him, and caused the sweat as it were great drops of blood to fall from his brow as he knelt and prayed.

How the tradition of that agony and bloody sweat has come to us is hard to say, as the nearest witnesses were asleep; but no Christian doubts that it is a true one, or that the passion of human weakness which then passed over his soul was a genuine shrinking from the unutterable anguish which was weighing it down to the dust.

But even admitting frankly all that is recorded of the agony and bloody sweat, such admission can only enhance the sublime courage of all that follows. It is his action when the danger comes, not when he is in solitary preparation for it, which marks the man of courage.

Let us just glance at this action. As Judas with his torchmen draws near, he gathers himself together, rouses his sleepy followers, and meets his enemy in the gate. There could have been no quailing in the glance before which the armed crowd of priests' retainers went backward and fell to the ground.

Follow him through that long night: to the Sanhedrim chamber, where he himself furnishes the evidence which the chief priest sought for in vain while he was silent—to the court of the palace,

where he bore the ribaldry and dastardly tortures and insults of the low Jewish crowd till morning, turning in the midst of them with the reminding look to Peter, which sent his last friend, broken down by the consciousness of his own cowardice, weeping into the night—to the judgment-seat of Pilate, and the scourgings of the Roman soldiers—to Herod's hall and the insults of the base Galilean court—back again to the judgment-seat of the representative of the divine Tiberius, and so to the final brutalities in the prætorium while the cross is preparing, and the blood which is dripping from the crown of thorns on his brow mingles with that which flows from the wounds of his scourgings—and find, if you can, one momentary sign of terror or of weakness.

In all the world's annals there is nothing which approaches, in the sublimity of its courage, that last conversation between the peasant prisoner, by this time a mass of filth and blood, and the Roman procurator, before Pilate led him forth for the last time and pleaded scornfully with his nation for the life of their King. The canon from which we started must guide us to the end. There must be no flaw or spot on Christ's courage, any more than on his wisdom and tenderness and sympathy. And for the last time I repeat, the more unflinchingly we apply the test, the more clear and sure will the response come back to us.

We have been told recently, by more than one of those who profess to have weighed and measured Christianity and found it wanting, that religion must rest on reason, based on phenomena of this visible, tangible world in which we are living.

Be it so. There is no need for a Christian to object. He can meet this challenge as well as any other. We need never be careful about choosing our own battle-field. Looking, then, at that world as we see it, laboring heavily along in our own time—as we hear of it through the records of the ages—I must repeat that there is no phenomenon in it comparable for a moment to this of Christ's life and work. The more we canvass and sift and weigh and balance the materials, the more clearly and grandly does his figure rise before us, as the true Head of humanity, the perfect Ideal, not only of wisdom and tenderness and love, but of courage also, because he was and is the simple Truth of God—the expression, at last, in flesh and blood, of what He who created us means each one of our race to be.

We have now finished our endeavor to look at the life of Christ from one point of view, and in special connection with one human quality. I trust it may prove to be only the first step for many of you in a study which will last your lives. At any rate it is one which the reverence which is felt by every member of this college for our founder ought to commend to us above all others.

He, as you all know, was never weary of impressing on us, term after term, year after year, that the aim of this place is to make good citizens, and that this can only be done by keeping vividly before ourselves, in all our work here, that common humanity which binds us all together by the ties of family, of neighborhood, of country. What that common humanity means and implies, he taught us, can only be understood by reference to a Son of Man, and Son of God, in whom we have all a common interest, through whom we have all a common spiritual relationship to his and our Father.

To bring this home to us all, as the central truth of our own lives, as the master-key of the confusions and perplexities in our own hearts and in the world around us, was the crowning work of his life, and I trust we have been true to his principle and his method in our attempt to realize the life of this Son of Man, and Son of God on this earth, which is so mysteriously at strife with the will of its Creator and Redeemer.

Into the heart of the mystery of that strife the wisest and best of us cannot penetrate, but the wayfaring man cannot help seeing that it is precisely around this life of the Son of Man and Son of God that the fiercest controversies of our time are raging. Is it not also becoming clearer every day that they will continue to rage more and more fiercely—that there can be no rest or peace possible for mankind—until all things are subdued to him and brought into harmony with his life?

It is to this work that all churches and sects, Catholic and Protestant, that all the leading nations of the world, known collectively as Christendom, are pledged: and the time for redeeming that pledge is running out rapidly, as the distress and perplexity, the threatening disruption and anarchy, of Christendom too clearly show. It is to this work too that you and I, every man and woman of us, are also called; and if we would go about it with any hope and courage, it can only be by keeping the life of Christ vividly before us day by day, and turning to it as to a fountain in the desert, as to the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

From behind the shadow the still small voice—more awful than tempest or earthquake—more sure and persistent than day and night—is always sounding, full of hope and strength to the weariest of us all, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

Πορεύου καὶ σὺ ποίου ὁμοιως.

CONCLUSION.—AN ADDRESS, DELIVERED AT CLIFTON COLLEGE, SUNDAY EVENING, OCTOBER, 1879.

"They crowd upon us in this shade,
The youth who own the coming years—
Be never God or land betrayed
By any son our Harvard rears."

THE REV. R. LOWELL.

WHAT is it in such societies as yours that gives them so strong a hold on, so unique an attraction for, those who have been for years engaged in the rough work of life? That the fact is so I think no one will deny, explain it how they will. I at least cannot remember to have met with any man who will not own that a visit to one of our great schools moves and touches him on a side of his nature which for the most part lies quiet, almost dormant, but which he feels it is good for him should be stirred. He may go back to his work without an effort to explain to himself why these unwonted sensations have visited him, but not without a consciousness that he has had a change of air which has done him good—that he has been in a bracing atmosphere, like that at the top of some high mountain-pass where the morning sun strikes earlier and more brightly than in the valleys where his daily task must be done.

To him who cares to pursue the inquiry, I think the conviction will come, that to a stranger there is something at once inspiring and pathetic in such societies as this, standing apart as they do from, and yet so intimately connected with, the great outside world.

Inspiring, because he finds himself once again amongst these before whom the golden gates of active life are about to open, for good or evil—each one of whom holds in his hands the keys of those gates, the keys of light or of darkness, amongst whom faith is strong, hope bright, and ideals, untainted as yet by the world's slow stain, still count for a great power.

Pathetic, because he knows but too well how hard the path is to find, how steep to climb, on the farther side of those golden gates—how often in the journey since he himself passed out from under them, his own faith and hope have burned dimly, and his ideal has faded away as he toiled on, or sat by the wayside, looking wistfully after it; till in the dust and jar, the heat and strain of the mighty highway, he has been again and again tempted to doubt whether it was indeed anything more than a phantom exhalation, which had taken shape in the glorious morning light, only to vanish when the work-day sun had risen fairly above the horizon, and dispersed the colored mists.

He may well be pardoned if, at such times, the remembrance of

the actual world in which he is living, and of the generation which moved into line on the great battle-field when he himself shouldered musket and knapsack, and passed into action out of the golden gates, should for a moment or two bring the pathetic side of the picture into strongest relief. "Where are they now who represented genius, valor, self-sacrifice, the invisible heavenly world to these? Are they dead? Has the high ideal died out of them? Will it be better with the new generation?"*

Such thoughts, such doubts, will force themselves at times on us all, to be met as best we may. Happy the man who is able, not at all times and in all places, but on the whole, to hold them resolutely at arm's length, and to follow straight on, though often wearily and painfully, in the tracks of the divine visitor who stood by his side in his youth, though sadly conscious of weary lengths of way, of gulfs and chasms, which since those days have come to stretch and yawn between him and his ideal—of the difference between the man God meant him to be—of the manhood he thought he saw so clearly in those early days—and the man he and the world had together managed to make of him.

I say, happy is that man. I had almost said that no other than he is happy in any true or noble sense, even in this hard materialist nineteenth century, when the faith, that the weak must to the wall, that the strong alone are to survive, prevails as it never did before—which on the surface seems specially to be organized for the destruction of ideals and the quenching of enthusiasms. I feel deeply the responsibility of making *any* assertion on so moot a point to such an audience in such a place as this; nevertheless, even in our materialist age, I must urge you all, as you would do good work in the world, to take your stand resolutely and once for all at school and all your lives through, on the side of the idealists.

In doing so I trust and believe I shall not be running counter to the teaching you are accustomed to hear in this place. I know that I *should* be running counter to it if anything I may say were to give the least encouragement to dreaminess or dawdling. Let me say, then, at once and emphatically, that nothing can be farther from my wish or thought. The only idealism I plead for is not only compatible with sustained and vigorous work: it cannot be maintained without it.

The gospel of work is a true gospel, though not the only one, or the highest, and has been preached in our day by great teachers. And I do not deny that the advice I have just been giving you may seem at first sight to conflict with the work-gospel. Listen,

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* Emerson.

for instance, to the ring of it in the rugged and incisive words of one of our strongest poets :

"That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it.
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundreds soon hit.
This high man aiming at a million,
Misses a unit."

This sounds like a deliberate attack on the idealist, a direct preference of low to high aims and standards, of the seen to the unseen. It is in reality only a wholesome warning against aiming at any ideal by wrong methods, though the use of the words "low" and "high" is no doubt likely to mislead. The true idealist has no quarrel with the lesson of these lines ; indeed, he would be glad to see them written on one of the door-posts of every great school, if only they were ballasted on the other by George Herbert's quaint and deeper wisdom.

"Pitch thy behavior low, thy projects high,
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.
Sink not in spirit : who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree."

Both sayings are true, and worth carrying in your minds as part of their permanent furniture, and you will find that they will live there very peaceably side by side.

There is in truth no real antagonism between them. The seeming paradox, like so many others, disappears in the working world. In the stress of the great battle of life it will trouble no soldier who keeps a single eye in his head and a sound heart in his bosom. For he who has the clearest and intensest vision of what is at issue in that battle, and who quits himself in it most manfully, will be the first to acknowledge that for him there has been no approach to victory except by the faithful doing day by day of the work which lay at his own threshold.

On the other hand the universal experience of mankind—the dreary confession of those who have merely sought a "low thing," and "gone on adding one to one ;" making that the aim and object of their lives—unite in warning us that on these lines no true victory can be had, either for the man himself or for the cause he was sent into the world to maintain.

No, there is no victory possible for boy or man without humility and magnanimity ; and no humility or magnanimity possible without an ideal. I have been pleading with you boys to take sides with the idealists at once and through life. I have told you unless you do so you can neither be truly humble nor truly magnanimous.

You may reply, "Well, that advice may be good or bad, we cannot tell, until you tell us *how* we are to side with them, and what you mean by an idealist." Such a reply would be only reasonable, and I will try to answer the demand it makes, or at any rate to give you a few hints which will enable you to work out the question for yourselves.

There is not one amongst you all, I care not how young he may be, who has not heard or felt the call in his own heart to put aside all evil habits, and to live a brave, simple, truthful life in this school. It may have come to you while listening in chapel or elsewhere to religious teaching, or in the play-fields or dormitories; when you have been alone or in company, at work or at play, but that it has come, at some time, in some place, there is not a boy in this chapel who will deny. It is no modern, no Christian experience, this. The choice of Hercules, and numberless other Pagan stories, the witness of nearly all histories and all literatures, attest that it is an experience common to all our race. It is of it that the poet is thinking in those fine lines of Emerson which are written up in the Hall of Marlborough College:

> "So close is glory to our dust,
> So near is God to man—
> When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
> The youth replies, 'I can.'"

It does not wait for the reasoning powers to be developed, but comes right in upon the boy himself, appealing to him to listen and follow.

It is this whisper, this call, which is the ground of what I have, for want of a better name, been speaking of as idealism. Just in so far as the boy listens to and welcomes it, he is becoming an idealist—one who is rising out of himself, and into direct contact and communion with spiritual influences, which even when he shrinks from them, and tries to put them aside, he feels and knows to be as real, and will live, I hope, to acknowledge to be more real than all influences coming to him from the outside world—one who is bent on bringing himself and the world into obedience to these spiritual influences. If he turns to meet the call and answers ever so feebly and hesitatingly, it becomes clearer and stronger. He will feel next, that just in so far as he is loyal to it he is becoming loyal to his brethren; that he must not only build his own life up in conformity with its teaching, must not only find or cut his own way straight to what is fair and true and noble, but must help on those who are around him and will come after him, and make the path easier and plainer for them also.

I have indicated in outline, in a few sentences, a process which takes a lifetime to work out. You all know, too, alas! even those who have already listened most earnestly to the voice, and fol-

lowed most faithfully, how many influences there are about you and within you which stand across the first steps in the path, and bar your progress; which are forever dwarfing and distorting the ideal you are painfully struggling after, and appealing to the cowardice and laziness and impurity which are in every one of us, to thwart obedience to the call. But here, as elsewhere, it is the first step which costs, and tells. He who has once taken that, consciously and resolutely, has gained a vantage-ground for all his life. That first step, remember, ought to be taken by English boys at our English schools.

And here let me turn aside for a moment to note for you what seems to me, looking from outside, the ideal for which you English boys should just now be specially striving. The strength and weakness of the nation of which you are a part will always be reflected powerfully in these miniature Englands, and there is a national weakness which is alarming all thoughtful Englishmen at this time. Our race on both sides of the Atlantic has, for generations, got and spent money faster than any other, and this spendthrift habit has had a baleful effect on English life. It has made it more and more feverish and unsatisfying. The standard of expenditure has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and demoralizing trade, society, every industry, and every profession until a false ideal has established itself, and the aim of life is too commonly to get, not to be, while men are valued more and more for what they have, not for what they are.

The reaction has, I trust, set in. A period of depression, such as has not been known for half a century, has come, happily in time to show us how unreal and transitory is all such material prosperity, that a nation's life cannot stand any more than a man's in the things which it possesses. But the reign of Mammon will be hard to put down, and all wholesome influences which can be brought to bear upon that evil stronghold will be sorely needed.

Amongst these none should be more potent than that of our great schools. It is probably too late for the present generation of grown men to restore a sounder tone and set up a higher ideal. Those by whom it must be done, if it be done at all, are now growing up in such schools as this. There can be, I fear, no question that the outside world has been reflected in our schools. I hear on all sides stories of increased expenditure of all kinds. There must be fancy dresses for all games, and boys are made to feel uncomfortable who do not conform to the fashion, or who practise such useful and often necessary economies as wearing old clothes or travelling third-class. You know whether such things are true here. If they are, they are sapping true manliness, and tainting our national life at its roots. But the stain, I believe, has not sunk so deep, and the reaction may be swifter and deeper than

elsewhere in societies bound together in so close an intimacy as must exist in such schools as this.

In no other portions of English society can public opinion be modified so swiftly and so radically as in a public school. One generation of brave boys may do it, and a school generation is only a short four or five years. I say, then, deliberately, that no man can gauge the value in English life at this present critical time of a steady stream of young men, flowing into all professions and all industries from our public schools, who have learned resolutely to use those words so hard to speak in a society such as ours, "I can't afford;" who have been trained to have few wants and to serve these themselves, so that they may have always something to spare of power and of means to help others; who are "careless of the comfits and cushions of life," and content to leave them to the valets of all ranks. Many of us have hopes, from all we hear and know of this and other such schools, that such a stream of free and helpful young men may be looked for. Will you, boys, and, above all, you elder boys, who can give a tone to the standards and ideals of to-day here, which may last for many years, see that, so far at any rate as Clifton is concerned, such hopes shall not be disappointed?

And take my word for it, while you will be doing a great work for your country, and restoring an ideal which has all but faded out, you will be taking the surest road to all such success as becomes honest men to achieve, in whatever walk of life you may choose for yourselves. The outlook is by no means cheerful even for those who have learned to live simply, and to estimate "comfits and cushions" at their true value, either in England or elsewhere. The following of false ideals has, I fear, thrown heavy odds for many years to come against the chances in our modern life of those who will not bow down to them.

It is more than thirty years since the wisest of American writers and one of the best of American gentlemen, speaking to the young men of New England, made much the same sad confession as I am making to you to-day. "The young man," he says, "on entering life finds the way to lucrative employment blocked by abuses. The ways of trade are grown selfish to the borders of theft, and supple to the borders (if not beyond the borders) of fraud. The employments of commerce are not intrinsically unfit for a man, or less genial to his faculties; but these are now in their general course so vitiated by derelictions and abuses, at which all connive, that it requires more vigor and resources than can be expected of every young man to right himself in them. Has he genius and virtue? the less does he find them fit for him to grow in, and if he would thrive in them he must sacrifice all the brilliant dreams of boyhood and youth; he must forget the prayers of his childhood,

and must take on him the harness of routine and obsequiousness. . . . I do not charge the merchant or manufacturer. The sins of our trade belong to no class, to no individual. One plucks, one distributes, one eats. Everybody partakes, everybody confesses—with cap and knee volunteers his confession, yet none feels himself accountable. He did not create the abuse, he cannot alter it. . . . It happens, therefore, that all such ingenuous souls as feel in themselves the irrepressible strivings of a noble aim, who by the law of their nature must act simply, find these ways of trade unfit for them, and they come forth from it. Such cases are becoming more common every day. But by coming out of trade you have not cleared yourselves—the trail of the serpent reaches into all the lucrative professions and practices of men. Each has its own wrongs. Each finds a very intelligent conscience a disqualification for success." And so further on he adds, "Consideratons of this kind have turned the attention of many philanthropists and intelligent persons to the claims of manual labor as part of the education of every young man. If the accumulated wealth of the past generation is thus tainted—no matter how much of it is offered to us—we must begin to consider if it were not the nobler part to renounce it, and to put ourselves into primary relations with the soil and nature, and, abstaining from whatever is dishonest and unclean, to take each of us bravely his part with his own hands in the manual labor of the world."

It is a sad confession that our modern society has come to such a pass, but one which I fear holds as true for England as for America. That it will continue so no one who has faith in a righteous government of the world can believe. There seem to me signs on all sides that it is coming to an end, and that a new industrial world is already forming under the wreck of the old. But the time of change must be one of sore trial, and your generation will have to bear the strain of it. In such a time as this they only will be able to help their country in her need who have learned in early life the great lessons of simplicity and self-denial, and I don't hesitate to say that the worst education which teaches simplicity and self-denial is better than the best which teaches all else but this.

The first aim, then, for your time and your generation should be, to foster, each in yourselves, and each in your school, a simple and self-denying life—your ideal, to be a true and useful one, must have these two characteristics before all others. Of course purity, courage, truthfulness are as absolutely necessary as ever; without them there can be no ideal at all. But as each age and each country has its own special needs and weaknesses, so the best mind of its youth should be bent on serving where the need is sorest, and bringing strength to the weak places.

There will be always crowds ready to fall in with the dapper, pliant ways which lead most readily to success in every community. Society has been said to be "always and everywhere in conspiracy against the true manhood of every one of its members;" and the saying, though bitter, contains a sad truth. So the faithful idealist will have to learn, without arrogance and with perfect good temper, to treat society as a child, and never to allow it to dictate. So treated, society will surely come round to those who have a high ideal before them, and therefore firm ground under their feet.

> "Coy Hebe flies from those that woo
> And shuns the hand would seize upon her;
> Live thou thy life, and she will sue,
> To pour for thee the cup of honor."

Let me say a word or two more on this business of success. Is it not, after all, the test of true and faithful work? Must it not be the touchstone of the humble and magnanimous, as well as of the self-asserting and ambitious? Undoubtedly; but here again we have to note that what passes with society for success, and is so labelled by public opinion, may well be, as often as not actually is, a bad kind of failure.

Public opinion in our day has, for instance, been jubilant over the success of those who have started in life penniless and have made large fortunes. Indeed, this particular class of self-made men is the one which we have been of late invited to honor. Before doing so, however, we shall have to ask with some care, and bearing in mind Emerson's warnings, by what methods the fortune has been made. The rapid accumulation of national wealth in England can scarcely be called a success by any one who studies the methods by which it has been made, and its effects on the national character. It may be otherwise with this or that millionaire, but each case must be judged on its own merits.

I remember hearing, years ago, of an old merchant who, on his death-bed, divided the results of long years of labor, some few hundreds in all, amongst his sons. "It is little enough, my boys," were almost his last words, "but there isn't a dirty shilling in the whole of it." He had been a successful man, too, though not in the "self-made" sense. For his ideal had been, not to make money, but to keep clean hands. And he had been faithful to it.

In reading the stories of these last persons whom the English nation is invited to honor, I am generally struck with the predominance of the personal element. The key-note seems generally some resolve taken in early youth connected with their own temporal advancement. This one will be Lord Mayor; this other Prime Minister; a third determines to own a fine estate near the place of his birth, a fourth to become head of the business in which he

started as an errand-boy. They did indeed achieve their ends, were faithful to the idea they had set before themselves as boys; but I doubt if we can put them anywhere but in the lower school of idealists. For the predominant motive being self-assertion, their idealism seems never to have got past the personal stage, which at best is but a poor business as compared with the true thing. Try the case by a test every one of you can apply directly and easily. One boy here resolves—I will win this scholarship; I will be head of the school; I will be captain of the eleven; and does it. Another resolves—this school shall be purer in tone, simpler in habits, braver and stronger in temper, for my presence here; does his best, but doubts after all whether he has succeeded. I need not say that the latter is the best idealist; but which is the most successful Clifton boy?

I must bring these remarks to an end, and yet have only been able to touch, and that very lightly, the fringe of a great subject. I am sure many of you have felt this; and I shall be surprised if some amongst you are not already listening to me with a shade of jealousy in your minds, which might formulate itself somehow, perhaps thus: "Is this talk about idealism quite straightforward? Haven't we heard all this before? Self-denial, simplicity of life, courage, and the rest, are they not the first-fruits of Christianity as we have been taught it? And we have been told, too, that this call of which you have been talking is the voice of Christ's spirit speaking to ours. Can any good come of swaddling these truths in other clothes which will scarcely fit them better, or make them more easy, or more acceptable?"

To which I am glad to reply from my heart—Truly; so it is. *Rem acu tetigesti.* Christ is, indeed, the great idealist. "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect," is the ideal he sets before us—the only one which is permanent and all-sufficing. His own spirit communing with ours *is* that call which comes to every human being. But my object has been to get you to-night to look at the facts of your own experience—and, as I have said already, the youngest has *some* experience in these deep matters—without connecting them for the moment with any form of religion.

Supposing the whole Bible, every trace of Christendom, to disappear to-morrow, the same thing would, nevertheless, be occurring to you, and me, and every man. We should each of us still be conscious of a presence, which we are quite sure is not ourself, in the deepest recesses of our own heart, communing with us there and calling us to take up our twofold birthright as man—the mastery over visible things, and above all the mastery over our own bodies, actions, thoughts—and the power, always growing, of this mysterious communion with the invisible.

It is, therefore, that I have abstained from the use of religious

phraseology, believing that, apart altogether from the Christian revelation, the idealist will and must always remain nearest to the invisible world, and therefore most powerful in this visible one.

I think this method is worth using now and then, because, no doubt, the popular verdict of this time is against idealism. If you have not already felt it, you will assuredly feel, as soon as you leave these walls, that your lot is cast in a world which longs for nothing so much as to succeed in shaking off all belief in anything which cannot be tested by the senses, and gauged and measured by the intellect, as the trappings of a worn-out superstition. Men have been trying, so runs the new gospel, to live by faith, and not by sight, ever since there is any record at all of their lives; and so they have had to manufacture for themselves the faiths they were to live by. What is called the life of the soul or spirit, and the life of the understanding, have been in conflict all this time, and the one has always been gaining on the other. Stronghold after stronghold has fallen till it is clear almost to demonstration that there will soon be no place left for that which was once deemed all-powerful. The spiritual life can no longer be led honestly. Man has no knowledge of the invisible upon which he can build. Let him own the truth and turn to that upon which he *can* build safely—the world of matter, his knowledge of which is always growing; and be content with the things he can see and taste and handle. Those who are telling you still in this time that your life can and ought to be lived in daily communion with the unseen—that so only you can loyally control the visible—are either wilfully deceiving you or are dreamers and visionaries.

So the high priests of the new gospel teach, and their teaching echoes through our literature, and colors the life of the streets and markets in a thousand ways; and a mammon-ridden generation, longing to be rid of what they hope are only certain old and clumsy superstitions—which they *try* to believe injurious to others, and are quite sure make them uneasy in their own efforts to eat, drink, and be merry—applauds as openly as it dare, and hopes soon to see the millennium of the flesh-pots publicly declared and recognized.

Against which, wherever you may encounter them, that you young Englishmen may be ready and able to stand fast, is the hope and prayer of many anxious hearts; in a time, charged on every side with signs of the passing away of old things, such as have not been seen above the horizon in Christendom since Luther nailed his protest on the church-door of a German village.

THOMAS HUGHES *in Good Words.*

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GEORGE SAND died in 1876, and her publisher, Michel Lévy, died the year before, in 1875. In May, 1875, just after Michel Lévy's death, Madame Sand wrote a letter in which she renders a tribute of praise and gratitude to the memory of that enterprising, sagacious, and successful man. She describes his character, his habits, his treatment of his authors, his way of doing business, his conception of the book-trade and of its prospects. It was by this conception and by the line which he boldly took in pursuance of it that he was original and remarkable; a main creator, says Madame Sand, of our new *modus vivendi* in literature; one whose disappearance is not the disappearance of a rich man merely, but of an intellectual force.

The industrial and literary revolution, for which Michel Lévy did so much, may be summed up in two words: *cheap books*. But by cheap books we are not to understand the hideous and ignoble things with which, under this name, England and America have made us familiar. Cheap books, in the revolution of Michel Lévy, were books in the *format Charpentier* or the *format Lévy*, books in duodecimo instead of octavo; and costing, in general, two-and-sixpence or three shillings a volume instead of eight shillings or nine shillings. But they were still books of an outward form and fashion to satisfy a decent taste, not to revolt it; books shapely, well printed, well margined; agreeable to look upon and clear to read.

Such as it was, however, the cheapening of their books threw, at first, French authors into alarm. They thought it threatened their interests. "I remember the time, not so very long ago," says Madame Sand, "when we replied to the publishers who were demonstrating to us what the results of the future would be: 'Yes, if you succeed, it will be all very well; but if you fail, if, after an immense issue of books, you do not diffuse the taste for reading, then you are lost, and we along with you.' And I urged upon Michel Lévy," she continues, "this objection among others, that frivolous or unhealthy books attracted the masses, to the exclusion of works which are useful and conscientious. He replied to me with that practical intelligence which he possessed in so eminent a degree: 'Possibly, and even probably, it may be so at first. But consider this: that the reading of bad books has inevitably one good result. It inspires a man with the curiosity to read, it gives him the habit of reading, and the habit becomes a necessity. I intend that before ten years are over people shall ask for their book as impatiently as if it were a question of dinner when one is hungry. Food and books, we have to create a state of things when both shall alike be felt as needs; and you will confess then, you

writers and artists, that we have solved your problem : *Man does not live by bread alone.*' "

The ten years were not ended before Michel Lévy's authors had to own, says Madame Sand, that their publisher was right. Madame Sand adds that this led her to reflect on the value of the mediocre in art and literature. Illustrious friends and fellow-authors of hers had been in despair at seeing works of the third order obtain a success far beyond any that they could expect for their own works, and they were disposed to think that with cheap books an era of literary decadence was opening. You are misled, she tells them, by the passing disturbance which important innovations always create at first. It was thought, when railways came, that we had seen the last of conveyance by horses and carriages, and that the providers of it must all be ruined ; but it turns out that railways have created a business for horses and carriages greater than there ever was before. In the same way the abundant consumption of middling literature has stimulated the appetite for knowing and judging books. Second-rate, commonplace literature is what the ignorant require for catching the first gleam ; the day will dawn for them as it does for the child, who by degrees, as he learns to read, learns to understand also ; and, in fifty years from this time, the bad and the middling in literature will be unable to find a publisher, because they will be unable to find a market.

So prophesied George Sand, and the prophecy was certainly a bold one. May we really hope, that toward the year 1920 the bad and the middling in literature will either in Paris or in London be unable to find a publisher because it will be unable to find a market? Let us do our best to bring about such a consummation, without, however, too confidently counting upon it. But that on which I at present wish to dwell, in this relation by Madame Sand of her debate with her energetic publisher and of her own reflections on it, is the view presented of the book-trade and of its future. That view I believe to be in the main sound, and to show the course which things do naturally and properly tend to take in England as well as in France. I do not say that I quite adopt the theory offered by Michel Lévy, and accepted by George Sand, to explain the course which things are thus taking. I do not think it safe to say that the consumption of the bad and middling in literature does of itself necessarily engender a taste for the good, and that out of the multiplication of second-rate books for the million the multiplication of first-rate books does as a natural consequence spring. But the facts themselves, I think, are as Michel Lévy laid them down, though one may dispute his explanation and filiation for the facts. It is a fact that there is a need for cheaper books, and that authors and publishers may comply with it and yet not be losers. It is a

fact that the masses, when they first take to reading, will probably read a great deal of rubbish, and yet that the victory will be with good books in the end. In part we can see that this is the course which things are actually taking; in part we can predict, from knowing the deepest and strongest instincts which govern mankind in its development—the instinct of expansion, the instinct of self-preservation—that it is the course which things will take in the future.

The practical mode by which Michel Lévy revolutionized the book-trade was this. He brought out in the *format Lévy*, at three francs or three francs and a half a volume, new works such as, for example, those of George Sand herself, which formerly would have come out at seven francs and a half a volume. Nay, such works would very often have taken two volumes, costing fifteen francs, to give no more that what is given in one volume of the *format Lévy* for three francs and a half. New books in octavo were cheapened likewise. The two octavo volumes of "Prince Metternich's Memoirs and Correspondence" in French, which have lately come out in Paris, cost but eighteen francs. The two octavo volumes of the English version of "Prince Metternich's Memoirs and Correspondence" cost thirty-six shillings. But in general we may say that the important reform accomplished in the French book-trade by Michel Lévy and by other publishers of like mind with him was this: to give the public new books at half a crown or three shillings, instead of at from six to twelve shillings.

And now to apply this where it seems to me to be of very useful application, to various points which emerge in discussing the copyright of English authors and the conditions of the English book-trade. I leave on one side all questions of copyright in acted plays, music, and pictures. I confine myself to copyright in books, and to the chief questions raised on it. My point of view will be neither an author's point of view, nor a publisher's point of view, nor yet the point of view of one contending against authors or publishers, but the point of view of one whose sole wish is to let things appear to him fairly and naturally, and as they really are.

A Royal Commission on Copyright has lately been sitting, and has made its report. "We have arrived at a conclusion," the report declares, "that copyright should continue to be treated by law as a proprietary right, and that it is not expedient to substitute a right to a royalty, or any other of a similar kind."

This opening sentence of the report refers to a great battle. The commissioners have come, they say, to a conclusion, "that copyright should continue to be treated as a *proprietary right.*" Here has been the point of conflict, as to the proprietary right of the author, as to his right of property in his production. Never per-

haps do men show themselves so earnest, so pertinacious, so untiringly ingenious, as when they have under discussion the right and idea of property. One is reminded of Pascal: "This dog is *mine*, said these poor children; behold *my* place in the sun!" It is disputed whether an author has the right of property in his production after he has once published it. Professor Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer contended with indefatigable ingenuity before the Royal Commission on Copyright that he has: and Mr. Farrer, of the Board of Trade, and Sir Louis Mallet maintained resolutely that he has not. There is no question that he can have a right of property in his productions so far as the law may choose to create one for him. But the real point at issue between these distinguished and powerful disputants is, whether he has a natural right.

Now for me the matter is simplified by my believing that men, if they go down into their own minds and deal quite freely with their own consciousness, will find that they have not any natural rights at all. And as it so often happens with a difficult matter of dispute, so it happens here; the difficulty, the embarrassment, the need for drawing subtle distinctions and for devising subtle means of escape from them, when the right of property is under discussion, arises from one's having first built up the idea of natural right as a wall to run one's head against. An author has no natural right to a property in his production. But then neither has he a natural right to anything whatever which he may produce or acquire. What is true is, that a man has a strong instinct making him seek to possess what he has produced or acquired, to have it at his own disposal; that he finds pleasure in so having it, and finds profit. The instinct is natural and salutary, although it may be over-stimulated and indulged to excess. One of the first objects of men, in combining themselves in society, has been to afford to the individual, in his pursuit of this instinct, the sanction and assistance of the laws, so far as may be consistent with the general advantage of the community. The author, like other people, seeks the pleasure and the profit of having at his own disposal what he produces. Literary production, wherever it is sound, is its own exceeding great reward; but that does not destroy or diminish the author's desire and claim to be allowed to have at his disposal, like other people, that which he produces, and to be free to turn it to account. It happens that the thing which he produces is a thing hard for him to keep at his own disposal, easy for other people to appropriate; but then, on the other hand, he is an interesting producer, giving often a great deal of pleasure by what he produces, and not provoking nemesis by any huge and immoderate profits on his production, even when it is suffered to be at his own disposal.

So society has taken him under its protection, and has sanctioned his property in his work, and enabled him to have it at his

own disposal. In England our laws give him the property in his work for forty-two years, or for his own life and seven years afterward, whichever period is longest. In France, the law gives him the property in his work for his own life, and his widow's life, and for twenty years afterward if he leave children ; for ten years, if he have other heirs. In Germany, the property in his work is for his life and thirty years afterward. In Italy, for his life and forty years afterward, with a further period during which a royalty has to be paid upon it to his heirs. In the United States, the author's property in his work is guaranteed for twenty-eight years from publication, with the right of renewal to himself, his wife, or his children, for fourteen years more.

And this, though the author's production is a thing confessedly difficult to protect, and easy to appropriate. But it is possible to protect it ; and so the author is suffered to enjoy the property in his production, to have it at his own disposal. Mr. Farrer, like so many other people, is haunted by a metaphysical conception of *property in itself*, a conception distinguishing between things as belonging to the class of that which is property in itself, and as belonging to the class of that which is not property in itself. His *dog*, his *place in the sun* at Abinger, are of the class of property in itself ; his *book*, if he produces one, is of the class of that which is not property in itself. Sir Louis Mallet is in the same order of ideas when he insists that "property arises from limitation of supply." Property according to its essential nature, Sir Louis Mallet means, property in itself. Let us beware of this metaphysical phantom of property in itself, which, like other metaphysical phantoms, is hollow and leads us to delusion. Property is the creation of law. It is effect given by society and its laws to that natural instinct in man which makes him seek to enjoy ownership in what he produces, acquires, or has. The effect is given because the instinct is natural, and because society which makes the laws, is itself composed of men who feel the instinct. The instinct is natural, and in general society will comply with it. But there are certain cases in which society will not comply with it, or will comply with it in a very limited degree only ; and what has determined society in these cases to refuse or greatly limit its compliance with the instinct of ownership, is the difficulty of giving effect to it, the disadvantage of trying to give effect to it in spite of such difficulty.

There is no property, people often say, in ideas, in spoken words ; and it is inferred that there ought to be no property in ideas and words when they are embodied in a book. But why is there no property in ideas and in spoken words, while there is property in ideas and words when they come in a book? A brilliant talker may very well have the instinct of ownership in his

good sayings, and all the more if he must and can only talk them and not write them. He might be glad of power to prevent the appropriation of them by other people, to fix the conditions on which alone the appropriation should be allowed, and to derive profit from allowing it. Society, again, may well feel sympathy with his instinct of ownership, and a disposition to assist and favor a production which gives it so much pleasure. But we are met by the difficulty, the insuperable difficulty, of giving effect to the producer's instinct of ownership in this case, of securing to him the disposal of his spoken ideas and words. Accordingly, effect is not given to it, and in such spoken ideas and words there is no property.

In other cases there is a partial and limited property given, and from the same reason—from the difficulty of giving complete ownership. Game is an instance in point. A man breeds pheasants, rears them and feeds them, and he has a natural instinct to keep them in his entire possession, and at his own disposal. But the law will allow but a partial satisfaction to this instinct of his, and the moment his pheasants leave his land they may be taken by the person to whose ground they go. Of his chickens, meanwhile, he retains ownership, even though they may pass over to his neighbor's field. Yet very likely he has bought the eggs of the pheasants and of the chickens alike, reared them both, fed them both, and feels the instinct and desire to claim both alike as his property. But the law gives effect to this desire fully as regards the chickens, only partially as regards the pheasants. Why? Because of the far greater difficulty of giving full effect to it as regards the pheasants, and of the disadvantage which may arise from persisting in giving effect to it in spite of the difficulty. The law denies him the complete ownership of the pheasants, because they are difficult to keep at his own disposal, easy for other people to appropriate; and other people are more prone to appropriate them than the chickens, and more inclined to dispute his ownership, because of this very difficulty of maintaining it and facility in violating it. Even the partial ownership which the law does allow him it has to fortify by special measures for its support; by making trespass in pursuit of game a different and more serious offence than common trespass. To gratify his instinct of ownership fully, to let him have his pheasants at his entire disposal, the law would have to take more stringent and exceptional measures in his favor than it takes now; and this every one feels to be out of the question. The law will certainly not do more for him than it does now; the only question is, whether it ought to do so much. To give as much ownership in game as a man enjoys now, special measures in his favor are required, because his ownership meets with such

great natural difficulties; but the special measures are far less likely to be reinforced than to be withdrawn.

And now to apply this to the question of copyright. The instinct of an author to desire ownership in his production, and profit from that ownership, is natural. The author is an interesting person, and society may, and probably will, be even more ready rather than less ready, to aid in giving effect to the instinct in his case than in the case of others, if it can be done without grave inconvenience. But there is difficulty in securing his ownership. His production is a production particularly difficult to keep at his own disposal, particularly easy for others to appropriate. His claim to some benefit of ownership, however, is generally admitted, and he has ownership given to him for a limited term of years. He finds a publisher, and in concert with him he exercises his ownership; and the result in England of this concert between author and publisher is, that English books are exceedingly dear. A strong desire for cheaper books begins to be felt. Here is the real importance of Sir Louis Mallet's contention, and Mr. Farrer's. "To Englishmen," says Sir Louis Mallet, "easy access to the contemporary literature of their own language is only possible on the condition of exile; England is the only country in which English books are scarce or dear." "Nothing can be more intolerable," says Mr. Farrer, "than a system of copyright-law under whith the inhabitants of the mother country, in which the books are produced, are the only persons in the world who are prevented from obtaining cheap editions of them." An impatience, to which Mr. Farrer and Sir Louis Mallet here give utterance, an impatience at the dearness of English books, a desire to have them cheaper, has therefore to be added to the original difficulty of securing the author's ownership in a kind of production which is by nature hard to keep at his disposal, easy to appropriate. An increased difficulty of securing his ownership is the result.

The ingenious reasoning of Professor Huxley and of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and even the line taken by Mr. Froude in that instructive and interesting article on "Copyright" which he published in the *Edinburgh Review*, fail, it seems to me, to touch the point where the strength of their adversaries' case lies. Like their adversaries, they lodge themselves, stark and stiff, in the idea of "property in itself;" only, for them, an author's work is "property in itself" just as much as his horse or his field, while, for their adversaries, his horse or his field is "property in itself," but his work is not. Let us grant that the adversaries are wrong, and that an author's work is "property in itself" (whatever that may mean), just as much as his horse or his field. He has at any rate, we will suppose, the same instinct making him seek to have the ownership and profit of his work as to have the ownership and

profit of his horse or field. But what makes the law give him such full ownership as it does of his horse or field, is not that the horse or field is "property in itself;" it is that to comply with his natural desire, and to secure him in his ownership, is in the case of the horse or field comparatively easy. And what makes the law give him a more limited ownership of his literary work is not that this work fails to prove its claim to be considered "property in itself;" it is that in the case of his literary work to secure him in his ownership is much more difficult. And suppose we add sufficiently to the difficulty, by the rise of a general impatience at the dearness of new books in England; of general irritation at seeing that a work like "Lord Macaulay's Life" comes out at thirty-six shillings in England while in France it would come out at eighteen francs, that a new novel by George Eliot costs a guinea and a half, while a new novel by George Sand costs three shillings; of general complaints that "the inhabitants of the mother country, in which the books are produced, are the only persons in the world who are prevented from obtaining cheap editions of them,"—suppose we add, I say, to the difficulty by all this, and you endanger the retention of even the right of ownership which the law secures to the author now. The advantage of complying with the author's instinct of ownership might be outweighed by the disadvantage of complying with it under such accumulated and immense difficulty.

But yet to secure, so far as without intolerable inconvenience it can be done, the benefits of ownership in his production to the author, every one, or almost every one, professes to desire. And in general, those who profess to desire this do really mean, I think, what they say; and there is no disposition in their minds to put the author off with benefits which are illusory. But Mr. Farrer and others propose, no doubt without intending the poor author any harm, a mode of benefit to him from his productions which does seem quite illusory. The proposal is to set all the world free to print and sell his work as soon as it appears, on condition of paying him a royalty of ten per cent. But both authors and publishers, and all who have the most experience in the matter, and the nearest interest, unite in saying that the author's benefit under this plan would be precarious and illusory. The poor man pursuing his ten per cent over Great Britain and Ireland would be pitiable enough. But what shall we say of him pursuing his ten per cent over all the British dominions; what shall we say of him pursuing it, under an international copyright on this plan between all English-speaking people, over the United States of America? There are many objections to this plan of a royalty; but the decisive objection is, that whereas every one professes the wish not to take away from the author all substantial benefit from the sale of his work,

this plan, in the opinion of those best able to judge, would take it away entirely.

The Royal Commission reported against this plan of a royalty, and in favor of continuing the present plan of securing by law to the author an ownership in his work for a limited term of years. The Commissioners have proposed what would, in my opinion, be a very great improvement upon the present arrangement: instead of a copyright for forty-two years, or for life and seven years after, whichever period is longest, they propose to give, as in Germany, a copyright for the author's life and for thirty years after. But the principle is the same as in the arrangement of 1842, and there is no danger at present, in spite of Mr. Farrer's efforts, of the principle being departed from. Mr. Froude says truly that the course recommended by Mr. Farrer, the withdrawal, in effect, from the author of the benefits of ownership in his work, is a course which every single person practically connected with literature consents in condemning. He says truly that there is no agitation for it. He says truly that the press is silent about it, and that no complaints are heard from the public.

And yet the natural facts, in England as in France, are as Michel Lévy states them in his conversation with Madame Saud; there is a need for cheaper books, the need will have to be satisfied, and it may be satisfied without loss to either author or publisher. The strength of the dissatisfaction of Sir Louis Mallet and of Mr. Farrer with the actual course of the book-trade in England, is that the course of our book-trade goes counter to those natural facts. Sooner or later it will have to adjust itself to them, or there will be an explosion of discontent likely enough to sweep away copyright, and to destroy the author's benefit from his work by reducing it to some such illusory benefit as that offered by the royalty plan of Mr. Farrer. As our nation grows more civilized, as a real love of reading comes to prevail more widely, the system which keeps up the present exorbitant price of new books in England, the system of lending-libraries from which books are hired, will be seen to be, as it is, eccentric, artificial, and unsatisfactory in the highest degree. It is a machinery for the multiplication and protection of bad literature, and for keeping good books dear. In general, a book which is worth a man's reading is worth his possessing. The plan of having one's books from a lending-library leads to reading imperfectly and without discrimination, to glancing at books and not going through them, or rather to going through, for the most part, a quantity of the least profitable sort of books only—novels—and of but glancing at whatever is more serious. Every genuine reader will feel that the book he cares to read he cares to possess, and the number of genuine readers among us, in spite of all our shortcomings, is on the increase. Mr. Froude,

indeed, says, having the experience of an editor's shelves before his eyes, that instead of desiring the possession of more books than one has, one might rather desire not to possess half of those that one has now. But the books he means are just those which a genuine reader would never think of buying, and which yet are shot upon us now in profusion by the lending libraries. Mr. Froude says, again, that new books are not the best books, and that old books, which are best, are to be bought cheap. True, old books of surpassing value are to be bought cheap; but there are good new books, too, and good new books have a stimulus and an interest peculiar to themselves, and the reader will not be content to forego them. Mr. Herbert Spencer may tell him that to desire the possession of good new books, when he is not rich, is merely the common case of the poor desiring to possess what is accessible to the rich only; that it is as if he wanted fine horses, and the best champagne, and hot-house flowers, and strawberries at Christmas. But the answer is that the good new books, unlike the horses and champagne, may be brought within his reach without loss to the vender, and that it is only the eccentric, artificial, and highly unsatisfactory system of our book-trade which prevents it.

The three-shilling book is our great want, the book at three shillings or half a crown, like the books of the *format Lévy*, shapely and seemly, and as acceptable to the eye as the far dearer books which we have now. The price proposed will perfectly allow of this. The French books of the *format Lévy*, and the French books in octavo, are as shapely and seemly, as acceptable to the eye as the corresponding English books at double and treble their price. The two octavo volumes of "Madame de Remusat Memoirs" in French cost but twelve shillings, yet they make a handsomer book than the two octavo volumes of the same work in English, which cost thirty-two. A cheap literature, hideous and ignoble of aspect, like the tawdry novels which flare in the book-shelves of our railway-stations, and which seem designed, as so much else that is produced for the use of our middle-class seems designed for people with a low standard of life, is not what is wanted. A sense of beauty and fitness ought to be satisfied in the form and aspect of the books we read, as well as by their contents. The contents offered us for next to nothing, but in hideous and ignoble form and aspect, is not what one desires. A man would willingly pay higher, but in the measure of his means, for what he values, in order to have it in worthy form. But our present prices are prohibitive. The taste for beautiful books is a charming and humane taste for a rich man, though really, as has been already said, our ordinary dear books gratify this taste not a bit better than the French cheaper ones. However, the taste for beautiful books requires expense, no doubt, to be fully gratified; and in large paper

copies and exquisite bindings the rich man may gratify it still, even when we have reformed our book-trade. For reforming it, the signal innovation necessary, as in France, is the three-shilling book; although, of course, the price of our new works in octavo at sixteen or eighteen shillings a volume would also have to be reduced in proportion. If nothing of this kind is done, if the system of our book-trade remains as it is, dissatisfaction, not loud and active at present—I grant that to Mr. Froude—will grow and stir more and more, and will certainly end by menacing, in spite of whatever conclusion the Royal Commission may now adopt and proclaim, the proprietary right of the author.

The doctrine of M. Michel Lévy respecting the book-trade, and what I have been saying about our book-trade at home, have their application in America also, and I must end with a few words concerning the book-trade of the United States. Indeed, one is invited by the Americans themselves to do so, for the famous publishers in New York, the Messrs. Harper, have addressed to the authors and publishers of this country a proposal for an International Conference on Copyright; Mr. Conant, who is understood to be connected with the publishing house of Messrs. Harper, has given in an English magazine an exposition of American opinion on the matter, and an Englishman of legal training and great acuteness, who signs himself "C.," but whom we may, I believe, without indiscretion, name as Mr. Leonard Courtney, has commented on Mr. Conant's exposition.

The Americans, as is well known, have at present, to quote the words of an American, Mr. George Putnam, who has published on this question of copyright a pamphlet very temperate and, in general, very judicious, "no regulation to prevent the use, without remuneration, of the literary property of foreign authors." Mr. Putnam adds: "The United States is, therefore, at present the only country itself possessing a literature of importance, and making a large use of the literature of the world, which has done nothing to recognize and protect by law the rights of foreign authors of whose property it is enjoying the benefit, or to obtain a similar recognition and protection for its own authors abroad."

The Americans, some of them, as is well known, defend this state of things by adopting the cry of "free books for free men." A conference held at Philadelphia, in 1872, passed resolutions declaring that "thought when given to the world, is, as light, free to all; and moreover, that "the good of our whole people, and the safety of our republican institutions, demand that books shall not be made too costly for the multitude by giving the power to foreign authors to fix their price here as well as abroad."

Mr. Conant, in his representation to the English public of the case of the American public, adopts these Philadelphian ideas in

principle, but he maintains that in practice the American publishers have generously waived their right to act on them, and he carries the war into the enemy's country. He says for himself and his countrymen: "We are keenly alive to the necessity of the general diffusion of intelligence. Upon it depends the perpetuity of our republican form of government. Europe is constantly pouring upon our shores a mighty deluge of ignorance and superstition. We welcome here the poor, the outcasts of every land. There is a widespread feeling that the Old World, which contributes this mass of ignorance and superstition to our population, should also contribute to the alleviation of the resulting ills." He alleges that the concession in past times of a copyright to English authors "would have retarded the progress of American culture at least half a century, and delayed that widespread intellectual development from which English authors reap so large a benefit."

And yet nevertheless, says Mr. Conant, "the course of American publishers, pursued for many years, toward foreign men of letters, shows that they have no disposition to take advantage of the absence of international copyright." He declares: "As for English authors, they have already learned that their interests are quite safe in the hands of 'Yankee pirates,' as some of your writers still persist in calling the men who for years have conducted the publishing business of this country with the most scrupulous regard for the rights of foreign authors. Few English people, I think, have any notion of the amount of money paid to British authors by American publishers. Those authors whose books have been reprinted here without compensation to the author, may rest assured that this was owing to the fact that the sale was not remunerative here, and that international copyright will not make it larger." On the other hand: "While for twenty-five years past British authors have enjoyed all the material advantages of copyright in this country, American books have been reprinted in England by the thousand, without compensation to the authors." And therefore, adds Mr. Conant, "in view of these facts, an American may be pardoned for indulging in a quiet laugh at the lofty tone which the Royal Commissioners on Copyright assume in their solemn arraignment of the United States for refusing to grant protection to English authors."

And so the tables are fairly turned upon us; not only have English authors no reason to complain of America, but American authors have great reason to complain of England.

An English author, as he reads Mr. Conant, will by turns be inclined to laugh and to be indignant. Mr. Leonard Courtney handles Mr. Conant's statement very scornfully and severely. For myself, I am of a gentle disposition, and I am disposed, in reading Mr. Conant in *Macmillan's Magazine*, to ask him before all things

Figaro's question, *Qui est-ce qu'on trompe ici?*—Who is it that is being taken in here? At the Philadelphia conference, Mr. Conant's statement would have been quite in place; why he should address it to the British public passes my comprehension. Our British middle-class, no doubt, like the great middle-class public of the United States, likes to have its defective practice covered by an exhibition of fine sentiments. But it is our own defective practice that we seek to cover by the exhibition of fine sentiments; as when we left Denmark in the lurch after all our admonitions and threatenings to Germany, we assured one another that the whole world admired our moral attitude. But it gives us no pleasure or comfort to see other people's defective practice, by which we are smarting, covered with an exhibition of fine sentiments. And so, as I peruse Mr. Conant, with Figaro I inquire in bewilderment, "Who is it that is being taken in here?" We know perfectly well the real facts of the case, and that they are not as Mr. Conant puts them; and we have no interest in getting them dressed up to look otherwise than as they are; our interest is to see them as they really are, for as they really are, they are in our favor. If American authors have not copyright here in England, whose fault is that? It is the fault of America herself, who again and again has refused to entertain the question of international copyright. Again and again, in Mr. Conant's own statement, appears the proposal, on the part of England, of an international copyright; and again and again the end of it is "the report was adverse;" "no action was taken;" "shelved;" "more pressing matters crowded it out of sight." If Englishmen suffer by having no copyright in America, they have the American government and people to thank for it; if Americans suffer by having no copyright in England, they have only to thank themselves.

But is it true that American authors have no copyright in England? It is so far from true, that an American has only to visit England when he publishes his book here—or even, I believe, has only to cross the border into Canada—in order to have copyright in his work in England. Mr. Motley told me himself that in this way he had acquired copyright in England for his valuable histories; Mr. Henry James gets it in the same way at this moment for those charming novels of his which we are all reading. But no English author can acquire copyright in the United States.

As to the liberal payment given at present, without copyright, by American publishers to English authors, it is more difficult to speak securely. Certainly it is far too much to say of British authors in general, that they "for at least twenty-five years past have enjoyed all the material advantages of copyright in America;" or that they "have learned that their interests are quite safe in the hands of American publishers." Considerable sums have, no doubt, been

paid. Men of science, such as Professor Huxley and Professor Tyndall, are especially mentioned as satisfied with the remuneration voluntarily accorded to them by the American publishers; and indeed, to judge by the success of their American dealings, it seems that these inheritors of the future, the men of science, besides having their hold upon the world which is to come, have their hold likewise, lucky fellows, upon the world which now is. Men of letters have not been so fortunate; and the list, given by Mr. Conant, of those to whom a surprising amount of money is paid from America, is to be received with caution. Mr. Tennyson is mentioned; but I hear it said that in truth Mr. Tennyson has received little or nothing from the sale of his works in America. One can at least speak for one's self; and certainly I have never received, from first to last, a hundred pounds from America, though my books have been, I believe, much reprinted there. Mr. Conant will probably say that I am one of those authors "whose sale is not remunerative," and does not come to much either there or here. And according to the grand scale by which he weighs things, this may be true; only, if one had not received more than a hundred pounds here or in America either, during the quarter of a century that I have gone up and down, as the mockers say, preaching sweetness and light, one could never have dragged on, even in Grub Street, for all these years.

The truth is, the interests of British authors in general cannot well be safe in America so long as the publishers there are free to reprint whom they please, and to pay, of the authors they reprint, whom they please, and at what rate they please. The interests of English authors will never be safe in America until the community, as a community, gets the sense, in a higher degree than it has it now, for acting with delicacy. It is the sense of delicacy which has to be appealed to, not the sense of honesty. Englishmen are fond of making the American appropriation of their books a question of honesty; they call the appropriation stealing; if an English author drops his handkerchief in Massachusetts, they say the natives may not go off with it, but if he drops his poem, they may. This style of talking is exaggerated and false; there is a breach of delicacy in reprinting the foreigner's poem without his consent, there is no breach of honesty. But a finely touched nature, in men or nations, will respect the sense of delicacy in itself not less than the sense of honesty. The Latin nations, the French and Italians, have that instinctive recognition of the charm of art and letters which disposes them, as a community, to care for the interests of artists and authors, and to treat them with delicacy. In Germany learning is highly esteemed, and both the government and the community are inclined to treat the interests of authors considerately and delicately. Aristocracies, again, are brought up in elegance

and refinement, and are taught to believe that art and letters go for much in making the beauty and grace of human life, and perhaps they do believe it. At any rate they feel bound to show the disposition to treat the interests of artists and authors with delicacy ; and shown it the aristocratic government and parliament of England have. We must not expect them to take the trouble for art and letters which the government of France will take ; we must not expect of them the zeal which procured for French authors the Belgian Copyright Treaty of 1854, and stopped the Brussels reprints, which drove poor Balzac to despair. Neither in India, nor in Canada, nor yet in the United States, has our aristocratic government interposed on behalf of the author with this energy. They do not think him and his concerns of importance enough to deserve it. Still, they feel a disposition to treat his interests with consideration and delicacy ; and, so far as it depends on themselves, they show it.

The United States are a great middle-class community of our own race, free from many obstructions which cramp the middle-class in our own country, and with a supply of humane individuals sown over the land, who keep increasing their numbers and gaining in courage and in strength, and more and more make themselves felt in the press and periodical literature of America. Still, on the whole, the spirit of the American community and government is the spirit, I suppose, of a middle-class society of our race, and this is not a spirit of delicacy. One could not say that in their public acts they showed, in general, a spirit of delicacy ; certainly they have not shown that spirit in dealing with authors—even with their own. They deal with authors, domestic and foreign, much as Manchester, perhaps, might be disposed, if left to itself, to deal with them ; as if, provided a sharp bargain was made and *a good thing*, as the phrase is, was got out of it, that was all which could be desired, and the community might exult. The worship of sharp bargains is fatal to delicacy ; nor is the missing grace restored by accompanying the sharp bargain with an exhibition of fine sentiments.

As the great American community becomes more truly and thoroughly civilized, it will certainly learn to add to its many and great virtues the spirit of delicacy, and English authors will be gainers by it. At present they are gainers from another cause. It appears that till lately there was an understanding among American publishers that when one publisher had made terms with an English author for the republication of his work in America, the rest should respect the agreement, and should leave their colleague in possession of the work. But about two years and a half ago, says Mr. Conant, certain parties began to set at nought this law of trade-courtesy. Certain firms "began to republish the

works of foreign authors, paying nothing for the privilege, and bringing out absurdly cheap editions right on the heels of the authorized reprint, which had cost a large outlay for priority and expense of publication." The ruinous competition thus produced has had the effect, Mr. Putnam tells us in his pamphlet, of "pointing out the absurdity of the present condition of literary property, and emphasizing the need of an international copyright." It has had the effect, he says, of "influencing a material modification of opinion on the part of publishers who have in years past opposed an international copyright as either inexpedient or unnecessary, but who are now quoted as ready to give their support to any practicable and equitable measure that may be proposed." Nothing could be more satisfactory.

Accordingly, it is now suggested from America that an international copyright treaty should be proposed by the United States to Great Britain, and, as a first step, that "a commission or conference of American citizens and British subjects, in which the United States and Great Britain shall be equally represented, be appointed respectively by the American Secretary of State and by the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who shall be invited jointly to consider and present the details of a treaty."

The details are reserved for the conference; but it is no secret what the main lines of such a treaty, if it is to be accepted in America, must be. The American author will be allowed, on registering his work, to have copyright in England, and the English author to have copyright in the United States. But the foreigner's work must be manufactured and published in the country, and by a subject or citizen of the country in which it is registered. The English author's book, therefore, to be protected in America, must be manufactured and published in America as well as in England. He will not be allowed to print and publish his book in England only, and to send his copies over to the United States for sale. The main object, I think, of Mr. Conant's exposition is to make it clear to us on the English side of the water that from this condition the Americans will not suffer themselves to be moved.

English publishers and authors cry out that such a condition is an interference with the author's "freedom of contract." But then they take their stand on the ground that an author's production is "property in itself," and that one of the incidents of "property in itself" is to confer on its possessor the right to "freedom of contract" respecting it. I, however, who recognize natural difficulty as setting bounds to ownership, must ask whether the English author can reasonably expect to be admitted to copyright in America without this condition.

Mr. Froude and Mr. Leonard Courtney both of them seem to

think that the question of international copyright is not at all pressing; that opinion in America is slowly ripening for some better and more favorable settlement of copyright than any settlement which it is now likely to accept, and that meanwhile English authors may be well enough content with their present receipts from American publishers, and had better let things stay as they are.

A few English authors may, perhaps, be content enough with their present receipts from America, but to suppose that English authors in general may well be so content, is, I think, a very hazardous supposition. That, however, is of little importance. The important question is whether American opinion, if we give it time, is likely to cease insisting on the condition that English books, in order to acquire copyright in America, must be manufactured and published there; is likely to recognize the English author and publisher as Siamese twins, one of whom is not to be imported without importing the other. Is there any chance, in short, of the Americans, accustomed to cheap English books, submitting to the dearness of English books which is brought about in England by what, in spite of all my attachment to certain English publishers, I must call our highly eccentric, artificial, and unsatisfactory system of book-trade? I confess I see no chance of it whatever. There is a mountain of natural difficulty in the way, there is the irresistible opposition of things. Here, where lies the real gist of his contention, I am after all at one with Mr. Conant. The Americans ought not to submit to our absurd system of dear books; I am sure they will not, and, as a lover of civilization, I should be sorry, though I am an author, if they did. I hope they will give us copyright; but I hope, also, they will stick to Michel Lévy's excellent doctrine, "Cheap books are a necessity, and a necessity which need bring, moreover, no loss to either authors or publishers." MATTHEW ARNOLD, *in Fortnightly Review.*

BEETHOVEN.

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THOUGH it was in this country first, after his own, that the genius of the great master of modern instrumental music received recognition and a cautious and tentative appreciation, it was many years before the greatness and importance of Beethoven as a musician were at all rightly appreciated here, and it is only quite recently that his later and more advanced productions, long re-

garded as barely comprehensible rhapsodies, have obtained a general hearing, and something like popular acceptance, among English audiences. But during the last few years musical opinion in this country has travelled fast, and from being a very conservative musical public, we are showing symptoms of running to the opposite extreme and desiring all things that are new and strange. The effect of this new ardor has shown itself, as far as Beethoven is concerned, in a disproportionate emphasis on his latest and in many cases least balanced works, in order to reduce him to the position of a link in a chain of musical progress supposed to find its culmination in the latest productions of a special school of musicians; a theory of Beethoven which has been seconded, if not suggested, by various essays and literary ejaculations more remarkable for enthusiasm than for calm critical judgment. It is the existence of this rather rampant order of musical literature, and the degree in which it seems, in the apostolic phrase, to have "led captive silly women" and others, which forms the apology for adding to the list of essays on Beethoven an attempt at a discussion of his genius and position in the art, in a somewhat more dispassionate strain, and apart from any committal to a foreordained theory. Perhaps, also, a general *résumé* of the subject may not be without its value to the large class of readers who are intellectually interested in music, but who have not time to study it in detail, and to whom these remarks are chiefly addressed.

In order to understand rightly what it was that Beethoven achieved, it is necessary to consider first what instrumental music really means, and what was the position of the art when he took it up. The greatest and most typical works of Beethoven are the symphonies for the orchestra and the sonatas for the pianoforte, which in regard to musical form may be classed together, the pianoforte sonata being only the symphony form on a smaller scale, limited by the capacities of the instrument, and without the variety of tonal effect or coloring to be obtained from the various instruments grouped together in the orchestra. The modern symphony is originally derived from old forms of dance music, the earliest forms in which instrumental music appears as a separate form of musical utterance independent of vocal expression; tunes known by the names of gavotte, coranto, gigue, etc., which probably existed and were popular much earlier than any of the known specimens. When keyed instruments received more development and the power of execution increased, these dance-tune compositions not only assumed a more elaborate form in themselves, but a number of them were strung together to form an important composition, as in the *Suites de Pièces* of Bach, Handel, and other composers of that day, which are simply a succession of short pieces in the measure of different old dances—the courante, allemand, passepied,

minuet, sarabande, gigue, etc., and are called by those names. Their style was varied and contrasted as far as the form of the music allowed; the sarabande, the slowest measure, taking the part of what would be the slow movement in a modern sonata, and being treated with more freedom from dance-rhythm and more attempt at tenderness and sentiment of expression than any of the other movements. But the whole set were in the same key; *i.e.*, in a *suite* in F every piece began and ended on the scale of F, with only a very limited deviation to other scales of closely related keys in its course, so that a certain monotony was inevitable. Accordingly, in pieces which already received the names of *Sonatas* and *Concertos* (though not in the modern form), an escape from this tonal monotony was sought by writing the slow movement of the string of pieces in a different key from the quick movements which form the opening and close of the set, while at the same time the number of pieces was reduced usually to three, the dance-names dropped, and the old dance-rhythm gave way to a broader and more continuously flowing style of composition, in which the relationship to the dance measure may be traced, but in which its constantly recurring close and cadence is delayed and extended so as to be nearly lost sight of. This form was practised by Bach and Handel and their contemporaries and immediate successors simultaneously with the *suite* form; and the development of violin playing, and of various wind instruments, having by this time arrived at a certain standard, and the combination of a number of instruments to play together a recognized resource, the same forms of composition were transferred from the keyboard to the band, and perhaps the nearest approach to the modern symphony in general form is found among some of Handel's concertos for organ and orchestra (now generally played on the organ alone). But in addition to these dance-tune forms and their derivatives, Handel and Bach carried to a high degree of elaboration (Bach to the highest it has ever reached) another form called the *Fugue*, which had already been largely employed in vocal music, and which has a quite distinct origin and character from the other species of instrumental music we have been speaking of, having gradually developed out of the Italian vocal school of church music, and being now given a much more elaborate development as an instrumental form of composition. The fugue is a form which is always supposed to be written for a definite number of "parts," which answer to the different voices in a chorus or part-song; a fugue "in four parts" is to be regarded as if four different persons were simultaneously singing different melodies, all constructed so as to harmonize together as they proceed, the whole composition being pervaded by one dominant melody called the *subject*, or *theme*, started by one voice alone and taken up by the others successively, and

continually reappearing, heard now in one part, now in another; the whole planned in accordance with certain general but not unalterable rules. Now, the radical distinction between this form and the forms derived from the dance-tune is that in the latter the tune in the treble part is all-important, and the other parts or voices merely make a harmony to it, while in the fugue all the parts or melodies are of equal importance, the music is "polyphonic," in fact; and whereas in the dance-tune forms and their derivatives there is always a marked rhythm and a frequently recurring "cadence," or full-stop, as one may call it, in the fugue the rhythmic beat is far less prominent, and the recurring close which we find at the end of every dance-strophe is obliterated, it being part of the essence of a good fugue that there should be no definite halting-place until all the voices simultaneously draw together for a consentaneous close to the whole composition. The fugue is by far the finest and noblest form of instrumental music which existed in the Bach period, but in the simultaneous handling of the parts the composer is necessarily under the dominion of so severe a musical logic that there is little room for the play of sentiment except of a very grave and severe cast: a fugue of the highest class is like the progress of a great logical argument—stately, powerful, and convincing, but appealing to the understanding rather than to the heart.

Now, the *Symphony*, as fixed in its complete form by Haydn, is a happy combination, evolved probably almost unconsciously, of all the best characteristics of the various forms we have hitherto touched upon. In its usual and typical form it consists of four pieces or "movements," the first and most important of these being a quick movement in a sustained and elevated style; the second a slow movement, of more subdued, tender, or pathetic cast; the third, a short, light movement, which in the Mozart and Haydn days was called a minuet, but which Beethoven developed into something different, and the closing movement, or *finale*, which is a quick movement, and is usually (though there are important exceptions) of a more gay and brilliant and less stately type than the opening movement. In all these the influence of the dance forms is, in the Mozart era, very apparent, and the third movement is a literal reproduction of the old minuet; but the most important point in the relation to and expansion of old forms, is in the construction of the first movement. All the old dance forms consisted of two parts, the principal tune and a secondary part of different melody, which eventually led to the repetition of the principal melody. In the principal movement of a complete symphony we find this simple bit of construction expanded into a great piece of musical architecture, still preserving the *binary* form handed down from the beginnings of music, but consisting now of a first section, in

which all the ideas to be used in the movement are successively presented to us (interspersed with ornamental and connecting passages); and a second section, in which the materials before set forth are played with, recombined, made the suggestion for new effects, until the composer has exhausted his resources or his space, and leads us back, just as in the old dance-tune, to the repetition of the original ideas and the conclusion. It is in the treatment of the ideas in the second section that the resource of polyphonic or fugal writing generally comes in more or less, not now in the form of a continuous unvaried musical argument, but in that of a brief display of the logical and scientific combination of the leading melodies, by way of effective contrast and variety in the manner of treating them. These are the main characteristics of this most important form of instrumental composition, which is invariably followed in the first movement of a symphony or sonata. There are other forms: the *ternary* form, in which the movement is divided into three sections; and the *rondo* form, which implies a continual return to the principal subject, after "alarums and excursions" of various kinds; the former is very commonly employed in the slow movement of a symphony or sonata, the latter very often in the *finale*. But the general description of the more important binary form is sufficient to give an idea of the principle on which a movement in a grand instrumental composition is put together, and the philosophy by which it is governed; and without some notion of this, no one can possibly hear a symphony intelligently, nor understand wherein it was that Beethoven's treatment of such music was an advance upon, and different from, that which his predecessors had accomplished.

Mozart added nothing to the form and expression of the symphony as developed by Haydn; he surpassed the latter only in so far as, being a more powerful genius and a greater master of musical construction, he wrote in a more dignified and more powerful style; and his great Symphony in C displays a pomp and breadth in the first and last movements, and an intensity of feeling in parts of the slow movement, such as were beyond the reach of Haydn. This and his other two leading symphonies are works absolutely perfect as far as they go; they are among the rare things in which not a note can be added or subtracted without injury to the balance of the whole. And at this Mozartian point of its progress, we may liken each movement of the symphony to a piece of musical architecture, having its various stages or stories; its ground story, in which the leading features of the structure are indicated, and their grouping; its superstructure, wherein the materials are played with, and ornamented, and diversified; and just as repetition and symmetry in space are essential elements of architectural design, so we feel that repetition and symmetry in time are essential parts

of the design of instrumental music: you do not make an instrumental piece out of a fine passage once repeated, any more than you make architecture out of one column or one arch; instrumental music impresses by repetition, and the melodic idea must be repeated, ornamented, played with, dissected, and recombined, before we are acquainted with all its beauty, all its fitness and capability as a part of the musical structure which is being raised. All this, let it be noted, is entirely a matter of dealing with abstract qualities of proportion and symmetry in sound-passages; nor did the symphony and sonata, in the hands of Mozart and Haydn, claim to be anything more than simply beautiful music. Haydn, as a stimulus to his fancy in composing, used to imagine the incidents of some little excursion, and shadow them forth in his music, merely by way of getting something to compose on; he said nothing about them to his hearers. Mozart, in a charmingly naïve letter in answer to some one who asked him about his way of composing, says that when he was comfortable and at ease, after dinner or in his travelling-carriage, melodies came to him, whence or how he knew not; that he combined them in his head, and could hear them (such as harmonized with each other) with the ear of his mind, not separately but simultaneously, and that this was a pleasure to him greater than he could describe. As to any idea underlying these spontaneous inspirations, he does not hint at such a thing. His symphonies were music for the sake of music. The most important and radical difference which modern criticism has discerned between him and his great successor, is that the latter is asserted to have habitually aimed, and in some of his greatest works unquestionably did aim, at making instrumental music the expression of a distinct preconceived poetic idea, capable, if he had so willed, of being expressed in words. Having sketched roughly the conditions of the art when Beethoven took it up, we are now in a position to consider how far this view of his contributions to it is correct, how far he really was habitually influenced by the desire to express a distinct and definable feeling, and how far such a desire, if entertained, is or is not within the possibilities of the art of music unaided by vocal expression; not omitting to notice also some of the artistic detail in which his work differs from and surpasses that of his predecessors.

There is not space, and it is hardly necessary, here to recapitulate *seriatim* even the main points of Beethoven's biography, as we found it in considering the genius of Handel recently. His work was not influenced by outward circumstances so much as by his own temperament; and though in his case we have till recently been poor enough in regard to biography—Schindler's badly written life, the only one accessible in English, being made still worse by Moscheles' bad translation—the admirable article on Beethoven

contributed by Mr. Grove to his Musical Dictionary (before mentioned in our pages), gives a very good and graphic sketch of the composer's life and circumstances, easily accessible to all our readers. It is sufficient here to note that he was born in 1770 at Bonn, and that like most great musicians he came of a musical stock, his grandfather having been a singer and afterward Capellmeister in the court band of the Elector of Cologne, at Bonn, and his father a tenor singer in the same body; the latter a bad-tempered, drinking man, passing poor on thirty pound a year, his salary as singer (which seems to have been his only income); but who, from whatever mixed motives, took the trouble to give his obviously clever son all the musical instruction he could, and kept him rigidly to the collar from a very tender age. At the age of eleven the boy became pupil of Neefe, the recently appointed chapel organist, and at the same age as Handel received exactly the same proof of his master's confidence, in being left in charge of the chapel organ as Neefe's deputy when the latter had to leave Bonn for a time owing to the movements of the court. His early taste for the organ Beethoven never lost in theory, though he disused the instrument in practice; he said in later life that in youth he had loved the organ, but that its great sounds affected his nerves too much to allow him to continue it, but that he considered an organ player who was master of his instrument as the greatest of musical performers. Shortly over the age of twelve he was appointed Cembalist (pianist and conductor of rehearsals) in the theatre orchestra, and some little time afterward received a definite appointment as second organist, with more honor than salary. A flying visit to Vienna at the age of seventeen introduced him to the notice of Mozart, who was greatly struck with Beethoven's extemporizing on the piano, and whose own playing does not seem to have impressed Beethoven so much as it did most other people. The fact, no doubt, was that the young man had formed his own style of playing the piano already, and it was doubtless different from that of Mozart. Beethoven's real artistic life, however, begins when, in 1792, at the instance and with the pecuniary assistance of the Elector, he left Bonn to study more systematically at Vienna under Haydn, Albrechtsberger, and Salieri. As might have been prophesied, he never returned to Bonn, and was thenceforth an inhabitant of the Austrian capital, then the most remarkable centre and rendezvous for musical genius in Europe.

What is remarkable and worthy of notice is, that up to this time (and he was now twenty-two) there is not a single written composition of any importance from Beethoven. In this respect he is rather exceptional among great composers. Mozart had published a long list of works, including some very important and masterly things, before that age; Mendelssohn wrote his most fresh and

original, if not his greatest work, at the age of seventeen. But this delay in producing is in keeping, as we shall have occasion to see, with the whole history of Beethoven's genius. In the mean time he at once attracted the attention and astonishment of the Viennese musicians and amateurs by his power of extemporizing compositions on the pianoforte, and was an easy victor in several trials of strength with leading players of the day, who seldom measured swords with him a second time. One of them, the Abbé Gelinek, is recorded to have announced to a friend his invitation to meet a new pianist, and his intention to "make mincemeat of him;" but on being subsequently asked as to the event, replied that the devil was in the young man, "he extemporized like no one since Mozart." Who was he? "Why, he was a short, ugly, dark, cross-looking young man, who had come here some time ago to learn composition from Haydn." There is a well-known and characteristic story of his meeting in the same way Steibelt, a maker of filigree for the piano, whose "Storm" was long after a *pièce de résistance* in girls' schools, and who on this occasion played in a quintett of his own, with a very brilliant piano part. Beethoven, coming to play in turn, threw the violoncello part of Steibelt's composition upside down on the piano desk, and from some suggestion in that, drummed with one finger a "subject" from which presently he evoked such a performance that before it was over Steibelt had fled the scene altogether, utterly annihilated. This and other recollections of Beethoven's power of extemporizing with the greatest effect on the instant and from the roughest hint, form a significant comment, to begin with, on the theory that he was one who could do nothing without a "poetic basis." With him, as with Mozart, it was only necessary to get him to the keyboard (which often required some management in the first instance), and he was always "in the vein," and able to rise to the occasion; the feel of the keys was poetic basis enough for him at any time, so far as extemporizing was concerned.* Gelinek's reference to him as a short, dark, cross-looking young man is pretty well borne out by other reminiscences of contemporaries at this time. He was very wayward and often ill-mannered; dressed anyhow; spoke with a strong provincial accent, and indulged violent dislikes with no sufficient

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* An English visitor in Vienna, late in Beethoven's life, records the contrivance by which he was cajoled into playing when the company dared not ask him directly; some one affected to run over part of one of his compositions on the piano, purposely making mistakes, and Beethoven stretched out his hand to the keyboard to show the correct rendering, and remained playing for half an hour. Ries records that while Beethoven was giving him a lesson, and sitting at the side of the piano, Ries having for some reason played over the subject of the first chorus in Graun's *Tod Jesu*, the master, struck by the idea, leaned over to the keyboard and extemporized a fugue on it for a quarter of an hour, apparently quite unconscious of his uncomfortable sidelong position.

reason : one witness mentions a habit of putting his head inside the door before entering a room, to see if there was any one he disliked there. But his genius and a certain thoroughness and honesty about his character atoned for all his awkwardness, even in the most fastidious society of Vienna at a time when the aristocracy were exceedingly aristocratic, and his presence and his playing were sought for as a favor in the houses of princes and other dignitaries. At Prince Lichnowsky's he nearly lived for some time, doing whatever he pleased, even to swearing at his host, and calling him names when in a fit of temper ; and there are many instances on record of his almost incredibly undignified rudeness and stupid joking at this time, the fact of which may be taken for granted without reproducing the stories here. Outrageous as his faults of manner were, however, they seem to have been faults of manner only ; his high character and principle seem to have been as unimpeachable at this period as they always remained throughout his life. Of his personal appearance a few years later, Czerny, the pianist, who as a little boy of ten was taken to Beethoven on approval as a pupil, gives a good description ; of his shock of black hair standing stiffly up, his beard of several days' growth, which made his naturally dark face seem still darker, his hands very hairy, and the fingers remarkably broad at the tips ; another account describes them as looking as if they were chopped off short.* In stature he was short, but very strongly built, with a broad, powerful chin, and large expressive eyes. Mr. Grove has given, in his dictionary article, a fac-simile of a small full-length sketch of the composer walking with his hands behind his back (a favorite attitude with him), the accuracy of which is attested by one of Beethoven's friends, and which has the marked individuality characteristic of a good portrait.

During these early Vienna days Beethoven was working diligently at the study of composition, first under Haydn, whose teaching he spoke of with something like contempt, and with whom he could never get on (Haydn being in every characteristic of genius, character, and manner an utter contrast to Beethoven), and afterward with Albrechtsberger, Mozart's friend, and his successor as Capellmeister at St. Stephen's ; one of the greatest authorities on counterpoint and fugue, his treatise on which is still a leading work. Beethoven's relations with his teachers, and the spirit in which he carried on his studies, are highly characteristic. The learned Albrechtsberger told an inquirer that Beethoven had learned

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* This broad square finger-end is, in fact, a special characteristic of the keyboard hand. Herr Rubinstein, if we mistake not, has it remarkably developed. It was the same with Handel, of whom Quin the actor, after watching him play and hearing some reference from a lady afterward as to the delicate touch of his fingers, replied, "Fingers ! Toes, madam, toes !"

nothing properly, and would never do anything good. At the same time, one of Beethoven's study-books in counterpoint, which has been published, and from which the sentence at the head of this article is taken, shows how conscientiously he worked through the dry exercises which he professed to regard as futile and antiquated, relieving his mind every now and then by sarcastic comments written as head- and tail-pieces to the musical exercises. After sketching the rules for the conduct of a fugue in two parts (it being usual for a student to treat each branch of counterpoint in two parts first, then in three, four, and so on), he adds,

"For my part, I cannot fancy such a two-legged skeleton; it seems to me a poor, meagre, unsatisfactory affair. . . . . So now we must proceed to crack the hard nut. It is a tiresome *pas de deux*, but it must be danced."

He notes having commenced one of his exercises with an imperfect concord (a common thing enough subsequently), and adds, "but I solemnly pledge myself not to commit this mortal sin again." The two following quotations are significant of the attitude of his mind toward conservative teaching in his art:

"An antiquated rule makes it unlawful to go beyond the six nearest related keys, in a strictly conducted fugue; but I am decidedly of opinion that one need not scruple to infringe this rule; if a man have sharp eyes and can walk well, he may venture to go a little beyond the prescribed limits without danger."

"Let me not be supposed to advocate an impertinent contempt of the first principles of art, which are unchangeable; I would only say that as time advances art has also advanced in a great many things. . . . Why should a modern composer hesitate to use the far greater resources placed at his command? Why restrict himself to an antiquated simplicity, when both instruments and voices are able to interpret the most abstruse conceptions with perfect accuracy? *And yet I would advise a composer rather to be commonplace than far-fetched in his ideas or bombastic in the expression of them.*"

We have italicized this last sentence because it is such a significant comment upon the common idea that Beethoven was essentially a musician of the *sturm-und-drang* school, instead of, as he really was, a most painstaking and, in his best works, a consummate artist. As to his estimate of the value of Albrechtsberger's exercises, he probably deceived himself. Beethoven never had that almost spontaneous and innate power over the difficulties of scientific musical construction which Mozart possessed; none of his larger fugues are really good specimens of that class of composition, with which his genius was not in sympathy; but the short fugue passages introduced as episodes in many of his sonatas and symphonies are usually admirably effective, and that they are so is probably due to his patient plodding through the studies which gave him this facility in handling his materials. Indeed, in another of his notes, he observes, "Imitation is a sort of graceful counterpart of the fugue, and if cleverly used makes no bad substitute for it." In this he was exactly describing his own future practice.

Beethoven's first formal appearance before the world as a composer did not take place till he was five-and-twenty, when, in 1795, his three trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello were published as *Opus* 1. There had been a difference about these with Haydn before they were published; the third of the trios showed already a good many signs of the composer's novel style and manner of treating the pianoforte, and Haydn, while approving the two others, recommended him not to publish the third. It is unquestionably the finest of the three; and Beethoven attributed to jealousy a piece of advice which was probably quite sincere, and only shows how impossible it was even for a man of genius of the *ancien régime* to understand what the new composer was about. He forgave Haydn so far, however, as to dedicate to him the next published work, the three first pianoforte sonatas *Opus* 2, published a few months later. It was in March of the year 1795, shortly before his first publication, that he made his first public appearance as a pianoforte player, playing his own first concerto in C major, finished in a great hurry on the afternoon before the concert, the proverbial "thief of time" having been as great a tempter to him as to Mozart in many similar instances. The piano on this occasion proving to be a semitone flat, he at once settled the matter by playing the piano part in C sharp instead of in C, a feat which has been equalled by players of less genius, but which is noticed here as showing how thoroughly he was at home all round in the practical part of his art, as there was not only the difference in reading the notes (which would have troubled him little), but in such a transposition of key all the fingering of the passages would have to be altered on the moment. Having glanced at the outset of his career, we must now lay aside merely historical matters for what is the main object of these remarks, the consideration of the course which his genius took, and the effect which it had upon the art.

It has become somewhat too much the fashion of late to divide a great creative genius in art or poetry into three epochs; yet there is a certain inherent probability that, in the nature of things, there should be some such stages of development. The most original genius can never shake himself free at once from the influence of his immediate predecessors, and of the predominant feeling of his own day; he works for a time on the lines already laid down. Then comes the time when he finds new materials or new ways of dealing with the old ones, and shapes out a career for himself distinct from that of his predecessors; and then sometimes, but not invariably, follows the time when all that he has done seems unsatisfactory and little, and he endeavors consciously to reach after some new beauty too often beyond his grasp, or beyond the capacity of his means of expression to realize. There are instances in which this more ambitious effort has realized some of the great-

est things of art, others in which it has served to illustrate Keats's melancholy line comparing man to the courses of the year—

"He hath his winter, too, of pale misfeature."

The history of Beethoven's art, at all events, supports to a great extent the classification into three periods which has been specially applied to him. His three epochs are hardly so marked perhaps as those of Turner, with whom nevertheless, in this respect, he suggests a good many points of comparison; and it would be absurd to try to fix the absolute point of departure of each epoch. There is hardly, in fact, a regular progression to be traced except on the most comprehensive view of his works; looking more in detail, we find a work which can only be classed with those of the first epoch occurring in the middle of the second (in cases where the date of composition as well as of publication is known); and, what is rather perplexing, we find that where the change of style can be distinctly made out it occurs at different periods in different classes of work; that the symphonies, for instance, are much more conservative than the piano works; the two first symphonies, which must be classed with the first epoch, and in which the composer had not yet found his characteristic method of writing for orchestra, being posterior to some of the most distinctly Beethovenish of the pianoforte sonatas. It seems probable that the handling of so serious a work as a great symphony, and the dealing with the larger and more varied means of expression presented by the orchestra as compared with chamber music, was undertaken by Beethoven with his characteristic caution and thoughtfulness, and that he wished to hazard nothing too bold till he had attained ample experience. At the same time the gulf which separates the third from the second symphony is so great artistically, though the interval of time is less than that between the first and second (and, indeed, the third symphony was begun almost while the second was being completed, though not produced till two years later), that we must look for some other reason than mere increase in the power of dealing with his materials, to account for such a sudden stride in his genius and method.

Recalling what has been said as to the nature of the symphony in the hands of Mozart, its purely abstract character as musical melody, rhythm, and proportion, it will be understood what is implied in saying that Beethoven's two first symphonies belong essentially to the same class as those of Mozart. It is true that the second is much larger and more ambitious in its proportions, that in each there are new uses made of some of the instruments (of which more anon), and that the new development of the third movement, the old minuet, is already partly accomplished. But the form and feeling of both are in the main those of the old school; nor can

either of them, as a whole, be reckoned to have equalled Mozart's two finest symphonies in abstract beauty and completeness. Though the exquisite slow movement of the second may, taken separately, be recognized as touching a deeper sentiment than we find in Mozart's instrumental music, there is no hint of its being other than abstract music in the mind of the composer; indeed, when his pupil Ries afterward inquired of him the reason for the numerous alterations made in this movement from its first sketch, he got no answer beyond "It is better so." But the third symphony arose in the first instance directly out of the admiration of Beethoven (who was a strong republican) for the First Consul, who then wore to him the halo of a hero and deliverer of those who were under the bondage of hereditary tyrannies coupled with the suggestions of Bernadotte, whom Beethoven then knew in Vienna, that the latter should compose something as a kind of homage to Napoleon. · Whether the suggestion of Bernadotte, who seems to have been an amateur musician, arose from interest in Beethoven's genius, or whether it was prompted by the same motive which, as we have heard an eminent painter affirm, leads to the conferring of knighthood on artists and musicians, viz., the desire to increase the respectability of the monarchical establishment by connecting men of genius with it, at all events the idea bore a glorious fruit in the *Sinfonia Eroica*, inspired by the desire to shadow forth in music something of the greatness of a heroic life and death. Before it was ever performed, came the news of the acceptance of the title of emperor by Napoleon, and the score was flung with execrations on the floor, from whence it was not lifted for some days. Fortunately for us, however, though the ideal hero had sunk into the "new tyrant," the music intended to celebrate him was already composed and eventually given to the world.

Here was something totally distinct from what had been attempted in instrumental music before. Instead of listening to abstract melodic and harmonic proportion for their own sake, the hearers were to regard the emotional expression of the music as portraying the feelings and emotional impressions of a great soul in conflict with the mystery of life. Guided by the general indication of the title afterward given to it, "Sinfonia Eroica to celebrate the memory of a great man," it is not difficult to trace in the first movement the turn of feeling which pervaded the mind of the composer; the calm dignity of the leading theme; the thoughtful melancholy of the second subject, where the fragmentary phrases sighing from one instrument to another seem like the broken memories of past happiness; the passages of turmoil and conflict through which we discern plainly the march of a giant will ready to battle with all obstacles; all this we can feel, all of us who bring any imagination of our own to meet that of the composer; can

feel it all the more powerfully because it is left vague and "unbodied" (to use Shelley's phrase), because Beethoven never was tempted to the fatal error of *labelling* his themes and thus rudely drawing attention to the inadequacy of musical sounds to express definite ideas. He expresses emotions which are indefinable literally in words, and says to us more than any words could express. And with all this emotional stress in the music there is not for a moment any forgetfulness of the conditions of the art, any indication of the idea that emotional earnestness can compensate for roughness of execution. He never forgets that he is writing music, and writing it for a band; the minute finish of the composition is as remarkable as its expressive power, every instrument is treated in the manner most characteristic of its peculiar genius and most fitted to contribute toward the general musical effect of the whole. One change in the form of composition as compared with that of a first movement in a Mozart symphony is significant. The movement is quite symmetrically composed in the sonata-form, but instead of the various subjects being separated by a distinct pause, and appearing deliberately one after another as in the Mozart symphony, they are linked to each other by subsidiary passages and seem to grow naturally and inevitably in the course of the music, interdependent parts of an organic whole.

It may be doubted whether anything so complete at once in artistic form and poetic intensity was accomplished even by Beethoven himself since this first movement of the Eroica Symphony, the thorough comprehension of which in its artistic and poetic expression implies a great deal on the part of the hearer, and it is probable that in no general audience as yet is the full meaning and significance of this movement entered into by more than a comparatively small proportion of the listeners. Mr. Browning, in the short preface to one of his most remarkable poems, observes that his stress lay "on the incidents in the development of a soul;" and it is something of the same kind which Beethoven has attempted to shadow forth in this composition. It is not surprising that in the face of such a work critics even of the more thoughtful class should have been tempted to say that after this the theory of "music for the sake of music" was done with, and that nothing without poetic meaning could be listened to again. But it is not necessary to go beyond the Eroica Symphony itself to illustrate the danger of such hasty generalization. The Eroica subject is continued in the great Funeral March which follows and forms the "slow movement" of the symphony, and which, in its great scale and perspective, and the intense solemnity and pathos which characterize it, suggests nothing less than the mourning of a whole nation over the loss of the hero, the contemplation of his glory, and his final descent into the tomb amid the subdued grief of the awe-struck multitude.

But the next movement seems to change the scene. This is one of the most typical examples of the new development which, as already noticed, Beethoven gave to the third movement of the symphony. In place of the graceful quiet minuet of the Mozart symphony he substituted a style of movement of which both the character and the title, "scherzo," were entirely his own invention; a movement in rapid triple rhythm of much more piquant and picturesque character than the old form, and into which in many of his works he threw the wildest and most grotesque humor and *abandon*. The "scherzo" in the Eroica Symphony has a certain seriousness in keeping with the character of the whole work, but it is difficult to connect it in any special way with the main idea supposed to govern the symphony; and when we come to the *finale* any such connection becomes perfectly impossible. It is a delightful movement to listen to, founded on a fresh and buoyant melody which had formed part of the composer's ballet-music for Prometheus, and which he had already made the theme of a set of variations for the piano, some part of the design of which is repeated in the *finale* of the symphony; but those who can discern any relationship in feeling between this and the noble first movement of the work must be possessed by a very strong predetermination to do so. The probability is that the conception and execution of the first two movements had occupied Beethoven a long time, that he desired to finish the symphony in order to have it presented to Napoleon at some special opportunity, that it must have a *finale*, and accordingly he did for once what he very seldom did (there are only one or two other instances in his entire works), worked up already existing materials for the purpose.

Thus the Eroica Symphony is incomplete as a whole; and, commencing on a "poetic basis," concludes with "absolute" music; and when we pass to the Fourth Symphony, we are still more struck with the contradiction to the assumption that he had established "poetic" music as a *sine quâ non*. In fact, throughout Beethoven's musical life it may be noticed that the very fact that he has done something of very marked tendency in any one important composition seems almost a reason for doing something as different as possible in the next. The Fourth Symphony goes back completely and frankly to absolute music essentially of the Mozart type, though marked by Beethoven's richer fancy and more elaborate detail; it is a work completely classic in feeling, pervaded by that serenity and "blitheness" (*Heiterkeit*) which Mr. Pater has tabulated as one of the most essential qualities of Greek art; and it is the most highly-finished and symmetrical orchestral work which the composer ever produced, and in this respect could not have been beaten by Mozart, the typical master of grace and finish. The Fifth Symphony, the C minor, is as surprising a contrast in

the opposite direction. There can hardly be a question that, as a whole, this is Beethoven's greatest symphony. It is, we believe, considered "philistine" to say so now, because the combined simplicity and power of the work have made it popular, and caused it to be too much played and talked about: as if that affected the intrinsic merit of the music. Possibly no single movement in it is equal in intellectual interest to the first movement of the Eroica, but it has the advantage in being a more complete whole and leading up to a splendid climax. It is obviously a work of poetic signification, though with no key beyond the recorded remark of the composer about the opening phrase of the first movement, "It is thus fate knocks at the door," the significance of which may, however, have been overrated. But no imaginative listener can have doubted that the whole work is a kind of portrayal of the conflict of life, perhaps an expression of the composer's own trials and hopes. The opening movement is full of turmoil, anger, doubt, resolution, brief gleams of beauty and happiness. The second, filled full of rich and passionate melody, we might perhaps call an idyl on a great scale, only that its suggestions seem too large and deep for the associations of the word. The *scherzo* that follows is extraordinary, and if Beethoven had read Bunyan one might fancy it suggested by the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Half-seen, ominous, grotesque shapes seem to dance and gibber through the music. At length, after being greeted by the most strange moppings and mowings, we find ourselves at the point where there seems to be a way out, to somewhere; *i.e.*, we arrive at the passage eventually leading up to the *finale*. This is certainly the most extraordinary instance in existence of the power of mere inarticulate sounds to influence the state of the mind. The feeling aroused in hearing it, that *something* is going to happen—something very extraordinary, but we know not whether for good or evil; that, whatever it is, we cannot escape it; that it is becoming more inevitable every moment—is so vivid as to raise almost a sense of terror. There is an almost dead hush of the whole orchestra; the drum commences a series of low taps, the violins begin, in the most curiously vague manner, to stir uneasily, as if something were being wakened out of sleep; the stir becomes gradually more marked—the unceasing drum-taps get louder and more persistent, till a rush of the whole band carries us fairly off our feet to the point where the opening chords of the final march break upon us like a blaze of light. In analyzing the passage musically it is easy to perceive how artfully the composer has heightened its effect by keeping the harmony vague and undefined till the last moment, so that we do not know, as it were, which way he is going to turn, and by masking the rhythm and accent of the violin passages so as to increase this vague formlessness; but the whole effect really defies analysis.

It may be observed that, like all the surprises of genius, it is not dependent upon the novelty of a first hearing ; it loses none of its effect with those who know it as well as their alphabet.

It is important to notice that this symphony, so essentially poetic in feeling, is thoroughly consistent and connected in form throughout ; it is not so highly finished as some others ; there are roughnesses in detail, and the first movement exhibits a certain degree of abruptness and angularity at times, but not more than is sufficient to convey the dramatic meaning intended, without any harsh interference with the conditions of musical expression. The final march, which conveys no doubt the idea of the victory and triumph over evil and sorrow, is, besides its almost ecstatic expression, one of the most broadly conceived, stately, and symmetrical movements, artistically speaking, in the whole range of music. Passing to the next symphony, the *Pastorale*, we again find Beethoven, as before, leading us to almost the opposite extreme from his last work, and doing something perfectly different from what he or any one else had ever done before with instrumental music—giving us the translation of landscape into the language of musical sounds. This symphony is the most popular of all with "the masses," because a definite idea is given for each movement, which can be readily laid hold of and followed ; but it may be at once remarked that, from the higher and more poetic point of view, this more or less imitative symphony, the parent of what has been called "programme" music (music written to express and imitate sounds and sights which are not essentially musical) stands on lower ground intellectually than such works as the Eroica and C minor symphonies, on lower ground also than the abstract proportion or musical architecture of which Mozart's symphonies and Beethoven's Fourth are such noble examples ; and in one or two places he has dropped into mere musical punning. At the end of the second movement he allowed himself, most unwisely, and merely to please a lady admirer, to add a passage of direct imitation of the nightingale, quail, and cuckoo, not originally contemplated, and which is a blot on an exquisite composition ; and in the storm movement, parts of which are magnificently and poetically suggestive, he has written in one place a series of rapid groups of four notes for the double-basses against five for the violoncellos (to be played in the same time), so that no two notes are sounded together, and a confused rumble of sound is produced. The passage passes over quickly in performance, and those who do not know of the device would perhaps not notice it, but it is a most dangerous precedent, and a method of treatment which most distinctly is not *music*. On the other hand, in the opening movement, which entirely bears out the composer's apologetic comment on the work—"more an expression of feeling than actual painting"—Beethoven has done wonders. He has ex-

pressed in music the impression which the sight and sound of a broad breezy summer landscape produces on minds quick to receive such impressions, so vividly and truly, that in walking through the country on such a day as that described in Tennyson's Gardener's Daughter—

> "Where all the land in flowering squares
> Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind
> Smelt of the coming summer"—

we have even felt that if it were possible to consider the mental impression apart from its external causation, we could hardly distinguish between that produced by Nature herself and that produced by Beethoven's translation of Nature into music. It is as if we saw and felt Nature transfused through Beethoven's mind; and no one who had not the intense and reverent love of Nature which he obviously had, could have achieved this. The second movement, "By the brook," is almost equally beautiful and poetic (except the unfortunate bird-imitations mentioned just now), the stringed instruments keeping up a murmuring undercurrent of undulating sound throughout, which, without for a moment suggesting anything like imitation, gives the same delicious dreamy feeling which the continuous ripple of moving water brings over us, while the air seems full of the hum and twitter of bird and insect life (not here imitated, merely translated into music), mingled with a song from the violoncellos which is the human element in the scene, and is the natural expression of the rapture of an overflowing heart. The rest of the symphony is not equal to the first two movements, though much might be said about it if space allowed.

We must pass over lightly the Seventh and Eighth Symphonies, though the former is one of the greatest of all the composer's works, and a special favorite with himself; merely observing that, as before, he goes into an entirely different region again, and that there is not a hint or suggestion of programme music in either of them. The allegretto of this symphony is wonderfully pathetic, and may mean a thousand deep and stirring things to different listeners; the rest of the work, and especially the brilliant finale, worked up to a most exciting climax, is more like "absolute" music, though of a very different type from that of the Mozart school. The Eighth Symphony, again, a much smaller work than any other since the first, is almost pure music, pure tune, in the first three movements, in some parts of a simple and *naïve* gracefulness recalling Haydn; the finale, however, which has hardly received its proper place in estimation, is a perfect orgy of whim and high spirits, over parts of which we can fancy the composer shouting with laughter as he wrote them (he was always a great laugher when amused); and where in some passages the instruments, as

they bandy about phrases from side to side of the orchestra, seem literally to be cracking jokes at one another. But the Ninth and Last Symphony claims some special comment here for several reasons. It is a work on a vast scale, occupying nearly twice as long in performance as any of the others, and the broad and far-reaching style of the opening movement, and its great seriousness and sustained grandeur, show at once that the composer had bent his whole power to accomplishing something colossal; though the result of the opening is, perhaps, rather to raise a great expectation than to satisfy it; the design of the movement is less spontaneous in effect, less certain in form than some of the greatest of its predecessors. The *scherzo* also is remarkable for much greater length than its predecessors of the same class, rather than for other superiority to them, and for the extraordinary amount of repetition of very short though very striking themes. The slow movement, which in this work follows the *scherzo* instead of preceding it, alone reaches the highest Beethoven standard of combined beauty and pathos. It is new in form, being, in fact, a great instrumental song in several verses with instrumental symphonies between, the song returning each time with new and more beautiful elaboration and accompaniment, until (if we may try to express so what is hardly expressible in words) the music seems almost to faint and die under the weight of its own loveliness. After which follows the finale about which so much has been written, and in which for the first time vocal music is combined with the symphony. The manner in which the melody which is to illustrate Schiller's Ode to Joy, is led up to, is extraordinarily dramatic and fanciful. After a few bars of noisy prelude, the violoncellos and basses of the orchestra, like the serpent in Eden, seem to take on them human voice and expostulation, and in a passage resembling vocal declamation, invite the other instruments to sing something with them. The others answer with the same furious crash as before. No, that won't do; more expostulation, answered by a bit from the subject of the first movement, which is again refused in a very decided tone of anger; so it goes on, the basses asking for something and getting bits from the former part of the symphony offered to them, till at last the wind instruments suggest something new, a little bit of tune hesitatingly played. That will do, that's it—is replied as plainly as if words had spoken it; and after a few bars of congratulatory expression in the same conversational manner, the basses and violoncellos lead off with the new-found tune, which Beethoven had sketched years before, almost in early life, as an air for the setting of the *Ode to Joy*. It is hardly one of the finest or greatest of the composer's melodies, but is pervaded by a peculiar joyous and exultant character quite in keeping with the sentiment of the opening of Schiller's ode, and sounds delightful as first treated

as the subject of a movement in counterpoint for the instruments alone. Afterward there is a cruel crash and discord, in which all the notes of the scale are heard at once, the object of which pain is apparently to enhance the effect of the "joy" afterward (a *very* questionable expedient), and the words of the song are shortly after taken up by the chorus and solo singers. But as the movement proceeds we feel that failure is impending. The time of the song melody, not quite dignified enough at first, is quickened till it becomes a mere jig; the ode is broken up into short sections with incessant changes of time and design, which seem to go on no plan and point to no climax; the instrumentation is noisy, the chorus are kept in a continual scream upon passages too high to be conveniently sustained, and the work closes in a *prestissimo* which is a sheer scramble of voices and instruments. The causes of this unfortunate and undignified anti-climax to a symphony which started in so sustained and high a style are probably twofold. A certain tendency to eccentricity and vagary of form—part of the eccentricity inherent in Beethoven's character, but which his schooled artistic insight had repressed in most of his former works, seems to have asserted itself and got the better of him in the excitement of a new experiment in composition; and in the effort to give to Schiller's ode the ecstatic treatment which he seems to have aimed at, he overshot the mark and landed in some part of his work sadly near the ridiculous. It must be added, that chorus writing was never at any time Beethoven's strong point, in spite of occasional successes; but there was now another element of difficulty in his deafness. This, of course, did not in the least interfere with his appreciation of the harmonic relations of his music—those to every great musician are heard with the ear of the mind—though it may perhaps be questioned whether, if he could have heard that particular "crash" in his finale above mentioned with the outer ear also, he would not have thought twice about it. But in regard to *timbre* and balance of instruments and voices, it seems probable that his want of hearing must have misled him. He had now been almost completely deaf for some years, and it must have been inevitable that the remembrance of the real effect of instrumental and vocal sounds (as distinguished from their harmonic relation) must have more or less faded from his memory; otherwise it is hardly conceivable that he should have kept the singers at such a scream as he did, in spite of the remonstrances of the accomplished vocalists who took the solo parts (and whose statement that the music was too high for any one to sing comfortably he evidently did not believe); that he should have instrumental parts of the finale in such a blaring and noisy manner; that he should have written that absurd succession of grunts from the contra-bassoon which precedes the "Alla Marcia" movement. We have not a doubt that he

imagined these effects differently from the way we hear them; though he is, of course, fully responsible for the form of the composition. The reason for dwelling thus ungraciously, as it may seem, on the drawbacks of this composition will appear just now.

And now let it not be thought below the dignity of these pages to say a word in reference to the medium through which Beethoven spoke his greatest conceptions—the orchestra; for without a general idea of this also it is not possible to estimate aright the advance which he made upon his predecessors in the art. There may be those no doubt, among the readers of the *Fortnightly Review* who would have sympathized with the indignation of the late editor of the *Times* at having to turn aside from his studies of the political situation of Europe to "attend to the complaints of an oboe player," and doubtless the assemblage of persons gathered together to manipulate the various instruments of the orchestra form often a motley group enough, and shoulder to shoulder with men of culture and genius are found vessels of very coarse human clay. But it is part of the glory of orchestral music that it obliterates personality; and it is not to Mr. A. and Herr B. that we listen, but to the various voices of instruments which come to have a distinct though abstract character of their own, and which we learn to listen for as for the well-known accents of dear and familiar friends. Like the symphony form of music, the modern orchestra grew to its present shape almost accidentally and through a natural process of development based in a measure on the principle of the survival of the fittest. For in the Bach period a good many experiments were made in tone-coloring, and a good many instruments existed and were in use which gradually dropped out of recognition, either owing to difficulties and drawbacks in their manipulation, or defects in their voices, or the difficulty of inducing people to give their time to mastering instruments which were used but seldom and could not become remunerative to the player. In Handel's orchestra the materials were chiefly the bow instruments (violins, tenor violins or violas, violoncellos, and basses), called collectively "the strings," several of each being used; the oboes, also in his day used in a collective manner, some twelve or fourteen; flutes and bassoons; horns and trumpets (generally two of each), and two drums. This was a pretty fair muster for the period, and afforded considerable variety of tone, but the idea of what is now called "orchestral coloring" was not prominent then, and the instruments were mostly used *en masse* to produce a body of tone, except where one, generally either oboe or trumpet, was used as a solo instrument. It is curious that the trumpet, the manipulative difficulties of which are most formidable except in a certain class of simple phrases, was one of the most prominent solo instruments in Handel's day, and the difficulties which he made for it are now

beyond the power of any but one or two exceptional players. As, however, it came to be perceived how greatly superior the bow instruments were, in freedom and facility of execution of all kinds of passages, to any other class of instrument, the weight of the work came to be thrown upon them; the oboes were reduced, like the other wind instruments, to two, and the orchestra consisted of a mass of stringed instruments with the wind instruments to assist the *ensemble* and to take up melodies and passages occasionally for the sake of variety and contrast of tone. Mozart wrote for what would now be considered a very small orchestra; and though he liked giving to each instrument pleasant and characteristic passages in turn, he made little direct attempt at increasing the expressive power of his music by special contrasts and combinations of tone. But with Beethoven this became almost a new art. The orchestra had been considerably strengthened in his day; clarionets, the most beautiful of all wind instruments, invented in Mozart's day but little used, become first favorites with him and gave voice to many of his finest melodies; the bow instruments were considerably increased in number and had advanced immensely in their capacities of execution, so that intricacies of instrumental design were now possible which could not have been thought of in Mozart's time. But the great distinction in regard to the use of the instruments in the Beethoven symphony is the manner in which he derived a new source of sound-poetry from the contrast and combination of the various tones of the orchestra, so that the difference between his greatest symphonies and those of his predecessors is almost the difference between a picture in color and a design in outline and shading. They have their deep shadows, their warm and cool tones, their glancing and glittering high lights, their foregrounds and distances. Again, quitting the pictorial mettaphor, their multiplicity of expression is most remarkable. We do not seem to listen to a group of instruments playing together as one whole, but to a number of voices of various tones and expressions, which call and answer to one another, advance and recede, pursue and fly each other, are now silent while one indulges a soliloquy, and now take up one after another the thread of the discourse, or join in a tumultuous cry of sorrow or exultation. And what is perhaps most remarkable of all is the multiplicity, delicacy, and finish of the detail in these combinations of phrases and melodies. We hear the effect as a whole without perceiving this so much; but a study of the score, or even an attentive listening to a work the general scope of which has become familiar, shows us that every note and passage in these intricate combinations is studied with reference to its effect on the whole, its suitability to the tone and capabilities of the instrument to which it is allotted, and its own special expression; so that, as Mr. Grove has very

truly remarked, the completeness of the whole, and the intricacy and yet apparently perfectly spontaneous development of the detail, in some of these compositions, impresses us rather as if they were productions of nature than of art.

A few words must suffice to characterize what Beethoven accomplished in his pianoforte compositions, which are only less important than his orchestral works. In one sense, indeed, his collection of sonatas for the pianoforte may be considered as even more remarkable than his symphonies. That through the medium of an instrument so comparatively restricted in its powers of expression (and it was even more so in his day than it is now, when the pianoforte has been so greatly improved in mechanism and sonority) any one should have been able to convey such a variety of poetic impressions of the highest order, both in regard to imaginative power and intensity of pathos, is one of the most remarkable instances of the triumph of mind over matter. In comparing Beethoven's pianoforte works with those of his predecessors, is is fair to the latter to remember, in judging of their relative importance, that he was the first great composer who confided any of his greatest conceptions to the piano ; for in regard to elevation of style and poetic inspiration some of the pianoforte sonatas are behind nothing that is in the symphonies, only of course they are on a smaller scale and without the interest of such coloring and detail as an orchestral composition admits of. Allowing for this, however, Beethoven still occupies the position of the first discoverer of the real powers and capabilities of the instrument. Mozart has in two or three instances anticipated or suggested some of his special methods of treatment, but in the main Mozart was still under the influence of the style of the older keyed instruments, the harpsichord and clavier, in the first of which there was no expression and in the latter little or no sonority or singing power. Accordingly the majority of his piano music still retains the old harpsichord style, where expression and variety are sought by means of ornamental scale passages, trills, shakes, etc. Beethoven retained all that was valuable in these older features of pianoforte writing, and turned them to excellent account in his own compositions as sources of brilliant and effective ornament to his themes ; and in fact the admirable embroidery and decoration of his pianoforte music, so completely finished and artistic, is as remarkable as its more elevated qualities. He invented, however, completely new methods of treating the instrument, drawing from it broad masses of sound, either in full and sonorous chords, or by a kind of alternate battery of the hands upon the keyboard, evolving thus a species of effect peculiar to the pianoforte, and which no other instrument can possibly realize. But the greatest debt we owe him is for the lofty ideal of pianoforte composition which he established ;

for giving us the highest and most imaginative music in a form available for one person with a piano ; for thus bringing, as we may say, symphonic music to our firesides. The player who would realize this must, it is true, bring imagination of his own to meet that of the composer ; he must be able to apprehend, beyond the mere sounds which his instrument can produce to the senses, the greatness of scale and perspective, the richness of coloring, which are conveyed by the composer to those who can understand his indications, just as the sense of color is conveyed in the work of a great etcher, though the actual material color is wanting. Thus, in Beethoven's sonatas, though the forms and passages are those of piano music (and no pianoforte composer ever wrote more thoroughly in the style of the instrument), the larger ideas belonging to orchestral music are constantly to be felt behind the veil of the pianoforte forms. The true grandeur of scale of these compositions, however, is apt to be lost when, as commonly happens now, they are removed from the saloon to the concert room. "Pianoforte recitals" have become a passion of the day, and large concert halls are demanded for the audiences who attend them ; but in regard both to these sonatas and to the chamber quartettes, etc., of the great composers, the public are under an illusion if they think they are hearing music of this class under the conditions and with the effect contemplated by the composer. The scale of the effects is calculated for small rooms, and becomes dwarfed in large spaces ; it is as if we hung a cabinet picture in a public hall among large mural paintings. The consequence in the case of the pianoforte sonatas is constant over-playing to force the music to a larger scale, so that, in the expression of Lenz (*Beethoven et ses trois styles*), "Aujourd'hui on ne joue plus le piano, on le monte. Devenu cheval de cirque, de fougueux et intrépides cavaliers promènent ce pauvre piano aux yeux d'un public ébahi."

In the sonatas the three styles are more clearly traceable than in the symphonies, partly because there is a large number of examples (thirty-three) from which to generalize. The Haydn and Mozart forms are very quickly shaken off, almost so in the Fourth Sonata (*Opus* 7), which is quite new in its feeling ; but it is only when we progress farther that we discover what wild and romantic poetry, what great tragic scenes of love and sorrow, Beethoven could extract from the cold black and white keyboard. The variety and individuality of these is as wonderful as their poetic power. Throughout the whole there are not two movements which in any essential way resemble each other, and it is not too much to say that there is hardly any mood of "the many-sided mind" which may not find its reflection here. But it is important to observe that here, as in the symphonies, we find the facts quite at variance with any theory of conscious or systematic development of the

"poetic" principle. After some of the most distinctly poetic of the earlier sonatas, we find one ("Opus" 22) which is completely of the Mozart school in feeling; one, too, which the composer thought a great deal of, specially recommending it to his publishers as "a sonata of the right sort." Some time after the wild and romantic sonatas in E flat and D minor, we find the Waldstein sonata, which, grand as it is, is essentially a great show-piece. The last sonata but one is essentially poetic, and contains an air preceded by a regular dramatic recitative, exactly like a solo sung by the heroine of a tragic opera; but the next and last sonata concludes with a great set of variations which are as absolutely music for the sake of music—bravura music, too—as anything of Bach's could be. This last movement has, in fact, so vexed the "poetic basis" people, that they have tried to get evidence of its having been composed some years before its publication; they are almost angry with Beethoven for having done something which so obviously will not fit into their theory of him. But the composer's enjoyment of pure music and of brilliant effects of pianoforte playing comes out continually even in the midst of his most essentially poetic sonatas. He attached a great importance to artistic finish in playing, and was most careful and painstaking in his indications of the manner and expression, the *nuances* of loud and soft, to be observed in the sonatas; and nothing could be more contrary to the composer's intentions than the way in which these works have been frequently played lately by pianists who, following the dangerous but now fashionable habit of trusting everything to memory, have stormed through his sonatas with a forgetfulness of *nuances* which would have driven Beethoven nearly wild if he could have heard them. It is characteristic of the serious way in which he took such matters, even in his later days, that in a letter to the person charged with the instruction of his nephew, he goes into details about the principle of fingering to be observed in a certain class of pianoforte passages; and Czerny relates that when he went to Beethoven for lessons, the great composer devoted the earlier lessons entirely to scale-playing and showing him the best position of the hand. The interest which he took in the executive part of piano-playing is well illustrated in a story told by his pupil Ries, which is worth quoting as very characteristic, and not so well known as some of the Beethoven anecdotes. Ries was to appear before the public for the first time as Beethoven's pupil at a concert, where he was to play the master's concerto in C minor, and at which Beethoven conducted and turned over the pages for the young player. Ries says:

"I had begged him to compose me a cadenza; he refused, and told me to write one myself, and he would correct it. He was much pleased with my composition, and altered little, only he thought one very brilliant and difficult pas-

sage, though effective, too perilous, and charged me to write another. Eight days before the performance he wished again to hear the cadenza. I played the offending passage and failed in it; he told me again with some temper to alter it; I did so, but the new passage did not satisfy me. I studied the other valiantly, without for all that making myself absolutely sure of it. At the public concert, when the cadenza arrived, Beethoven sat quietly looking on. I could not bring myself to choose the easier passage. When I boldly attacked the more difficult one, Beethoven gave himself a violent shake in his chair: the cadenza succeeded nevertheless, and he was content, and called out 'bravo!' which electrified the audience, and gave me immediately a position among artistes. Afterward, in spite of his evident satisfaction, he said, 'But you are very self-willed! If you had broken down in the passage, I would never have given you another lesson.'"

It is in curious contrast, however, to his teaching, that all testimony combines in implying that in playing his own compositions he was rough and impulsive, and often made mistakes. His *forte* was his extempore playing, which must have been extraordinary from what is said of its effects; but he was entirely destitute of the coolness and self-possession necessary for the accurate rendering of written music, and probably his published works have been played by others with much more effect than he usually gave to them himself. It was the same with his conducting of the orchestra, in which, even before his deafness, he often confused the players rather than assisted them. One story is told which conveys some idea of his want of presence of mind under such circumstances. He was in the habit, when conducting, of expressing a loud passage by throwing his arms up, or out, at full stretch. When playing one of his own concertos, during a long passage for the band where the piano was silent, he forgot his position, and, fancying he was conducting, threw his arms out at a certain loud chord, and knocked both the candles off the piano, and when they were picked up and the passage repeated, by the time the same chord recurred he had forgotten the accident and did the same again. The audience, with all their respect for him, were, naturally enough, convulsed with laughter, which so irritated him that at the next solo he broke several strings of the piano. When to this nervous excitability was added his lamentable affliction of deafness, it is no wonder that at last his friends had to tell him, as kindly as they could, that his conducting would not do, and persuade him to relinquish the task.

It may be interesting, before summing up our estimate of his musical genius, to bring together here a few of the many recorded traits which help us to realize Beethoven's personal character. The bad side of it is soon done with, for it amounts to nothing worse than this, that he was a man of perfectly abnormal irritability of temper, which had never been checked or restrained by anything worth calling education, and which was aggravated during great part of his life by the peculiarly terrible affliction, to a musician, of deafness; and that in regard to all social restraints

and conventionalities he was an absolute Bohemian. He cared neither how he dressed, nor how he ate, nor, if he was angry with people, how he spoke to them, or what was their relation to himself, either in social position or friendship, except that he seems to have kept his worst words for his professional friends. And yet, in one sense, even these very facts are a testimony to his higher qualities; for it is evident that, in spite of all this, he estranged very few friends. He might storm and swear at his best friends, call them hound and donkey, invite them to dinner and then abuse them till they were compelled in self-respect to leave the table; but for all that they remained his friends. He had given them medicines to make them love him; it could not be else. The interest in his genius had, of course, much to do with it; but it was not only that. While all the fresh information that is gained about him brings fresh testimony as to his phenomenal temper and eccentricity, all we learn about him seems also to establish more decidedly his simplicity, honesty, and high moral purpose, and to confirm what is said by one of his contemporaries, "I never saw a more childlike mind in union with so much power and pride." His moral rectitude and uprightness seems to have been not so much the result of any conscious adoption of principles, as the spontaneous and unconscious goodness of a healthy nature. He was so honest in his own character that anything like deception, even in joke, seemed to excite his strongest indignation, while he was so little suspicious of double-dealing in others that any one could overreach him; and his relations, who were a bad set (though not in all respects quite as bad, probably as he thought), plundered him right and left. In little things it must be confessed that he was vulgar. He was always making very bad jokes, sometimes practical ones, and laughing obstreperously at them, but seems to have been very slow to see other people's jokes, and very apt to take offence at them if they were against himself. His pride in his own genius was great, and well it might be; he was thoroughly conscious of his powers, for they had been matured by severe discipline; he knew the ins and outs of his artistic nature, had wrestled with his genius in its dark and sorrowful places, and was well aware that he towered over all his contemporaries. Ries gives a curious instance of his sensitiveness on this point. Ries had applied, on his friends' advice, for a musical conductorship which had been offered to Beethoven, but which it was well known that Beethoven neither had accepted nor would accept. The fact came to the ears of the great man, and Ries was denied admittance on several calls, but never guessed the cause till, after some weeks, he happened to meet Beethoven in the street, and the latter came up to him, and said only, with the greatest scorn, "So *you* think you can fill a post that has been offered to *me*." During the con-

gress at Vienna in 1814, Beethoven invited the royal and noble personages to a concert given by himself, pretty much in the terms of one sovereign inviting others to his court. Yet in his social intercourse he hardly seems to have realized that to stand on one's dignity as a man is an even higher thing than to stand on one's dignity as an artist. One of his recorded remarks is, "It is good to be with the aristocracy, but one must be able to impress them." This is rather sad; but still worse is his description (in one of the letters which that sentimental little minx, Bettina Brentano, elicited from him) of his meeting the imperial family while he was out walking with Goethe, who was then at Vienna, and how he folded his arms and walked straight through the suite, and saw princes and pages form a line for him, and how he laughed at Goethe for standing aside and taking off his hat. This of course was simply bad manners, and he quite misunderstood Goethe, who cared as little for kings as any one, but was enough a man of the world to know that dignity and good taste are best consulted by a reasonable conformity to conventional courtesies.

Like Handel, Beethoven never married; but, unlike Handel, he was very susceptible to feminine charms, and was in love over and over again. He would look after any pretty woman whom he saw in the street, in the most undisguised manner, merely laughing if she turned and noticed him. But in general the objects of his admiration were ladies of rank, who certainly seem to have given him no little encouragement sometimes, at all events very warm friendship; but nothing ever came of it, and it is easy to understand that refined ladies, however they might overlook his eccentricities in regard for him and his genius, might reasonably have thought twice about uniting themselves for life with so rough a diamond. Two or three letters, written to one of the most seriously adored of these fair enslavers, are very beautiful, almost exceptionally so, as specimens of love-letters, and one or two recorded remarks of his in regard to marriage show so truly chivalresque a feeling and so high an ideal of married life that it is sad to think he should never have realized it. He is said to have been so stern a moralist that he would not remain in the room with a man of licentious habits; if that were so, his choice of rooms in the Vienna of his day must have been rather limited. It seems to have been at any rate the fact that he rated Mozart's "Don Juan" below the "Zauberflöte" because the former was "a scandalous subject," degrading to the art of music. This severity of tone, and the love-letters above mentioned, and the very pathetic letter he wrote to his brothers as his "will" during a period of ill-health in early life, form together almost all in his personal life that we know of, which seems akin in temper and tone to the noble, dignified, and exalted character of a great deal of his music. As a

whole, what was dignified and grand in his nature shows itself mainly in his music, while the jocular side of his character comes out more in his life, but occasionally in his music also, and often with great effect. His letters in general are not remarkable unless for oddity and a kind of joking which is hardly to be called wit: a characteristic specimen is the following portion of a letter to Hofmeister and Peters, the music publishers, who had communicated a wish for a sonata on some specified plan:

"Does the devil, then, ride you all together, gentlemen, to propose to me to make such a sonata?

"During the revolutionary fever, well and good, such a thing might have been done; but now, when everything is getting into the old tracks, when Buonaparte has concluded a *concordat* with the Pope—*such* a sonata!

"Were it a Missa pro Sancta Maria, *à tre voci*, why then I would immediately take up the pencil and write in huge semibreves a *Credo in unum*; but, gracious God, such a sonata in these new-fangled Christian times. Ho! ho! leave me alone, that won't do.

"Now, my answer in the quickest *tempo*," etc.

Among the various glimpses of his personality in later life may be mentioned that which Schindler gives of the composer on his afternoon walk, running rather than walking round the ramparts, "as if pursued by bailiffs," with his arms folded behind him and his head bent down; and the account given of a visit to him in 1825, by an English lady, who sent it anonymously to a musical journal of the day in this country. This is one of the pleasantest pictures we get of the composer. She called by invitation in answer to her letter of introduction:

"When we arrived he had just returned home, and was changing his coat; I almost began to be alarmed, after what I had heard of his brusquerie, lest he should not receive us very cordially, when he came forth from his Sanctum with a hurried step and apparently very nervous, but he addressed us in so gentle, so courteous, and so sweet a manner, and yet with such a truth in his sweetness, that I only know Mr. ——— with whom he can be compared."

He wrote the lady a little fugue as a souvenir, and she relates how he played it over for her, lookingly sadly at the piano which he could not hear, and saying he feared it was much out of order. The letter is appended to the English version of Schindler's life.

Though in the letter to his publisher quoted just now, Beethoven expressed his readiness to write a *credo* "in huge semibreves," he had no relation with the church, or with church music as usually understood. As far as his religious feeling can be at all defined, he was what used to be called a Pantheist: at least this would be the conclusion from the two first of the sentences which he had copied out from somewhere, and kept constantly before him.

"I. Ich bin was da ist.

"Ich bin alles, was ist, was war, und was sein wird; kein sterblicher mensch hat meinen Schleier aufgehoben.

"II. Er ist Einzig von ihm selbst, und diesem Einzigen sind alle Dinge ihr Dasein schuldig."

It may be fanciful, but we have often thought there was the same kind of pantheistic faith to be discerned in his religious music. In his two Masses there is hardly a trace of ecclesiastical feeling; in the second especially (a stupendous but unequal work) we seem to hear the worship of all nature rather than of the adherents of a special creed; and in the Hallelujah which closes the "Mount of Olives," a chorus on a scale completely out of keeping with the rest of the work, there is a breadth and pomp of effect entirely unmixed with anything of devotional feeling, which reminds us of the songs of the archangels in the prologue to *Faust* rather than of any possible Christian hymn. Christian feeling is, in fact, entirely absent from the work, in which, as a late writer on music observed, Gethsemane is brought "perilously near the footlights; an objection, however, which, even as a matter of good taste, would be much less obvious to the orthodox German than to the orthodox Englishman. He had, however, no need of religious fingerposts to keep him straight; and he showed the best form of practical religion in his unselfish devotion to the orphan nephew who had been recommended to his care by a brother who had often behaved anything but well to him, and whose education and interests he looked after at the cost of money, time, and much that was most disagreeable to himself, with an affectionate solicitude that seemed to increase in proportion to the ingratitude and ill-behavior of the object of it. But he certainly never looked in his troubles and worries to what is usually understood by the consolations of religion. In one melancholy letter in reference to his increasing deafness, he says, "I have often cursed my existence. Plutarch has won me back to resignation." One of the last recorded expressions on his death-bed breathes something of the lofty irony of the old pagan mind. "Plaudite, amici," he said to those around his bed, "comœdia finita est;" and though he received the *viaticum* in his last moments, we may hope that this was due rather to the officious orthodoxy of his friends than to his own choice. The circumstances of the actual moment of his death seem strangely in accord with the passion and strife of his stormy life. A sudden storm had come on, and the dying man was roused by an unusually loud clap of thunder, clinched his fist as if in reply, and shook it in the air above him. This was his last action: the hand dropped, and he was gone.

A few of his opinions, briefly expressed on different occasions, in regard to other great composers, may be mentioned here. Haydn he never felt cordially toward; and in regard to Mozart he was very capricious, being sometimes inexhaustible in his praise of him, and sometimes dismissing his name with *double entendre* phrases which might mean whatever the hearer chose to make them. Weber, he said, "began to learn too late," and only attained the

art of pleasing; an admirable bit of comprehensive criticism. Schubert had "a spark of the divine fire." Rossini he referred to as "Chinese porcelain," and on another occasion characterized him as a "good scene-painter;" he refused to see him, though Rossini called two or three times, which was hard, considering that the Italian composer was an ardent admirer of his genius; but he might have been excused for some indignation at the fact of a Rossini-fashion being set up in the capital which had been so long irradiated by his own lofty genius. The stern and sculpturesque genius of Cherubini he greatly admired, and said that if he wrote a requiem, he would take that by the great French-Italian musician as his model of style. In regard to a new opera (supposed to be one of Meyerbeer's early ones), he observed, "There must be such things, or what would the common herd do?" but he would perhaps have spoken more respectfully of some of Meyerbeer's later works. Bach he called the "patriarch of harmony," but he does not seem to have placed him in that lofty position to which modern criticism has advanced him. His greatest praise was for Handel, whom he called "the unequalled master of all masters," the study of whose scores (a complete set of which had been sent to him by the Sacred Harmonic Society) was his greatest consolation in his last illness, and of whom he once said, with almost solemnity of manner, "I would uncover my head and kneel down on his tomb;" sentiments which may be usefully compared with those of the modern ultra-Teutonic school of critics, who regard the admiration for Handel in this country as a piece of insular philistinism.

Beethoven's power and genius as an instrumental composer, a *Ton-dichter* (an appellation he delighted in), it would seem almost impossible to rate too highly; any reservations that can be made in regard to it would consist only in saying that he was deficient, in comparison with Bach and Mozart, in a certain kind of power the full possession of which is perhaps incompatible with the order of genius which was most specially his own. The severe logic of that kind of musical architecture called the fugue was foreign to his temperament, and the few colossal attempts at it which he made in his later works, astonishing as in a sense they are, only serve emphatically to prove this. Mr. Grove describes in a few highly graphic sentences the circumstances attending the composition of parts of the *Missa Solennis;* the composer "shut up in his room, singing, shouting, stamping, as if in actual conflict of life and death over the fugue, 'Et Vitam venturi Sæculi;' his sudden appearance, wild, dishevelled, faint with toil, and twenty-four hours' fast! These were indeed 'drangvollen Umständen'—wretched conditions—but they are the conditions which accompany the production of great works." It seems to us that they are exactly not the conditions which accompany the production of a great work of that

class, and that these very conditions serve to explain the characteristics of that terrible chorus, in which the unfortunate singers are dragged, as it were, by the hair of their heads over all kinds of obstacles, and even the listener is left with a predominating feeling of thankfulness that we have somehow got safely through at last, and with certainly anything but a reassuring idea of "the life of the world to come." Numbers of Bach's fugues, organ and choral, and Mozart's finale to the Symphony in C, are greater works of their type than this, but we venture to say neither Bach nor Mozart was ever found stamping and tearing his hair over them. Concentration of mind and a calm grasp over the materials are the conditions of success in this class of composition, the Doric architecture of music. The words "drangvollen Umständen" were used by Beethoven himself, not of this work, but of the state into which the composition of the huge B flat Sonata threw him, the finale of which is another work of the same class, a portentously big, difficult, and chaotic fugue, which we are told to regard as his greatest pianoforte work simply because it is his biggest, but which we are convinced that hardly any among the audiences who listen to it from strong-fingered pianists at pianoforte recitals would pretend to find pleasure in, if they were not ordered to do so by the critics. The composer's "drangvollen Umständen" in both cases arose from the fact that he was grasping, with all the energy of his passionate nature, at something essentially foreign to his genius, and hence the dire struggle so pathetically alluded to by himself. They are his mistakes, the grand mistakes of a great genius, to be heard with respect because they are his ; but when we are told to regard them as his greatest achievements, then let us put down our foot firmly and say that we refuse to listen to such nonsense. In every other type of instrumental music Beethoven is superb, and accomplished not only far more than any one ever did before, but probably more than any one ever will again. He is one of the world's great poets, and he is (what has not been sufficiently recognized) in the handling of his materials as much a consummate artist and finisher, in all his best works, as an imaginative creator. This artist or workman side of his genius is brought out extraordinarily, and in a way that once would never have been suspected, in what his extant note-books show of the method in which his ideas are brought into form and elaborated. Melodies and themes which sound as spontaneous as possible, which strike the ear as the outpouring of a poet whose motto might have been,

"Ich singe wie der Vogel singt
Der in den Zweigen wohnet,"

are found to have been in their first forms so commonplace that there is hardly a hint of the magic of expression which they assume in their final form, which seems to have been arrived at by a dili-

gent and laborious process of gradual selection and elaboration. It is exceedingly strange to compare this with what Mozart tells us of his composition, and how the melodies came to him of themselves, he knew not from whence; very strange to think that so equable and comparatively practical a musician as Mozart should have been the spontaneous singer, and that Beethoven was the laborious and painstaking elaborator. And this fact, and some of the scattered hints about the origin of his themes, seem to throw a useful light on what is called "poetic basis" in music. That Beethoven, as has been said, did in the Eroica Symphony and in some other works really write from the endeavor to express in music an abstract intellectual conception capable of consideration apart from music, is unquestionable; but it would seem that the importance of this element in his work has been very greatly exaggerated. Consider what is said about the beautiful violin concerto, that its peculiar and suggestive leading phrase, one note repeated four times in succession, was suggested by the repeated knocking of some one seeking entrance at the door of an adjoining house: that the peculiar leading theme of the C minor Symphony, compared by the composer to "Fate knocking at the door," is also said to have been suggested by the notes of a caged bird in the Prater at Vienna (and both facts are very likely true); what do these and other similar stories indicate? Simply that, after all, a musician is a man who can put sound into beautiful, interesting, and suggestive forms; and that whatever fact, however slight, serves to stimulate his sense of rhythmical and tonal proportion, may at once become a basis for almost endless developments of tonal design, around which great meanings may cluster, without it having been in any way necessary that there should have been anything that can be called a poetic idea to start with. The poetic idea makes itself as the work proceeds, just as Beethoven's themes made themselves in his note-book from bare and prosaic beginnings. The result may be something highly and poetically suggestive, which may mean a thousand things to as many different hearers, and the very value of which is in their emotional vagueness, in their expressing a beauty which words cannot express. They may have arisen from this or that suggestion, serious or trivial; but what is that to the hearer? When the building is complete, what do we want with the scaffolding?

Still more wrong-headed is the idea, now so loudly proclaimed, that all Beethoven's work was a progress toward the perfecting of instrumental music by allying it with the human voice and with literary expression, as in the finale of the Ninth Symphony. The reader will understand, in regard to this, why we referred particularly to the successively varying character of the symphonies and sonatas, and to the eccentricities and want of balance and climax

of the choral finale of the Ninth Symphony. To some the latter judgment will appear a mere profanity ; but we have no hesitation in saying that to listeners of competent musical susceptibility, and unfettered by *à priori* theories, the finale of the Ninth Symphony would appear, when compared with that of the Fifth, as something perfectly inferior, something from which only a broken and doubtful enjoyment could be realized at all, and which in many parts is almost painful to the ear as well as bewildering to the judgment. Yet it is demanded that, in the teeth of our senses and our critical perception, we should consider this wild and abnormal composition as Beethoven's greatest production, simply because the theories of certain people about the progress of modern music render this essential ; and as the disciples of this theory are very militant, and have got a great deal of the current writing about music into their hands, they have a large following on the part of the public, since there will always be a number of people who will believe anything if it is told them often enough and positively enough. The principal origin of this perverse criticism is that it has suited a very strong-willed and self-asserting dramatic composer to represent himself as the necessary continuation and complement of Beethoven, and therefore it is necessary to represent the art of the latter as a continual progress from mere instrumental to choral music, from "absolute" music to "poetic basis" music. How completely the latter theory is contradicted by the facts we endeavored to indicate in passing ; for it has been one object of this article to point out what we consider the falsity of the view of Beethoven's art referred to, not because we care in the least about one party in the musical world or another—art has nothing to do with parties—but because such a view of the objects of instrumental music and of the nature of Beethoven's genius we believe to be utterly and perversely false. Whether Herr Wagner's form of music is or is not the regenerating influence to the art which he affirms it to be, is nothing to the purpose here, and no opinion is offered upon it ; but what is quite certain is that his art is not the art of Beethoven, has not the same aims, does not rest on the same basis, and can only be made to appear to do so by arbitrarily distorting Beethoven to make him fit into the place assumed for him. Connected with this heresy is the still more lamentable one, because more generally applicable in its error, that progress is a necessary condition of music or of any other art. Those critics who think that we ought to accept dutifully the abnormal qualities and deficiencies of form in some of Beethoven's later works, are never tired of reminding us that many of his earlier ones, now liked, were considered strange at first, and that there is no such thing as finality in art. Quite so ; but they entirely forget the converse truth, that there is no such thing as inevitable progress in art, co-ordinate with study and ex-

perience, except in regard to mere *technique*, and not always in that. To assert that a musician so studious and conscientious as Beethoven must necessarily have been progressively improving to the end of his career, is to confound the conditions of artistic production with those of scientific progress. It would be true of a conscientious and successful physiologist, for example, that he must be always advancing, because each acquired fact in science is a starting-point from which to explore further. But when people betray such a radical confusion of critical perception as to speak and write as if the same reasoning could be applied to works of imaginative creation, it appears useless to say anything further, merely noting the fact as an interesting though rather irritating psychological phenomenon.

It is, perhaps, one noteworthy evidence of the inherent greatness and stability of Beethoven's genius, that even his admirers have not been able to write him down. From one cause or another, partly to be looked for in the defective literary organization of most musicians, which makes a pen as dangerous an instrument in their hands, to themselves and others, as a razor in that of a child, it is certain that hardly any great genius has had such an amount of nonsense and sentimentalism poured over his memory as Beethoven. The distortions which his artistic nature has undergone at the hands of critics (to use Mr. Arnold's expression), "not at the centre of their subject," are even less ill-judged than the adulation which has been lavished upon his genius in its supposed moral aspect. Hardly anything that has been said of Socrates or of Christ equals the tone of solemnity in which Beethoven's moral greatness, and the future mission of his music in regenerating mankind, are spoken of by some of these zealous apostles. Beethoven was neither a Socrates nor a Christ; nor is music a moral agent, except in the indirect sense in which all high and intellectual pleasures are moral agents. Yet we may offer to his memory one tribute in regard to what may, in a certain sense, be called a moral beauty in his art, the result not of any sentiments which the music is supposed to convey, and which might be susceptible of endless interpretations if we once began to build morality on it in that way, but of the instinctive impression which we gather from it, and which our knowledge of the composer's life more than confirms, of work seriously meant and carried out with the deliberate and conscientious effort to do the very highest in the author's power with the gift that had been given him. Considered in this light, Beethoven stands out before us not only as the great and gifted musical poet, but as the earnest, single-minded, conscientious student and worker in his art, not writing books and pamphlets to proclaim his own greatness, but content with doing the very best that labor and perseverance could accomplish, grudging no trouble in the effort after

perfection, pursuing his path steadfastly and manfully in the face of exceptional trials and perplexities ; a strong and honest man as well as a great artist. H. H. STATHAM *in Fortnightly Review.*

THE STORY OF THE "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

THE discussions concerning the *Merchant of Venice* which have been brought out by its recent revival at the Lyceum betray a state of opinion which Shakespeare could hardly have anticipated. There are people, it seems, who think not only that Shylock is a man more sinned against than sinning, and more interesting and respectable than any of the Christians about him, but that this was the impression which Shakespeare meant to produce ; and in the *Theatre* (November, 1879, p. 193) Mr. Frederick Hawkins goes so far in this direction as to maintain that the play was suggested, written, and brought out with special reference to a temporary outbreak of intolerance in the English people, caused by an apprehension of "an irruption of Israelites into London," about the year 1594. For the purpose of rebuking this intolerance, we are told, and persuading the frequenters of the Globe that a Jew would be as good as a Christian if they would only treat him like a Christian, Shakespeare chose for the subject of a new play the story of a Jew in Rome, who, having borrowed money of a Christian on condition of letting him cut out a pound of his flesh if he did not repay it on the day named, and being threatened with exaction of the penalty, appealed to the Pope : a story told, it seems, by Gregorio Leti, in his "Life of Pope Sixtus V.," and therefore then quite new, of which the editors of the Clarendon Press edition of the play give the following summary :

"The Pope is the judge, and the evasion of the bond the same as in the play. Both merchant and Jew were condemned to death, the one for premeditated murder, the other for selling his life ; but in the issue the sentence was commuted to that of the galleys, with the option of buying off that too by paying each two thousand crowns to the hospital lately founded by the Pope."

The story was apt enough for the exhibition of a Jew in a case to move sympathy ; and if Shakespeare's only care had been to make his audience feel what brutal treatment the Jews had to endure at the hands of the Christians, he could have wanted nothing better. But being a manager as well as a poet and politician, he was bound to avoid any risk of offending his audience ; and to represent, during the continuance of that popular excitement, a Christian as a cold-blooded murderer, and a Jew as his innocent

and unfortunate victim, would have been too great a shock to the prejudices of the time. He went to work more cunningly. By simply changing the parts—making the Jew the inexorable creditor and the Christian the overthrown debtor—he first beguiled a Jew-abhorring audience to listen with patience to the play, and then contrived to steal into his portrait of the cold-blooded murderer so many traits of magnanimity, tenderness, patriotism, pride in his ancient race, and reverence for his religious traditions; so many respectable prejudices, moral, legal, and theological; such "wealth of ideas and felicitous language;" to arm him also with such a catalogue of wrongs and grievances, and at the same time so to degrade the character of the whole Christian community of which the man who was to suffer the vivisection was a characteristic, distinguished, and universally honored member; that the people who came to enjoy the sight of a money-lending Jew undergoing poetical justice for attempting to take the life of a money-borrowing Christian should go away full of tender compassion for the defrauded creditor and indignant disgust with the rescued debtor, and, by consequence, in a spirit of toleration for the whole Hebrew race.

It seems a bold speculation, even if the premises be all granted; and yet there is certainly one of them (not to mention the others) which cannot be allowed to pass unquestioned.

When Mr. Hawkins took it for granted that "the idea of the forfeiture of the pound of flesh was manifestly derived from *this* story," he cannot have known that there was another Italian story current at the time, containing not only the general plot, but almost all the leading incidents of the play, presented nearly in the same order, and showing a closer resemblance between the dramatic version and the tale to be dramatized than will be found, I think, in any other play of Shakespeare's not professedly historical. This story, though too Italian in one of its features to be admitted into our popular collections for general reading, is nevertheless well known by name and easily accessible (being referred to by all modern editors in treating of the sources of the play, noticed by all modern antiquarians in their searches after the origin of the legend, and printed at full length in Collier's "Shakespeare's Library"); and to students who are curious as to the manner in which the great artist treated material of this kind in order to fit it for exhibition on the stage, it has a special value; being one in which the transmutation is most perfect and the process most traceable. That Mr. Hawkins knows nothing of it, and that the editors and antiquarians do not know enough to see that it is not *one of the sources*, but *the one source*, of the play, I may take as a proof that it is not familiar to modern readers even of the studious sort: and since it is a very pretty story very prettily told, and loses nothing

—I might say, gains considerably—by the entire omission of the only part which has excluded it from good company in modern times, an account of it may be acceptable to many. Its bearing upon the question concerning the secret purpose of the play will be seen when it is before us.

Giannetto, the youngest son of a rich merchant in Florence, receives from his dying father a letter addressed to his dearest friend, Ansaldo, the greatest of the Christian merchants in Venice, who, being a childless man and Giannetto's godfather, had long been anxious to adopt him. This letter, he tells him, is to be instead of any other provision. "Behave well," he says, "and you will certainly be a rich man." Ansaldo welcomes his godson with delight, orders his servants to attend to him as to himself, gives him the keys of his money-boxes, and desires him to spend all freely in distinguishing himself and entertaining his friends; and to remember that "the more he gains the good-will of everybody the more dear he will be to him." Giannetto follows his direction, quickly distinguishes himself in all the qualities of a gentleman, becomes a universal favorite and the most accomplished youth in Venice, and behaves in all ways to his godfather's entire satisfaction. Such a man, it is thought by his friends, should have something more to do—should see more, and be more seen—and two of the most intimate, intending a mercantile voyage to Alexandria, urge him to go with them in a ship of his own. He would like to go if Ansaldo will give him leave; Ansaldo is willing to furnish him if he would like to go. He is provided with a fine ship, richly freighted, and the three friends set sail together. The ships keep each other company until Giannetto, early one morning, seeing a fine port and hearing that it is the port of the Lady of Belmonte—a beautiful widow, but dangerous to visit, every visitor being obliged to undertake a certain task on condition that if he accomplishes it he shall take her for his wife and be lord of the port and all the country, but if he fails he shall give up to her all that he brings with him, and many had gone in rich and come out with nothing—resolves to take his chance; sails in, unperceived by his companions; is received with festive welcome; after due warning of the conditions, goes to his trial; fails; loses all; and returns to Venice, much ashamed, and obliged to say that his ship had been wrecked and all on board lost except himself. Ansaldo makes light of the accident. Since his son has come back safe, all *is* well; he may be cheerful and easy; they have enough left. But when the two friends with whom he had set out return rich from their voyage, and tell him that if he will go with them again the next spring he may easily gain as much as he has lost, Ansaldo, seeing that he could not be happy without making the trial, provides him with another ship, more richly freighted than the first; and the three set

out again in company, as before. But Giannetto, whose real aim was to get without their knowledge into the port of Belmonte, contrives to elude them; sails in; is recognized and received as before; undertakes the same task again; again fails; and returns again to Venice, having lost all, and saying that he had suffered another shipwreck. These repeated losses had nearly exhausted Ansaldo's means, but not his affection or his patience; and when the two friends return again very rich from their second voyage, and he finds that Giannetto cannot be happy without one more effort to recover his losses, he sells all that he has in order to provide a third ship for him; and because all that he has is not enough to do it as handsomely as he would, and he "wants still ten thousand ducats, he applies himself to a Jew at Mestri, and borrows them on condition that if they are not paid on the Feast of St. John, in the next month of June, the Jew may take a pound of the merchant's flesh from any part of his body he pleases. Ansaldo agrees, and the Jew has an obligation drawn and witnessed with all the form and ceremony necessary, and then counts him the ten thousand ducats of gold, with which Anseldo buys what was still wanting for the vessel. . . . When it is time to depart, Ansaldo tells Giannetto that, since he well knows of the obligation to the Jew, he entreats him, in case any misfortune happens, that he will return to Venice, that he may see him before he dies, and then he can leave the world with satisfaction. Giannetto promises to do everything he conceives may give him pleasure. Ansaldo gives him his blessing, they take their leave, and the ships set out."

Giannetto, still secretly bent upon the Lady of Belmonte, contrives again to give his companions the slip and find his way into her port; is recognized and received as before, and makes himself as popular; but this time, by the help of a friendly hint from a sympathetic damsel who thinks it hard that such devotion should be so rewarded, he avoids the cause of his previous failures, accomplishes his task triumphantly, marries the Lady of Belmonte, is proclaimed sovereign of the country, to the great joy both of herself and all the people, and is still absorbed in the duties and enjoyments of his new fortune, when one day, seeing a procession with torches passing the window, and being told that it is a company of artificers going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, the day being his festival, he suddenly remembers with horror that St. John's festival was Ansaldo's pay-day, and he had forgotten all about it! His wife, observing his emotion, draws from him the confession that "his father was engaged for ten thousand ducats, that the term was expired, and if they were not paid that day he must lose a pound of his flesh." She at once desires him to take a hundred thousand ducats, mount his horse, and not stop till he

arrives at Venice ; and if he arrives in time to save him, to bring him to Belmonte.

The Jew in the mean time had seized Ansaldo ; but, in consideration of his wish to see Giannetto before he died, consents to wait some days, provided that the delay do not invalidate the bond: "'But,' says he, 'if he comes an hundred times over, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation.' Ansaldo answered that he was content."

This determination to reject all proposals to redeem the bond by paying the money with cost and interest, which goes for so little with Shylock's modern apologists, is carefully marked and brought out by the teller of the story, who evidently thought it an important feature in the case.

"Every one," he adds, "at Venice who had heard of the affair was much concerned. Several merchants would have jointly paid the money ; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might commit this homicide (*anzi voleva fare quello homicidio*), to have the satisfaction of saying (*per poter dire*) that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants."

Giannetto again, as soon as he arrives, offers to pay the whole debt, and as much more as the Jew would demand. The Jew replies he will take no money, since it was not paid at the time due : he will have the pound of flesh. "Every one blamed the Jew," says the narrator ; "but as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and the Jew had his pretensions grounded on public and received forms, nobody dared to oppose him, and when the merchants of Venice applied to him he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand, which he refused ; then thirty thousand ; afterward forty, fifty, and at last one hundred thousand ducats. The Jew told him if he would give him as much gold as the city of Venice was worth he would not accept it. 'And,' says he, 'you know little of me if you think I will desist from my demand.'"

While matters stood thus there alighted at an inn in Venice a young man, described by his servant as "a lawyer (*un gentil' huomo giudice*) who had finished his studies at Bologna, and was returning to his own country." And what followed I must give from the old story, without abridgment :

The landlord upon this shows his guest great civility ; and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer inquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, "Justice in this place is too severe." "How comes that?" says the lawyer. "I will tell how," says the landlord. "You must know that some years ago there came here a young man from Florence, whose name was Giannetto ; he was recommended to the care of a relation, who is called Ansaldo. He behaved here so well as to possess the esteem and affections of every living creature, and never was a youth so well beloved. Now this Ansaldo sent him out three times, each time with a ship of great value. He every time was unfortunate ; and to furnish the last Ansaldo was forced to borrow ten thousand ducats of a Jew, on condition that if he did not repay them in June, at the Feast

of St. John, the Jew might take a pound of his flesh. This excellent young man is now returned, and offers to pay an hundred thousand ducats. The wicked Jew won't take them, although the best merchants in the city have applied to him, but to no purpose." Says the lawyer, "This question may be easily answered." "If you can answer it," says the landlord, "and will take the trouble to do it, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of a most deserving young man and of all the best men of this city." The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made that whoever had any law matters to determine they should have recourse to him. So it was told to Giannetto that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. "With all my heart," says the Jew; "but, let who will come, I will stick to my bond." Giannetto and the Jew each told the merits of the cause to the judge, who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, "I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favor done to him." The Jew replied, "I will do no such thing." The judge answered, "It will be better for you." The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgments; and our judge speaks in favor of Ansaldo, and, desiring that the Jew may stand forth, "Now," says he, "do you" [to the Jew] "cut off a pound of this man's flesh where you choose." The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked, and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto seeing this, turning to the judge, "This," says he, "is not the favor I asked of you." "Be quiet," says he, "the pound of flesh is not yet cut off." As soon as the Jew was going to begin, "Take care what you do," says the judge; "if you take more or less than a pound I will order your head to be struck off, and I tell you besides, that if you shed one drop of blood, you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood, but says expressly that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less; and if you are wise you will take great care what you do." He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and axe. "And now," says he, "if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head." The Jew began to be in great fear, and Giannetto in great joy. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, "You are more cunning than I can pretend to be; however, give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content." "No," says the judge; "cut off your pound of flesh, according to your bond; I will not give you a farthing. Why did you not take the money when it was offered?" The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand; but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Ansaldo might have his liberty; but he replied, "Let me manage him." Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand. He said, "I will not give you a penny." "Give me at least," said the Jew, "my own ten thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all!" The judge replies, "I will give you nothing. If you will have the pound of flesh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled." Every one present was greatly pleased, and, deriding the Jew, said, "He who laid traps for others is caught himself." The Jew, seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Ansaldo was released, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto. The hundred thousand ducats he carried to the inn to the lawyer, whom he found making ready to depart. "You have done me," says he, "a most important service, and I entreat of you to accept of this money to carry home, for I am sure you have earned it." "I thank you," replied the lawyer: "I do not want money. Keep it and carry it back to your lady, that she may not have occasion to say that you have squandered it away idly." Says Giannetto, "My lady is so good and kind that I might venture to spend four times as much without incurring her displeasure; and she ordered me, when I came away, to bring with me a larger sum." "How are you pleased with the lady?" says the lawyer. "I love her better than any earthly thing," answered Giannetto. "Nature never produced any woman so beautiful, discreet, and sensible, and seems to have done her utmost in forming her. If you will do me the favor to come and see her you will be surprised at the honors she will show you, and you will be

able to judge whether I speak truth or not." "I cannot go with you," says the lawyer; "I have other engagements; but, since you speak so much good of her, I must desire you to present my respects to her." "I will not fail," Giannetto answered. "And now let me entreat you to accept some of the money." While he was speaking the lawyer observed a ring on his finger, and said, "If you will give me this ring I shall seek no other reward." "Willingly," says Giannetto; "but as it is a ring given me by my lady to wear for her sake, I have some reluctance to part with it, and she may think, not seeing it on my finger, and will believe that I have given it to a woman that I love, and quarrel with me, though I protest I love her much better than I love myself." "Certainly," says the lawyer, "she esteems you sufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may say you made a present of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to some former mistress here in Venice." "So great," says Giannetto, "is the love and reverence that I bear to her that I would not change her for any woman in the world, she is so accomplished in every article." After this he takes the ring from his finger and presents it to him; and embracing each the other, "I have still a favor to ask," says the lawyer. "It shall be granted," says Giannetto. "It is," replied he, "that you do not stay any time here, but go as soon as possible to your lady." "It appears to me a thousand years till I see her," Giannetto answered. And immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked and left Venice. Giannetto made entertainments and presents of horses and money to his former companions: and having made a great expense for several days, he took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Ansaldo with him, and some of his old acquaintance accompanied them. Everybody shed tears at his departure, both men and women; his amiable deportment had so gained the good-will of all. In this manner he left Venice and returned to Belmonte.

The lady arrived some days before, and gave orders to have everything prepared, and the streets lined with tapestry and filled with men armed for the tiltings and exercises; and when Giannetto and Ansaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them, crying, "Long live our sovereign lord! Long live our sovereign lord!" When they arrived at the palace the lady ran to embrace Ansaldo, but feigned anger against Giannetto, though she loved him excessively; yet the feastings, tilts, and diversions went on as usual, at which all the lords and ladies assisted. Giannetto, seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and inquiring the reason would have saluted her. She told him she wanted not his caresses. "I am sure," says she, "you have been lavish of them to some of your former mistresses at Venice." Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him where was the ring she had given him. "It is no more than what I expected," cries Giannetto, "and I was in the right to say you would be angry with me; but I swear by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause." "And I can swear," says the lady with as much solemnity, "that you gave the ring to a woman, and I know it certainly; therefore swear no more." Giannetto said, if what he had told her was not true, he wished every misfortune to fall upon him that might destroy him, and that he said all this to the lawyer when he asked for the ring. The lady replied, "You would have done better to have stayed at Venice with your mistresses, and have sent Ansaldo here; for I hear they all wept when you went away." Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great sorrow he assured her that what she supposed could not possibly be true. The lady, seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter showed him the ring, told everything which he had said to the lawyer, that she was herself the lawyer, and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and was highly delighted with what he had heard, and went out of the chamber and told the story to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice, and gave her to Ansaldo for a wife; and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

This is the story told "in a collection of tales called 'Il Peco-

rone,' written by Ser Giovanni, a notary of Florence, about the year 1378," and published at Milan in 1558: and though it is not known to have been translated into English before 1755, I suppose nobody who reads it and knows the play—two conditions which do not seem to have been generally united—will doubt that Shakespeare had either read or heard it, and that it was from this, and not from Leti's story of the Christian creditor who wanted to perform the operation upon the Jewish debtor, or from any other of the fifteen versions of the bond story enumerated by Miss Toulmin Smith, that he derived his idea not only of "the forfeiture of the pound of flesh," but of the entire train of incidents, and the characters and relations of the persons in the drama. Those who are most anxious to give him the credit of originating in the last decade of the sixteenth century "the movement which resulted in the removal of Jewish disabilities" in the last half of the nineteenth, will be glad to find that he was not constrained to begin the work by transferring to a Jew the crime of a Christian, and this, too, not only in contradiction of the legend, but "in defiance of all probability" (that particular mode of murder being, I suppose, one that none but a Christian would have been *likely* to think of), and all for the sole purpose of conciliating the audience by flattering their prejudices. That Shakespeare ever, on any occasion, flattered a popular prejudice which he did not share, I have yet to learn; but on this occasion at least he had no motive for it. The story which he had to exhibit was sufficiently in accordance with the popular prejudice, and he reproduced it in all its essential features exactly as he found it.

The changes which he introduced were only such as the conversion of a narrative into an actable play required. The action had to be brought within compass; the stage to be peopled; the persons to speak and act, instead of being described; new incidents to be invented or imported for entertainment and variety. But all this he did in careful conformity with the fundamental conception of the several characters as indicated in the old story. Giannetto's first two voyages being ignored, the play begins at once with the preparations for the third, which involves the bargain with the Jew; whereby, without sacrificing anything material, the action is considerably shortened. The original condition of the marriage, being at once unpresentable to a Shakespearean audience and irreconcilable with the lady's character as shown in the sequel, is rejected altogether; but, in substituting for it the device of the three caskets, care is taken to preserve all the essential features of the situation. Bassanio, having run into debt by living beyond his income, resolves to try his chance with a great heiress—a lady for whom, in her father's time, he had conceived an affection which he had reason to believe was mutual—but who could only be

sought in marriage upon the perilous condition of losing all if a riddle were not rightly read. To furnish himself for the adventure he has to borrow money from his kinsman and dearest friend and benefactor, Antonio; who, in order to supply him without delay, borrows it from Shylock on the security of the pound of flesh. Thus we have Bassanio and Antonio essentially in the same position toward each other as Giannetto and Ansaldo when parting for the final voyage; while Bassanio, as soon as he has chosen the right casket, is in exactly the same position as Giannetto after the successful performance of his appointed task; and in all the scenes that follow we have only to imagine Giannetto in Bassanio's place, and we feel that he would have both spoken and acted in the same way—that the characters are, in fact, identical. So, again, the Ansaldo of the story and the Antonio of the play are only two portraits of the same man by different artists, one of whom sees further into him than the other. We are not told by the novelist that Ansaldo suffered from a constitutional depression of spirits, but it probably occurred to Shakespeare as necessary to account for that extraordinary indifference to all mortal accidents (the happiness of his adopted son excepted) which, in the degree to which it is carried in the novel, he appears to have thought impossible in nature after all, and has therefore shown in Antonio much mitigated; for whereas Ansaldo, knowing himself to be ruined, signs the bond with a clear presentiment of the consequence, and yet asks Giannetto for nothing more than a promise that he will see him before he dies, Antonio, when he signs, though short of ready money for the moment, is still in the full flow of his fortunes, and laughs at the idea of being called on to pay the forfeit. It is true that when the danger fronts him, and cannot be escaped, he meets it as patiently, and with as much apparent indifference, as Ansaldo—making no vain remonstrance, not complaining of the rigor of the law, but justifying its execution, and content to die provided only that he may see Bassanio again before he is put to death. But there is a great difference between accepting such a fate with equanimity when it is inevitable, and deliberately incurring it when it is foreseen and may be declined.

Then, again, the absolute inoffensiveness of Ansaldo, who does not seem to have uttered a harsh word or entertained an unkind thought against anybody—with whom the very man who is avowing his determination to take his life though all Venice were offered him to spare it does not pretend any cause except his being the greatest of the Christian merchants—seem to make the Jew's proceeding too monstrous to be endurable by an English audience. Such malice needed some provocation to make it credible enough for the human imagination, and a probable cause of provocation readily offered itself in the disputes which must have occurred on

the Rialto between two such men. A man who would enforce his contract for the pound of flesh in such a case was sure in all his transactions to take advantages of the helpless, which a liberal and beneficent merchant would be sure to be disgusted with and interfere to thwart. On such occasions feelings would be expressed and words uttered which would not sting the less for being just and well deserved. And that this was the real history of the revengeful hatred on one side, and the contemptuous dislike on the other, we are made to understand at once, as soon as they meet, by the irritating and sarcastic speech of Shylock (finding himself for the first time at an advantage) and the angry retort which it provokes from Antonio. This revelation of their respective feelings toward each other shows ground enough for Shylock's malice to bring it within the range, not indeed of human *sympathy*, which was not intended, but of possibility in human nature. We can imagine nature so diseased and perverted as to be capable of it without ceasing to be human.

But though we can accept these manifestations of dislike and scorn (the only wrongs he has to complain of) as accounting for Shylock's general disposition toward Antonio, we are not allowed to suppose that his *determination to kill him* (upon which the whole action of the play turns) rested upon any such sentimental considerations. He makes a great parade about them when he replies to the remonstrances of Antonio's friends, but Shakespeare has not forgotten to inform us, through his confidential communications to himself and his own countrymen, what his real motive was for this determination. In his first soliloquy, which is the expression of his secret thoughts, he explains it frankly enough.

> I hate him, for he is a Christian,
> But more for that in low simplicity
> *He lends out money gratis, and brings down*
> *The rate of usance here with us in Venice.*
> If I can catch him once upon the hip,
> I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

And when he learns from Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of the same trade, that he has a good chance of "catching him upon the hip," he repeats both the why and the how without any reserve or flourish. "I will have the heart of him if he forfeit; for *were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will.*" The Jew in the novel is a sentimentalist in comparison; *he* wants "to be able to *say* that he has put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants." Shylock is a mere utilitarian and man of business. Nor are we left in doubt as to the manner of Antonio's interference with Shylock's merchandise, and the arts by which he has "thwarted his bargains" and "hindered him of half a million." As evidence of the fact itself, indeed, Antonio's word will not go for much with a modern apologist for Shylock; but our question is what *Shake-*

speare meant us to believe as to the fact, and of this Antonio's words are good evidence.

> He seeks my life: his reason well I know:
> *I oft delivered from his forfeitures*
> *Many that have at times made moan to me:*
> Therefore he hates me.

That Shakespeare meant us to understand that Shylock insisted upon the pound of flesh because he wanted to remove from his path a man who was in the habit of rescuing debtors from his clutches by helping them to pay their debts, does not in my mind admit of a doubt. That he did *not* mean us to regard it as an interference which Shylock had a right to resent, or his mode of resenting it as a just retaliation, or himself as entitled to one drop of pity for the miscarriage of his plot, or the delight of the bystanders at his discomfiture—who (according to the story) deriding the Jew, said, "He who laid traps for others is caught himself"—as other than the expression of a natural, just, and healthy popular sentiment, appears to me no less certain. And yet it is true that he has contrived to enlist on his behalf "a certain measure" of what Mr. Hawkins calls "sympathy," but I should rather call respect. Why? Not because he was a down-trodden Jew—he would have done as much for the most orthodox and prosperous Christian in the land, and *has* done as much for men as thoroughly depraved as Iago and Edmund in *Lear*—but because, though not the hero of the comedy, he had a conspicuous part in it, and Shakespeare never puts in a conspicuous part a man absolutely devoid of all qualities that can inspire respect or sympathy. Of the Jew in the story we know nothing except in relation to the bond and the forfeiture, and in that part Shakespeare has kept close to his original. But having also to show him in his relation to other men, he endows him with such respectable qualities as are not incompatible with the work he has to do—courage, intellect, eloquence, force of character, strength of will, attachment to his race and creed, and a show of respect for his law. I say a "show;" for though he makes a great profession of religious scruples, he never lets them interfere with business. His religion forbids him to eat or drink with Christians; and yet when he remembers that by "feeding upon the prodigal Christian" he may help to disable Antonio from payment of his debt at the day, he overcomes his objection to the smell of pork and consents to dine with Bassanio. He refuses payment of his debt in full, with 200 per cent interest for the few days' delay, because he dares not break his oath; he has sworn by the holy Sabbath to have the pound of flesh and nothing else; to forbear would be to "lay perjury upon his soul," which he will not do for Israel. But when he finds that he cannot take the other man's life except at the peril of his

own, he does forbear ; leaves his soul to settle with the perjury as it can ; is ready for any compromise, even though "involving a renunciation of a cherished faith." What he would not do for Israel he will yet do for himself. From all which I conclude that Shakespeare did not mean us to be taken in by the solemnity of his professions, or to look up to him as the martyr-hero of "an old, untainted religious aristocracy," but only to regard him with a certain interest as a man qualified by nature for a better part than he has chosen.

If the characters of Bassanio, Antonio, and Shylock are manifestly and directly derived from Ser Giovanni's story, it need hardly be said that the Lady of Belmonte suggested the idea of Portia, every one of whose qualities, as we see them brought out in the play by Shakespeare's own hand—the generosity, the affection, the spirit, the intellect, the gayety and playfulness—he found hints of in the novelist's account of the lady's proceedings between her discovery of Ansaldo's position and her reception of him and her husband at Belmonte.

What need, then, have we to seek further, either for the source of the plot, or the choice of the subject, or the manner of its treatment? To hear our modern apologists, one would suppose that the argument of the play was the persecution of a Jew by Christians ; a description of it for which, if the Venetian law had been represented in it as sanctioning the claim of a *Christian* to cut the flesh out of the body of a *Jew*, there would have been some color. As it is, to call it the persecution of a Christian by a Jew would be nearer the mark. But the truth is that the question at issue has nothing to do with the question of religion. The law of Venice, in so far as it is brought before us in the action, knows a distinction between citizens and aliens, but not between Christians and Jews. It is administered strictly, without respect of race or creed. Nor is there anything in the play, from the first scene to the last, from which it can be inferred that a Jew in Venice labored under any disadvantage, political or social, as compared with a Christian. On the contrary, pains have been taken to remind us that there was none ; all such inequality of dealing being against the cardinal policy of the state. See act iii. scene 3 :

Salarino. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Antonio. The Duke cannot deny the course of law :
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state :
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations.

Shylock, it is true, who hates Antonio because he is a Christian, naturally assumes that Antonio quarrels with his usances because

he is a Jew. But that is only his own fancy; and even if it had been true it would not have been in point; for his quarrel with Antonio was a private one, with which the state had nothing to do. If Shakespeare had meant his audience to feel that the Hebrew race was suffering under Christian oppression, he would surely have shown them some case in illustration. Yet the only Hebrews he shows us or tells us of are Shylock himself and his friend Tubal—both of them rich, and at liberty to make their bargains in their own way, and assisted by the laws to enforce the terms according to the letter, even when most iniquitous and unjustifiable. And what oppression by the state has Shylock to complain of, either on his own behalf or on that of his sacred nation? When he demands judgment on his bond, the court warns him that if he insists on exacting a penalty involving the death of a citizen he will himself have to pay the penalty prescribed by the law for shedding Christian blood—namely confiscation of land and goods. When he declines to press his demand on this condition, the court informs him that he has already incurred the penalty prescribed by the law for "seeking the life" of a citizen—namely, the forfeiture of one half of his goods to the person whose life he had sought, of the other half to the state, and his life to the duke's mercy. Of which penalty the court enforces so much only as amounts to the sequestration of one half of his property for the benefit of his daughter; the rest being remitted on two conditions—one, that he bind himself to leave her the whole after his death; the other, that in the mean time he "become a Christian," whatever that may mean. This is the full extent of the oppression, in consideration of which we are called on to excuse him—as the representative victim of unreasoning prejudice against Jews in general—for contriving by a fraudulent contract to murder a rival—these the "inherited and personal wrongs" by which "his fine nature has become so warped and soured."

This strange notion, that the secret purpose of the play was to expose the mischiefs of religious intolerance, was probably suggested by the last of the two conditions of pardon. And though I do not think that Shakespeare meant it to be so taken—for I suspect that in the eyes of a Globe audience a Jew consenting to "become a Christian" was simply an infidel seeking admission into the fold and qualifying his soul for salvation—I admit that to modern ears it sounds like a wanton insult, and (as producing on a modern audience an effect the very opposite to that which was intended) ought to be left out. Nothing would be lost by the omission, and it would be universally felt that Christianity could have no interest in enlisting such a recruit.

The other condition has reference to an episode which is not to be found in the original story, but was introduced into the play

partly to vary and enliven the action, and partly, perhaps, to account for Shylock's determination to revenge himself on one Christian by giving him a just ground of quarrel with another. In the course of which episode the moral sensibilities of a modern spectator suffer a little shock, from which a judicious adapter might relieve him by the omission of a few lines. Not that I would debar Jessica from seeking relief from her Jewish disabilities by the nearest way. We are all glad to see her at liberty to choose her husband and her religion for herself; to escape from a house which to her was a hell, with only the "merry devil" Launcelot to cheer it; from a father of whose manners she was (not without reason and to her credit, though to her regret) ashamed; and from the chance, should it suit *him*, of having to take "any of the stock of Barrabas" for a husband; nor do many of us object to see advantage taken by Antonio of the pressure which the law enables him to put on Shylock for the purpose of securing a comfortable provision for her. But we all feel that she ought to have left the ducats and jewels behind; and the fact that Shakespeare allowed her to carry them off without a hint of disapprobation from anybody (there being no dramatic necessity for it) suggests a doubt whether in those early days he was fully alive to the impropriety. Perhaps the easy morality of the comic theatre in all such questions—the large privilege which the young lovers have always enjoyed of deceiving and overreaching the stern parent—had become so familiar as to hide from him the true nature of the transaction; which in so tragic a business as Shylock's revenge cannot be regarded with the levity which comedy permits. But, however that may be, I cannot doubt that the effect would be much better in modern eyes if Jessica were alloved to escape without the treasure. The loss of his daughter to her race and faith would supply Shylock with as fair a motive for vengeance; he could make as much noise about it; and the secret that he really cared more for the ducats than the daughter would not be forced upon the knowledge of his admirers, who regard paternal tenderness as one of the most conspicuous virtues. Two lines struck out from Jessica's part in the sixth scene of the second act, a few from Salanio's in the eighth, and a few more in the interview with Tubal at the beginning of the third act, would (without at all disturbing the action of the play) remove completely our only remaining scruple as to the poetic justice of the final settlement. For though Shylock has escaped with a punishment which any one who considers the character of his crime must feel to be very far short of his desert, he is far away in Venice among his money-bags, and does not trouble us. We saw him baffled and dismissed in the fourth act with general satisfaction, and can leave him to meditate upon the example of Christian mercy which he owes to the gener-

osity of his intended victim at the suggestion of the "wise young judge," and hope that he may profit by it. In the mean time Antonio's fortunes are happily restored by the safe arrival of his argosies with all their merchandise, and everybody is well pleased.

JAMES SPEDDING, *in Cornhill.*

THE BEGINNINGS OF GREEK SCULPTURE.

II.—THE AGE OF GRAVEN IMAGES.

CRITICS of Greek sculpture have often spoken of it as if it had been always work in colorless stone, against an almost colorless background. Its real background, as I have tried to show, was a world of exquisite craftsmanship, touching the minutest details of daily life with splendor and skill, in close correspondence with a peculiarly animated development of human existence—the energetic movement and stir of typically noble human forms, quite worthily clothed—amid scenery as poetic as Titian's. If shapes of colorless stone did come into that, it was as the undraped human form comes into some of Titian's pictures, only to cool and solemnize its splendor; the work of the Greek sculptor being seldom in quite colorless stone, nor always or chiefly in fastidiously selected marble even, but often in richly toned metal (this or that sculptor preferring some special variety of the bronze he worked in, such as the *hepatizôn* or liver-colored bronze or the bright golden alloy of Corinth), and in its consummate products chryselephantine—work in gold and ivory, on a core of cedar. Pheidias, in the Olympian Zeus, in the Athene of the Parthenon, fulfils what that primitive, heroic goldsmiths' age, dimly discerned in Homer, already delighted in; and the celebrated work of which I have first to speak now, and with which Greek sculpture emerges from that half-mythical age and becomes in a certain sense historical, is a link in that goldsmiths' or chryselephantine tradition, carrying us forward to the work of Pheidias, backward to the elaborate Asiatic furniture of the chamber of Paris.

When Pausanias visited Olympia, toward the end of the second century after Christ, he beheld, among other precious objects in the temple of Hêrê, a splendidly wrought treasure-chest of cedar-wood, in which, according to a legend, quick as usual with the true human coloring, the mother of Cypselus had hidden him, when a child, from the enmity of her family, the *Bacchiadæ*, then the nobility of Corinth. The child, named Cypselus after this incident (*Cypsele* being a Corinthian word for *chest*), became tyrant of

Corinth, and his grateful descendants, as it was said, offered the beautiful old chest to the temple of Hêrê, as a memorial of his preservation. That would have been not long after the year 625 B.C. So much for the story which Pausanias heard—but inherent probability, and some points of detail in his description, tend to fix the origin of the chest at a date at least somewhat later ; and as Herodotus, telling the story of the concealment of Cypselus, does not mention the dedication of the chest at Olympia at all, it may perhaps have been only one of many later imitations of antique art. But, whatever its date, Pausanias certainly saw the thing, and has left a long description of it, and we may trust his judgment at least as to its archaic style. We have here, then, something plainly visible at a comparatively recent date, something quite different from those perhaps wholly mythical objects described in Homer—an object which seemed to so experienced an observer as Pausanias an actual work of earliest Greek art. Relatively to later *Greek* art, it may have seemed to him, what the ancient bronze doors with their Scripture histories, which we may still see in the south transept of the cathedral of Pisa, are to later *Italian* art.

Pausanias tell us nothing as to its size, nor directly as to its shape. It may, for anything he says, have been oval, but was probably rectangular, with a broad front and two narrow sides, standing, as the maker of it had designed, against the wall ; for, in enumerating the various subjects wrought upon it, in five rows one above another, he seems to proceed, beginning at the bottom on the right-hand side, along the front from right to left, and then back again, through the second row from left to right, and, alternating thus, upward to the last subject, at the top, on the left-hand side.

The subjects represented, most of which had their legends attached in difficult archaic writing, were taken freely, though probably with a leading idea, out of various poetic cycles, as treated in the works of those so-called *cyclic* poets, who continued the Homeric tradition. Pausanias speaks, as Homer does in his description of the shield of Achilles, of a kind and amount of expression in feature and gesture certainly beyond the compass of any early art, and we may believe we have in these touches only what the visitor heard from enthusiastic *exegetæ*, the interpreters or sacristans ; though any one who has seen the Bayeux tapestry, for instance, must recognize the pathos and energy of which, when really prompted by genius, even the earliest hand is capable. Some ingenious attempts have been made to restore the grouping of the scenes, with a certain formal expansion or balancing of subjects, their figures and dimensions, in true Assyrian manner, on the front and sides. We notice some fine emblematic figures, the germs of great artistic motives in after times, already playing their parts

there—*Death*, and *Sleep*, and *Night*. "There was a woman supporting on her right arm a white child sleeping; and on the other arm she held a dark child, as if asleep; and they lay with their feet crossed. And the inscription shows, what might be understood without it, that they are Death and Sleep, and Night, the nurse of both of them."

But what is most noticeable is, as I have already said, that this work, like the chamber of Paris, like the Zeus of Pheidias, is chryselephantine, its main fabric cedar, and the figures upon it partly of ivory, partly of gold,* but (and this is the most peculiar characteristic of its style) partly wrought out of the wood of the chest itself. And as we read the description, we can hardly help distributing in fancy gold and ivory, respectively, to their appropriate functions in the representation. The cup of Dionysus, and the wings of certain horses there, Pausanias himself tells us were golden. Were not the apples of the Hesperides, the necklace of Eriphyle, the bridles, the armor, the unsheathed sword in the hand of Amphiaraus, also of gold? Were not the other children, like the white image of Sleep, especially the naked child Alcmæon, of ivory? with Alcestis and Helen, and that one of the Dioscuri whose beard was still ungrown? Were not ivory and gold, again, combined in the throne of Hercules, and in the three goddesses conducted before Paris?

The "chest of Cypselus" fitly introduces the first historical period of Greek art, a period coming down to about the year 560 B.C, and the government of Pisistratus at Athens; a period of Tyrants like Cypselus, and Pisistratus himself, men of strong, sometimes unscrupulous individuality, but often also acute and cultivated patrons of the arts. It begins with a series of inventions, one here and another there—inventions still for the most part technical, but which are attached to single names; for, with the growth of art, the influence of individuals, gifted for the opening of new ways, more and more defines itself; and the school, open to all comers, from which in turn the disciples may pass to all parts of Greece, takes the place of the family, in which the knowledge of art descends as a tradition from father to son, or of the mere trade-guild. Of these early industries we know little but the stray notices of Pausanias, often ambiguous, always of doubtful credibility. What we do see, through these imperfect notices, is a real period of animated artistic activity, richly rewarded. Byzes of Naxos, for instance, is recorded as having first adopted the plan of sawing marble into thin plates for use on the roofs of temples instead of tiles; and that his name has come down to us

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* Χρυσοῦν, is the word Pausanias uses, of the cup in the hand of Dionysus—the wood was *plated* with gold.

at all, testifies to the impression this fair white surface made on its first spectators. Various islands of the Ægean become each the source of some new artistic device. It is a period still under the reign of Hephæstus, delighting, above all, in magnificent metal-work. "*The Samians,*" says Herodotus, "*out of a tenth part of their profits—a sum of six talents—caused a mixing-vessel of bronze to be made, after the Argolic fashion; around it are projections of griffins' heads; and they dedicated it in the temple of Hêrê, placing beneath it three colossal figures of bronze, seven cubits in height, leaning upon their knees.*" That was in the thirty-seventh Olympiad, and may be regarded as characteristic of the age. For the popular imagination, a kind of glamour, some mysterious connection of the thing with human fortunes, still attaches to the curious product of artistic hands, to the ring of Polycrates, for instance, with its early specimen of engraved *smaragdus*, as to the mythical necklace of Harmonia. Pheidon of Argos first makes coined money, and the *obelisci*—the old nail-shaped iron money, now disused—are hung up in the temple of Hêrê; for, even thus early, the temples are in the way of becoming museums. Names like those of Eucheir and Eugrammus, who were said to have taken the art of baking clay vases from Samos to Etruria, have still a legendary air, yet may be real surnames; as in the case of Smilis, whose name is derived from a graver's tool, and who made the ancient image of Hêrê at Samos. Corinth—*mater statuariæ*—becomes a great nursery of art at an early time. Some time before the twenty-ninth Olympiad, Butades of Sicyon, the potter, settled there. The record of early inventions in Greece is sometimes fondly colored with human sentiment or incident. It is on the butterfly wing of such an incident—the love-sick daughter of the artist, who outlines on the wall the profile of her lover as he sleeps in the lamplight, to keep by her in absence—that the name of Butades the potter has come down to us. The father fills up the outline, long preserved, it was believed, in the *Nymphæum* at Corinth, and hence the art of modelling from the life in clay. He learns, further, a way of coloring his clay red, and fixes his masks along the temple eaves.

The temple of Athene Chalaciæcus—*Athene of the brazen house*—at Sparta, the work of Gitiades, celebrated about this time as architect, statuary, and poet; who made, besides the image in her shrine, and besides other Dorian songs, a hymn to the goddess—was so called from its crust or lining of bronze plates, setting forth, in richly embossed imagery, various subjects of ancient legend. What Pausanias, who saw it, describes, is like an elaborate development of that method of covering the interiors of stone buildings with metal plates, of which the "Treasury" at Mycenæ is the earliest historical, and the house of Alcinous the heroic, type. In the pages of Pausanias, that glitter, "as of the moon or the sun,"

which Ulysses stood still to wonder at, may still be felt. And on the right hand of this "brazen house," he tells us, stood an image of Zeus, also of bronze, the most ancient of all images of bronze. This had not been cast, nor wrought out of a single mass of metal; but, the various parts having been finished separately (probably beaten to shape with the hammer over a wooden mould) had been fitted together with nails or rivets. That was the earliest method of uniting the various parts of a work in metal—image, or vessel, or breastplate—a method allowing of much dainty handling of the cunning pins and rivets, and which has its place still, in perfectly accomplished metal-work, as in the equestrian statue of Bartolomeo Coleoni, by Andrea Verrocchio, in the *piazza* of St. John and St. Paul at Venice. In the British Museum there is a very early specimen of it—a large egg-shaped vessel, fitted together of several pieces, the projecting pins or rivets forming a sort of diadem round the middle, being still sharp in form and heavily gilt. That method gave place in time to a defter means of joining the parts together, with more perfect unity and smoothness of surface, the art of soldering; and the invention of this art—of soldering iron, in the first instance—is coupled with the name of Glaucus of Chios, a name which, in connection with this and other devices for facilitating the mechanical processes of art—for perfecting artistic effect with economy of labor—became proverbial the "art of Glaucus" being attributed to those who work well with rapidity and ease.

Far more fruitful still was the invention of casting, of casting hollow figures especially, attributed to Rhœcus and Theodorus, architects of the great temple at Samos. Such hollow figures, able, in consequence of their lightness, to rest, almost like an inflated bladder on a single point—the entire bulk of a heroic rider, for instance, on the point of his horse's tail—admit of a much freer distribution of the whole weight or mass required than is possible in any other mode of statuary; and the invention of the art of casting is really the discovery of liberty in composition.*

And at last, about the year 576 B.C., we come to the first true school of sculptors, the first clear example, as we seem to discern,

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* Pausanias, in recording the invention of casting, uses the word ἐχωνεύσαντο, but does not tell us whether the model was of wax, as in the later process; which, however, is believed to have been the case. For an animated account of the modern process—the core of plaster roughly presenting the designed form; the modelling of the waxen surface thereon, like the skin upon the muscles, with all its delicate touches—vein and eyebrow; the hardening of the plaster envelope, layer over layer, upon thi delicately finished model; the melting of the wax by heat, leaving behind it in its place the finished design *in vacuo*, which the molten stream of metal subsequently fills: released finally, after cooling, from core and envelope—see Fortnum's "Handbook of Bronzes," Chapter II

of a communicable style, reflecting and interpreting some real individuality (the double personality, in this case, of two brothers), in the masters who evolved it, conveyed to disciples who came to acquire it from distant places, and taking root through them at various centres, where the names of the masters became attached, of course, to many fair works really by the hands of the pupils. Dipœnus and Scyllis, these first true *masters*, were born in Crete; but their work is connected mainly with Sicyon, at that time the chief seat of Greek art. "*In consequence of some injury done them,*" it is said, "*while employed there upon certain sacred images, they departed to another place, leaving their work unfinished; and not long afterward a grievous famine fell upon Sicyon. Thereupon, the people of Sicyon, inquiring of the Pythian Apollo how they might be relieved, it was answered them, 'if Dipœnus and Scyllis should finish those images of the gods;' which thing the Sicyonians obtained from them, humbly, at a great price.*" That story too, as we shall see, illustrates the spirit of the age. For their sculpture they used the white marble of Paros, being workers in marble especially, though they worked also in ebony and in ivory, and made use of gilding. "Figures of cedar-wood, partly incrusted with gold"—*κέδρου ζῷδια χρυσῷ διηνθισμένα*—Pausanias says exquisitely, describing a certain work of their pupil, Dontas of Lacedæmon. It is to that we have definitely come at last, in the school of Dipœnus and Scyllis.

Dry and brief as these details may seem, they are the witness to an active, eager, animated period of inventions and beginnings in which the Greek workman triumphs over the first rough mechanical difficulties which beset him in the endeavor to record what his soul conceived of the form of priest or athlete then alive upon the earth, or of the ever-living gods, then already more seldom seen upon it. Our own fancy must fill up the story of the unrecorded patience of the workshop, into which we seem to peep through these scanty notices—the fatigue, the disappointments, the steps repeated, ending at last in that moment of success, which is all Pausanias records, somewhat uncertainly.

And as this period begins with the chest of Cypselus, so it ends with a work in some respects similar, also seen and described by Pausanias—the throne, as he calls it, of the *Amyclæan Apollo*. It was the work of a well-known artist, Bathycles of Magnesia, who, probably about the year 550 B.C. with a company of workmen came to the little ancient town of Amyclæ, near Sparta, a place full of traditions of the heroic age. He had been invited thither to perform a peculiar task—the construction of a throne; not like the throne of the Olympian Zeus, and others numerous in after times, for a seated figure, but for the image of the local Apollo; no other than a rude and very ancient pillar of bronze, thirty cubits high, to which, Hermes-wise, head, arms, and feet were attached. The

thing stood upright, as on a base, upon a kind of tomb or reliquary, in which, according to tradition, lay the remains of the young prince Hyacinth, son of the founder of that place, beloved by Apollo for his beauty, and accidentally struck dead by him in play, with a quoit. From the drops of the lad's blood had sprung up the purple flower of his name, which bears on its petals the letters of the ejaculation of woe; and in his memory the famous games of Amyclæ were celebrated, beginning about the time of the longest day, when the flowers are stricken by the sun and begin to fade—a festival marked, amid all its splendor, with some real melancholy, and serious thought of the dead. In the midst of the "throne" of Bathycles, this sacred receptacle, with the strange, half-humanized pillar above it, was to stand, probably in the open air, within a consecrated inclosure. Like the chest of Cypselus, the throne was decorated with reliefs of subjects taken from epic poetry, and it had supporting figures. Unfortunately, what Pausanias tells us of this monument hardly enables one to present it to the imagination with any completeness or certainty; its dimensions he himself was unable exactly to ascertain, and he does not tell us its material. There are reasons, however, for supposing that it was of metal; and amid these ambiguities, the decorations of its base, the grave or altar-tomb of Hyacinth, shine out clearly, and are also, for the most part, clear in their significance.

"There are wrought upon the altar figures, on the one side of Biris, on the other of Amphitrite and Poseidon. Near Zeus and Hermes, in speech with each other, stand Dionysus and Semele, and, beside her, Ino. Demeter, Korê, and Pluto are also wrought upon it, the Fates and the Seasons above them, and with them Aphrodite, Athene, and Artemis. They are conducting Hyacinthus to heaven, with Polybœa, the sister of Hyacinthus, who died, as is told, while yet a virgin. . . . . Hercules also is figured on the tomb: he too carried to heaven by Athene and the other gods. The daughters of Thestius also are upon the altar, and the Seasons again, and the Muses."

It was as if many lines of solemn thought had been meant to unite, about the resting-place of this local Adonis, in imageries full of some dim promise of immortal life.

But it was not so much in care for old idols as in the making of new ones that Greek art was at this time engaged. This whole first period of Greek art might, indeed, be called *the period of graven images*, and all its workmen sons of Dædalus; for Dædalus is the mythical, or all but mythical, representative of all those arts which are combined in the making of lovelier idols than had heretofore been seen. The old Greek word which is at the root of the name Dædalus, the name of a craft rather than a proper name, probably means to work curiously—all curiously beautiful wood-work is Dædal work; the main point about the curiously beautiful chamber in which Nausicaa sleeps, in the Odyssey, being that, like some exquisite Swiss *châlet*, it is wrought in wood. But it came

about that those workers in wood, whom Dædalus represents, the early craftsmen of Crete especially, were chiefly concerned with the making of religious images, like the carvers of Berchtesgaden and Oberammergau, the sort of daintily finished images of the objects of public or private devotion which such workmen would turn out. Wherever there was a wooden idol in any way fairer than others, finished, perhaps, sometimes, with color and gilding, and appropriate real dress, there the hand of Dædalus had been. That such images were quite detached from pillar or wall, that they stood free, and were statues in the proper sense, showed that Greek art was already liberated from its earlier Eastern associations; such free-standing being apparently unknown in Assyrian art. And then, the effect of this Dædal skill in them was, that they came nearer to the proper form of humanity. It is the wonderful life-likeness of these early images which tradition celebrates in many anecdotes, showing a very early instinctive turn for, and delight in naturalism, in the Greek temper. As Cimabue, in his day, was able to charm men, almost as with illusion, by the simple device of half closing the eyelids of his personages, and giving them, instead of round eyes, eyes that seemed to be in some degree sentient, and to feel the light; so the marvellous progress in those Dædal wooden images was, that the eyes were open, so that they seemed to look—the feet separated, so that they seemed to walk. Greek art is thus, almost from the first, essentially distinguished from the art of Egypt, by an energetic striving after truth in organic form. In representing the human figure, Egyptian art had held by mathematical or mechanical proportions exclusively. The Greek apprehends of it, as the main truth, that it is a living organism, with freedom of movement, and hence the infinite possibilities of motion, and of expression by motion, with which the imagination credits the higher sort of Greek sculpture; while the figures of Egyptian art, graceful as they often are, seem absolutely incapable of any motion or gesture, other than the one actually designed. The work of the Greek sculpture, together with its more real anatomy, becomes full also of human soul.

That old, primitive, mystical, first period of Greek religion, with its profound, though half-conscious, intuitions of spiritual powers in the natural world, attaching itself not to the worship of visible human forms, but to relics, to natural or half-natural objects—the roughly hewn tree, the unwrought stone, the pillar, the holy cone of Aphrodite in her dimly lighted cell at Paphos—had passed away. The second stage in the development of Greek religion had come; a period in which poet and artist were busily engaged in the work of incorporating all that might be retained of the vague divinations of that earlier visionary time, in definite and intelligible human image and human story. The vague belief, the mysterious custom

and tradition, develop themselves into an elaborately ordered ritual—into personal gods, imaged in ivory and gold, sitting on beautiful thrones. Always, wherever a shrine or temple, great or small, is mentioned, there, we may conclude, was a visible idol, there was conceived to be the actual dwelling-place of a god. And this understanding became not less but more definite, as the temple became larger and more splendid, full of ceremony and servants, like the abode of an earthly king, and as the sacred presence itself assumed, little by little, the last beauties and refinements of the visible human form and expression.

In what we have seen of this first period of Greek art, in all its curious essays and inventions, we may observe this demand for beautiful idols increasing in Greece—for sacred images, at first still rude, and in some degree the holier for their rudeness, but which yet constitute the beginnings of the religious style, consummate in the work of Pheidias, uniting the veritable image of man in the full possession of his reasonable soul, with the true religious mysticity, the signature there of something from afar. One by one these new gods of bronze, or marble, or flesh-like ivory, take their thrones, at this or that famous shrine, like the images of this period which Pausanias saw in the temple of Hêrê at Olympia—the throned *Seasons*, with Themis as the mother of the *Seasons* (divine rectitude being still blended, in men's fancies, with the unchanging physical order of things) and *Fortune*, and *Victory "having wings,"* and Korê and Demeter and Dionysus, already visibly there, around the image of Hêrê herself, seated on a throne; and all chryselephantine, all in gold and ivory. Novel as these things are, they still undergo consecration at their first erecting. The figure of Athene, in her brazen temple at Sparta, the work of Gitiades, who makes also the image and the hymn, in triple service to the goddess; and again, that curious story of Dipœnus and Scyllis, brought back with so much awe to remove the public curse by completing their sacred task upon the images, show how simply religious the age still was—that this widespread artistic activity was a religious enthusiasm also; those early sculptors having still for their contemporaries a divine mission with some kind of hieratic or sacred quality in their gift distinctly felt.

The development of the artist, in the proper sense, out of the mere craftsman, effected in the first division of this period, is now complete; and, in close connection with that busy graving of religious images which occupies its second division, we come to something like real personalities, to men with individual characteristics—such men as Ageladas of Argos, Callon and Onatas of Ægina, and Canachus of Sicyon. Mere fragments, as our information concerning these early masters is at the best, it is at least unmistakably information about men with personal differences of temper and talent,

of their motives, of what we call *style*. We have come to a sort of art which is no longer broadly characteristic of a general period, and which we might have looked at without its occurring to us to ask concerning the artist, his antecedents and his school. We have to do now with types of art, fully impressed with the subjectivity, the intimacies of the artist.

Among these freer and stronger personalties emerging thus about the beginning of the fifth century before Christ—about the period of the Persian war—the name to which most of this sort of personal quality attaches, and which is therefore very interesting, is the name of Canachus of Sicyon, who seems to have comprehended in himself all the various attainments in art which had been gradually developed in the schools of his native city—carver in wood, sculptor, brass-cutter, and *toreutes;* by *toreuticê* being meant the whole art of statuary in metals, and in their combination with other materials. At last we seem to see, and with natural curiosity, an actual person at work, and can follow, to some degree, the motions of his spirit and his hand. We seem to discern in all we know of his productions the results of individual apprehension—the results, as well as the limitations, of an individual talent.

It is impossible to date exactly the chief period of the activity of Canachus. That the great image of Apollo, which he made for the Milesians, was carried away to Ecbatana by the Persian army, is stated by Pausanias; but there is a doubt whether this was under Xerxes, as Pausanias says, in the year 479 B.C., or twenty years earlier, under Darius. So important a work as this colossal image of Apollo, for so great a shrine as the *Didymæum*, was probably the task of his maturity; and his career may, therefore, be regarded as having been, at any rate, prior to the year 480 B.C., and the end of the Persian war, the event which may be said to close this period of art. On the whole, the chief period of his activity is thought to have fallen earlier, and to have occupied the last forty years of the previous century; and he would thus have flourished, as we say, about fifty years before the manhood of Pheidias, as Mino of Fiesole fifty years before the manhood of Michelangelo.

His chief works were an Aphrodite, wrought for the Sicyonians in ivory and gold; that Apollo of bronze carried away by the Persians, and restored to its place about the year B.C. 350; and a reproduction of the same work in cedar-wood, for the sanctuary of *Apollo of the Ismenus*, at Thebes. The primitive Greek worship, as we may trace it in Homer, presents already, on a minor scale, all the essential characteristics of the most elaborate Greek worship of after times—the sacred inclosure, the incense and other offerings, the prayer of the priest, the shrine itself—a small one, roofed in by the priest with green boughs, not unlike a wayside chapel in modern times, and understood to be the dwelling-place of the divine

person—within, almost certainly, an idol, with its own sacred apparel, a visible form. little more than symbolical perhaps, like the sacred pillar for which Bathycles made his throne at Amyclæ, but if an actual image, certainly a rude one.

That primitive worship, traceable in almost all these particulars, even in the first book of the Iliad, had given place, before the time of Canachus at Sicyon, to a more elaborate ritual and a more completely designed image-work; and a little bronze statue, discovered on the site of Tenea, where Apollo was the chief object of worship, and preserved at Munich, the best representative of many similar marble figures, those of Thera and Orchomenus, for instance, is supposed to represent Apollo as this still early age conceived him—youthful, naked, muscular, and with the germ of the Greek profile, but formally smiling, and with a formal diadem or fillet over the long hair which shows him to be no mortal athlete. The hands, like the feet, excellently modelled, are here extended downward at the sides; but in some similar figures the hands are lifted and held straight outward with the palms upturned. The Apollo of Canachus also had the hands thus raised, and on the open palm of the right hand was placed a stag, while with the left he grasped the bow. Pliny says that the stag was an *automaton*, with a mechanical device for setting it in motion, a detail which hints, at least, at the subtlety of workmanship with which those ancient critics who had opportunity of knowing credited this early artist. Of this work itself nothing remains, but we possess perhaps some imitations of it. It is probably this most sacred possession of the place which the coins of Miletus display from various points of view, though, of course, only on the smallest scale. But a little bronze figure in the British Museum, with the stag in the right hand, and in the closed left hand the hollow where the bow has passed, is thought to have been derived from it; and its points of style are still further illustrated by a marble head of similar character, also preserved in the British Museum, and which has many marks of having been copied in marble from an original in bronze. A really ancient work, or only archaic, it certainly expresses together with all that careful patience and hardness of workmanship which is characteristic of an early age, a certain Apolline strength—a pride and dignity in the features, so steadily composed, below the stiff, archaic arrangement of the long, fillet-bound locks. It is the exact expression of that midway position, between an involved archaic stiffness and the free play of individual talent, which is attributed to Canachus by the ancients.

His Apollo of cedar-wood, which inhabited a temple near the gates of Thebes, on a rising ground below which flowed the river Ismenus, according to Pausanias, so closely resembled that at Miletus that it required little skill in one who had seen either of them

to tell what master had designed the other. Still, though of the same dimensions, while one was of cedar the other was of bronze—a reproduction one of the other, we may believe, but with the modifications, according to the use of good workmen even so early as Canachus, due to the difference of the material. For the likeness between the two statues, it is to be observed, is not the mechanical likeness of those earlier images represented by the statuette of Tenea, which spoke, not of the style of one master, but only of the manufacture of one workshop. In those two images of Canachus—the Milesian Apollo and the Apollo of the Ismenus—there were resemblances amid differences; resemblances, as we may understand, in what was nevertheless peculiar, novel, and even innovating in the precise conception of the god therein set forth; resemblances which spoke directly of a single workman, though working freely, of one hand and one fancy, a likeness in that which could by no means be truly copied by another: it was the beginning of what we mean by the style of a master. Together with all the novelty, the innovating and improving skill, which has made Canachus remembered, an attractive, old-world, deeply-felt mysticity seems still to cling about what we read of these early works. That piety, that religiousness of temper, of which the people of Sicyon had given proof so oddly in their dealings with those old carvers, Scyllis and Dipœnus, still survives in the master who was chosen to embody his own novelty of idea and execution in so sacred a place as the shrine of Apollo at Miletus. Something still conventional, combined, in these images, with the effect of great artistic skill, with a palpable beauty and power, seems to have given them a really imposing religious character. Escaping from the rigid uniformities of the stricter archaic style, he is still obedient to certain hieratic influences and traditions; he is still reserved, self-controlled, composed or even mannered a little, as in some sacred presence, with the severity and strength of the early style.

But there are certain notices which seem to show that he had his purely poetical motives also, as befitted his age; motives which prompted works of mere fancy, like his Muse with the Lyre, symbolizing the chromatic style of music; Aristocles, his brother, and Ageladas of Argos executing each another statue to symbolize the two other orders of music. The Riding Boys, of which Pliny speaks, like the mechanical stag on the hand of Apollo, which he also describes, were perhaps mechanical toys, as Benvenuto Cellini made toys. In the Beardless Æsculapius, again—the image of the god of healing, not merely as the son of Apollo, but as one ever young—it is the *poetry* of sculpture that we see.

This poetic feeling, and the piety of temper so deeply impressed upon his images of Apollo, seem to have been combined in his

chryselephantine Aphrodite, as we see it very distinctly in Pausanias, enthroned with an apple in one hand and a poppy in the other, and with the sphere, or *polos*, about the head, in its quaint little temple or chapel at Sicyon, with the *hierokêpis*, or holy garden, about it. This is what Canachus has to give us instead of the strange, symbolical cone, with the lights burning around it, in its dark cell—the form under which Aphrodite was worshipped at her famous shrine of Paphos.

"A woman to keep it fair," Pausanias tells us, "who may go in to no man, and a virgin called the *water-bearer*, who holds her priesthood for a year, are alone permitted to enter the sacred place. All others may gaze upon the goddess and offer their prayers from the doorway. The seated image is the work of Canachus of Sicyon. It is wrought in ivory and gold, bearing a sphere on the head and having in the one hand a poppy and in the other an apple. They offer to her the thighs of all victims excepting swine, burning them upon sticks of juniper, together with leaves of ladslove, an herb found in the inclosure without, and nowhere else in the world. Its leaves are smaller than those of the beech and larger than the ilex; in form they are like an oak-leaf, and in color resemble most the leaves of the poplar, one side dusky, the other white."

That is a place one would certainly have liked to see. So real it seems!—the seated image, the people gazing through the doorway, the fragrant odor. Must it not still be in secret keeping somewhere? we are almost tempted to ask; maintained by some few solitary worshippers, surviving from age to age, among the villagers of Achaia.

In spite of many obscurities, it may be said that what we know and what we do not know of Canachus illustrates the amount and sort of knowledge we possess about the artists of the period which he best represents. A *naïveté*—a freshness, an early-aged simplicity and sincerity—that, we may believe, had we their works before us, would be for us their chief æsthetic charm. Cicero remarked that, in contrast with the works of the next generation of sculptors, there was a stiffness in the statues of Canachus which made them seem untrue to nature—"Canachi signa rigidiora esse quam ut imitentur veritatem." But Cicero belongs to an age surfeited with artistic license, and likely enough to undervalue the severity of the early masters, the great motive struggling still with the minute and rigid hand; as the critics of the last century ignored or underrated the works of the earlier Tuscan sculptors. In what Cicero calls "rigidity," combined with what we seem to see of his poetry of conception, his freshness, his solemnity, we may understand no really repellent hardness, but only that earnest patience of labor, the expression of which is constant in all the best work of an early time; in the David of Verrocchio, for instance, and in the early Flemish painters, as it is natural and becoming in youth itself. The very touch of the struggling hand was upon the work; but with the interest, the half-repressed animation of a great promise, fulfilled, as we now see, in the magnificent growth of Greek sculp-

ture in the succeeding age ; but which meant, for those earlier workmen, the loins girt and the half-folded wings not yet quite at home in the air, with a gravity, a discretion and reserve, the charm of which, if felt in quiet, is hardly less than that of the wealth and fulness of final mastery.

WALTER H. PATER, *in Fortnightly Review.*

SHAM ADMIRATION IN LITERATURE.

IN all highly civilized communities pretence is prominent, and sooner or later invades the regions of literature. In the beginning, this is not altogether to be reprobated ; it is the rude homage which ignorance, conscious of its disgrace, offers to learning ; but after a while pretence becomes systematized, gathers strength from numbers and impunity, and rears its head in such a manner as to suggest it has some body and substance belonging to it. In England, literary pretence is more universal than elsewhere from our method of education. When young gentlemen from ten to sixteen are set to study poetry (a subject for which not one in a hundred has the least taste or capability even when he reads it in his own language) in Greek and Latin authors, it is only a natural consequence that their views upon it should be slightly artificial. The youth who objected to the alphabet that it seemed hardly worth while to have gone through so much to have acquired so little, was exceptionally sagacious ; the more ordinary lad conceives that what has cost him so much time and trouble, and entailed so many pains and penalties, must needs have something in it, though it has never met his eye. Hence arises our public opinion upon the ancient classics, which I am afraid is somewhat different from (what painters term) the private view. If you take the ordinary admirer of Æschylus, for example—not the scholar, but the man who has had what he believes to be "a liberal education"—and appeal to his opinion upon some passage in a British dramatist, say Shakespeare, it is ten to one that he shows not only ignorance of the author (the odds are twenty to one about *that*), but utter inability to grasp the point in question ; it is too deep for him, and especially too subtle. If you are cruel enough to press him he will unconsciously betray the fact that he has never felt a line of poetry in his life. He honestly believes that the "Seven against Thebes" is one of the greatest works that ever were written, just as a child believes the same of the "Seven Champions of Christendom." A great wit once observed, when bored by the praises of a man who spoke six languages, that he had known a man to speak a dozen, and yet not

say a word worth hearing in any one of them. The humor of the remark, as sometimes happens, has caused its wisdom to be underrated ; for the fact is that, in very many cases, all the intelligence of which a mind is capable is expended upon the mere acquisition of a foreign language. As to getting anything out of it in the way of ideas, and especially of poetical ones, that is almost never attained. There are, indeed, many who have a special facility for languages, but in their case (with a few exceptions) one may say without uncharity that the acquisition of ideas is not their object, though if they did acquire them they would probably be new ones. The majority of us, however, have much difficulty in surmounting the obstacle of an alien tongue ; and when we have done so we are naturally inclined to overrate the advantages thus attained. Every one knows the poor creature who quotes French on all occasions with a certain stress on the accent, designed to arouse a doubt in his hearers as to whether he was not actually born in Paris. *He*, of course, is a low specimen of the class in question, but almost all of us derive a certain intellectual gratification from the mastery of another language, and as we gradually attain to it, whenever we find a meaning we are apt to mistake it for a beauty. Nay, I am convinced that many admire this or that (even) British poet from the fact that here and there his meaning has gleamed upon them with all the charm that accompanies unexpectedness.

Since classical learning is compulsory with us, this bastard admiration is much more often excited with respect to the Greek and Latin poets. Men may not only go through the whole curriculum of a university education, but take high honors in it, without the least intellectual advantage beyond the acquisition of a few quotations. This is not, of course (good heavens !) because the classics have nothing to teach us in the way of poetical ideas, but simply because to the ordinary mind the acquisition of a poetical idea is very difficult, and when conveyed in a foreign language is impossible. If the same student had given the same time—a monstrous thought, of course, but not impracticable—to the cultivation of Shakespeare and the old dramatists, or even to the more modern English poets and thinkers, he would certainly have got more out of them, though he would have missed the delicate suggestiveness of the Greek aorist and the exquisite subtleties of the particle *de*. Having acquired these last, however, and not for nothing, it is not surprising that he should esteem them very highly, and, being unable to popularize them at dinner parties and the like, he falls back upon praise of the classics generally.

Such are the circumstances which, more particularly in this country, have led to a well-nigh universal habit of literary lying—of a pretence of admiration for certain works of which in reality we

know very little, and for which, if we knew more, we should perhaps care less.

There are certain books which are standard, and as it were planted in the British soil, before which the great majority of us bow the knee and doff the cap with a reverence that, in its ignorance, reminds one of fetish worship, and, in its affectation, of the passion for high art. The works without which, we are told at book auctions, "no gentleman's library can be considered complete," are especially the objects of this adoration. The "Rambler," for example, is one of them. I was once shut up for a week of snowstorms in a mountain in with the "Rambler" and one other publication. The latter was a "Shepherd's Guide," with illustrations of the way in which sheep are marked by their various owners for the purpose of identification: "Cropped near ear, upper key bitted far, a pop on the head and another at the tail head, ritted, and with two red strokes down both shoulders," etc. It was monotonous, but I confess that there were times when I felt it some comfort in having that picture-book to fall back upon, to alternate with the "Rambler."

The essay, like port wine I have noticed, requires age for its due appreciation. Leigh Hunt's "Indicator" comprises some admirable essays, but the general public have not a word to say for them; it may be urged that that is because they had not read the "Indicator." But why then do they praise the "Rambler" and Montaigne? That comforting word, "Mesopotamia," which has been so often alluded to in religious matters, has many a parallel in profane literature.

A good deal of this mock worship is of course due to abject cowardice. A man who says he doesn't like the "Rambler," runs, with some folks, the risk of being thought a fool; but he is sure to be thought that, for something or another, under any circumstances; and, at all events, why should he not content himself, when the "Rambler" is belauded, with holding his tongue and smiling acquiescence? It must be conceded that there are a few persons who really have read the "Rambler," a work, of course, I am merely using as a type of its class. In their young days it was used as a school-book, and thought necessary as a part of polite education; and as they have read little or nothing since, it is only reasonable that they should stick to their colors. Indeed, the French satirist's boast that he could predicate the views of any man with regard to both worlds, if he were only supplied with the simple data of his age and his income, is quite true in the general with regard to literary taste. Given the age of the ordinary individual—that is to say of the gentleman "fond of books, but who has really no time for reading"—and it is easy enough to guess his literary idols. They are the gods of his youth, and, whether he

has been "suckled in a creed outworn" or not, he knows no other. These persons, however, rarely give their opinion about literary matters, except on compulsion; they are harmless and truthful. The tendency of society in general, on the other hand, is not only to praise the "Rambler" which they have not read, but to express a noble scorn for those who have read it and don't like it.

I remember, as a young man, being greatly struck by the independence of character exhibited by Miss Brontë in a certain confession she made in respect to Miss Austen's novels. It was at a period when everybody professed to adore them, and especially the great guns of literature. Walter Scott thought more highly of the genius of the author of "Mansfield Park" even than of that of his favorite, Miss Edgeworth. Macaulay speaks of her as though she were the eclipse of novelists—"first, and the rest nowhere"—though his opinion, it is true, lost something of its force from the contempt he expressed for "the rest," among whom were some much better ones. Dr. Whewell, a very different type of mind, had "Mansfield Park," I believe, read to him on his death-bed. And, indeed, up to the present date, some highly cultured persons of my acquaintance take the same view. They may be very possibly right, but that is no reason why the people who have never read Miss Austen's novels—and very few have—should ape the fashion. Now the authoress of "Jane Eyre" did not derive much pleasure from the perusal of the works of the other Jane. "I know it's very wrong," she modestly said, "but the fact is I can't read them. They have not got story enough in them to engage my attention. I don't want my blood curdled, but I like it stirred. She strikes me as milk-and-watery, and, to say truth, as dull."

This opinion she has, in effect, repeated in her published writings, but I had only heard her verbal expression of it; and I admired her courage. If she had been a man, struggling, as she then was, for a position in literature, she would not have dared to say half as much. For, what is very curious, the advocates of the classic authors—those I mean whom antiquity has more or less hallowed—instead of pitying those unhappy wights who confess their want of appreciation of them, fly at them with bludgeons, and dance upon their prostrate bodies with clogs.

> "For who would rush on a benighted man,
> And give him two black eyes for being blind?"

inquires the poet. I answer, "lots of people," and especially those who worship the pagan divinities of literature. The same thing happens—but *their* fury is more excusable, because they have less natural intelligence—with the lovers of music. Instead of being sorry for the poor folks who have "no ear," and whom "a little music in the evening" bores to extremity, they overwhelm them

with reproaches for what is in fact a natural infirmity. "You Goth! you Vandal!" they exclaim, "how contemptible is the creature who has no music in his soul!" Which is really very rude. Even persons who are not musical have their feelings. "Hath not a Jew ears?"—that is to say, though they have "no ear," they understand what is abusive language and resent it.

I am not saying one word against established reputations in literature. The very fact of their being established (even the "Rambler," for example, has its merits) is in their favor; and, indeed, some of the works I shall refer to are masterpieces. My objection is to the sham admiration of them, which does their authors no good (for their circulation is now of no consequence to them), and is injurious not only to modern writers (who are generally made the subject of base comparison), but especially to the utterers of this false coin themselves. One cannot tell falsehoods, even about one's views in literature, without injury to one's morals, yet to "tell the truth and shame the devil" is easy, as it would seem, compared with telling the truth and defying the critics.

I have alluded to the intrepidity of Miss Bronté in this matter; and, curiously enough, it is women who have the most courage in the expression of their literary opinions. It may be said, of course, that this is due to the audacity of ignorance, and a well-known line may be quoted (for some people, as I have said, are rude) in which certain angels (who are *not* women) are represented as being afraid to tread in certain places. But I am speaking of women who are great readers. Miss Martineau once confessed to me that she could see no beauties in "Tom Jones." "Of course," she said, "the coarseness disgusts me, but, apart from that, I see no sort of merit in it." "What?" I replied, "no humor, no knowledge of human life?" "No; to me it is a wearisome book."

I disagreed with her very much upon that point, and do so still; yet, apart from the coarseness (which does not disgust everybody, let me tell you), there is a good deal of tedious reading in "Tom Jones." At all events that expression of opinion from such lips strikes me as noteworthy.

It may here be said that there are many English authors of old date, some of whose beauties are unintelligible except to those who are acquainted with the classics; and "Tom Jones" is one of them. Many of the introductions to the chapters, not to mention a certain travesty of an Homeric battle, must needs be as wearisome to those who are not scholars, as the spectacle of a burlesque is to those who have not seen the original play. This is still more the case with our old poets, especially Milton. I very much doubt, in spite of the universal chorus to the contrary, whether "Lycidas" is much admired by readers who are only acquainted with English

literature; I am quite sure it never touched their hearts, as, for example, "In Memoriam" does.

I once beheld a young lady of great literary taste, and of exquisite sensibility, torn to pieces (figuratively) and trampled upon by a great scholar for venturing to make a comparison between those two poems. Its invocation to the Muses, and the general classical air which pervades it, had destroyed for her the pathos of "Lycidas," whereas to her antagonist those very imperfections appeared to enhance its beauty. I did not interfere, because the wretch was her husband, and it would have been worse for her if I had, but my sympathies were entirely with her. Her sad fate—for the massacre took place in public—would, I was well aware, have the effect of making people lie worse than ever about Milton. On that same evening, while some folks were talking about Mr. Morris's "Earthly Paradise," I heard a scornful voice exclaim "Oh! give ME 'Paradise Lost,'" and with that gentleman I *did* have it out. I promptly subjected him to cross-examination, and drove him to that extremity that he was compelled to admit he had never read a word of Milton for forty years, and even then only in extracts from "Enfield's Speaker."

With Shakespeare—though there is a good deal of lying about *him*—the case is different, and especially with elderly people; for "in their day," as they pathetically term it, Shakespeare was played everywhere, and every one went to the play. They do not read him, but they recollect him; they are well acquainted with his beauties—that is, with the better known of them—and can quote him with manifest appreciation. They are, intellectually, in a position much superior to that of a fashionable lady of my acquaintance who informed me that her daughters were going to the theatre that night to see Shakespeare's "Turning of the Screw."

The writer who has done most, without I suppose intending it, to promote hypocrisy in literature is Macaulay. His "every school-boy knows" has frightened thousands into pretending to know authors with whom they have not even a bowing acquaintance. It is amazing that a man who had read so much should have written so contemptuously of those who had read but little; one would have thought that the consciousness of superiority would have forbidden such insolence, or that his reading would have been extensive enough to teach him at least how little he had read of what there was to read; since he read some things—works of imagination and humor, for example—to such very little purpose, he might really have bragged a little less. One feels quite grateful to Macaulay, however, for avowing his belief that he was the only man who had read through the "Faery Queen;" since that exonerates everybody—I do not say from reading it, because the supposition is preposterous—but from the necessity of pretend-

ing to have read it. The pleasure derived from that poem to most minds is, I am convinced, analogous to that already spoken of as being imparted by a foreign author · namely, the satisfaction at finding it—in places—intelligible. For the few who possess the poetic faculty it has great beauties, but I observe, from the extracts that appear in poetic selections and the like, that the most tedious and even the most monstrous passages are often the most admired The case of Spenser in this respect—which does not stand alone in ancient English literature—has a curious parallel in art, where people are positively found to go into ecstasies over a distorted limb or a ludicrous inversion of perspective, simply because it is the work of an old master, who knew no better, or followed the fashion of his time.

Leigh Hunt read the "Faery Queen," by the by, as almost everything else that has been written in the English tongue, and even Macaulay alludes with rare commendation to his "catholic taste." Of all authors indeed, and probably of all readers, Leigh Hunt had the keenest eye for merit and the warmest appreciation of it wherever found. He was actively engaged in politics, yet was never blind to the genius of an adversary ; blameless himself in morals, he could admire the wit of Wycherley ; and a freethinker in religion, he could see both wisdom and beauty in the divines. Moreover, it is immensely to his credit that this universal knowledge, instead of puffing him up, only moved him to impart it, and that next to the pleasure he took in books was that he derived from teaching others to take pleasure in them. Witness his "Wit and Humor" and his "Imagination and Fancy," to my mind the greatest treasures in the way of handbooks that have ever been offered to students of English literature, and the completest antidotes to pretence in it. How many a time, as a boy, have I pondered over this or that passage in the originals, from Shakespeare to Suckling, and then compared it with the italicized lines in his two volumes, to see whether I had hit upon the beauties ; and how often, alas ! I hit upon the blots !

It is curious that Leigh Hunt, whose style has been so severely handled (and it must be owned, not without some justice) for its affectations, should have been so genuine (although always generous) in his criticisms. It was nothing to him whether an author was old or new ; nor did he shrink from any literary comparison between two writers when he thought it appropriate (and he was generally right), notwithstanding all the age and authority that might be at the back of one of them. Thackeray, by the way, a very different writer and thinker, had this same outspoken honesty in the expression of his literary taste. In speaking of the hero of Cooper's five good novels—Leather-Stocking, Hawkeye, etc.—he

remarks, with quite a noble simplicity, "I think he is better than any of Scott's lot."

It is a "far cry" from the "Faery Queen" to "Childe Harold," which, reckoning by years, is still a modern poem; yet I wonder how many persons under thirty—even of those who term it "magnificent"—have ever read "Childe Harold." At one time it was only people under thirty who *had* read it; for poetry to the ordinary reader is the poetry that was popular in his youth—"no other is genuine."

> "A dreary, weary poem called the *Excursion*,
> Written in a manner which is my aversion,"

is a couplet the frankness of which has always recommended itself to me (though I like the "Excursion"); but, except for the rhyme, it has a fatal facility of application to other long poems. Heaven forbid that I should "with shadowed hint confuse" the faith in a British classic; but, ye gods, how men have gaped (in private) over "Childe Harold!"

"Gil Blas," though not a native classic, is included in the articles of the British literary faith; not as a matter of pious opinion, but *de fide;* a necessity of intellectual salvation. I remember an interview I once had with a boy of letters concerning this immortal work; he is a well-known writer now, but at the time I speak of he was only budding and sprouting in the magazines—a lad of promise, no doubt, but given, if not to kick against authority, to question it, and, what was worse, to question *me* about it, in an embarrassing manner. The natural affability of my disposition had caused him, I suppose, to treat me as his Father Confessor in literature; and one of the sins of omission he confided to me was in connection with the divine Le Sage.

"I say—about 'Gil Blas,' you know—Bias [a great critic of that day] was saying last night that if he were to be imprisoned for life with only two books to read he would choose the Bible and 'Gil Blas.'"

"It is very gratifying to me," said I, wishing to evade my young friend, and also because I had no love for Bias, "that he should have selected the Bible; and all the more so, since I should never have expected it of him."

"Yes, papa" (that was what the young dog was wont to call me, though he was no son of mine—far from it); "but about 'Gil Blas'? Is it *really* the next best book? And after he had read it—say ten times—would he not have been rather sorry that he had not chosen—well, Shakespeare, for instance?"

The picture of Bias with a long white beard, the growth of twenty years, reading that tattered copy of "Gil Blas" in his cell, almost affected me to tears; but I made shift to answer gravely, "Bias is a professional critic; and persons of that class are apt

to be a little dogmatic and given to exaggeration. But 'Gil Blas' is a great work. As a picture of the seamy side of human life—of its vices and its weaknesses at least—it is unrivalled. The archbishop —''

"Oh! I know that archbishop—*well*," interrupted my young tormentor. "I sometimes think, if it hadn't been for that archbishop, we should never perhaps have heard of 'Gil Blas.'"

"Tchut, tchut!" said I; "you talk like a child."

"But to read it *all through*, papa—three times, ten times, for all one's life? Poor Mr. Bias!"

"It is a matter of opinion, my dear boy," I said. "Bias has this great advantage over you in literary matters, that he knows what he is talking about; and if he was quite sure—"

"Oh! but he was not quite sure: he was rather doubtful, he said, about one of the books."

"Not the Bible, I do hope?" said I fervently.

"No, about the other. He was not quite sure but that, instead of 'Gil Blas,' he ought to have selected 'Don Quixote.' Now really that seems to me worse than 'Gil Blas.'"

"You mean less excellent," I rejoined; "you are too young to appreciate the full signification of 'Don Quixote.'"

The scoundrel murmured, "Do you mean to tell me people read it when they are old?" but I pretended not to hear him. "We do not all of us," I went on, "know what is good for us. Sancho Panza's physician—"

"Oh! I know that physician—*well*, papa. I sometimes think, if it had not been for that physician, perhaps—"

"Hush!" I exclaimed authoritatively; "let us have no flippancy, I beg." And so, with a dead lift as it were, I got rid of him. He left the room muttering, "But to read it through—three times, ten times, for all one's life?" And I was obliged to confess to myself that such a prolonged course of study, even of "Don Quixote," would have been wearisome.

Rabelais is another article of our literary faith, that is certainly subscribed to much more often than believed in. In a certain poem of Mr. Browning's (*I* call it the Burial of the Book, since the Latin name he has given it is unpronounceable, even if it were possible to recollect it), charmingly humorous, and which is also remarkable for impersonating an inanimate object in verse as Dickens does in prose, there occur these lines:

> "Then I went indoors, brought out a loaf,
> Half a cheese and a bottle of Chablis,
> Lay on the grass, and forgot the oaf
> Over a jolly chapter of Rabelais."

Yet I have known some wonder to be expressed (confidentially) as to where he found the "jolly chapter," and the looking for the

beauties of Rabelais to be likened to searching in a huge bed of manure for a few heads of asparagus.

I have no quarrel with Bias and Company (though they stick at nothing, and will presently say that I don t care for these books myself), but I venture to think that they are wrong in making dogmas of what are, after all, but matters of literary taste ; it is their vehemence and exaggeration which drive the weak to take refuge in falsehood.

A good woman in the country once complained of her stepson, "He will not love his learning, though I beats him with a jack-chain ;" and from the application of similar aids to instruction the same result takes place in London. Only here we dissemble and pretend to love it. It is partly in consequence of this that works, not only of acknowledged but genuine excellence, such as those I have been careful to select, are, though so universally praised, so little read. The poor student attempts them, but failing—from many causes no doubt, but also sometimes from the fact of their not being there—to find those unrivailed beauties which he has been led to expect in every sentence, he stops short, where he would otherwise have gone on. He says to himself, "I have been deceived," or "I must be a born fool ;" whereas he is wrong in both suppositions. I am convinced that the want of popularity of Walter Scott among the rising generation is partly due to this extravagant laudation ; and I am much mistaken if another great author, more recently deceased, will not in a few years be added to the ranks of those who are more praised than read from the same cause.

The habit of mere adhesion to received opinion in any matter is most mischievous, for it strikes at the root of independence of thought ; and in literature it tends to make the public taste mechanical. It is very seldom that what is called the verdict of posterity (absurdly enough, for are not *we* posterity ?) is ever reversed ; but it has chanced to happen in a certain case quite lately. The production of *The Iron Chest* upon the stage has once more brought into fashion "Caleb Williams." Now that is a work, though by no means belonging to the same rank as those to which I have referred, which has a fine old crusted reputation. Time has hallowed it. The great world of readers (who have never read it) used to echo the remark of Bias and Company, that this and that modern work of fiction reminded them—though at an immense distance, of course—of Godwin's masterpiece. I remember Le Fanu's "Uncle Silas," for example (from some similarity, more fanciful perhaps than real, in the isolation of its hero), being thus compared with it. Now "Caleb Williams" is founded on a very fine conception—one that could only have occurred, perhaps, to a man of genius ; the first part of it is well worked out, but toward the middle it grows

feeble, and it ends in tediousness and drivel ; whereas "Uncle Silas" is good and strong from first to last. Le Fanu has never been so popular as, in my humble judgment, he deserves to be, but of course modern readers were better acquainted with him than with Godwin. Yet nine out of ten were always heard repeating this cuckoo cry about the latter's superiority, until *The Iron Chest* came out, and Fashion induced them to read him for themselves ; which has very properly changed their opinion.

I remember, in my own case, that, from that mere reverence for authority which I hope I share with my neighbors, I used to speak of "Headlong Hall" and "Crotchet Castle"—both great favorites of our forefathers—with much respect, until one wet day in the country I found myself shut up with them. I won't say what I suffered ; better judges of literature than myself admire them still, I know. I will only remark that *I* don't admire them. I don't say they are the dullest novels ever printed, because that would be invidious, and might do wrong to works of even greater pretensions ; but to my mind they are dull.

When Dr. Johnson is free to confess that he does not admire Gray's "Elegy," and Macaulay to avow that he sees little to praise in Dickens and Wordsworth, why should not humbler folks have the courage of their own opinions? They cannot possibly be more wrong than Johnson and Macaulay were, and it is surely better to be honest, though it may expose one to some ridicule, than to lie. The more we agree with the verdict of the generations before us on these matters, the more, it is quite true, we are likely to be right ; but the agreement should be an honest one. At present very extensive domains in literature are, as it were, inclosed and denied to the public in respect to any free expression of their opinion. "They are splendid, they are faultless," cries the general voice, but the general eye has not beheld them. Nothing, of course, could be more futile than that, with every new generation, our old authors who have won their fame should be arraigned anew at the bar of public criticism ; but, on the other hand, there is no reason why the mouths of us poor moderns should be muzzled, and still less that we "should praise with alien lips."

"Until Caldecott's charming illustrations of it made me laugh so much," said a young lady to me the other day, "I confess — though I know it's very stupid of me—I never saw much fun in 'John Gilpin.'" She evidently expected a reproof, and when I whispered in her ear "Nor I," her lovely features assumed a look of positive enfranchisement.

"But am I right?" she inquired.

"You are certainly right, my dear young lady," said I, "not to pretend admiration where you don't feel it ; as to liking 'John Gilpin,' that is a matter of taste. It has, of course, simplicity to

recommend it; but in my own case, though I'm fond of fun, it has never evoked a smile. It has always seemed to me like one of Mr. Joe Miller's stories put into tedious verse."

I really almost thought (and hoped) that that young lady would have kissed me.

"Papa always says it is a free country," she exclaimed, "but I never felt it to be the case before this moment."

For years this beautiful and accomplished creature had locked this awful secret in her innocent breast—that she didn't see much fun in "John Gilpin." "You have given me courage," she said, "to confess something else. Mr. Caldecott has just been illustrating in the same charming manner Goldsmith's 'Elegy on a Mad Dog,' and —I'm very sorry—but I never laughed at *that* before, either. I have pretended to laugh, you know," she added hastily and apologetically, "hundreds of times."

"I don't doubt it," I replied; "this is not such a free country as your father supposes."

"But am I right?"

"I say nothing about 'right,'" I answered, "except that everybody has a right to his own opinion. For my part, however, I think the 'Mad Dog' better than 'John Gilpin' only because it is shorter."

Whether I was wrong or right in the matter is of no consequence even to myself; the affection and gratitude of that young creature would more than repay me for a much greater mistake, if mistake it is. She protests that I have emancipated her from slavery. She has since talked to me about all sorts of authors, from Sir Philip Sidney to Washington Irving, in a way that would make some people's blood run cold; but it has no such effect upon me—quite the reverse. Of Irving she naïvely remarks that his strokes of humor seem to her to owe much of their success to the rarity of their occurrence; the flashes of fun are spread over pages of dulness, which enhance them, just as a dark night is propitious to fireworks, or the atmosphere of the House of Commons or a court of law to a joke. She is often in error, no doubt, but how bright and wholesome such talk is as compared with the platitudes and commonplaces which one hears on all sides in connection with literature!

As a rule, I suppose, even people in society ("the drawing-rooms and the clubs") are not absolutely base, and yet one would really think so, to judge by the fear that is entertained by them of being natural. "I vow to Heaven," says the prince of letter-writers, "that I think the Parrots of Society are more intolerable and mischievous than its birds of prey. If ever I destroy myself, it will be in the bitterness of having those infernal and damnable 'good old times' extolled." One is almost tempted to say the same—when

one hears their praises come from certain mouths—of the good old books. It is not every one, of course, who has an opinion of his own upon any subject, far less on that of literature, but every one can abstain from expressing an opinion that is not his own. If one has no voice, what possible compensation can there be in becoming an echo? No one, I conclude, would wish to see literature discoursed about in the same pinchbeck and affected style as are painting and music;* yet that is what will happen if this prolific weed of sham admiration is permitted to attain its full growth.

JAMES PAYN *in Nineteenth Century.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRAWING-ROOMS.

IN most English middle-class houses there exists, or till lately existed, a certain mysterious and reverend apartment known as the drawing-room. In homes of the most Philistine type this solemn shrine of the household gods was always regarded as far too sacred for common and every-day usage. The family lived, as a rule, in the "parlor," or the breakfast-room, and only approached the higher sanctum on Sunday afternoons. Visitors were duly ushered into it for formal calls, and other important diplomatic ceremonies took place within its mystical precincts. Some enlightened denizens of Philistia even went so far as to retire into its awful shades after dinner, and there decorously to play their accustomed rubber. But none of them ever dreamed of really *living* in the drawing-room. They would almost as soon have thought of living in Canterbury Cathedral, or in the state apartments of Windsor Castle. The drawing-room was set apart for purposes of pomp and solemnity, and it would have been sacrilege to desecrate its sanctity with the trivialities of ordinary life. It was the Capitol and the Acropolis of that ceremonial government which, as Mr. Herbert Spencer assures us, formed the earliest and the most long-lived form of human administration.

The appearance and appurtenances of the good old-fashioned drawing-room were strictly in keeping with these its solemn functions. It had a desolate and comfortless air, as though it were not habitually inhabited. The chairs were straight-backed and fragile, so that to lean against them was perilous to life and limb. The sofas were constructed so as to afford a maximum of corners

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* The slang of art-talk has reached the "young men" in the furniture warehouses. A friend of mine was recommended a sideboard the other day as not being a Chippendale, but "having a Chippendale *feeling* in it."

with a minimum of repose. A large and rickety rosewood table, with many curves and wriggles, occupied and blocked up the centre of the room. A heavy-looking ormolu gas chandelier hung above it, with curves and wriggles to match. The paper was white and gold, with a sparse and stingy-looking pattern, which contributed its share to the prevailing coldness of the general effect. A family portrait and a couple of water-colors represented pictorial art; a few never-opened volumes of Tupper and Longfellow, interspersed with the "Illustrated Birthday Gift," did duty for literature upon the meaningless centre-table. Two flower-bespangled porcelain vases, the ceramic treasures of the establishment, flanked the mantelpiece. Worse than all, a covering of chintz above the blue satin on chairs and sofas, removed only on Christmas-day or marriage festivities, but allowed to remain *in situ* even on Sunday afternoon, openly proclaimed the strict artificiality of the drawing-room. "Let no one venture to be at his ease," the whole place cried out with all its mutely blatant mouths, "for this is not a common room in which one may dare to be comfortable, but a serious-minded and respectable English drawing-room."

It must be allowed that only in the darkest regions of Philistia, in the very Gaths and Askelons of Great Britain, could drawing-rooms quite as dreary as these be found; and there they may still be found by the dozen. But even in comparatively cultivated families the same general type might be traced, though in a less virulent form. The members of the household used the room freely, and made themselves as happy as they consistently could on the rectangular sofa and the straight-backed chairs; but the general arrangement of the furniture remained the same, and the whitey-gold paper vied as elsewhere with the massive ormolu mirror-frame above the white marble mantelpiece. The table still occupied the central place of honor, while the great chandelier still hung above it with its corona of white-globed lights. In short, in spite of minor differences, the drawing-room archetype was preserved in Brompton and South Kensington, as the vertebrate archetype is preserved alike in the fish, the bird, or the mammal.

If we inquire historically into the evolution of drawing-rooms, the reason for this general unity of design will become apparent. Mr. Darwin tells us that birds and reptiles have corresponding limbs because they are descended from a common ancestor. So, it seems, almost all drawing-rooms have certain features alike, because they are derived from a common predecessor, the aboriginal living-room. In this primitive and undifferentiated stage of combined dining and drawing-room, which may still be found in most of our cottages and farm houses, the table for the family meals stands in the centre, while the chairs and couches are set with their backs against the

wall. From such an original type all the other varieties of reception-rooms have been evolved by slow degrees.

The dining-room, of course, adheres most closely to the primitive form. The centre of the room is the most convenient station for the table; and the chairs, when not actually in use, may stand against the wall as well as anywhere else. The sideboard is but a slight deviation from the ancestral dresser, while the other furniture is useful rather to fill up space than to subserve any special object. But the drawing-room, while varying in several minor particulars, still foolishly adheres with slavish fidelity to many features of the original living-room. The table, rounded or cut into an oval, and twisted as to its legs out of all recognition, remains irrationally in the centre of the room. The overhanging gas chandelier replaces the candle or lamp which in the primitive dining-room naturally stood upon the table itself. All the other pieces of furniture occupy places assigned to them through survival from the elder custom. In fact, the drawing-room is a fair instance of the persistence of type, even after the type has become comparatively useless. It may be objected to my theory of the origin of drawing-rooms—I do not mean intentionally to parody Mr. Pickwick's famous speculations on the Hampstead Ponds—that the state apartments in our halls and castles, as well as in the town-houses of the upper classes, have never conformed to this aboriginal cottage type. But really the line of descent in the two cases is quite distinct. The old mediæval hall, where the baron dined at high-table on the dais, and the retainers sat at the lower board on the sunken floor below, was really and essentially a dining-room, like that of good old farmhouses in our own day. It still survives in the halls of our Oxford and Cambridge colleges. At the Renaissance, however, when Italian mansions took the place of mediæval castles, the travelled nobleman who had seen the palaces of Florence or Genoa brought back many new-fangled notions for his town-house in the fashionable quarter of the Strand, and his country residence at Knowle or Berry Pomeroy. He added to the old dining-hall the modern withdrawing-room, into which he retired after dinner with the ladies of his family. These withdrawing-rooms were furnished from the first on the Italian model, just as Italian terraces were laid out in the garden, and Italian art was imitated on the walls. It was an Italianizing age, when Spenser modulated his stanza on Tuscan standards, and Shakespeare laid the scenes of his dramas at Verona or Venice. From such a beginning all our upper-class Belgravian drawing-rooms have taken their form; and nobody can fail to recognize in their furniture, even at this day, many traits of the original Italian spirit, though somewhat obscured by later French innovations of the Louis Quinze epoch.

Now, whence did the Italians get their early palaces? Certainly

by descent from the great Roman halls and villas. And these were not framed at all upon our northern model, but were developments from the very ancient primitive Helleno-Italian house. They were based upon the open roof, the dark inner apartments, and the great smoke-blackened cieling of the common dining-room. The Roman atrium never looked in the least like our own drawing-rooms, because the original Roman dinner was served on small movable tables. In the earliest times, when the family lived entirely in the atrium, the only permanent furniture which it contained consisted of a few stools and benches, together with the movable brasier on the central hearth. At a later date, when meals were taken in a separate apartment, the atrium became a real reception-room; but its decorations were mainly confined to the mosaic pavement, the marble pillars, the frescoed walls, and the few simple though shapely stools or tripods for the guests. Thus the later Italian hall in the palaces of Genoa or Florence, derived from this original type, never resembled our solid-looking English drawing-rooms, but was rather conspicuous for the lightness, not to say the meagreness, of its upholstery. It depended more for its effect upon frescoed cielings, parquetry or mosaic floors, and walls covered by acres of painted canvas, than upon the "superior marble-covered consoles" or the "elegant rosewood centre-tables" of our own British household furnishers. This wide difference of origin sufficiently explains the difference of appearance between the drawing-rooms of our ancient Elizabethan mansions and those our modern middle-class villas.

But, to pass on from this too curious question of historical evolution, let us suppose a rational human being, emancipated from the hereditary prejudices of his race, were to bend his mind to the profound task of furnishing and decorating an ordinary simple English drawing-room *de novo*. What would be the principles which must guide him in making the six boundary-walls, including the floor and cieling, together with their contents, as pretty, as comfortable, and as useful as is compatible with the nature of our climate and habits? In other words, how *ought* simple middle-class English people to furnish the room in which they ordinarily live? This is a question which has often been asked of late years, but none of the answers seem to me completely satisfactory. I do not mean that they are too dogmatic, for on the present occasion I mean, with my readers' kind permission, to dogmatize somewhat freely on my own account; but they have all been a trifle too irrational, too ready to take for granted the very points which need demonstration. Suppose, then, we attempt to decide how a reasonable and artistically-minded man would naturally go to work if he wished to set up his own drawing-room upon reasonable and artistic principles.

Following the unexceptionable advice of Mrs. Glasse, he would probably begin by first catching his hare. And here, at the very outset, he would be very likely to meet with a difficulty, seeing that so many drawing-rooms are, from the beginning, badly and irrationally constructed. But we will grant, for argument's sake, that he is lucky enough to meet with an honestly-built room, having sufficient light, air, and breathing-space, together with a sound wooden floor, a sound plaster cieling, and sound unpapered walls. We shall not endow him with anything so magnificent as a carved oak cieling, a handsome wainscot, or an inlaid floor; for these, desirable as they are, cannot come within the reach of the average modest English householder. We must content ourselves with trying our experiment upon an ordinary London cottage of the type which radiates from every main thoroughfare in the great western and south-western district. But, if possible, we shall stipulate for a bay-window in front, which is not too extravagant a request even in a region of exorbitant ground-rents and narrow flattened building-lots. Any suggestion of a curve, or even a diagonal line, must be gratefully welcomed as breaking the dismal monotony of the four square corners.

Having got his room, our imaginary householder's next point will be to arrange for the decoration and management of its framework—the cieling, floor, and walls. This is really by far the most important question in the whole furnishing process; for if you once get your framework properly arranged, the room will look well with any furniture or no furniture at all. Every time you look up, the eye must necessarily fall on one or other of the six boundary walls. On the other hand, no amount of taste and care bestowed upon cabinets, vases, and mirrors will atone for a heavy, ugly paper, a staring carpet, or a cold white cieling covered with a huge radial monstrosity in plaster-of-Paris. Good paintings are beautiful objects for the eye to rest upon, but they will not strike us so much if they stand floating in a sea of pictorial red roses tied together in bunches by festoons of white-and-gold ribbon. Hence the desirability of taking your room unpapered, and, as far as possible, undecorated. For if you find it already papered and painted, the chances are a hundred to one that you will have to pull all the landlord's or previous proprietor's work to pieces, and begin the whole task of decoration afresh.

First of all, then, we must start with the paper; for this will give the general tone to the room, especially as regards its prevailing colors. We can settle nothing as to painting the panels, doors, and window-frames, or as to choosing the carpet and furniture, until we know the background with which they are to harmonize. One of the greatest mistakes committed by people of well-meaning intentions, but insufficient experience, is that of buying this

that, and the other separate article because it is in itself pretty, without reference to the other objects which must form part of the total effect with it. To prevent such inharmonious combinations of severally beautiful shapes and colors, we must needs begin with the universal background—the wall-paper. About this there can now be little hesitation, for good patterns in wall-papers have almost driven the old crude whitey-gold abominations out of the market. What one needs in the framework of one's room is some restful and rich-looking mass of neutral color, on which the eye may anywhere fall without being distracted by divergent rows and crosses of the pattern. The beautiful deep-tinted modern papers with flowing and interlacing floral designs, suggested by natural forms, but treated, as all decorative work should be treated, conventionally rather than pictorially, supply us with the very framework which we need. We do not want to cover our rooms with some little picture of a bunch of flowers, repeated four hundred and fifty times over, so that wherever we turn we see the same inevitable object staring straight in our faces. Even a very pretty picture—a flower-piece of Dutch fidelity—would pall upon the eye if one had to look at it in four hundred and fifty separate copies about a hundred times a day ; but the flower-bunch of the wall-paper, instead of being a miniature by Weenix, is a very coarse wood-engraving from a very inartistic and unfinished sketch. Nor do we want a cold mass of white and pearl-gray to chill us every time we turn our eyes away—Damon from his book, and Phyllis from her crewel-work. We require something which will look rich and warm, at the same time that no one point attracts our eye rather than another. I shall not insist further on this point, however, because it has been often enough insisted on already during the last few years, and those who do not at once prefer the new style to the old will not be converted by any deliberate argument against the evidence of their own eyes. There are people who, when the æsthetic revolution first supplied them with its exquisite patterns, joyfully and thankfully accepted them at first sight ; and there are people who voted them "gloomy," and preferred the aboriginal bunch of roses or the ancestral gold-and-white lozenges. Concerning these, as concerning all other matters of taste, the wisdom of centuries has decided, *non est disputandum.*

Having chosen our piecing, then—a graceful pomegranate or Queen Anne pattern, let us say, in subdued tones of blue or green —the next question that arises is this : Shall we have a dado? This is a point on which one should speak with diffidence, for the highest living authority on artistic decoration—the man who has done more than any other to spread æsthetic culture among our middle-class homes—has pronounced most unmistakably against the use of paper dados. He will not design them, print them, or

permit them to be sold at his establishment, on the ground that they are base imitations of a genuine polished wooden or solid tile wainscot. Nevertheless, if one may differ from so high an authority—and after all, in matters of taste, each man can but follow his own lights—I cannot see the force of this objection. The paper dado does not pretend to be anything but paper, and it affords an agreeable break in the otherwise monotonous *coup d'œil* from floor to ceiling. If, indeed, it were colored to represent tiles, or marble, or carved oak, the same condemnation might fall upon it as falls on all other deceptions and shams whatsoever; but the paper dado of our own day seldom makes any false pretence of any sort, preferring to be its own simple self rather than to masquerade as Persian tile or inlaid stonework. Such an honest decorative dado, well treated on purely ornamental principles, I humbly venture to believe, does not transgress any rule of good taste or good feeling. We might almost as well object to wall-papers as being spurious imitations of fresco. On the other hand, the man who does not like a dado can do without one with an easy conscience, and need not imagine, like many good people who look with wonder at Mr. Du Maurier's clever "æsthetic" caricatures in *Punch*, that a dado and a Japanese screen are absolutely indispensable elements in the "artistic" drawing-room.

If we elect to have a dado, the next thing to settle is its color. As a rule, the paper designers attempt to settle this question for us dogmatically behind our backs, by designing a particular dado for each of their patterns. Of course the upholstering decorator—who has passed at a bound from his old unreasoning habit of graining imitation oak and hanging dingy dining-room curtains to his new but equally unreasoning habit of profound acquiescence to artistic authority—will do his best to push the prescribed dado upon you with its corresponding piecing, and you will need a little firmness if you are determined to strike out a path for yourself. The ordinary plan is to design the skirting in the same general lines as those of the paper, and only to introduce variety in the depth of the tone and the diversity of the pattern. But a very rich and striking effect can be produced by making the dado *contrast* rather than harmonize with the wall above it. Thus, if your paper has neutral greens and blues for its prevalent tone, the dado may be in deep chocolate red, almost brown. A flock paper adds to the heavy appearance, and so improves the result; but in this case the dado should only rise a very few feet from the floor, or the room will look gloomy. Such an experiment, however, should be tried very tentatively, for unless the contrast is exactly in the right tones the general effect will not be good. Those who distrust their own judgment will do more wisely in following the mute advice of the

original designer, and accepting without question the dado which he has provided for his own paper.

After thus settling the main keynote of color for his whole background, our imaginary householder might next proceed to paint the woodwork of the doors and windows. Doubtless he will find these already daubed to imitate impossibly coarse-grained and knotty planks of oak. But if he wishes to introduce any harmony into his room, he must go to the expense of scraping off this ugly decoration. I am writing, of course, not for those who can afford to paint their walls and cielings in costly designs, but merely for those humbler people who cannot go beyond paper and whitewash. Even for these, however, a good plain color on doors and windows is indispensable. The paint should not be shiny but dulled, or, in technical language, "flatted." With such a paper as that hinted at above, the woodwork might be painted in two slightly different tints of neutral green—the framework in a darker and the panels in a lighter shade, each of them corresponding to one of the principal shades in the piecing. If the contrasting dado has been used, then a narrow line of the contrasting hue might run along the moulding of the panels; say, in this case, a dark chocolate red, laid upon the concave bevelled rim which is generally found on ordinary doors. The whole framework of the wall will thus be complete and harmonious in itself.

The cieling—I adopt the etymological spelling advisedly—is the great *crux* of most small middle-class houses. The plasterer has wreaked his utmost upon it, and it usually remains a dire monument of his defacing powers. In the centre stands a large and very heavy radiating star in plaster-of-Paris, technically known as a *rose*, and forming a sort of solidified halo around the point from which hangs the inevitable gas-chandelier. In France these roses, though far from beautiful, are generally less obtrusively monstrous than in England; but our national taste has magnified their dimensions, especially in the matter of thickness, till they look like a ponderous impending mass, ever ready to crush the chandelier below. Then the sides are further decorated by a large and equally heavy cornice or frieze, with deep and much-involved convolutions. These roses and cornices stand more than anything else in the way of all rational and artistic decoration. As they stand they are absolutely hopeless. Fortunately, however, they are by no means fixtures. Indeed, they are very lightly fastened on, and can be easily removed by the workmen. If we adopt this simple course, we can then proceed to paper the cieling, and for those who cannot afford expensive materials or workmanship this is certainly the best thing to do with it. A good retiring paper, with a small and unobtrusive pattern, will serve admirably for this purpose, and will give an air of great richness to the cieling. A geometrical fig-

ure is the safest, but a small running floral design, without any salient point or large single flowers, may be used with good results. In the latter case, however, the dado should be carried very high, say so as to cover two thirds of the wall, and should be almost as light as the piecing, or else the total effect will be too heavy. There is no need to be puritanical about the color of the paper on the cieling: it may be somewhat brighter than the wall, and may introduce a few patches of comparatively well-marked blossoms. The eye seldom wanders upward, and so the cieling does not require such a restful and quiet tone as the four walls, which meet our gaze whichever way we turn. A border should of course divide the cieling paper from that on the walls, as well as the dado from the piecing. Even the frieze, if it consists of simple lines, may be retained and utilized by washing it with harmonious tints, so as to break the transition between the two surfaces.

Supposing, however, that the removal of the rose appear too serious a step, it is possible to improve the plain whitewashed cieling to some extent by adding a little pink and yellow pigment to the wash, instead of the ordinary pale blue. This takes off somewhat from the coldness and baldness of the pale cieling, by giving it a cream-colored or *écru* tone. Even the irrepressible rose and frieze improve in appearance under the influence of the richer tint, and look a trifle less hideous than before. Then, as we shall see hereafter that the gaslight in our drawing-room must not depend from the centre of the room, it will be possible partially to hide the peccant rose by hanging up a Japanese parasol from the knob formed by the disused pipe. The bright but usually well-assorted crimson and green in the centre of the parasol, and the dark blue strip of border, make a little mass of warm and brilliant coloring which relieves the otherwise bare expanse of *écru* whitewash. To be sure, our higher artistic authorities would disapprove of the parasol as "meretricious;" but when people cannot afford peacock decorations and Oriental tiles, a little bit of pretty bright color, even on a shilling paper umbrella, is not to be despised in its own way. No addition of cream-color to the whitewash, however, and no Japanese parasol to hide the rose, will ever make up for the paper on the cieling. Nothing else within the range of economical folks will give the same rich and fully-decorated effect, the same idea of a complete framework for the drawing-room as a whole. Make the best you can of a white or whitish cieling, and it still remains a poor-looking, harsh, barren, inartistic roof to your total picture.

For the floor there is little to be said. The border of distempered boards is now almost universal in well-furnished houses, and it recommends itself by its cleanliness, its convenience, and its look of artistic finish. The carpet must be in some hue which will harmonize with the paper—not with the dado, if the two are

in contrast—and it should have a border to match, which gives it a pleasant air of having been planned and fitted to the room, instead of being laid down roughly as though cut out of a piece. The old-fashioned carpet, carried up to the skirting and there stopping short unexpectedly, with no more finished termination than a hem, is a fitting accompaniment to the bare cieling, the long unbroken gold-and-white paper, and the grained oak doors; but something more definite and more indicative of thoughtful attention is required to balance the dado, the piecing, and the bright cieling which we have imagined. If the carpet and border be cut in a bay so as to suit the bay window, it will add to the appearance of careful planning.

One point still remains before we go on to the furnishing proper, and that is the mantelpiece. In itself the mantelpiece which you receive from the builder will probably be quite hopeless. If you can afford it, the best plan is undoubtedly to remove it bodily, and to replace it by a pretty, bright, and well-tiled grate, with a fender and irons to match. But if this cannot be managed, the only thing to do is to leave it alone. Crewel-work hangings and other attempts to dress up its white marble nakedness are mere transparent makeshifts, which will never mend the prime fault of construction. Undoubtedly this is a great pity, for the fireplace is the natural focus of the room, toward which every other object should converge, and it ought therefore to be the most elaborate central point in the whole picture. Except during a very few months, or even weeks of summer, the fire forms the place toward which we all turn the moment we enter, and toward which our eyes are most often directed as long as we remain in the room. It consequently deserves the greatest amount of pains and attention from the sensible furnisher. Happily, even in small houses, the cold white marble mantelpiece is now rapidly giving way before better and warmer stone jambs and cosey-looking blue tiles; so that our imaginary householder may be lucky enough to find a comfortable hearth already installed in the place of honor.

The principle just laid down that the fireplace forms, as the word itself denotes, the chief focus of the room, must be our pole-star in settling the remainder of our task. The old centre-table prevented the possibility of arranging the chairs and couches so that every person could get within the cosey semicircle around the hearth. It made the whole room radiate from that essentially artificial middle point to the neglect of the natural and real centre. Our rational drawing-room must attempt to reverse this system, and to put every seat in the most comfortable and most convenient position.

First of all we must arrange for this focus itself. A good grate, a bright fire, and a fender with a straight rod which will allow of

one's putting one's feet up to warm, are of course essential to success. Above the mantelpiece we must have some kind of ornament which will rivet the eye, and so vindicate the claims of the hearth to the central place. A picture is hardly the best ornament, however, for it is too same and unvaried. Still less should we hang a bright gilt-framed mirror to reflect the opposite wall. Perhaps the best solution for people of small means is an unpretentious ebonized *étagère* mirror, portioned out into compartments by a little balustrade, and with three shelves dividing it horizontally for small vases and other knick-knacks. Such an *étagère*, containing a few pieces of Venetian glass, a Vallauris vase or two, a bit of hawthorn pattern porcelain, and a couple of tiny low specimen vases with a bright flower or so and a sprig of maidenhair to liven up the whole, forms an exceedingly pretty centre-piece to the picture. It should be hung sufficiently high to allow of a few ornaments standing below it on the mantelshelf. A still prettier plan, however, for those who have a small collection of treasures in old china or Oriental blue is that of putting a plain wooden ebonized *étagère* to stand upon the mantelshelf itself, with stages rising in a pyramid to within a few feet of the cieling. Such an *étagère*, with some good pieces of porcelain well arranged, gives an air of dignity to the principal focus which cannot be secured by a flat object like a picture or a mirror. It is the best substitute for the costly carved chimney-pieces with which architects adorn wealthy mansions; and, in my humble opinion, it is much more pleasant to look at, because it gives free scope to individual taste and fancy instead of merely reflecting the stereotyped notions of the professional decorator.

Intimately connected with the hearth is the question of lighting. Of course the old central gas chandelier will not at all accord with the hearth-wise arrangement we have given our room. If possible, indeed, gas should be done away with, as a rule, in the drawing-room, because the light of a lamp or a candle is so much less trying to the eyes. With this object in view, we may put two candlesticks on the mantel, and keep a reading-lamp on a small table at the side of the couch or easy-chair, so as to be in a convenient position for lighting up books or newspapers. But even where gas has been minimized and practically abolished, it will be well to keep it laid on for occasional use, when a brilliant light is required. For this purpose we may put a gas bracket, with a saucer globe, on each side of the mantelpiece, a little below the *étagère* mirror, so that the position of the light may harmonize with the general arrangement of the furniture. This is decidedly the most pleasant plan for after-dinner conversation, as the family groups itself naturally around the fireplace. Still it labors under the disadvantage of throwing the light forward into the room, so that it must be sup-

plemented by the lamp or candles for reading or cards. A small ebonized circular mirror, with a pair of wrought-brass candle brackets attached, may hang on the centre of the wall opposite the hearth, and should supply sufficient light for the background of a small room. Another pair on the piano ought to fulfil all reasonable needs. As for the gas brackets themselves, they should be as simple and unobtrusive as possible. I once happened to stand in a furniture shop beside a middle-aged lady who was buying a central gaselier for her dining-room. The shopman had just shown her two patterns at the same price, and asked her which she would prefer. "Oh! this one certainly," she answered, pointing to the heaviest and most gilded of the pair, "*it's so much more important-looking for the money.*" The phrase has stuck in my head ever since as the model of what we should avoid in decoration. A plain pair of good straight wrought-brass brackets, which can only be obtained, as a rule, from ecclesiastical metal-work furnishers, will accord far better than anything else with the sort of room we have been imagining. Similarly, plain ebonized curtain poles and rings will stand in place of the heavy gilt cornices of the conventional style.

Having thus arranged the whole framework and fixtures of our room, we have next to consider the arrangement of the furniture. This, however, is comparatively a minor point; for if our room is pretty to look at in its own six boundary surfaces, the things we put into it cannot be so very important. In choosing our furniture, we have but one main principle to remember—that a drawing-room is essentially a place to lounge in. An awful heresy this, no doubt, to the matrons of Philistia, but none the less a guiding principle if our drawing-room is to be of any use or comfort to us whatsoever. We don't want to sit up in high-backed chairs, like Pip of "Great Expectations," in his "stiffest and most uncomfortable Sunday suit." We want a room where we can take our ease after dinner, read our paper or magazine in peace, and converse with our friends at leisure. So the first grand requisite of every chair or sofa should be that you can sit or lie on it. Rickety frames, slight cane legs that seem forever in imminent danger of giving way, stiff-backed chairs that catch the shoulder-blade on their sharpest angles, hard sofas with seats so broad that you cannot lean back without dislocating your spine—these are not fitting furniture for a rational drawing-room. The sensible man will *try* every seat before he buys it, and will accept nothing in which he and his friends cannot be perfectly comfortable. There is a curious notion abroad that "artistic" furniture is very pretty, but very awkward and unpleasant to use. No idea can be more mistaken. Artistic in furniture means well-made and comfortable. The best furnished room is the one in which you can sit or lie most at your

ease, and be least troubled or worried by any discordant or disagreeable sight, sound, or feeling.

For this reason I cannot agree with those people who wish to make their rooms into furniture museums of the early English, Renaissance, or Louis Quinze styles. A museum is a very good thing in its way, but it is not a place in which to take up one's permanent abode. Nobody would like to live in Prince Jérôme Napoleon's Pompeian villa, or in the Alhambra Court at the Crystal Palace. Why, then, should they wish to live in a revived Italian or Elizabethan mansion, or even, for the matter of that, in a Queen Anne manor-house? If some of our ancestors like stiff-backed sofas, why should we, their descendants, endanger the stability of our vertebral columns by literally as well as metaphorically sitting in their places? If our great-grandfathers preferred uneasy leather seats, why should we, their great-grandchildren, discard our comfortable French springs or horse-hair stuffing? I am myself an indifferent good Darwinian, but I do not therefore feel compelled to dwell in a cave, like my troglodyte predecessors, nor to use a flint knife for carving a leg of mutton, like my palæolithic progenitors. Though certain æsthetic revivalists may be asceticallly virtuous, there is no reason for supposing that there shall be no more cakes and ale.

Accordingly, if you like a particular chair or table, I do not see why you should be deterred from using it by an upholsterer who assures you that it will not "go historically" with the rest of your furniture. You may be eclectic in your taste if you choose. This is the free nineteenth century, and if the eighteenth or the seventeenth produced anything worthy of imitation, there is no reason why you should not adopt it. Of course, if you begin the museum style, you must continue it. A single Renaissance chair in the midst of the Pompeian villa would naturally look ridiculous. But if you have chosen no special style, and are content that your room should simply represent the Victorian period, there can be no objection to a bit of Queen Anne or any other age that strikes your fancy. A surviving chair of your ancestors will come into your drawing-room just as well as a Chaucer or a Petrarch comes into your library.

The best chairs and couches, then, are those which you like best, and which best conform to the natural contour of the human figure in repose. A couch should allow of the feet being put up, if necessary, and should be of such a shape that you can lie upon it, either full length or half length, with perfect comfort. To be really serviceable, it should not be covered with pale blue satin or maize-colored tabouret, but with a good tapestry covering in a neutral hue, say sage-green or dark rusty red, to wear well. The tapestry should not be too fine to lie down upon, or even, in the privacy of

family life, to lay one's feet upon. And the whole couch should, if possible, turn toward the fire, so that its occupant may have his face toward the cheerful glow. At the same time, a little wicker-work table—black and gold if you will—may hold a lamp for reading. As to chairs, a couple of good well-stuffed easy-chairs, also covered in the same tapestry, and arranged so as to look toward the fire, ought to be sufficient for luxury, while six or eight little ebonized and cane-bottomed gossip-chairs are the simplest and prettiest "occasional" furniture you can have. The gossip-chair has a curved back which exactly fits the natural curve of the body, and the seat slopes gently downward and backward, so as to give one the best possible support with the least angularity or awkwardness. With these pretty little clean cane-seats, a black wicker-work chair, two easy-chairs, and a couch, you should have enough places for family and guests in a quiet household.

Tables are of very little real use in a drawing-room; still, we must have one or two to give the whole a furnished look. A spare table near the bay window will allow of a jardinière and a fern or India-rubber plant, to stand in the sun. You can have nothing better than black and gold for this purpose. Another, round of course, is needed for afternoon tea. There must be some place to lay books and other heavy articles; and the table for this office should be solid and should stand against the wall. Nothing remains but the piano; and that must naturally be placed where the exigencies of space demand.

Few articles of furniture are more difficult to manage than the coal-scuttle. It is always getting in everybody's way, and it can hardly be made presentable even by the utmost pains of the struggling decorative imagination. It is almost lamentable to think of all the useless efforts lavished by the human intellect upon abortive coal-scuttles. Perhaps the best solution of the problem is that which combines scuttle and what-not in one comprehensive whole, having a box for the coal beneath, and a couple of shelves for knick-knacks above. This composite piece of furniture may then stand against the wall beside the chimney-piece, where it adds to the general prettiness of the room, instead of being an unsightly incumbrance. Moreover, the weight of the coal gives stability to the what-not, and prevents it from having that topple-down air so common with its kind. Any such suggestion of imminent catastrophes should always be avoided in a drawing-room. We should feel that we can turn whichever way we like without danger of knocking over a Chinese teapot or a vase in Oriental jade. For this reason it is well to have no ornaments laid about in the room itself. The *étagère* over the mantelshelf will hold a few such pretty things; and a Japanese cabinet, out of harm's way behind the sofa, may display a few more; but we should never make our

living-room into a sort of domestic *succursale* to the South Kensington Museum. If we must have old Chelsea and plaques of Limoges ware, we may fasten them against the wall or put them up on little brackets ; but we should leave ourselves space enough to move unrestrainedly through the midst of our room. Too little furniture is far better than too much ; and nothing can be more uncomfortable than the sense of constraint which one feels in some gilt drawing-rooms of the old school, where little top-heavy tables or what-nots are ready to tumble over at every turn of one's coat-tails, and bring down with them a miscellaneous collection of Dresden shepherdesses, glass paper-weights, porcelain flower-vases, Tunbridge-ware boxes, lava slippers, and Swiss châlets in wooden wafer-work.

As to books and pictures I can say little. Even if you have a separate room as a library, at least one small bookcase and a few stray volumes on the table ought to find a place in every drawing-room. They suggest literature and refinement, as the piano and the pictures suggest æsthetic culture. The dreariest of all the dreary blanks in the Philistine home is that betokened by the "Birthday Book" and the "Elegant Extracts" on the drawing-room centre-table of our well-to-do mercantile classes. They belong, with the chess-board History of England and the publications of the Useful Knowledge Society, to Charles Lamb's class of Biblia Abiblia—books that are no books at all. No human being ever yet seriously dreamed of reading them. On the other hand, I can remember to this day seeing many years ago, in a little Canadian log-house, a Dante and a copy of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—many weeks out of date—lying carelessly on a side-table ; and in a moment the log-house became irradiated with an Italian halo by the knowledge that a cultured lady had strayed somehow into that tiny islet of Lake Ontario. Of course, you cannot lay on literary taste by ordering books, like successful Australian sheep-farmers, by the square yard ; but you can give an outward expression to the feeling of the house, for good or for evil, by choosing between the "Epic of Hades" and the "Proverbial Philosophy," between "Daniel Deronda" and "Lady Audley's Secret," to stand before the face of men upon your drawing-room table. About pictures I shall keep discreet silence. For a room such as that here sketched out, oil-paintings in heavy gilt frames are too ambitious, and water-colors with white margins are perhaps a little out of keeping. So probably the best thing you can do is to confine yourself to good engravings or good autotypes of good pictures. These you can frame in simple black or wooden frames ; and their absence of bright color will prevent them from clashing with your paper or vases. Everything beyond this must be left, like Mr. Weller's orthography, to the taste and fancy of the speller.

To sum up the philosophy of drawing-rooms, as I have endeavored to set it forth briefly in this paper: a drawing-room ought to be emphatically a living-room, a place reasonably fitted for moments of relaxation after the work and worry of the day is over. Its framework should consist of restful colors and beautiful designs, so that wherever the eye falls it may be gratified without being wearied or over-stimulated. Its chairs should be meant for the human body to sit in comfortably and naturally, without being cramped, confined, or chafed. Its sofas should be similarly designed for the human body to lie upon, without being doubled up into a physiologically indistinguishable mass. Its tables should hold such things as are useful for the main purpose of a drawing-room, and not such things as merely incommode and bother the inmates. Its hearth should be placed where every one can see the fire, and its seats should be so arranged that they may all look in that direction. Its lights should occupy the best places for lighting the room as a whole, and the books, papers, or music in particular. Its purely ornamental objects should be set where they can be best and most effectively seen, while they are in no danger of being broken, and form no obstruction to one's freedom of movement. And, finally, it should contain such external evidences of culture and refinement as may give it an air not merely of material comfort, but of æsthetic and literary interest. In such a room as this, one may sit at moments of leisure, and feel a positive though quiet delight in the mere act of looking around one. The picture is in itself a beautiful one, and, like every other thing of beauty, is a joy forever. And, lest any reader should fancy that a room like that which we have imagined is beyond the reach of humble purses, it may be added that every one may gaze on such a picture himself for no greater outlay than one hundred pounds. That is not a penny more than is ordinarily spent upon the gilt-and-white paper and blue satin chairs of the commonplace eight-roomed London cottage. Beautiful carpets, wall-papers, and curtains now cost no more than ugly ones; and only the taste, not the money, is wanting to-day wherever we find inartistic or uncomfortable homes.

G. A., *in Cornhill.*

BURNS AND BÉRANGER.

THE second half of the eighteenth century, which produced several poets of the highest genius, whose works promise to be the imperishable heritage of future generations, also gave birth to two poets of a secondary rank, who exercised over the minds of their contemporaries a far greater influence and achieved a wider popu-

larity than their gigantic compeers. Not that popularity is either the test or the reward of genius. Punch and Judy is a more popular play than *Hamlet* or *Othello*, and the waxen figures at Madame Tussaud's excite more admiration from the multitude than the masterpieces of Phidias or Canova. But these two poets were popular on their merits, and not only adorned the literature of the age in which they lived, but left their works as monuments for a future time. The first was Robert Burns, the idol of the Scotch, and representative of all that is most manly in the Scottish character. The second was Jean-Pierre de Béranger, the idol and representative of the French. Wordsworth says of the Sonnet that "with that key Shakespeare unlocked his heart." With a less elaborate but more perfect instrument, the Song, Burns unlocked the hearts of his countrymen of every rank and condition; and Béranger charmed the fancy and guided the judgment of a less earnest but highly accomplished and generous people.

These remarkable men owed nothing to parentage or fortune; and if they owed something to culture it was not to scholastic training, but to the education which they painfully acquired for themselves in the school of poverty and suffering, and to the innate force of character which enabled them not only to triumph over obstacles that to inferior men would have been insurmountable, but to turn them to account in the formation of their minds and the development of their genius. The one was the son of a sturdy, independent gardener and farm-laborer, the other of a thriftless idler inhabiting the slums of Paris, too poor to support a household, and dependent on his father for the board and shelter he ought to have provided for himself. Born under such adverse circumstances, they had both of them to toil from boyhood to manhood for the scanty bread that did not always come when earned, fighting a desperate battle for bare subsistence against a world in which their presence did not appear to be needed, and which, if it did not deny them food, gave them very little of it. The one lived into his thirty-eighth year, amid continuous, sometimes all but crushing, adversity, and died lamented by conscience-stricken Scotland, which had done nothing for its greatest man, even when it knew him to be great, but which could not find regrets enough to strew upon his grave when regrets were unavailing. The other lived to double the age of his predecessor, and, by his death and the extraordinary manifestations of national feeling that it excited, alarmed the most magnificent monarch that ever governed France, and compelled him to prop the insecure foundations of his throne by giving the poet's body an escort to the grave of a hundred thousand armed men, not so much to honor his memory as to keep the peace and prevent the proclamation of a republic in the streets. Never since the beginning of the world did a poor poet create such a ter-

ror by his death; and never was poet, rich or poor, honored by such tremendous obsequies!

Such writers as Burns and Béranger, destined to exercise their greatest and, in the case of Béranger, their sole influence through the agency of the Song, could not have appeared in any country where an ancient popular music was not in existence to serve as the ocean on which their little argosies were to float. Scotland, Ireland, and France possessed such music, graceful, tender, passionate, and inspiriting; but England and the Teutonic and semi-Teutonic nations, then as now, were more or less cosmopolitan in their musical tastes, and had few or no indigenous melodies that struck any deep chord in the popular heart, or appealed to anything higher than the conventional sentiment or transitory fancy of the half-educated. But in Scotland, Ireland, and France, and wherever the warm Celtic blood predominated in the veins of the people, the national music was part of the national mind; and thus the work of the poet who made this music the messenger of his thought was certain of a favorable if not of an enthusiastic reception. And this was the great secret of the success of Burns and Béranger, and procured for them a ready access to the heart of that large generous public which underlies the small minority of the educated and literary classes.

Burns, toiling in low estate, with his hand to the plough or the reaping-hook, had an observant mind, a clear intellect, and a passionate heart; and the passionate heart burst into song at the early age of sixteen, when the budding charms of a lovely companion in the labors of the harvest, a year younger than himself, awakened him to the knowledge that he too was a poet, and could celebrate, as well as any of the bygone bards of his country, the glories of a bright responsive eye, a winsome smile, and the glamour that the beauty of one sex throws over the susceptible youth of the other. From that time forward for more than twenty years, and to the closing months of his life, his imagination was continually inflamed by the seductive loveliness of some rural goddess or queen of beauty—a goddess to him, though she were but a servant-girl or a herd lassie, and scarcely even beautiful to the common eye, whose perceptions were not glorified, as his were, by the light of imagination. And in many of these instances it was not only his imagination, but his heart, that was fired, leading too often to results that cast a shadow over what might have been the happiest periods of his existence, besides doing irreparable injury to the fair objects of his adoration. Had he but laid to heart the warning of Lucrece in Shakespeare's beautiful poem, not to buy the mirth of a minute at the price of a week's wailing, or "to sell eternity for a toy," he might have spared many fair young women a sharp sorrow, and himself even more than them, for he knew when he went wrong,

and always bitterly repented. The love songs which he continued to pour out in marvellous profusion, inspired sometimes by perfervid admiration for the sex, and as often by the irrepressible force of his genius, were modelled for the most part on the older Scottish songs in Allan Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany" and other collections. But the modelling was never slavish, and if he imitated or paraphrased the often objectionable lyrics of the past, he invariably chastened and refined them, transmuting their ancient and tarnished brass into modern gold of the purest mintage.

It is to be noticed that his songs, even at this early period, betrayed nothing of the peasant, and little of the scholar, and that they immeasurably surpassed in simple grace, unaffected tenderness, and natural passion, all the pre-existing love lyrics in English or Scottish literature, even those of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. But his imagination soared to more ambitious heights than the composition of songs, and his fame soon spread over Ayrshire and all the west of Scotland as the writer of many poems, written in the soft, euphonious, and copious dialect of the Scottish people, a dialect spoken at that time not only by the peasantry, but by the upper classes, and that was more frequently heard in the pulpit and the forum than the correcter English of the south. His humorous and satirical pieces, such as "Death and Dr. Hornbook," the "Holy Fair," the "Address to the Deil," the "Unco Guid and the Rigidly Righteous," the "Twa Dogs," "Holy Willie's Prayer," and others in the same style, found especial favor, and were passed from hand to hand in manuscript, and recited amid hearty applause and appreciation in every "howff," or public house, and tavern in the district. These "howffs" were frequented by a peasantry very superior to men of a similar class in Anglo-Saxon England, because they had had the inestimable advantage of the excellent parochial school system established in Scotland in 1646, and were able not only to read and write, but to think, and to discuss the knotty points of their Calvinistic theology, as well as the public events of the time.

Although the Rev. Sydney Smith, who ought to have known better after having lived for so many years in the witty society of Edinburgh, asserted that it required a surgical operation to drive a joke into a Scotsman's head, there is no people in the world that have a keener sense of wit and humor than the Scotch. Although they are intensely intolerant of what the English call "chaff," and very often resent it, they are in no sense impervious to real wit, to which vulgar chaff or silly banter has no pretensions. The rural contemporaries and comrades of Burns very highly appreciated and enjoyed the merciless shafts of satire which he levelled at sanctimonious hypocrisy in the poems above cited, especially in the magnificent satire of "Holy Willie." Nor were his tenderer compositions less admired, such as the "Cotter's Saturday Night," that faithful

picture of the true piety of humble Scottish rural life, or the "Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie," the unsurpassable ode to a "Mouse on Turning her up in her Nest with the Plough," or that equally pathetic to "A Mountain Daisy." So highly were these esteemed, while as yet only known in manuscript or by the chance quotations of fine passages that had fixed themselves in the memory of his associates and friends, that Burns, beset by the law which he had outraged in the case of poor Jean Armour, whom he had loved not wisely but too well, threatened with dire penalties by her angry father, and sinking up to the chin in the deep morass of hopeless poverty and litigation, bethought himself to escape from all his troubles by accepting the situation of an overseer or bookkeeper in a sugar plantation in the West Indies, and bidding farewell to his native land forever. Not being able to pay or borrow the small sum of nine guineas, the amount of his passage to Jamaica, it was suggested by his friend Gavin Hamilton, a "writer" or solicitor in Ayr, that he should publish a small collection of his best poems and songs. A printer at Kilmarnock having been found to undertake the venture, the little book was given to the world, and found immediate acceptance. The result, besides the fame he acquired from a wider circle than had hitherto been acquainted with his genius, was a net profit of nearly twenty pounds. So many friends gathered round him, and urged him to the publication of a new edition, not this time in the small town of Kilmarnock, but in the Scottish capital, that the idea of expatriation, though not wholly abandoned, was for a time suffered to remain in abeyance, and he proceeded to Edinburgh on foot, armed with letters of introduction to the leading literati. To one of these, Dr. Moore, author of "Zeluco" and editor of the *Lounger*, the last of the periodicals modelled on the style and plan of Addison and Steele in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* of a bygone day, he was already known by his Kilmarnock volume, and had received high critical commendation from his pen in that periodical. Under the date of December, 1786, Dr. Moore prepared the way for the poet's arrival in Edinburgh by pronouncing him a poet of no ordinary rank, and winding up a genial, though strictly impartial *résumé* of his work by saying:

> Burns possesses the spirit as well as the fancy of a poet. That honest pride and independence of soul which are sometimes the muse's only dower, break forth on every occasion in his works. It may be, then, I shall wrong his feelings, while I indulge my own, in calling the attention of the public to his situation and circumstances. That condition, humble as it was, in which he found content, and wooed the muse, might not have been deemed uncomfortable; but grief and misfortune have reached him there; and one or two of his poems hint, what I have learned from some of his countrymen, that he has been obliged to form the resolution of leaving his native land to seek under a West Indian clime that shelter and support which Scotland has denied him. But I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking effect, and that I do my country no more than justice when I suppose her ready to stretch out her

hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose "wood-notes wild" possess so much excellence. To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit—to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it has pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the world—these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and patronage a laudable pride.

Burns on his arrival was cordially received, not only by Dr. Moore, but by Professor Dugald Stewart, the Rev. Dr. Blair, Dr. Adam Ferguson, Henry Mackenzie, Henry Erskine, Lord Monboddo, and other leading spirits, and introduced to the highest society of the capital. Edinburgh was not at that time a provincial city wholly or even greatly eclipsed by London, but the veritable metropolis of the Scottish nation, in which the leading members of the aristocracy did not disdain to dwell, and where the wealth, learning, intellect, and beauty of Scotland were proud to congregate. By that brilliant society Burns was received with open arms. It was not so much for the wit, the humor, and the beauty of his poetry—though these were fully acknowledged—but for the extent of his information, the sparkle of his conversation, and more than all for the unusual and, to the Edinburgh people, the extraordinary fact that all these rare gifts were concentrated in the person of a ploughman. The big folk gathered around him with the same sort of idle curiosity that the Brobdingnagians, in Swift's immortal story, gathered around Gulliver. It was not the case of the fly in amber, for the thing which they flocked to see was indubitably "rich and rare;" but the wonder was that such wealth of genius and such rare charm of manner should have been bestowed upon a peasant with no other heritage than his strong right arm, his clear intellect, and his proud heart. In that fastidious society he held his own as equal to equal, with possibly a slight, though unavowed, consciousness in his mind that, humble as he was, he was superior in natural gifts to most of its members. Easy but never forward, unabashed but never presumptuous, equal to the discussion of every subject that was mooted, he made a favorable impression upon every man with whom he came into contact, and cast upon the women a perfect glamour of fascination. Tender and deferential in his manner toward them, with a witchery of eloquence that is more potent with the majority of their sex than grace and beauty of person—though Burns was not deficient in these—he shone like the moon amid the stars, the brightest, though perhaps not the greatest, of them all. The lovely Duchess of Gordon, among the rest, declared that she had never met a man who had so "completely lifted her off her feet as Robert Burns." The wonder and admiration of the Edinburgh folks were on a par, though occasionally the wonder predominated. They saw, when closely looked at, that he was not

> A creature of another kind,
> Some coarser substance undefined,
> Placed for their lowly uses, far and vile below,

but, on the contrary, one who, in every respect but wealth and title, stood as high as themselves. But amid all this dazzling homage his keen eye, after a short time, was quick to discover that there was a great deal of condescension in it—that his newly found friends and admirers gave themselves, perhaps unwittingly, the airs of patronage, as if they would have said, "Poor fellow! we must do something for you; it is not right that you should continue to be a ploughman, though what else you are to be God only knows." But they subscribed for his poems. The Caledonian Hunt, under the influence of the Earl of Glencairn, took a hundred copies at a guinea each; and all the wealth, beauty, and intellect of the west and south of Scotland, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors, lairds, professors, clergymen, teachers, officers in the army and navy and excise, and everybody who aspired to be anybody, followed the example of the aristocracy. Upward of fifteen hundred persons put down their names on the list, many of them for two, three, four, six, and twelve copies, and some for still greater numbers. The result was, after a protracted attempt at a final settlement with his somewhat close-fisted publisher, William Creech, that Burns received a clear sum of 500*l*. Though this was a little fortune to a man whose greatest previous haul into the sea of chance and literature had only been rewarded with 20*l*., Burns was not sanguine enough to expect another such harvest from the seed-corn of his poems. He had long had a hankering for employment under the Board of Inland Revenue; and while resolving to use his money in taking and stocking a farm, he kept this secondary object in view, and made friends among those gentlemen whose influence he thought might, at the proper moment, be useful in procuring him an appointment.

He did not remain long enough in Edinburgh to exhaust his welcome, and took advantage of the first symptoms of the lukewarmness which some of his over-fervent friends began to display, to show them that he could manage to live without the factitious sunshine of their favor, and that "a man," as he afterward sang, "was a man for a' that." Refreshing his mind and body with a tour in the Highlands, which he had never before visited, and finally renouncing all idea of emigrating to Jamaica, he took the lease of the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, and settled himself down to the sober business of a farmer. He was an excellent ploughman, but not much of an agriculturist. Nevertheless he toiled on hopefully enough for three or four years, with his hand on the plough and his heart in his poems, and found year by year that he was either unfortunate in the choice of a farm, or that he had mistaken his vocation. Under these unfavorable circumstances he thought he could combine the labors of the farm with the duties of an officer of Excise; and, having by dint of influence,

especially that of the Earl of Glencairn, obtained an appointment, he wrought zealously in the double capacity. Ultimately the farm had to be given up, and he became an exciseman only. But whether farmer or exciseman, or both in one, his best energies and dearest thoughts were given to poetry ; and during the period between his return from Edinburgh and his premature death, nearly all the songs for which he is most celebrated were produced, and presented without fee or reward, and for the pure love of music and song, to Johnson's *Musical Museum* and George Thomson's collection of the Popular Melodies of Scotland. This period produced but one poem, his grandest and best, the immortal "Tam o' Shanter," a masterpiece of literature, and worthy to rank with anything in Shakespeare or Goethe. It issued complete from his brain in one day, in one magnificent burst of inspiration. He was observed by his wife, the Jean Armour of his sorrow and his joy, to walk hastily along the bank of the Nith, and to mutter as he went. She knew by these signs that he was engaged in composition, and watched him from the window. She afterward went out to meet him, but he saw her not, and still walked rapidly along "crooning" to himself. She stepped aside among the broom and bracken to let him pass, which he did with a flushed brow and downcast eye, heedless of the outer world, and wholly absorbed, body and soul, in the transports of composition. No correction was afterward necessary ; the poem emerged from his mind complete, without a flaw, inimitable and unsurpassable.

His life became harder and more uncongenial than ever as soon as he left his farm and devoted himself to the Excise ; but it was cheered even in these dark days by the work which he was never tired of doing for George Thomson. It was also cheered by the hope, which proved unfounded, that he might receive promotion under the Board of Inland Revenue, and attain the great object of his ambition—the well-paid post of supervisor. He had forgotten—but his political enemies remembered but too well—the hard things he had said and sung not only of the immediately ruling powers that were set above him, but of the Tory Government under which he lived, and which was the sole bestower of place and office. He had also soared higher in his invective, and attacked the House of Hanover itself. Though he was sentimentally a Jacobite, and reverenced the name and the cause of the Stuarts, and had nothing better to say of the reigning house than that its members were "an idiot race," and that those who "knew them best despised them most," he was practically a radical reformer and an ultra-democrat, if not a republican. Like other wits whose wit is irrepressible, and must have vent though the heavens should crack, his epigrams and epitaphs had wounded the susceptibilities of some of his powerful neighbors ; and his bitter attacks on such

men as the Duke of Queensberry and the Earl of Galloway, whom he might have well afforded to let alone, were all remembered against him by his official superiors whenever an occult interest was exerted in his behalf to expedite his promotion. Perhaps he would have learned discretion had he lived longer, and perhaps his peccadillos, if not renewed, would have been gradually forgotten, for even his political foes acknowledged and admired his genius. But disappointments sat so heavy on his heart that he endeavored to lighten their load by bacchanalian excesses in the company of people who were not worthy to black his boots, and he gradually undermined a constitution that was naturally robust. Issuing from a drinking bout in a tavern in Dumfries on a winter's night, when the ground was covered with snow, he was overtaken by drowsiness, and sat down on a doorstep and fell asleep. This exposure brought on his last illness. As he lay on his death-bed, his final hours were embittered by mental anxiety, and by the dread that a hard-hearted tailor, to whom he owed a small sum, would either seize his last blanket from under him, or consign him to the degradation and horrors of a jail. From this last indignity, which did not actually impend, but which assumed to his disturbed fancy the only too palpable shape of a terrible reality, he was saved by remittances from a cousin at Montrose and from George Thomson, to whom he appealed, with a sense of shame, for a small sum that Thomson would have paid him twenty times over had he been permitted to do so. The little town of Dumfries, the scene of his closing years, and of his death, and which he has rendered classic ground for evermore, did its best to honor his memory. The people of Dumfries knew that he was great and noble while he lived among them, but they did not know, until they stood sorrow-stricken around his grave, how infinitely more great and noble he was than they had imagined him to be. Thus lived and thus died Robert Burns, by far the greatest genius that Scotland, up to his day, had produced, and whose literary fame overshadows that of every other Scotsman before or since, that of Sir Walter Scott alone excepted.

Of a different character and complexion were the life and songs of Béranger, the great lyrist of the French. The career of Burns was all storm and gloom; that of Béranger was one of epicurean ease, such solid, almost stolid, indifference to the world, that not even the abjectest poverty had power to ruffle the heavy serenity of his nature. Béranger came into the world nineteen years after Burns, on the 19th of August, 1780, and was sixteen years of age when his great predecessor passed into the glorious company of the immortals. His father, who was unable to support him, and who seems to have been what the French call a *vaurien*, and the Scotch "a ne'er-do-weel," though a man of some wit and abilities,

left him to the care of his grandfather, a poor tailor, with whom his early childhood was passed. At the age of nine or ten he was consigned to the care of his father's sister, the wife of an *aubergiste*, or small innkeeper, at Péronne. Here, as at his grandfather's house, he had contrived somehow to acquire the art of reading, and up to the age of sixteen had managed to store his mind with a great deal of useless but agreeable knowledge, derived from *Télémaque* on the one hand and the correspondence of Voltaire on the other, with a wilderness of miscellaneous reading. There was at Péronne an institution for the benefit of the youth of the town, founded by a M. de Bellanglise, some of the classes of which he attended, and made a vain attempt to master the rudiments of Latin. As it was necessary that he should earn his bread in some way, and as he neither cared for his grandfather's nor his aunt's business, he was, with his own consent, bound apprentice to a M. Laisnez, a printer at Péronne, who, he afterward said, "not being able to teach me how to spell, encouraged my taste for poetry, gave me lessons in versification, and corrected my first attempts." He also made time in the evenings to attend the institution, and acquire, in default of Latin, some other knowledge to fit him for making his way in the larger world of Paris, whither his impulse led him. Long before the age of eighteen, while still working at the compositor's case, the spirit of poetry took almost entire possession of him, and caused him to blossom out into verse, which invariably assumed the form of songs, though he had the ambition to write an epic poem, and had gone so far as to choose his hero in Clovis. He did not then suspect, though he afterward knew, that his genius was not in the faintest degree epic; that a modern, not an ancient, hero was to inspire his verse; and that Napoleon Bonaparte, when he had ceased to be master of Europe, and was defeated, dethroned, and exiled, was to share, with an imaginary Lisette and the pleasures of the table, the principal honors of his verse. At the age of eighteen he left Péronne for Paris, where he was once more domiciled with his good old grandfather. His father's partiality saw in him the "makings" of a great banker! But the young man's acquaintance with bankers was destined all his life to be of the slenderest, if he ever, which is doubtful, had dealings with a banker at all. He betook himself to the compositor's case as a means of livelihood, without the slightest love for the vocation, or for any vocation whatever, except that of writing songs. As may be surmised, his songs did not bring him salt to his soup, though they brought him the joy of composition, and the pride that the born artist, whether poet, painter, sculptor, or musician, always feels in his work. In his twentieth year, with the love of poetry and with the desires of all the pleasures of youth and health strong upon him, he wrote: "I was so poor! The ex-

pense of the smallest party of pleasure forced me to live for eight days afterward on the most meagre *vanade* (soaked bread), which I prepared myself, all the while heaping rhyme upon rhyme, and full of the hope of future glory. Even now, when speaking of that smiling epoch of my life, when, without friends, without certain bread, without instruction, I dreamed of a brilliant future without neglecting the pleasures of the present day, my eyes are moistened with involuntary tears."

In his twenty-third year, when his fortunes were at the lowest ebb, when he was all but reduced to desperation by the failure of many previous efforts to attract the notice of any one high enough placed in the world to advance his literary interests, he packed up some of his best songs, and sent them with an explanatory letter to Lucien Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, then First Consul. Thirty years afterward he told the result for the first time. "In 1803," he wrote in a dedicatory preface to a new edition of his poems, "deprived of resources, weary of hopes deceived, making verses, without object, without encouragement, without instruction, and without counsel, I formed the idea (and how many similar ideas have remained fruitless!) to inclose my raw poems in an envelope and forward them to M. Lucien Bonaparte, already celebrated for his oratorical power and his love of literature and the arts. My epistle, I well remember, worthy of a young and ardent republican, bore the impress of the pride that had been wounded by the necessity of having recourse to a protector. Poor, unknown, and very often disappointed, I did not dare to speculate on the success of an appeal that nobody supported. But on the third day, with joy unspeakable, M. Lucien asked me to call upon him, informed himself of my necessities, which he speedily relieved, spoke to me as poet to poet, and lavished upon me his encouragements and good advice. Unfortunately he was soon afterward compelled to leave France. After a time I began to think that I was forgotten, when I received from Rome a power of attorney (*procuration*) to draw the salary (with arrears) due to him as a member of the Institute, with a letter which I have reverently preserved. 'I beg you,' he said, 'to accept this sum, as I do not doubt that if you continue to cultivate your talent, you will one day become one of the ornaments of our Parnassus. Attend carefully to the delicacies of your rhythm. Do not cease to be bold, but strive to be elegant.' Never, I said to myself, was a good deed done with more encouraging graciousness; never, in snatching a young poet from misery, was more pains more delicately taken to lift him in his own estimation."

Twelve years afterward, during the hundred days, M. Lucien Bonaparte, still his friend, endeavored to fire his ambition to loftier efforts than the trifling, although graceful, lyrics which he

continued to pour forth: but Béranger knew both his strength and his weakness, and never attempted a long poem. In the mean while he found an admirer, a comrade, and a friend, in Marc-Antoine-Madeleine Désaugiers, eight years his senior, and the then acknowledged head of the lyric literature of France. Désaugiers was in some respects a far better poet than Béranger, but, with the sympathy and generosity of all superior spirits in literature in all times and in all countries, he was quick to recognize and encourage the genius of a younger writer, and to lend him a helping hand to climb the rugged steeps that lead to the Temple of Fame. He was too poor himself, and too little connected with the rich and powerful, to be of much use to Béranger in the furtherance of his fortunes; but it was a kindly act to introduce him to the leading spirits of the time, even though they were Bohemians, and to extend the circle of his acquaintance among kindred spirits who might thereafter be useful. This he did by initiating him in the mysteries of the "Caveau," a social club of poets, dramatists, journalists, painters, and musicians, of which Désaugiers was "president" *de facto*, as well as presiding spirit *de jure*, and who met almost every evening at a café near the Palais Royal. At that time (1809) Béranger was almost wholly unknown, but Désaugiers had read his little satire "Le Roi d'Yvetot," a harmless potentate who was only crowned with a nightcap, and who, unlike the great Napoleon, lived very comfortably without glory. In presenting Béranger to the club, Désaugiers predicted that at no distant day his *protégé* would become one of the literary magnates of his country. In this same year Béranger was for the first time relieved from the haphazard life of writing songs for the poor reward which the publishers could afford, and was presented by M. Arnault, of the Ministerial Department of Public Instruction, to a clerkship in his office. The salary was 1800 francs (72*l.*) per annum. This was not a large sum, but it was sufficient for the modest wants of the song-writer, who, however much he may have loved and admired the fair sex, had taken care not to entangle himself with any of them, and who had nobody but himself to feed, clothe, and look after. "Enough to live upon, and a little leisure to write songs"—this had been his dream for many weary but not altogether desolate years, and when the dream at last became a reality he was more than satisfied. He was enabled for the first time to give free play to his genius, and to write only when he was in the humor.

All went well with him under the *régime* of Napoleon the First; for he had learned to sing of worthier themes than had hitherto occupied his frivolous pen—the infidelities of married women, the immoralities of single ones, and the vulgar pleasures of the table—and had soared to the height of celebrating the military

glories of France and inculcating the noblest spirit of patriotism. And if he satirized at times the great emperor, the satire was like lambent summer lightning, and launched no bolt. But the restoration of the Bourbons wrought a change in his feelings, his style, and his fortunes. He had never flattered the emperor in the splendor of his fame and power, when nearly all Europe lay at his feet, but in the evil day that sent the great man to St. Helena the poet's heart was touched, and he lavished upon adversity the homage which prosperity had never been able to extort. A collection of his songs was published in 1815, some of which were so displeasing to the ministry that he received a very significant notification that, if he did not walk more warily, his situation would be in danger. But Béranger was not of a nature either to conceal or modify his thought, and he continued to write songs, though he was prudent enough not to publish them, and thus kept himself during five years free, if not from suspicion, at least from any overt act of which authority could take cognizance. A second collection was given to the world in 1821, containing many spirited songs which stung the ministers of Louis the Eighteenth to the quick, though not perhaps the good easy king himself, who was willing to forgive much in the author of the "Roi d'Yvetot." His ministers, however, were not so tolerant, and determined to retaliate upon the poet by dismissing him from his office. One of the finest songs he ever wrote, "Les Adieux à la Gloire, Décembre 1820," was too scathing in its epicurean elegance to be forgiven by the small men who were than at the head of affairs :

Chantons le vin et la beauté :
Tout le reste est folie.
Voyez comme on oublie
Les hymnes de la liberté !
Un peuple brave
Retombe esclave :
Fils d'Epicure, ouvrez-moi votre cave !

. . . . .

Adieu donc, pauvre Gloire !
Déshéritons l'histoire !
Venez, Amours, et versez-nous à boire !

This showed that the gloved hand had a sharp stiletto in it, and the blow went home. It was not, however, thought sufficient punishment that he should be deprived of his daily bread after twelve years of honest drudgery, but he was prosecuted for attacks on the royal family and on public morality. Though eloquently defended by the celebrated M. Dupin aîné, he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the debtors' prison of Ste. Pélagie and to a fine of five hundred francs. Here the loss of his liberty was the worst that befell him. The rules of the establishment did

not admit of severity. His friends, like those of mere debtors, were permitted to see him; his table was spread with all the luxuries which sympathy, wealth, friendship, and admiration can bestow upon those whom they delight to honor; and the bacchanalian revels of his captivity were often far more bacchanalian than those he had enjoyed outside the prison walls. In 1825, having subsisted meanwhile on the profits of his works, which daily grew in public favor, he published a third collection, about which the government of M. de Villèle, for some reason or other, did not think fit to trouble themselves. But this was only a truce. The book was received with such acclamation by the public of all classes, except the friends of the *ancien régime* and the clerical party, who were in a woful but tyrannical minority, that it was thought absolutely necessary by M. Martignac, the successor of the Mild M. de Villèle, that another and more severe example should be made of the too daring poet. Three songs were especially brought under the notice of the public prosecutor—"The Coronation of Charles the Simple," "The Infinitely Little," and the "Guardian Angel." It was only the first two of these compositions that contained venom to sting the government; but as the ministry did not wish to make the prosecution too political, and as it desired, moreover, to conciliate the ultramontane clergy, the third song was selected to show its impartiality, and to make believe that it cared as much for religion as for politics. "The Guardian Angel" was, in effect, a silly song, only worthy of contempt, but its political brothers were of the highest order of satirical poignancy and more than calculated to make such ministers as those who served the poor obstinate and benighted Charles the Tenth wince in their uncertain and uneasy seats. Condemnation was certain before trial, and Béranger was sentenced to pay a fine of 10,000 francs and the expenses of the prosecution, and to be imprisoned for nine months in La Force, a prison where the discipline was not quite so lax as it was in Ste. Pélagie. The fine was speedily paid by his sympathizing friends and by the enemies of the stupidly reactionary government that, in making a martyr of a song writer, had made him a hero, and increased the number of his admirers a hundred or a thousandfold.

At last the throne of Charles the Tenth disappeared under the barricades of July, 1830, and Louis-Philippe of Orleans reigned in his stead. It appeared as if the turn of Béranger had now come either to be reinstated in his old, or in a better office, or to be otherwise rewarded with power and emolument by the victorious party which he had served so well. His friends became ministers, ambassadors, prefects, functionaries of all kinds, but nothing was done for Béranger. He found that the modest profits of his songs were enough for him to live upon; he hated routine work and the

compulsory hours of an office, and longed to be as free as the birds, and to sing when he pleased, as they did. He was accused of pride by some of his friends for refusing the rewards that were his due, but he retorted by saying that he hated sinecures as much as he hated work, and that the true reason of his refusals of office was idleness and nothing else. He found that 1200 francs a year, the revenue derived from the sale of his songs, with nothing to do for the money, was better than 1800 francs to be earned by hard work at a governmental desk, and he was content. With such a man his friends could do nothing. He had outlived his fancies for Lisettes and Chloes of all kinds, and had nobody to spend his scanty francs upon but himself. He arranged his mode of life on this humble scale—half Epicurus, half Diogenes—and gave full scope to his literary powers whenever the humor was on him, and sought for no society but that of men of letters, and the wits, vaudevillists, and philosophers, who admired his independent poverty, and who were only too happy to be now and then permitted to send to his humble lodgings the bottles of Volnay and other choice wines which they knew he enjoyed, and to be privileged to drink in his company. By degrees, as his fame consolidated and extended, his friend M. Charles Perrotin, the most generous and unselfish of publishers, found that he was able to increase the poet's annuity from 1200 to 2000 francs, and ultimately, for some years before he died, to 3000 (120*l.*). Béranger was not only at his ease, but in his own quiet way rich, and neither asked nor desired anything from anybody. After the revolution of February, 1848, which he predicted months previously,* he was elected without his consent, by one of the electoral divisions of the city of Paris, a member of the Constituent Assembly. He took his seat, but found himself wholly out of his element, and very speedily resigned his parliamentary honors. After the successful issue of the *coup d'état* and the consequent slaughter of the poor republic in the streets of Paris, Napoleon the Third, who knew how much Béranger's songs had done to keep alive in the hearts of the people the memory of Napoleon the First, and to prepare the way for the second empire, was anxious to show his appreciation of the poet's genius and character by the tangible mode of place or pension. But to all overtures leading to this result, Béranger, though not ungrateful, was callous, and politely but resolutely declined them. The emperor, who had the unkingly virtue of never forgetting a kindness or a benefit conferred upon himself or his cause, resolved, in default of his own efforts, to try the effect of feminine beauty, grace, persuasion, and tact, and deputed the Empress Eugénie to charm away, if possible,

* To the writer of this article, and the Abbé de Lamennais, who breakfasted with him by invitation at Passy.

the poet's reluctance to accept a favor. But it was all in vain. Béranger was not surly or ungracious, but he was independent, and would not, even for a bewitching empress, fetter his free thought if at any future time he should feel the necessity of gushing out into a song to ease his conscience in disapproval of the public acts of the emperor or his ministers. So he remained unpensioned, but not unhonored, even by the powerful sovereign whose favors he refused.

He died at the ripe old age of seventy-five and upward, beloved and lamented by the whole French people, and all but idolized by those of Paris, among whom the larger portion of his life had been passed. As already remarked, he was honored by a funeral which love would not have thought of, but which fear extorted, and disguised under the semblance of respect. The living poet had caused the unteachable Bourbons to tremble upon their thrones; the dead poet, within four-and-twenty hours after the breath had left his body, caused the astute and subtle heir of the Bonapartes to wince upon his, and conjured up before his affrighted eyes the spectre of the red republic that he thought he had laid forever in a sea of blood. It was not, however, any songs of the dead Béranger that Napoleon the Third had to fear. The "Marseillaise," more awful and more potent, slept in the people's remembrance, and awaited but the time to burst forth on their tongues and let loose the pent-up passions of the multitude. That time was not until fifteen years afterward; and then Napoleon might have said, "Behold the deluge!"

In comparing the genius of these two great lyrists, and tracing the influence which each exercised in his own sphere—and in the case of Burns a far wider sphere than the limits of the British Isles—the impartial critic must endeavor to divest them, as far as possible, of the extraneous aids to popularity which they derived from their local politics, and judge them solely on their literary merits. If the great duty of literature, and especially of poetry, "is not so much to amuse the people as to exalt and refine—if its privilege is to inspire, like religion, the humble with dignity, the sad with comfort, the oppressed with hope—to show the abundant and overflowing blessings of familiar things, the riches, the beauty, and the beneficence of Nature—to fill all men with the love of God and one another, and to encourage society in its onward career from bad into good, and from good into better, through all time into eternity"—Burns's best poems, and a large number of his songs, will bear the severe test. And it is not alone in his serious, but in his satirical and humorous pieces, that he soars to the highest flight. His "Cotter's Saturday Night" deserves the first mention, as a noble picture of humble Scottish piety, and of the hopes and con-

solations of the true-hearted, honest, and industrious poor. Burns describes in it a scene of no unusual kind, but one of those from which he truly says that "Scotland's grandeur springs," and the lessons inculcated in which make her sons beloved at home and revered abroad. Of a different order of excellence are "A Winter Night" and "Man is made to Mourn," in which he laments the multifarious evils inflicted on the world by man's inhumanity to man, by the lordly insolence of wealth, by the greediness of ambition, and the iron grip of oppression. And even in the lowest vein of satire his purpose was always dignified. Although he launched the most scathing thunderbolts of his wit and anger against religious hypocrisy, he never published a line or a word attacking, or even sneering at, sacred things. It suited some of the transparent impostors against whom his merciless ridicule was directed, to represent that his attacks upon them were attacks upon the religion which they dishonored, and their loud outcry when they felt the rod upon their backs deceived for a while some of the weaker brethren; but it did not deceive even them for a long time. It was speedily recognized that "Holy Willie," "The Unco Guid," and other masterly productions were but wholesome castigations of shamefaced vice that masqueraded in the garments and pretended to speak the language and inculcate the sentiments of virtue. Nurtured as Burns was, he hesitated to print, though he did not hesitate to write, "Holy Willie;" and it was not included in any edition of his poems in his lifetime. He might well, however, have been bolder, and would certainly have won the gratitude, while he yet lived, of all the good and true by so splendid a portraiture of hypocrisy, as fully as his memory won it after his death. Through all his poems, even the most fanciful and imaginative, a broad, beautiful common-sense shines out pre-eminently; and any one of them, rendered into plain prose and divested of all the graces of rhythm and rhyme, would still commend itself to critical admiration. His most trenchant satire was reserved for saintly hypocrisy; but in a milder vein, when he held up to ridicule the fashions and the small vices of society, he was equally admirable. The dialogue between Cæsar and Luath, the rich man's and the poor man's dogs, and their sagely human remarks upon the manner in which their masters lived, and the concluding expression of gratitude to heaven that they were not men but dogs, form a masterpiece of good-humored raillery. The advice of Polonius to his son in *Hamlet*, so perfect a piece of worldly wisdom, is surpassed by Burns's "Epistle to a Young Friend." The epistle contains more than the wisdom of Shakespeare's old courtier, which was that of the head alone, whereas that of Burns comprised the wisdom both of the heart and the head, and laid down in a few compact and beautiful sentences the law by which a

young man should guide himself in the opening years of his bodily and mental vigor, and the seductive errors that he ought to avoid under the penalty of petrifying the feelings. Nor is the pathetic close—

> And may you better reck the rede
> Than ever did the adviser !—

the least striking part of this fine composition, thrown off at a heat like a spark from the anvil. Even more beautiful is "The Bard's Epitaph," where the poet, with rare self-examination, draws his own portrait without exaggeration and without flattery, and points the moral of his own sad fate, which he saw too vividly impending, as a warning to over-impulsive and too careless genius. In another and very exquisite vein of true poetry are his touching lines on "The Mouse," and "The Daisy," and "The Old Farmer's Address to his Auld Mare Maggie," all of which point the moral of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" in a far more touching and natural manner.

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things, both great and small.

Two other of his poems, "The Address to the Deil," and "Tam o' Shanter," stand alone in literature, unrivalled for the mingling of the grotesque, the tender, the horrible, and the sublime. If it had not been for "Tam o' Shanter," the "Address to the Deil" would have been considered a unique and noble specimen of imaginative poetry, coming to its climax in the unexpectedly pathetic stanza at the close, in which he has a word of kindly sympathy even for the devil. But "Tam o' Shanter" eclipsed the earlier composition by its superior glory, and shines resplendent in his poetic crown, the brightest jewel of the many that glitter on the forehead of his fame.

Though the songs of Burns, as distinguished from his poems, were for the most part written on the old topics which some critics have affirmed to be the only fit subjects of song—love, wine, and glory—he never treated these well-worn themes in a conventional fashion, but banished from his honest verse all the classical fripperies and trumperies of the muses and the graces, the cupids and the hymens, in which inferior poets had so long and so wearily delighted. The love in his songs was always natural, even when sometimes it was too erotic and carnal; the wine or the whiskey was not celebrated for its own sake, but for that of the conviviality, good fellowship, and brotherly feeling which gathered around the glass; and the "glory" that he celebrated was the glory of patriotism and honest love of country. His love songs are deliciously fresh, and breathe all the odors of the woods, the streams, the gardens, and the meadows, without a particle of meretricious adorn-

ment or stilted affectation. His drinking sings ignore Bacchus altogether, and celebrate the bottle not for the liquor it contains, but for the sparkle of wit, for the kindly mirth, and for the more abiding good fellowship that it draws forth in the social circle, and with which it lubricates the intercourse between friends and comrades and even passing acquaintances. The song of "Auld Lang Syne," known and admired wherever the English language is spoken, is a drinking song of the very highest excellence, and worth a whole wilderness of such bacchanalian songs as pleased both the English and the Scotch before Burns appeared, in which Care was continually called upon to drown himself in liquor; or such once popular trash as

> What is love without the bowl?
> 'Tis a languor of the soul.
> Bacchus, give me love and wine:
> Happiness is only thine!

Burns wrote but one good patriotic song, but its goodness was superlative—the spirit-stirring "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," every line, every word of which is full of fire and energy, and goes direct to every Scotsman's heart—a song to which English literature can supply no equals, unless it be Campbell's magnificent "Battle of the Baltic" and "Ye Mariners of England," songs which Scotland may claim, because Campbell was a Scotsman. One other song of Burns, that celebrated neither beauty, wine, nor glory, but something that perhaps was better than either—the spirit of sturdy, honest, manly independence—was of itself sufficient to immortalize his name. In sending this song, "A Man's a Man for a' that," to George Thomson, he wrote: "This being neither on the subject of love nor wine, which a great critic (Aikin) says are the exclusive themes for song-writing, is consequently no song, but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts invested with rhyme." It may be supposed that the modesty in this passage was not quite real, and that Burns knew perfectly well how fine a song he had written. But, whether he did or not, the fact remains that the sentiment inculcated has done more to encourage a spirit of manly dignity and independence of character among the Scotch, both high and low, than all the sermons that were ever preached in the Highlands or the Lowlands, or all the books that were ever written on the same subject.

It is unfortunately true that Burns wrote many songs that cannot stand the test of decency and good taste, such as the "Jolly Beggars," and others that need not be particularized; but it must be urged in the poet's defence that he never published them, and that it was left to the officious and unwise zeal of his posthumous editors and biographers to rake out of the oblivion to which Burns's better judgment would have consigned them the obscenities and

depravities of which his better nature was ashamed. The songs which he himself gave to the world, though sometimes free, were never coarse. He never made a mockery and a laughing-stock of matrimony ; never ridiculed true love ; never glorified the wrong ; never sang approval of the untrue, or prostituted his genius to base uses. If led astray too often by the violence of his youthful passions, his heart was in the right, and if he sinned he paid the penalty with more bitterness of suffering than sometimes falls to the lot of sinners who have not the tenderness of his conscience or the lovableness of his nature.

If the genius of Béranger is to be tested by the high standard applied to that of Burns, the difference of nationality, faith, manners, and political circumstances must be taken into account. Burns was born among, and was one of, an earnest people, a people who had for ages been engaged in the struggle for civil and religious liberty, and had won both by the sacrifice of their best blood—a people who, much as they enjoyed wit, humor, and conviviality in their hours of leisure, were, above all things, serious and in earnest in the great business of life. And Burns himself was no frivolous youth, but one who from his earliest years had to look at the dark side of life, and to fight a grim fight not only with adversity, but with his own passions. Béranger, on the contrary, had no passions ; he was one of a people who, however terrible they had shown themselves in the spasms of their great Revolution, were at heart gay, careless, and volatile, who had no depth of religious conviction, and who, for the most part, as far as the male sex was concerned, were of no religion at all, unless it were the religion of the ancient Greeks. Béranger took the world easily. He allowed no grief to ruffle the even course of his life's current. He loved himself ; he loved his ease ; he loved calm enjoyment and the *dolce far niente*. He admired, and fancied he loved, some nameless and unknown beauty, whom he called Lisette, and wrote some of his most graceful poems in her praise—and dispraise ; but he had not sufficient love for any of her sex to marry, though he never tired of singing the praises of many real, and perhaps of a greater number of imaginary, beauties. Burns possessed a rich and powerful imagination, but Nature bestowed upon Béranger nothing but a graceful fancy and a delicate ear for the melody and the harmony of verse ; and of these admirable gifts he made the most, though it cannot be said that much originality accompanied his use of them. His love-songs might have been written upon the charms of Lais, Phryne, or Aspasia, in the palmy days of Athens, with as much propriety, and with scarcely a change in phraseology, as upon the Lisettes and Suzons of Paris. In like manner his bacchanalian lyrics betray no trace of the many centuries that have rolled over the world since the days of Anacreon, and would have

been as appropriate in the mouth of that ancient poet as in the pages of a modern Sybarite who flourished between 1780 and 1855. Whatever he may have been in his private life, Béranger in his songs was a pagan, and might call Horace and Catullus his poetical brothers, the equal of either, and as little indebted as they were to Christianity for influence on his thought. The songs in which he celebrates the beauties and the frailties of the young Parisian women of the *demi-monde* who charmed his fancy are choice specimens of the verse, miscalled poetry, that pleases the readers of the *Journal pour rire* or the *Charivari*, and the *cocottes*, *gommeux*, and *petits crevés*, who form the *clientèle* of those publications; but no literature but that of France would tolerate them. The erotic verses of the juvenile Thomas Moore, when he signed himself "Thomas Little," were angelic purity compared with some of the most popular songs of Béranger, in which he did not always attempt to conceal the grossness of his thoughts by the elegance of his language. The law of France, that punished Béranger for disaffection to the ruling powers, had no punishment to inflict for such hideous outrages on common decency as he committed in "La Bacchante," "Madame Grégoire," "La Bonne Fille," "L'Education des Demoiselles," and "Ma Grand'mere." It is difficult to say which of these is must offensive to a pure mind; but if the palm of demerit is to be accorded it must certainly be given to the grandmother, an odious old woman who confides to her granddaughters the story of her youthful amours—how she had deceived her husband before marriage and been false to him afterward—how much she regretted that she had lost time and opportunity for intrigue in the freshness of her charms, and that she had not been fortunate enough to secure thrice the numbers of lovers that she had enjoyed and cheated—and, when her grand-daughters ask if they should imitate her abominable example, ends the doggerel by a shameless libel:

"Comme vous, maman, faut-il faire?"
"Et, mes petits enfants, pourquoi,
Quand j'ai fait comme ma grand'mère,
Ne feriez-vous comme moi?"

English literature happily offers no parallel to such indecency as this, and the filthiest effusions of Allan Ramsay, written a century previous, were clean and respectable in comparison.

Béranger never sang of marriage, except to ridicule it, and to gloat over the frailties of false wives and the misfortunes of deluded husbands. The only "love" which he ever celebrated was undeserving of the name—the shameless, marketable lust of the *demi-monde* and the *bagnio*. Among the lower Parisians all these songs were highly popular; though it is to be doubted whether the quiet, honest, decent people of the provinces, with whom the

family relations are sacred, did not look upon them with the loathing they deserved. In his philosophical songs Béranger took a higher range. There are few finer things in French literature than "Les Etoiles qui filent," "Treize à Table," "Le Grenier," "La Sainte Alliance des Peuples," "Les Adieux de Marie Stuart," "La Vieillesse," "Les Petits Coups," "L'Habit de Cour," "Ma Vocation," "Mon Habit," "Mon Ame," "La Bonne Vieille," and, notwithstanding an illiberal and uncharitable mention of England which ought not to have found a place in it, "Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens." But even in this comparatively elevated composition, in which he humbly confides in the mercy and loving-kindness of the great Creator of the universe, the pagan rather than the Christian idea takes possession of his mind, and breaks out into the Anacreontic chorus—

Le verre en main, gaiement je me confie
Au Dieu des bonnes gens—

as if he could not acknowledge God's goodness without a glass in his hand!

But it is not upon these or his amorous or drinking songs that the fame of Béranger principally rests, nor is it by means of these that he endeared himself to the French people, and made himself a power in the state. He knew how to touch the strong chord in the people's heart (perhaps it might be called the weakness in the people's brain), the love of conquest and of military glory; and he played upon that string till France responded, and hung entranced upon the melodies that he drew from it—melodies sometimes soft and tender, sometimes bold and defiant, sometimes sublime. And when the representative and the agent of that conquest and "glory" fell upon evil days—when the throne of the mighty Napoleon was levelled in the dust—when he consumed his fiery heart with disappointment and vexation on the lonely rock of St. Helena—and when the great nations of Europe leagued themselves together to impose upon conquered France the wretched Bourbons, who had forfeited their illustrious inheritance by their treachery, their cowardice, and their incapacity—all the pride, all the anger, and all the resentment of France settled upon the tongue or the pen of the song-writer. His heart and that of all France beat in unison, and he spoke, as no song-writer ever spoke before or since, with an authority that wielded at will the fierce democracy, and made his utterances the utterances of a nation. No longer idly masquerading as a modern Horace, he became a man of his own time, thought with it, spoke with it, identified himself with it in all its hopes and fears, regrets and exultations. His fondest thoughts clung around the deeds and misfortunes of the great Napoleon. Whether he wept for the Bonapartes or denounced the Bourbons, he found his truest inspiration in his grief or scorn, and be-

came an immeasurably greater poet than he was when he tinkled his lyre, the laureate of the *flâneurs* and *grisettes* and all the vicious idlers of the capital. Such songs as "Le Vieux Sergent," "Les Souvenirs du Peuple," "Le Cinq Mai," "Le Vieux Drapeau," "Les Enfans de la France," and the terrible "Esclaves Gaulois," placed him in the very front rank of literature, and atoned for all the poor vanities and inanities of his earlier flights. These belonged to the Parisians only; his patriotic and political songs belonged to all France, and all France honored him for them.

Burns and Béranger were both great and popular, and both exercised great influence over the minds of their countrymen. Burns found the lyrical literature of Scotland corrupt and licentious, and left it pure. Béranger found the lyrical literature of France both impure and frivolous, and left it impurer and more frivolous still. Both sang of love; but the love that found favor with Burns was natural, genuine, and fresh from the heart; that celebrated by Béranger was meretricious and theatrical, and dependent wholly upon a prurient fancy. It was impossible for Scotland to produce a Béranger; it was equally impossible for France to produce a Burns. Both were patriots, and drew inspiration from the remembrance of the past glories of their country. Burns kept up in the minds of his countrymen an intense love of Scotland without hate of any other land; while Béranger, though he inculcated a love of France, inculcated still more strongly a love of military glory, only to be achieved by warfare with other nations. Both were philosophers, but the philosophy of Burns was imbued with a deeply religious and Christian spirit, while that of Béranger was a mild Epicureanism, based upon no higher principle than that of the duty of present enjoyment expressed by the phrase "*Dum vivimus vivamus,*" or "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

More than three quarters of a century have elapsed since the death of Burns, and his fame, small at that time and scarcely reaching to England, has gradually increased until it has made the circuit of the globe. Every year, on the 25th of January, the anniversary of his birth is celebrated as if he were the patron saint of Scotland. In every quarter of the earth, in the British Isles, in the United States, in Canada, in South Africa, in India, in Australia, in New Zealand, wherever half a dozen Scotsmen can be gathered together to repeat the song of "Auld Lang Syne," and to assert with honest pride the truth which they have proved in their lives that "a man's a man for a' that," a festival is held in his honor, and patriotism shines with redoubled fervor at the mention of his name. It may be said of his renown, as Daniel Webster, the great American orator, said of the power of Great

Britain, that "it follows the sun in its course, and, keeping pace with the hours, circles the earth with one unbroken strain" of wholesome, invigorating, and patriotic song.

And while scarcely a quarter of a century has elapsed since the death and public funeral of Béranger, his fame, which then overshadowed the land, has been gradually diminishing. In our day it is almost wholly confined to France and to a small section of his countrymen. He has, in fact, been elbowed out of popular favor by Madame Thérèse and vulgar lyrics of "La Fille de Madame Angot" and the "Grande Duchesse." Even his patriotic songs, if not quite forgotten, have ceased to be heard. They have had their day and served their purpose, and have become almost as obsolete as those of Clément Marot and Ponsard. The French seem to have room in their hearts but for one truly national song; that song is the "Marseillaise," and nothing that Béranger ever wrote approaches it in popularity. Its poetry and music are in perfect accord; and it reigns supreme in the heart of the French people—the more's the pity! because it glorifies aggressive war, which is out of date, and takes no account of the progress of humanity.

CHARLES MACKAY, *in Nineteenth Century.*

RADIANT MATTER.

WHEN the man of science deals with some hitherto unexplained phenomena of Nature, he first collects all the available facts, and then casts about in his mind for some hypothesis which will bring them into harmony with one another. The latter process has been well called the "scientific use of the imagination," and is illustrated by the history of every physical discovery. Thus the theory of gravitation, which brought so many terrestrial and celestial phenomena into harmony with law, was, in the first instance, a leap of the imagination on the part of Newton. The undulatory theory of light sprang from the effort of a great mind endeavoring to coordinate a vast body of facts, which fell into order under its application. In the same way, Dr. Joule imagined that heat is a mode of motion among the ultimate particles of matter; and the truth of his brilliant "guess" was shown by the competence of the theory to explain all the phenomena which heat exhibits.

Among these guesses of genius, many have been futile; others have failed after carrying their authors far on the road toward explanation; while there are some previsions which were correct, though they were not capable of proof at the time when they were made. Perhaps no physical philosopher ever possessed a more for-

ward-looking mind than Faraday, and certainly none ever made more use of the scientific imagination. Many of his views only waited for verification until the means of research had been enlarged or improved, and among these his anticipations in regard to what he termed the radiant condition of matter have received remarkable confirmation in some results which have been obtained, and quite recently given to the world, by Mr. Crookes.

It was Faraday's belief that a form of matter existed whose subtlety surpassed that of gases as much as the gaseous surpassed the liquid, or the liquid the solid state of matter. Aided by physical apparatus such as Faraday could not command, Mr. Crookes is carrying out an inquiry of the utmost interest, and we propose to give a short account of the facts which he has lately laid before the scientific world in connection with his researches on radiant matter.

Chemists have found that when two bodies, A and B, are capable of uniting together in several proportions, the several quantities of A which combine with a constant quantity of B stand to one another in very simple ratios. Thus the element oxygen will combine with the element chromium in proportions of 1 to 2, or 2 to 4, or 3 to 6 ; but one element can only unite with a constant quantity of another element by well-defined steps or increments, standing to one another in simple numerical ratios.

The scientific use of the imagination led Dalton to infer from this strange fact that elementary bodies are composed of ultimate particles, or "atoms," each with a constant weight peculiar to itself, and that combination between two elements takes place by the juxtaposition of these atoms. This hypothesis harmonized a chaos of chemical facts, and made everything orderly where before all was disorder. Hence the "atomic theory" has come to form the basis of modern chemistry, and the unseeable "atom" takes its place in science as an undoubted physical fact.

Two or more atoms united together constitute a molecule. Thus, one atom of the elementary body oxygen combines with two atoms of the element hydrogen to form a molecule of water, which substance we may therefore consider as composed of a vast number of molecules, each of which is again compounded of the elements oxygen and hydrogen united in the proportion of two to one.

Dalton's law had long been accepted by chemists when Dr. Joule added another and equally important conception to the molecular view of matter. He showed that heat, which the earlier philosophers considered as something having a material existence, ought properly to be regarded as a mode of motion. A rifle bullet striking an iron target has its motion of translation suddenly stopped ; and, as a result, the lead is found to be heated. Joule proved that when the bullet is arrested its motion as a mass is con-

verted into an unseen interior movement of its ultimate particles, or molecules, of which molecular movement heat is the sensible manifestation.

In ordinary language we speak of hot and cold bodies, as if the terms were absolute; but in calling ice cold and boiling water hot we simply refer them to the standard of our sensations; both boiling water and ice would seem hot to an organism whose temperature was below freezing point. Every terrestrial body possesses some absolute heat, or, in other words, the molecules which compose it are in more or less active movement; and upon their activity depends the temperature of the body.

Now, the amount and character of this internal molecular movement which declares itself sensibly as heat varies in solids, liquids, and gases. The "scientific imagination" has revelled in picturing the kind and extent of movements which are executed by the ultimate particles of matter in each of these conditions. With solids and liquids we have at present no concern, but it is supposed that the molecules of gases are constantly moving forward in straight lines with uniform velocity until they impinge either against each other or against the walls of the containing vessel. Such a vessel may be likened to a hive containing a swarm of bees; and we readily see that upon the number of bees in the hive will depend the length of flight which each bee can make before coming into contact with another bee. Suppose the average distance a bee can fly without colliding with its neighbor is two inches, then we will call that dimension the "mean free path" of the bees. If we remove one half of the bees from the hive we double this free path, and we might go on reducing the number of bees until it extended from one end of the hive to the other.

The molecular conception of matter declares that this figure represents the state of things in every gaseous body, and bearing this in mind we turn for a few moments to consider the phenomena of the electric discharge through gases, which, as we shall presently see, occupy an important place in the research.

The electric spark passes with difficulty through the mixture of gases forming our atmosphere, and air is consequently called a non-conductor or "di-electric." A flash of lightning, or the spark from an electrical machine, exhibits the violence with which electricity is discharged through air; but it passes readily through a high vacuum, exhibiting very beautiful phenomena.

Most persons have seen the well-known Geissler's vacuum tubes, and are acquainted with the appearances presented by the discharge. The space separating the positive and negative poles is filled with violet-colored light, but a close inspection shows that the immediate neighborhood of the negative pole is surrounded by a dark region. The violet light is produced by collisions among

the molecules of gas left after exhaustion, which are excited into abnormal activity by the passage of the electric current. These molecules, as will afterward appear, stream out from the negative toward the positive pole, and the small dark space around that pole represents their mean free path, or, in other words, the distance which they traverse before coming into contact with their fellows.

So, at least, Mr. Crookes' imagination led him to suppose ; and in the verification of this brilliant guess he has made the world acquainted for the first time with that radiant condition of matter which Faraday prevised. Faraday, as we have said, wanted means to prove the truth of his anticipation, for the vacuum of an ordinary Geissler's tube is far more perfect than any which could be produced in his day by the old-fashioned air-pump, while it falls very short of the extreme exhaustions used in Mr. Crookes' research. Very perfect vacua were required by that gentleman in the construction of his radiometer, and special means were devised for their production ; these have been further improved during the recent investigations, and exhaustion can now be carried to almost absolute perfection.

With these means at hand, Mr. Crookes found that, as the vacuum in a Geissler's tube improved, the dark space surrounding the negative pole increased, and he was ultimately enabled to carry exhaustion so far as to make this dark space equal to the whole length of the tube. In other words, he removed so many of the molecules forming the inclosed gaseous matter, that, like the bees in the hive, they could pass from end to end without collision. When this point was reached, the residual matter within the tube exhibited entirely new phenomena ; the violet light of the electric discharge disappeared, and that which has been well called radiant energy took its place.

It was soon found that a particular degree of exhaustion was most favorable for the display of this new force. The vacuum might be so perfect that the discharge would not pass at all ; on the other hand, it might be too low, in which case the violet light of the ordinary discharge was seen. The best point is reached when one millionth part of the atmospheric pressure remains in the tube. Very high figures convey no meaning to the mind ; it is easy to speak of a million, but difficult to realize what the word signifies. Let the reader therefore imagine that the barometric column of mercury representing the pressure of our atmosphere is one mile in height, then one millionth of that pressure will be represented by a space one sixteenth of an inch in length.

Still there is matter remaining in the tube, and when this is excited to rapid movement by the passage of an electric current, the tube becomes brilliantly phosphorescent from the impact of the

flying molecules on its walls. Different kinds of glass glow with different colored light. English glass shines with blue, German glass with yellow, and uranium glass with green radiance. Substances of known phosphorescent properties glow with an intense light when exposed in the tube to the battering of these ultimate particles of matter. The diamond shines with a new lustre, ruby emits a deep red light, colorless alumina glows red like the ruby, and in particular a substance known as "Becquerel's phosphorescent sulphide" shines with marvellous brilliancy.

It may well be asked whether we have to do with material bodies at all in tubes from which matter has been practically eliminated, and how we can speak with certainty of the impact of actual particles in a vacuum so nearly absolute. Theory, however, assures us that we have by no means got rid of all the molecules originally contained in the tube; on the contrary, their name is legion even after reaching these high exhaustions; and if we follow Mr. Crookes through his experimental demonstrations, we find good reasons for believing what theory declares.

As we have already stated, the excited particles move away from the negative pole, and they do so in straight lines whose direction is at right angles (or normal) to the bounding surfaces of the pole. If this be, for example, a flat metal plate standing vertically, the molecules rush away from it in horizontal streams; if the pole be concave, the streams converge; if convex, they diverge; and if spherical, they radiate in all directions.

In an ordinary vacuum tube the electric discharge seeks the shortest path between the two poles, and no matter how sinuous that course may be made by the glass-blower, the current follows every curve into which the glass is bent. Radiant matter behaves in quite another way; the particles are notdischarged by the nearest route from one pole to the other, but they ray out from the negative pole in straight lines which are persistently normal to its surface, no matter what may be the position of the positive pole in the tube. The molecules are incompetent to turn a corner—they behave, indeed, just like a stream of bullets—and if their energy be excited in a V-shaped tube having a pole at each of its upper extremities, these molecular bullets are projected only along one leg of the V; they cannot turn the corner, and do not seek the positive pole like an ordinary electric discharge.

The stream of excited particles may be arrested by an obstacle placed in its path. Mr. Crookes arranges a tube in such a manner that a small cross of thin mica can be made to stand erect within it at pleasure; when in this position the cross faces the negative pole, which consists of a flat plate of metal. Radiant matter streams out horizontally from the plate, and declares its presence by rendering the opposite end of the glass tube brilliantly phos-

phorescent. The cross being erected interposes an obstacle in the path of the particles, and its "shadow" is at once projected dark on the glowing end of the tube.

Here we have something very like demonstration of the material character of the discharge from the negative pole, but a more conclusive proof is at hand. If a magnet is brought near to a Geissler's tube, the violet light is strongly attracted; a deflection in the path of the discharge ensues, but disappears with the removal of the magnet. In the same way, radiant matter is sensible to magnetic influence, and the stream of particles is attracted or repelled accordingly as the north or south pole of the magnet is presented to it. The removal of the magnet is not followed, as in the case of the ordinary discharge, by the return of the stream to its original path; on the contrary, it remains permanently deflected, and continues to follow the new direction until it is driven back by presenting the repelling pole of the magnet.

Advantage is taken of this fact to show yet more conclusively the material character of radiant energy. A tube is fitted with a small revolving disc furnished with peripheral vanes, like a water-wheel in miniature; the negative pole is a flat plate occupying one extremity of the tube; from this the discharge proceeds horizontally, striking against the little wheel in its passage. No movement follows, because under these circumstances the particles impinge equally on the vanes above and below the centre of rotation. But when the north pole of a magnet is applied in such a way as to deflect the stream a little from its horizontality, those vanes only are struck which lie on one side of the centre, and the wheel rotates with great velocity. On reversing the magnetic poles and throwing the molecular stream to the other side of the centre, the rotation of the disc is at once reversed in accordance with the changed direction of the particles.

It will be remembered that about two years ago the same investigator brought before the world the remarkable instrument now so well known as the radiometer. It consists of a light disc, furnished with four peripheral vanes, hung on a delicate vertical axis, and inclosed within an exhausted glass bulb. When exposed to heat or light, the disc revolves more or less rapidly according to the amount of heat or light supplied.

Many explanations have been offered to account for this strange phenomenon, but it was reserved for Mr. Crookes himself to furnish the true solution of the problem. He constructed a radiometer with vanes metallic on one side only, and so arranged matters that the disc formed a negative pole, placing the positive pole indifferently at any part of the exhausted bulb of the instrument. Upon the passage of the current, radiant matter streamed away from the metallic faces of the vanes, and the reaction of the discharge, like

the kick of a gun against the shoulder, set the disc in rapid rotation.

He next found that radiant energy can be excited by light or heat as well as by electricity. For this purpose an exhausted bulb was provided having a light disc supported upon a vertical axis, and furnished with vanes inclined to the horizon at an angle of about thirty degrees. Beneath this disc, and encircling the axis, was a coil of platinum wire which could be heated to redness by the passage of an electric current. As the temperature of the wire rose, radiant energy was excited ; streams of molecules issued from the inclined vanes, and rotation of the disc followed from their unbalanced reaction. Similarly it was demonstrated that light was competent, equally with heat and electricity, to produce the phenomena of radiant matter ; but we should need a diagram to explain the more complex apparatus by which this was proved.

In this way it was shown that the movements of the radiometer depend on radiant energy, and one of Nature's riddles was answered, as riddles always must be, by an effort of the imagination. Yet, as Professor Tyndall has said, "there are Tories even in science, who regard imagination as a faculty to be feared and avoided rather than employed. Those are they who, having observed its action in weak vessels, are unduly impressed by its disasters. They might with equal justice point to an exploded boiler as an argument against the use of steam. Bounded by co-operant reason, imagination becomes the mightiest instrument of the physical discoverer ; without this power, our knowledge of nature would be a mere tabulation of sequences. We should still believe in day and night, summer and winter ; but casual relations would disappear, and with them that science which is now binding the parts of nature together to an organic whole."

But to return. The experiments we have described leave little room for doubt that we have been concerned with the motions of actual particles of matter, that a real hailstorm of molecular projectiles caused these glass tubes to glow, the gems and other bodies to phosphoresce, the vaned discs to revolve ; and in that hail we are brought face to face with the ultimate constituents of matter. We stand on the threshold of a new world. Atoms and molecules are only inferences from certain properties of matter, and their existence has been, and still is, stoutly denied. Their reality depends on the same kind of proof as favors those imagined pulses of a supra-sensuous atmosphere called the ether which enable us to explain the phenomena of light ; but in presence of Mr. Crookes' experiments we almost seem to see those inconceivably minute particles of matter which can never be brought within the actual ken of man ; for he puts the unknowable and unseeable molecules into harness before our eyes, and sets them turning a wheel like a stream of water.

Such is an outline of the phenomena exhibited by matter in its radiant condition with which this research has made us acquainted. It furnishes the best objective evidence yet afforded in support of that theory of the molecular condition of matter which forms the basis of modern physics, and will undoubtedly lead future inquirers into new, unexpected, and fruitful fields of observation.

D. PIDGEON, *in Belgravia.*

THE PERFECT DEATH.

DISCE MORI.

WHERE shall we learn to die?
Go, gaze with steadfast eye
On dark Gethsemane,
Or darker Calvary,
Where, thro' each lingering hour,
The Lord of grace and power,
Most lowly and most High,
Has taught the Christian how to die.

When in the olive shade,
His long last prayer He prayed;
When on the Cross to heaven
His parting spirit was given,
He showed that to fulfil
The Father's gracious Will,
Not asking how or why,
Alone prepares the soul to die.

No word of angry strife,
No anxious cry for life;
By scoff and torture torn
He speaks not scorn for scorn;
Calmly forgiving those
Who deem themselves His foes,
In silent majesty
He points the way at peace to die.

Delighting to the last
In memories of the past;
Glad at the parting meal
In lowly tasks to kneel;
Still yearning to the end
For mother and for friend;
His great humility
Loves in such acts of love to die.

Beyond His depth of woes
A wider thought arose,
Along His path of gloom
Thought for His country's doom,
Athwart all pain and grief,
Thought for the contrite thief—
The far-stretched sympathy
Lives on when all beside shall die.

Bereft but not alone,
The world is still His own ;
The realm of deathless truth
Still breathes immortal youth ;
Sure, though in shudd'ring dread,
That all is finishèd,
With purpose fixed and high
The Friend of all mankind must die.

Oh ! by those weary hours
Of slowly ebbing powers,
By those deep lessons heard
In each expiring word ;
By that unfailing love
Lifting the soul above,
When our last end is nigh,
So teach us, Lord, with Thee to die !

—A. P. S., *in Macmillan's Magazine.*

SEEKING REST.

THUS saith my soul, "The path is long to tread,
Behind me far it stretches, far before ;
Wearily, drearily, sight travels o'er
Leagues that have lengthened as the slow days sped,
And wearily o'er leagues untraversèd
Which I must traverse ere I gain the door
That shuts not night nor day. What need I more
Than to find rest at last in that last bed ?"

Is it well said, O soul ? The way *is* long,
Weary are heart and brain and aching feet,
But 'mid thy weariness thou still art strong,
And rest unearned is shameful ; so entreat
This one thing—that at last the conqueror's song
May echo through a sleep divinely sweet.

—J. ASHCROFT NOBLE, *in Good Words.*

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

In the following poem I have sought, by the medium of an imaginary Buddhist votary, to depict the life and character and indicate the philosophy of that noble hero and reformer, Prince Gautama of India, the founder of Buddhism.

A generation ago little or nothing was known in Europe of this great faith of Asia, which had nevertheless existed during twenty-four centuries, and at this day surpasses, in the number of its followers and the area of its prevalence, any other form of creed Four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die in the tenets of Gautama; and the spiritual dominions of this ancient teacher extend, at the present time, from Nepaul and Ceylon over the whole Eastern Peninsula to China, Japan, Thibet, Central Asia, Siberia, and even Swedish Lapland. India itself might fairly be included in this magnificent empire of belief, for though the profession of Buddhism has for the most part passed away from the land of its birth, the mark of Gautama's sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brahmanism, and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindus are clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha's precepts. More than a third of mankind, therefore, owe their moral and religious ideas to this illustrious prince, whose personality, though imperfectly revealed in the existing sources of information, cannot but appear the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent, with one exception, in the history of thought. Discordant in frequent particulars, and sorely overlaid by corruptions, inventions, and misconceptions, the Buddhistical books yet agree in the one point of recording nothing—no single act or word—which mars the perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher, who united the truest princely qualities with the intellect of a sage and the passionate devotion of a martyr. Even M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, totally misjudging, as he does, many points of Buddhism, is well cited by Professor Max Müller as saying of Prince Siddârtha. "Sa vie n'a point de tache. Son constant héroïsme égale sa conviction; et si la théorie qu'il préconise est fausse, les exemples personnels qu'il donne sont irréprochables. Il est le modèle achevé de toutes les vertus qu'il prêche; son abnégation, sa charité, son inaltérable douceur ne se démentent point un seul instant. . . . Il prépare silencieusement sa doctrine par six années de retraite et de méditation; il la propage par la seule puissance de la parole et de la persuasion pend-

ant plus d'un demi-siècle, et quand il meurt entre les bras de ses disciples, c'est avec la sérénité d'un sage qui a pratiqué le bien toute sa vie, et qui est assuré d'avoir trouvé le vrai." To Gautama has consequently been given this stupendous conquest of humanity; and—though he discountenanced ritual, and declared himself, even when on the threshold of Nirvana, to be only what all other men might become—the love and gratitude of Asia, disobeying his mandate, have given him fervent worship. Forests of flowers are daily laid upon his stainless shrines, and countless millions of lips daily repeat the formula, "I take refuge in Buddha!"

The Buddha of this poem—if, as need not be doubted, he really existed—was born on the borders of Nepaul, about 620 B.C., and died about 543 B.C., at Kusinagara in Oudh. In point of age, therefore, most other creeds are youthful compared with this venerable religion, which has in it the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom. The extravagances which disfigure the record and practice of Buddhism are to be referred to that inevitable degradation which priesthoods always inflict upon great ideas committed to their charge. The power and sublimity of Gautama's original doctrines should be estimated by their influence, not by their interpreters; nor by that innocent but lazy and ceremonious church which has arisen on the foundations of the Buddhistic brotherhood or "Sangha."

I have put my poem into a Buddhist's mouth, because, to appreciate the spirit of Asiatic thoughts, they should be regarded from the Oriental point of view; and neither the miracles which consecrate this record, nor the philosophy which it embodies, could have been otherwise so naturally reproduced. The doctrine of transmigration, for instance—startling to modern minds—was established and thoroughly accepted by the Hindus of Buddha's time; that period when Jerusalem was being taken by Nebuchadnezzar, when Nineveh was calling to the Medes, and Marseilles was founded by the Phocæans. The exposition here offered of so antique a system is of necessity incomplete, and—in obedience to the laws of poetic art—passes rapidly by many matters philosophically most important, as well as over the long ministry of Gautama. But my purpose has been obtained if any just conception be here conveyed of the lofty character of this noble prince, and of the general purport of his doctrines. As to these there has arisen prodigious controversy among the erudite, who will be aware that I have taken the imperfect Buddhistic citations much as they stand in Spence Hardy's work, and have also modified more than one passage in the received narratives. The views, however, here indicated of "Nirvana," "Dharma," "Karma," and the other chief features of Buddhism, are at least the fruits of considerable study, and also

of a firm conviction that a third of mankind would never have been brought to believe in blank abstractions, or in nothingness as the issue and crown of being.

Finally, in reverence to the illustrious promulgator of this "Light of Asia," and in homage to the many eminent scholars who have devoted noble labors to his memory, for which both repose and ability are wanting to me, I beg that the shortcomings of my too-hurried study may be forgiven. It has been composed in the brief intervals of days without leisure, but is inspired by an abiding desire to aid in the better mutual knowledge of East and West. The time may come, I hope, when this book and my "Indian Song of Songs" will preserve the memory of one who loved India and the Indian peoples.

EDWIN ARNOLD. C.S.I.

LONDON, July, 1879.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

BOOK THE FIRST.

The Scripture of the Saviour of the World,
Lord Buddha—Prince Saddârtha styled on earth—
In earth and heavens and hells incomparable,
All-honored, wisest, best, most pitiful;
The teacher of Nirvâna and the law.

Thus came he to be born again for men.

Below the highest sphere four regents sit
Who rule our world, and under them are zones
Nearer, but high, where saintliest spirits dead
Wait thrice ten thousand years, then live again;
And on Lord Buddha, waiting in that sky,
Came for our sakes the five sure signs of birth
So that the Devas knew the signs, and said,
"Buddha will go again to help the world."
"Yea!" spake he, "now I go to help the world
This last of many times; for birth and death
End hence for me and those who learn my law.
I will go down among the Sâkyas,
Under the southward snows of Himalay,
Where pious people live and a just king."
That night the wife of King Suddhôdana,
Maya the queen, asleep beside her lord,
Dreamed a strange dream; dreamed that a star from heaven—
Splendid, six-rayed, in color rosy-pearl,
Whereof the token was an elephant
Six-tusked and whiter than Vahuka's milk—

Shot through the void, and, shining into her,
Entered her womb upon the right. Awaked,
Bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast,
And over half the earth a lovely light
Forewent the morn. The strong hills shook; the waves
Sank lulled; all flowers that blow by day came forth
As 'twere high noon; down to the farthest hells
Passed the queen's joy, as when warm sunshine thrills
Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps
A tender whisper pierced. "Oh ye," it said,
"The dead that are to live, the live who die,
Uprise, and hear, and hope! Buddha is come!"
Whereat in limbos numberless much peace
Spread, and the world's heart throbbed, and a wind blew
With unknown freshness over lands and seas.
And when the morning dawned, and this was told,
The gray dream-readers said, "The dream is good!
The Crab is in conjunction with the Sun;
The queen shall bear a boy, a holy child
Of wondrous wisdom, profiting all flesh,
Who shall deliver men from ignorance,
Or rule the world, if he will deign to rule."

In this wise was the holy Buddha born.
Queen Maya stood at noon, her days fulfilled,
Under a palsa in the palace-grounds,
A stately trunk, straight as a temple-shaft,
With crown of glossy leaves and fragrant blooms;
And, knowing the time come—for all things knew—
The conscious tree bent down its boughs to make
A bower about Queen Maya's majesty,
And earth put forth a thousand sudden flowers
To spread a couch, while, ready for the bath,
The rock hard by gave out a limpid stream
Of crystal flow. So brought she forth her child
Pangless—he having on his perfect form
The marks, thirty and two, of blessed birth;
Of which the great news to the palace came.
But when they brought the painted palanquin
To fetch him home, the bearers of the poles
Were the four regents of the earth, come down
From Mount Sumeru—they who write men's deeds
On brazen plates—the Angel of the East,
Whose hosts are clad in silver robes, and bear
Targets of pearl: the Angel of the South,
Whose horsemen, the Kumbhandas, ride blue steeds,

With sapphire shields : the Angel of the West,
By Nâgas followed, riding steeds blood-red,
With coral shields : the Angel of the North,
Environed by his Yakshas, all in gold,
On yellow horses, bearing shields of gold.
These, with their pomp invisible, came down
And took the poles, in caste and outward garb
Like bearers, yet most mighty gods ; and gods
Walked free with men that day, though men knew not :
For heaven was filled with gladness for earth's sake,
Knowing Lord Buddha thus was come again.

But King Suddhôdana wist not this ;
The portents troubled, till his dream-readers
Augured a prince of earthly dominance,
A Chakravartîn, such as rise to rule
Once in each thousand years ; seven gifts he has—
The Chakra-ratna, disk divine ; the gem ;
The horse, the Aswa-ratna, that proud steed
Which tramps the clouds ; a snow-white elephant,
The Hasti-ratna, born to bear his king ;
The crafty minister, the general
Unconquered, and the wife of peerless grace,
The Istrî-ratna, lovelier than the dawn.
For which gifts looking with this wondrous boy,
The king gave order that his town should keep
High festival ; therefore the ways were swept,
Rose-odors sprinkled in the street, the trees
Were hung with lamps and flags, while merry crowds
Gaped on the sword-players and posturers,
The jugglers, charmers, swingers, rope-walkers,
The nautch-girls in their spangled skirts and bells
That chime light laughter round their restless feet ;
The masquers wrapped in skins of bear and deer,
The tiger-tamers, wrestlers, quail-fighters,
Beaters of drum and twanglers of the wire,
Who made the people happy by command.
Moreover from afar came merchant-men,
Bringing, on tidings of this birth, rich gifts
In golden trays ; goat-shawls, and nard and jade,
Turkises, "evening-sky" tint, woven webs—
So fine twelve folds hide not a modest face—
Waist-cloths sewn thick with pearls, and sandal-wood ;
Homage from tribute cities ; so they called
Their Prince Savârthasiddh, "All-Prospering,"
Briefer, Siddârtha.

'Mongst the strangers came
A gray-haired saint, Asita, one whose ears
Long closed to earthly things, caught heavenly sounds,
And heard at prayer beneath his peepul-tree
The Devas singing songs at Buddha's birth.
Wondrous in lore he was by age and fasts;
Him, drawing nigh, seeming so reverend,
The king saluted, and Queen Maya made
To lay her babe before such holy feet;
But when he saw the prince the old man cried,
"Ah, queen, not so!" and thereupon he touched
Eight times the dust, laid his waste visage there,
Saying, "O babe, I worship! Thou art he!
I see the rosy light, the foot-sole marks,
The soft curled tendril of the Swastika,
The sacred primal signs thirty and two,
The eighty lesser tokens. Thou art Buddh,
And thou wilt preach the law and save all flesh
Who learn the law, though I shall never hear,
Dying too soon, who lately longed to die;
Howbeit I have seen thee. Know, O king!
This is that blossom on our human tree
Which opens once in many myriad years—
But opened, fills the world with wisdom's scent
And love's dropped honey; from thy royal root
A heavenly lotus springs: ah, happy house!
Yet not all-happy, for a sword must pierce
Thy bowels for this boy—while thou, sweet queen!
Dear to all gods and men for this great birth,
Henceforth art grown too sacred for more woe,
And life is woe, therefore in seven days
Painless thou shalt attain the close of pain."

Which fell: for on the seventh evening
Queen Maya smiling slept, and waked no more,
Passing content to Trâyastrinshas-Heaven,
Where countless Devas worship her and wait
Attendant on that radiant motherhead.
But for the babe they found a foster-nurse,
Princess Mahâprajâpati—her breast
Nourished with noble milk the lips of him
Whose lips comfort the worlds.
When th' eighth year passed
The careful king bethought to teach his son
All that a prince should learn, for still he shunned
The too vast presage of those miracles,

The glories and the sufferings of a Buddh.
So, in full council of his ministers,
"Who is the wisest man, great sirs," he asked,
"To teach my prince that which a prince should know?"
Whereto gave answer each with instant voice,
"King! Viswamitra is the wisest one,
The farthest-seen in scriptures, and the best
In learning, and the manual arts, and all."
Thus Viswamitra came and heard commands;
And, on a day found fortunate, the prince
Took up his slate of ox-red sandal-wood,
All-beautified by gems around the rim,
And sprinkled smooth with dust of emery,
These took he, and his writing-stick, and stood
With eyes bent down before the sage, who said,
"Child, write this scripture," speaking slow the verse
"*Gâyatrî*" named, which only high-born hear:

Om, tatsaviturvarenyam
Bhargo devasya dhîmahi
Dhiyo yo na prachodayât.

"Acharya, I write," meekly replied
The prince, and quickly on the dust he drew—
Not in one script, but many characters—
The sacred verse; Nagri and Dakshin, Nî,
Mangal, Parusha, Yava, Tirthi, Uk,
Darad, Sikhyani, Mana, Madhyachar,
The pictured writings and the speech of signs,
Tokens of cave-men and the sea-peoples,
Of those who worship snakes beneath the earth,
And those who flame adore and the sun's orb,
The Magians and the dwellers on the mounds;
Of all the nations all strange scripts he traced
One after other with his writing-stick,
Reading the master's verse in every tongue;
And Viswamitra said, "It is enough,
Let us to numbers.
After me repeat
Your numeration till we reach the lakh,
One, two, three, four, to ten, and then by tens
To hundreds, thousands." After him the child
Named digits, decads, centuries; nor paused,
The round lakh reached, but softly murmured on,
"Then comes the kôti, nahut, ninnahut,
Khamba, viskhamba, abab, attata,
To kumuds, gundhikas, and utpalas,
By pundarîkas unto padumas,

Which last is how you count the utmost grains
Of Hastagiri ground to finest dust ;
But beyond that a numeration is,
The Kâtha, used to count the stars of night ;
The Kôti Kâtha, for the ocean drops ;
Ingga, the calculus of circulars ;
Sarvanikchepa, by the which you deal
With all the sands of Gunga, till we come
To Antah-Kalpas, where the unit is
The sands of ten crore Gungas. If one seeks
More comprehensive scale, th' arithmic mounts
By the Asankya, which is the tale
Of all the drops that in ten thousand years
Would fall on all the worlds by daily rain ;
Thence unto Maha Kalpas, by the which
The gods compute their future and their past."
" 'Tis good," the sage rejoined, " most noble prince,
If these thou know'st, needs it that I should teach
The mensuration of the lineal ?"
Humbly the boy replied, " Acharya !"
" Be pleased to hear me. Paramânus ten
A parasukshma make ; ten of those build
The trasarene, and seven trasarenes
One mote's length floating in the beam, seven motes
The whisker-point of mouse. and ten of these
One likhya ; likhyas ten a yuka, ten
Yukas a heart of barley, which is held
Seven times a wasp-waist ; so unto the grain
Of mung and mustard and the barley-corn.
Whereof ten give the finger-joint. twelve joints
The span. wherefrom we reach the cubit. staff.
Bow-length, lance-length ; while twenty lengths of lance
Mete what is named a ' breath,' which is to say
Such space as man may stride with lungs once filled,
Whereof a gow is forty, four times that
A yôjana ; and, master ! if it please,
I shall recite how many sun-motes lie
From end to end within a yôjana."
Thereat, with instant skill, the little prince
Pronounced the total of the atoms true.
But Viswamitra heard it on his face
Prostrate before the boy ; " For thou," he cried,
" Art teacher of thy teachers—thou, not I,
Art Gûrû. Oh, I worship thee, sweet prince !
That comest to my school only to show
Thou knowest all without the books, and know'st
Fair reverence besides."

Which reverence
Lord Buddha kept to all his schoolmasters,
Albeit beyond their learning taught; in speech
Right gentle, yet so wise; princely of mien,
Yet softly-mannered; modest, deferent,
And tender-hearted, though of fearless blood;
No bolder horseman in the youthful band
E'er rode in gay chase of the shy gazelles;
No keener driver of the chariot
In mimic contest scoured the palace-courts;
Yet in mid-play the boy would ofttimes pause,
Letting the deer pass free; would ofttimes yield
His half-won race because the laboring steeds
Fetched painful breath; or if his princely mates
Saddened to lose, or if some wistful dream
Swept o'er his thoughts. And ever with the years
Waxed this compassionateness of our Lord,
Even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves
To spread its shade afar; but hardly yet
Knew the young child of sorrow, pain, or tears,
Save as strange names for things not felt by kings,
Nor ever to be felt. But it befell
In the royal garden on a day of spring,
A flock of wild swans passed, voyaging north
To their nest-places on Himâla's breast.
Calling in love-notes down their snowy line,
The bright birds flew, by fond love piloted;
And Devadatta, cousin of the prince,
Pointed his bow, and loosed a wilful shaft
Which found the wide wing of the foremost swan
Broad-spread to glide upon the free blue road,
So that it fell, the bitter arrow fixed,
Bright scarlet blood-gouts staining the pure plumes.
Which seeing, Prince Siddârtha took the bird
Tenderly up, rested it in his lap—
Sitting with knees crossed, as Lord Buddha sits—
And, soothing with a touch the wild thing's fright,
Composed its ruffled vans, calmed its quick heart,
Caressed it into peace with light kind palms
As soft as plantain-leaves an hour unrolled;
And while the left hand held, the right hand drew
The cruel steel forth from the wound and laid
Cool leaves and healing honey on the smart.
Yet all so little knew the boy of pain
That curiously into his wrist he pressed
The arrow's barb, and winced to feel it sting,
And turned with tears to soothe his bird again.

Then some one came who said, "My prince hath shot
A swan, which fell among the roses here,
He bids me pray you send it. Will you send?"
"Nay," quoth Siddârtha, "if the bird were dead
To send it to the slayer might be well,
But the swan lives; my cousin hath but killed
The god-like speed which throbbed in this white wing."
And Devadatta answered, "The wild thing,
Living or dead, is his who fetched it down;
'Twas no man's in the clouds, but fall'n 'tis mine,
Give me my prize, fair cousin." Then our Lord
Laid the swan's neck beside his own smooth cheek
And gravely spake, "Say no! the bird is mine,
The first of myriad things which shall be mine
By right of mercy and love's lordliness.
For now I know, by what within me stirs,
That I shall teach compassion unto men
And be a speechless world's interpreter,
Abating this accursed flood of woe,
Not man's alone; but, if the prince disputes,
Let him submit this matter to the wise
And we will wait their words." So was it done;
In full divan the business had debate,
And many thought this thing and many that,
Till there arose an unknown priest who said,
"If life be aught, the savior of a life
Owns more the living thing than he can own
Who sought to slay—the slayer spoils and wastes,
The cherisher sustains, give him the bird:"
Which judgment all found just; but when the king
Sought out the sage for honor, he was gone;
And some one saw a hooded snake glide forth—
The gods come ofttimes thus! So our Lord Buddh
Began his works of mercy.
Yet not more
Knew he as yet of grief than that one bird's,
Which, being healed, went joyous to its kind.
But on another day the king said, "Come,
Sweet son! and see the pleasaunce of the spring,
And how the fruitful earth is wooed to yield
Its riches to the reaper; how my realm—
Which shall be thine when the pile flames for me—
Feeds all its mouths and keeps the king's chest filled.
Fair is the season with new leaves, bright blooms,
Green grass, and cries of plough-time." So they rode
Into a land of wells and gardens, where,

All up and down the rich red loam, the steers
Strained their strong shoulders in the creaking yoke
Dragging the ploughs ; the fat soil rose and rolled
In smooth dark waves back from the plough ; who drove
Planted both feet upon the leaping share
To make the furrow deep ; among the palms
The tinkle of the rippling water rang,
And where it ran the glad earth 'broidered it
With balsams and the spears of lemon-grass.
Elsewhere were sowers who went forth to sow ;
And all the jungle laughed with nesting-songs,
And all the thickets rustled with small life
Of lizard, bee, beetle, and creeping things
Pleased at the spring-time. In the mango-sprays
The sun-birds flashed ; alone at his green forge
Toiled the loud coppersmith ; bee-eaters hawked
Chasing the purple butterflies ; beneath,
Striped squirrels raced, the mynas perked and picked,
The nine brown sisters chattered in the thorn,
The pied fish-tiger hung above the pool,
The egrets stalked among the buffaloes,
The kites sailed circles in the golden air ;
About the painted temple peacocks flew,
The blue doves cooed from every well, far off
The village drums beat for some marriage-feast ;
All things spoke peace and plenty, and the prince
Saw and rejoiced. But, looking deep, he saw
The thorns which grow upon this rose of life :
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,
Toiling for leave to live ; and how he urged
The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours,
Goading their velvet flanks : then marked he, too,
How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,
And kite on both ; and how the fish-hawk robbed
The fish-tiger of that which it had seized ;
The shrike chasing the bulbul, which did chase
The jewelled butterflies ; till everywhere
Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,
Life living upon death. So the fair show
Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy
Of mutual murder, from the worm to man,
Who himself kills his fellow ; seeing which—
The hungry ploughman and his laboring kine,
Their dewlaps blistered with the bitter yoke,
The rage to live which makes all living strife—
The Prince Siddârtha sighed. "Is this," he said,

"That happy earth they brought me forth to see?
How salt with sweat the peasant's bread! how hard
The oxen's service! in the brake how fierce
The war of weak and strong! i' th' air what plots!
No refuge e'en in water. Go aside
A space, and let me muse on what ye show."
So saying, the good Lord Buddha seated him
Under a jambu-tree, with ankles crossed—
As holy statues sit—and first began
To meditate this deep disease of life,
What its far source and whence its remedy.
So vast a pity filled him, such wide love
For living things, such passion to heal pain,
That by their stress his princely spirit passed
To ecstasy, and, purged from mortal taint
Of sense and self, the boy attained thereat
Dyhâna, first step of "the path."
There flew
High overhead that hour five holy ones,
Whose free wings faltered as they passed the tree.
"What power superior draws us from our flight?"
They asked, for spirits feel all force divine,
And know the sacred presence of the pure.
Then, looking downward, they beheld the Buddh
Crowned with a rose-hued aureole, intent
On thoughts to save; while from the grove a voice
Cried, "Rishis! this is he shall help the world,
Descend and worship." So the bright ones came
And sang a song of praise, folding their wings,
Then journeyed on, taking good news to gods.
But certain from the king seeking the prince
Found him still musing, though the noon was past,
And the sun hastened to the western hills:
Yet, while all shadows moved, the jambu-tree's
Stayed in one quarter, overspreading him,
Lest the sloped rays should strike that sacred head;
And he who saw this sight heard a voice say,
Amid the blossoms of the rose-apple,
"Let be the king's son! till the shadow goes
Forth from his heart my shadow will not shift."

BOOK THE SECOND.

Now, when our Lord was come to eighteen years,
The king commanded that there should be built
Three stately houses, one of hewn square beams
With cedar lining, warm for winter days;

One of veined marbles, cool for summer heat;
And one of burned bricks, with blue tiles bedecked,
Pleasant at seed-time, when the champaks bud—
Subha, Suramma, Ramma, were their names.
Delicious gardens round about them bloomed,
Streams wandered wild and musky thickets stretched,
With many a bright pavilion and fair lawn
In midst of which Siddârtha strayed at will,
Some new delight provided every hour;
And happy hours he knew, for life was rich,
With youthful blood at quickest; yet still came
The shadows of his meditation back,
As the lake's silver dulls with driving clouds.
Which the king marking, called his ministers:
"Bethink ye, sirs! how the old Rishi spake,"
He said, "and what my dream-readers foretold.
This boy, more dear to me than mine heart's blood,
Shall be of universal dominance,
Trampling the neck of all his enemies,
A King of kings—and this is in my heart;—
Or he shall tread the sad and lowly path
Of self-denial and of pious pains,
Gaining who knows what good, when all is lost
Worth keeping; and to this his wistful eyes
Do still incline amid my palaces.
But ye are sage, and ye will counsel me;
How may his feet be turned to that proud road
Where they should walk, and all fair signs come true
Which gave him earth to rule, if he would rule?"
The eldest answered, "Maharaja! love
Will cure these thin distempers; weave the spell
Of woman's wiles about his idle heart.
What knows this noble boy of beauty yet,
Eyes that make heaven forgot, and lips of balm?
Find him soft wives and pretty playfellows;
The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains
A girl's hair lightly binds.
And all thought good,
But the king answered, "If we seek him wives,
Love chooseth ofttimes with another eye;
And if we bid range beauty's garden round,
To pluck what blossom pleases, he will smile
And sweetly shun the joy he knows not of."
Then said another, "Roams the barasingh
Until the fated arrow flies; for him,
As for less lordly spirits, some one charms,

Some face will seem a paradise, some form
Fairer than pale dawn when she wakes the world.
This do, my king! Command a festival
Where the realm's maids shall be competitors
In youth and grace, and sports that Sâkyas use.
Let the prince give the prizes to the fair,
And, when the lovely victors pass his seat,
There shall be those who mark if one or two
Change the fixed sadness of his tender cheek;
So we may choose for love with love's own eyes,
And cheat his highness into happiness."
This thing seemed good; wherefore upon a day
The criers bade the young and beautiful
Pass to the palace, for 'twas in command
To hold a court of pleasure, and the prince
Would give the prizes, something rich for all,
The richest for the fairest judged. So flocked
Kapilavastu's maidens to the gate,
Each with her dark hair newly smoothed and bound,
Eyelashes lustred with the soorma-stick,
Fresh-bathed and scented; all in shawls and cloths
Of gayest; slender hands and feet new-stained
With crimson, and the tilka-spots stamped bright.
Fair show it was of all those Indian girls
Slow-pacing past the throne with large black eyes
Fixed on the ground, for when they saw the prince
More than the awe of majesty made beat
Their fluttering hearts, he sate so passionless,
Gentle, but so beyond them. Each maid took
With down-dropped lids her gift, afraid to gaze;
And if the people hailed some lovelier one
Beyond her rivals worthy royal smiles,
She stood like a scared antelope to touch
The gracious hand, then fled to join her mates
Trembling at favor, so divine he seemed,
So high and saint-like and above her world.
Thus filed they, one bright maid after another,
The city's flowers, and all this beauteous march
Was ending and the prizes spent, when last
Came young Yasôdhara, and they that stood
Nearest Siddârtha saw the princely boy
Start, as the radiant girl approached. A form
Of heavenly mould; a gait like Parvati's;
Eyes like a hind's in love-time, face so fair
Words cannot paint its spell; and she alone
Gazed full—folding her palms across her breasts—

On the boy's gaze, her stately neck unbent.
Is there a gift for me?" she asked, and smiled.
"The gifts are gone," the prince replied, "yet take
This for amends, dear sister, of whose grace
Our happy city boasts;" therewith he loosed
The emerald necklet from his throat, and clasped
Its green beads round her dark and silk-soft waist;
And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang love.
Long after—when enlightenment was full—
Lord Buddha—being prayed why thus his heart
Took fire at first glance of the Sâkya girl,
Answered, "We were not strangers, as to us
And all it seemed; in ages long gone by
A hunter's son, playing with forest girls
By Yamun's springs, where Nandadevi stands,
Sate umpire while they raced beneath the firs
Like hares at eve that run their playful rings;
One with flower-stars crowned he, one with long plumes
Plucked from eyed pheasant and the jungle-cock,
One with fir-apples; but who ran the last
Came first for him, and unto her the boy
Gave a tame fawn and his heart's love beside.
And in the wood they lived many glad years,
And in the wood they undivided died.
Lo! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,
So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates
And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again
Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.
Thus I was he and she Yasôdhara;
And while the wheel of birth and death turns round,
That which hath been must be between us two."
But they who watched the prince at prize-giving
Saw and heard all, and told the careful king
How sate Siddârtha heedless till there passed
Great Suprabuddha's child, Yasôdhara;
And how—at sudden sight of her—he changed,
And how she gazed on him and he on her,
And of the jewel-gift, and what beside
Passed in their speaking glance.
The fond king smiled:
"Look! we have found a lure; take counsel now
To fetch therewith our falcon from the clouds.
Let messengers be sent to ask the maid
In marriage for my son." But it was law
With Sâkyas, when any asked a maid
Of noble house, fair and desirable,

He must make good his skill in martial arts
Against all suitors who should challenge it ;
Nor might this custom break itself for kings.
Therefore her father spake : " Say to the king,
The child is sought by princes far and near ;
If thy most gentle son can bend the bow,
Sway sword, and back a horse better than they,
Best would he be in all and best to us :
But how shall this be, with his cloistered ways ?"
Then the king's heart was sore, for now the prince
Begged sweet Yasôdhara for wife—in vain,
With Devadatta foremost at the bow,
Ardjuna master of all fiery steeds,
And Nanda chief in sword-play ; but the prince
Laughed low and said, " These things, too, I have learned ;
Make proclamation that thy son will meet
All comers at their chosen games. I think
I shall not lose my love for such as these."
So 'twas given forth that on the seventh day
The Prince Siddârtha summoned whoso would
To match with him in feats of manliness,
The victor's crown to be Yasôdhara.
Therefore, upon the seventh day, there went
The Sákya lords and town and country round
Unto the maidân ; and the maid went too
Amid her kinsfolk, carried as a bride,
With music, and with litters gayly dight,
And gold-horned oxen, flower-caparisoned.
Whom Devadatta claimed, of royal line,
And Nanda and Ardjuna, noble both,
The flower of all youths there, till the prince came
Riding his white horse Kantaka, which neighed,
Astonished at this great strange world without :
Also Siddârtha gazed with wondering eyes
On all those people born beneath the throne,
Otherwise housed than kings, otherwise fed,
And yet so like—perchance—in joys and griefs.
But when the prince saw sweet Yasôdhara,
Brightly he smiled, and drew his silken rein,
Leaped to the earth from Kantaka's broad back,
And cried, " He is not worthy of this pearl
Who is not worthiest ; let my rivals prove
If I have dared too much in seeking her."
Then Nanda challenged for the arrow-test,
And set a brazen drum six gows away,
Ardjuna six, and Devadatta eight ;

But Prince Siddârtha bade them set his drum
Ten gows from off the line, until it seemed
A cowry-shell for target. Then they loosed,
And Nanda pierced his drum, Ardjuna his,
And Devadatta drove a well-aimed shaft
Through both sides of his mark, so that the crowd
Marvelled and cried ; and sweet Yasôdhara
Dropped the gold sari o'er her fearful eyes,
Lest she should see her prince's arrow fail.
But he, taking their bow of lacquered cane,
With sinews bound, and strung with silver wire,
Which none but stalwart arms could draw a span,
Thrummed it—low laughing—drew the twisted string
Till the horns kissed, and the thick belly snapped :
"That is for play, not love," he said ; "hath none
A bow more fit for Sâkya lords to use?"
And one said, "There is Sinhahânu's bow,
Kept in the temple since we know not when,
Which none can string, nor draw if it be strung."
"Fetch me," he cried, "that weapon of a man!"
They brought the ancient bow, wrought of black steel,
Laid with gold tendrils on its branching curves
Like bison-horns ; and twice Siddârtha tried
Its strength across his knee, then spake, "Shoot now
With this, my cousins!" but they could not bring
The stubborn arms a hand's-breadth nigher use ;
Then the prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow,
Slipped home the eye upon the notch, and twanged
Sharply the cord, which, like an eagle's wing
Thrilling the air sang forth so clear and loud
That feeble folk at home that day inquired
"What is this sound?" and people answered them,
"It is the sound of Sinhahânu's bow,
Which the king's son has strung and goes to shoot ;"
Then fitting fair a shaft, he drew and loosed,
And the keen arrow clove the sky, and drave
Right through that farthest drum, nor stayed its flight,
But skimmed the plain beyond, past reach of eye.
Then Devadatta challenged with the sword,
And clove a Talas-tree six fingers thick ;
Ardjuna seven ; and Nanda cut through nine ;
But two such stems together grew, and both
Siddârtha's blade shred at one flashing stroke,
Keen, but so smooth that the straight trunks upstood,
And Nanda cried, "His edge turned!" and the maid
Trembled anew seeing the trees erect,

Until the Devas of the air, who watched,
Blew light breaths from the south, and both green crowns
Crashed in the sand, clean-felled.
Then brought they steeds,
High-mettled, nobly-bred, and three times scoured
Around the maidân, but white Kantaka
Left even the fleetest far behind—so swift,
That ere the foam fell from his mouth to earth
Twenty spear-lengths he flew ; but Nanda said,
"We too might win with such as Kantaka ;
Bring an unbroken horse, and let men see
Who best can back him." So the syces brought
A stallion dark as night, led by three chains,
Fierce-eyed, with nostrils wide and tossing mane,
Unshod, unsaddled, for no rider yet
Had crossed him. Three times each young Sâkya
Sprang to his mighty back, but the hot steed
Furiously reared, and flung them to the plain
In dust and shame ; only Ardjuna held
His seat awhile, and, bidding loose the chains,
Lashed the black flank, and shook the bit, and held
The proud jaws fast with grasp of master-hand,
So that in storms of wrath and rage and fear
The savage stallion circled once the plain
Half-tamed ; but sudden turned with naked teeth,
Gripped by the foot Ardjuna, tore him down,
And would have slain him, but the grooms ran in
Fettering the maddened beast. Then all men cried,
"Let not Siddârtha meddle with this Bhût,
Whose liver is a tempest, and his blood
Red flame ;" but the prince said, "Let go the chains,
Give me his forelock only," which he held
With quiet grasp, and, speaking some low word,
Laid his right palm across the stallion's eyes,
And drew it gently down the angry face,
And all along the neck and panting flanks,
Till men astonished saw the night black horse
Sink his fierce crest and stand subdued and meek,
As though he knew our Lord and worshipped him.
Nor stirred he while Siddârtha mounted, then
Went soberly to touch of knee and rein
Before all eyes, so that the people said,
"Strive no more, for Siddârtha is the best."
And all the suitors answered, "He is best !"
And Suprabuddha, father of the maid,
Said, "It was in our hearts to find thee best,

Being dearest, yet what magic taught thee more
Of manhood 'mid thy rose-bowers and thy dreams
Than war and chase and world's work bring to these?
But wear, fair prince, the treasure thou hast won."
Then at a word the lovely Indian girl
Rose from her place above the throng, and took
A crown of môgra-flowers and lightly drew
The veil of black and gold across her brow,
Proud pacing past the youths, until she came
To where Siddârtha stood in grace divine,
New lighted from the night-dark steed, which bent
Its strong neck meekly underneath his arm.
Before the prince lowly she bowed, and bared
Her face celestial beaming with glad love;
Then on his neck she hung the fragrant wreath,
And on his breast she laid her perfect head,
And stooped to touch his feet with proud glad eyes,
Saying, "Dear prince, behold me, who am thine!"
And all the throng rejoiced, seeing them pass
Hand fast in hand, and heart beating with heart,
The veil of black and gold drawn close again.
Long after—when enlightenment was come—
They preyed Lord Buddha touching all, and why
She wore this black and gold, and stepped so proud.
And the world-honored answered, "Unto me
This was unknown, albeit it seemed half known;
For while the wheel of birth and death turns round,
Past things and thoughts, and buried lives come back.
I now remember, myriad rains ago,
What time I roamed Himâla's hanging woods,
A tiger, with my striped and hungry kind;
I, who am Buddh, couched in the kusa-grass
Gazing with green blinked eyes upon the herds
Which pastured near and nearer to their death
Round my day-lair; or underneath the stars
I roamed for prey, savage, insatiable,
Sniffing the paths for track of man and deer.
Amid the beasts that were my fellows then,
Met in deep jungle or by reedy jheel,
A tigress, comeliest of the forest, set
The males at war; her hide was lit with gold,
Black-broidered like the veil Yasôdhara
Wore for me; hot the strife waxed in that wood
With tooth and claw, while underneath a neem
The fair beast watched us bleed, thus fiercely wooed.
And I remember, at the end she came

Snarling past this and that torn forest-lord
Which I had conquered, and with fawning jaws
Licked my quick-heaving flank, and with me went
Into the wild with proud steps, amorously.
The wheel of birth and death turns low and high."
Therefore the maid was given unto the prince
A willing spoil; and when the stars were good—
Mesha, the Red Ram, being lord of heaven—
The marriage feast was kept as Sâkyas use,
The golden gadi set, the carpet spread,
The wedding garlands hung, the arm-threads tied,
The sweet cake broke, the rice and attar thrown,
The two straws floated on the reddened milk,
Which, coming close, betokened "love till death;"
The seven steps taken thrice around the fire,
The gifts bestowed on holy men, the alms
And temple offerings made, the mantras sung,
The garments of the bride and bridegroom tied.
Then the gray father spake: "Worshipful prince,
She that was ours henceforth is only thine;
Be good to her, who hath her life in thee."
Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasôdhara,
With songs and trumpets, to the prince's arms,
And love was all in all.

Yet not to love
Alone trusted the king; love's prison-house
Stately and beautiful he bade them build,
So that in all the earth no marvel was
Like Vishramvan, the prince's pleasure-place.
Midway in those wide palace-grounds there rose
A verdant hill whose base Rohini bathed,
Murmuring adown from Himalay's broad feet,
To bear its tribute into Gunga's waves.
Southward a growth of tamarind-trees and sâl,
Thick set with pale sky-colored ganthi-flowers,
Shut out the world, save if the city's hum
Came on the wind no harsher than when bees
Hum out of sight in thickets. Northward soared
The stainless ramps of huge Himâla's wall,
Ranged in white ranks against the blue—untrod,
Infinite, wonderful—whose uplands vast,
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.

Beneath the snows dark forests spread, sharp laced
With leaping cataracts and veiled with clouds :
Lower grew rose-oaks and the great fir groves
Where echoed pheasant's call and panther's cry,
Clatter of wild sheep on the stones, and scream
Of circling eagles : under these the plain
Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot
Of those divinest altars. Fronting this
The builders set the bright pavilion up,
Fair-planted on the terraced hill, with towers
On either flank and pillared cloisters round.
Its beams were carved with stories of old time—
Radha and Krishna and the sylvan girls—
Sita and Hanuman and Draupadi ;
And on the middle porch god Ganesha,
With disk and hook—to bring wisdom and wealth—
Propitious sate, wreathing his sidelong trunk.
By winding ways of garden and of court
The inner gate was reached, of marble wrought,
White with pink veins ; the lintel lazuli,
The threshold alabaster, and the doors
Sandal-wood, cut in pictured panelling ;
Whereby to lofty halls and shadowy bowers
Passed the delighted foot, on stately stairs,
Through latticed galleries, 'neath painted roofs
And clustering columns, where cool fountains—fringed
With lotus and nelumbo—danced, and fish
Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, gold, and blue.
Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed
The blown red roses ; birds of rainbow wing
Fluttered among the palms ; doves, green and gray,
Built their safe nests on gilded cornices ;
Over the shining pavements peacocks drew
The splendors of their trains, sedately watched
By milk-white herons and the small house-owls.
The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit ;
The yellow sun-birds whirred from bloom to bloom,
The timid lizards on the lattice basked
Fearless, the squirrels ran to feed from hand,
For all was peace : the shy black snake, that gives
Fortune to households, sunned his sleepy coils
Under the moon-flowers, where the musk-deer played,
And brown-eyed monkeys chattered to the crows.
And all this house of love was peopled fair
With sweet attendance, so that in each part
With lovely sights were gentle faces found.

Soft speech and willing service, each one glad
To gladden, pleased at pleasure, proud to obey ;
Till life glided beguiled, like a smooth stream
Banked by perpetual flow'rs, Yasôdhara
Queen of the enchanting court.
But innermost,
Beyond the richness of those hundred halls,
A secret chamber lurked where skill had spent
All lovely fantasies to lull the mind.
The entrance of it was a cloistered square—
Roofed by the sky, and in the midst a tank—
Of milky marble built, and laid with slabs
Of milk-white marble ; bordered round the tank
And on the steps, and all along the frieze
With tender inlaid work of agate-stones.
Cool as to tread in summer-time on snows
It was to loiter there ; the sunbeams dropped
Their gold, and, passing into porch and niche,
Softened to shadows, silvery, pale, and dim,
As if the very day paused and grew eve
In love and silence at that bower's gate ;
For there beyond the gate the chamber was,
Beautiful, sweet ; a wonder of the world !
Soft light from perfumed lamps through windows fell
Of nakre and stained stars of lucent film
On golden cloths outspread, and silken beds,
And heavy splendor of the purdah's fringe,
Lifted to take only the loveliest in.
Here, whether it was night or day none knew,
For always streamed that softened light, more bright
Than sunrise, but as tender as the eve's ;
And always breathed sweet airs, more joy-giving
Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's breath ;
And night and day lutes sighed, and night and day
Delicious foods were spread, and dewy fruits,
Sherbets new chilled with snows of Himalay,
And sweetmeats made of subtle daintiness,
With sweet tree-milk in its own ivory cup.
And night and day served there a chosen band
Of nautch-girls, cup-bearers, and cymballers,
Delicate, dark-browed ministers of love,
Who fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy prince,
And when he waked, led back his thoughts to bliss
With music whispering through the blooms, and charm
Of amorous songs and dreamy dances, linked
By chime of ankle-bells and wave of arms

And silver vina-strings ; while essences
Of musk and champak and the blue haze spread
From burning spices soothed his soul again
To drowse by sweet Yasôdhara ; and thus
Siddârtha lived forgetting.
Furthermore,
The king commanded that within those walls
No mention should be made of death or age,
Sorrow, or pain, or sickness. If one drooped
In the lovely court—her dark glance dim, her feet
Faint in the dance—the guiltless criminal
Passed forth an exile from that Paradise,
Lest he should see and suffer at her woe.
Bright-eyed intendants watched to execute
Sentence on such as spake of the harsh world
Without, where aches and plagues were, tears and fears,
And wail of mourners, and grim fume of pyres.
'Twas treason if a thread of silver strayed
In tress of singing-girl or nautch-dancer ;
And every dawn the dying rose was plucked,
The dead leaves hid, all evil sights removed :
For said the king, " If he shall pass his youth
Far from such things as move to wistfulness,
And brooding on the empty eggs of thought,
The shadow of this fate, too vast for man,
May fade, belike, and I shall see him grow
To that great stature of fair sovereignty
When he shall rule all lands—if he will rule—
The king of kings and glory of his time."
Wherefore, around that pleasant prison-house—
Where love was jailer and delights its bars,
But far removed from sight—the king bade build
A massive wall, and in the wall a gate
With brazen folding-doors, which but to roll
Back on their hinges asked a hundred arms ;
Also the noise of that prodigious gate
Opening, was heard full half a yôjana.
And inside this another gate he made,
And yet within another—through the three
Must one pass if he quit that pleasure-house.
Three mighty gates there were, bolted and barred,
And over each was set a faithful watch ;
And the king's order said, " Suffer no man
To pass the gates, though he should be the prince :
This on your lives—even though it be my son."

BOOK THE THIRD.

In which calm home of happy life and love
Ligged our Lord Buddha, knowing not of woe,
Nor want, nor pain, nor plague, nor age, nor death,
Save as when sleepers roam dim seas in dreams,
And land awearied on the shores of day,
Bringing strange merchandise from that black voyage.
Thus ofttimes when he lay with gentle head
Lulled on the dark breasts of Yasôdhara,
Her fond hands fanning slow his sleeping lids,
He would start up and cry, "My world! Oh, world!
I hear! I know! I come!" And she would ask,
"What ails my Lord?" with large eyes terror-struck;
For at such times the pity in his look
Was awful, and his visage like a god's.
Then would he smile again to stay her tears,
And bid the vinas sound; but once they set
A stringed gourd on the sill, there where the wind
Could linger o'er its notes and play at will—
Wild music makes the wind on silver strings—
And those who lay around heard only that;
But Prince Siddârtha heard the Devas play,
And to his ears they sang such words as these:

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

"Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs nor whither life doth go;
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane,
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?

"What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this;
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.

"O Maya's son! because we roam the earth
Moan we upon these strings; we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

"Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know,
This life they cling to is but empty show;
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand.

"But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh!
The sad world waiteth in its misery,
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain;
Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not again!

"We are the voices of the wandering wind:
Wander thou, too, O prince, thy rest to find;
Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make.

"So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,
To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things;
So say we; mocking, as we pass away,
These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play."

Thereafter it befell he sate at eve
Amid his beauteous court, holding the hand
Of sweet Yasôdhara, and some maid told—
With breaks of music when her rich voice dropped—
An ancient tale to speed the hour of dusk,
Of love, and of a magic horse, and lands
Wonderful, distant, where pale peoples dwelled,
And where the sun at night sank into seas.
Then spake he, sighing, "Chitra brings me back
The wind's song in the strings with that fair tale.
Give her, Yasôdhara, thy pearl for thanks.
But thou, my pearl! is there so wide a world?
Is there a land which sees the great sun roll
Into the waves, and are there hearts like ours,
Countless, unknown, not happy—it may be—
Whom we might succor if we knew of them?
Ofttimes I marvel, as the lord of day
Treads from the east his kingly road of gold,
Who first on the world's edge hath hailed his beam,
The children of the morning; oftentimes,
Even in thine arms and on thy breasts, bright wife,
Sore have I panted, at the sun's decline,
To pass with him into that crimson west
And see the peoples of the evening.
There must be many we should love—how else?
Now have I in this hour an ache, at last,
Thy soft lips cannot kiss away; oh, girl!
O Chitra! you that know of fairyland!
Where tether they that swift steed of the tale?
My palace for one day upon his back,
To ride and ride and see the spread of the earth!
Nay, if I had yon callow vulture's plumes—

The carrion heir of wider realms than mine—
How would I stretch for topmost Himalay,
Light where the rose-gleam lingers on those snows,
And strain my gaze with searching what is round!
Why have I never seen and never sought?
Tell me what lies beyond our brazen gates."
Then one replied, "The city first, fair prince!
The temples, and the gardens, and the groves,
And then the fields, and afterward fresh fields,
With nullahs, maidâns, jungle, koss on koss;
And next King Bimbarsâra's realm, and then
The vast flat world, with crores on crores of folk."
"Good," said Siddârtha, "let the word be sent
That Channa yoke my chariot—at noon
To-morrow I shall ride and see beyond."
Whereof they told the king: "Our Lord, thy son,
Wills that his chariot be yoked at noon,
That he may ride abroad and see mankind."
"Yea!" spake the careful king, "'tis time he see!
But let the criers go about and bid
My city deck itself, so there be met
No noisome sight; and let none blind or maimed,
None that is sick or stricken deep in years,
No leper, and no feeble folk come forth."
Therefore the stones were swept, and up and down
The water-carriers sprinkled all the streets
From spirting skins, the housewives scattered fresh
Red powder on their thresholds, strung new wreaths,
And trimmed the tulsi-bush before their doors.
The paintings on the walls were heightened up
With liberal brush, the trees set thick with flags,
The idols gilded; in the four-went ways
Suryadeva and the great gods shone
'Mid shrines of leaves; so that the city seemed
A capital of some enchanted land.
Also the criers passed, with drum and gong,
Proclaiming loudly, "Ho! all citizens,
The king commands that there be seen to-day
No evil sight: let no one blind or maimed,
None that is sick or stricken deep in years,
No leper, and no feeble folk go forth.
Let none, too, burn his dead nor bring them out
Till nightfall. Thus Suddhôdana commands."
So all was comely and the houses trim
Throughout Kapilavastu, while the prince
Came forth in painted car, which two steers drew,

Snow-white, with swinging dewlaps and huge humps
Wrinkled against the carved and lacquered yoke.
Goodly it was to mark the people's joy
Greeting their prince ; and glad Siddârtha waxed
At sight of all those liege and friendly folk
Bright-clad and laughing as if life were good.
"Fair is the world," he said, "it likes me well!
And light and kind these men that are not kings,
And sweet my sisters here, who toil and tend ;
What have I done for these to make them thus?
Why, if I love them, should those children know?
I pray take up yon pretty Sâkya boy
Who flung us flowers, and let him ride with me.
How good it is to reign in realms like this!
How simple pleasure is, if these be pleased
Because I come abroad? How many things
I need not if such little households hold
Enough to make our city full of smiles!
Drive, Channa! through the gates, and let me see
More of this gracious world I have not known."
So passed they through the gates, a joyous crowd
Thronging about the wheels, whereof some ran
Before the oxen, throwing wreaths, some stroked
Their silken flanks, some brought them rice and cakes,
All crying, "*Jai! jai!* for our noble prince!"
Thus all the path was kept with gladsome looks
And filled with fair sights—for the king's word was
That such should be—when midway in the road,
Slow tottering from the hovel where he hid,
Crept forth a wretch in rags, haggard and foul,
An old, old man, whose shrivelled skin, sun-tanned,
Clung like a beast's hide to his fleshless bones.
Bent was his back with load of many days,
His eyepits red with rust of ancient tears,
His dim orbs blear with rheum, his toothless jaws
Wagging with palsy and the fright to see
So many and such joy. One skinny hand
Clutched a worn staff to prop his quavering limbs,
And one was pressed upon the ridge of ribs
Whence came in gasps the heavy painful breath.
"Alms!" moaned he, "give, good people! for I die
To-morrow or the next day!" then the cough
Choked him, but still he stretched his palm, and stood
Blinking, and groaning 'mid his spasms, "Alms!"
Then those around had wrenched his feeble feet
Aside, and thrust him from the road again,

Saying, " he prince ! dost see ? get to thy lair !"
But that Siddârtha cried, "Let be ! let be !
Channa ! what thing is this who seems a man,
Yet surely only seems, being so bowed,
So miserable, so horrible, so sad ?
Are men born sometimes thus ? What meaneth he
Moaning 'To-morrow or next day I die ?'
Finds he no food that so his bones jut forth ?
What woe hath happened to this piteous one ?"
Then answer made the charioteer, "Sweet prince !
This is no other than an aged man.
Some fourscore years ago his back was straight,
His eye bright, and his body goodly : now
The thievish years have sucked his sap away,
Pillaged his strength and filched his will and wit ;
His lamp has lost its oil, the wick burns black ;
What life he keeps is one poor lingering spark
Which flickers for the finish : such is age ;
Why should your Highness heed ?" Then spake the prince—
"But shall this come to others, or to all,
Or is it rare that one should be as he ?"
"Most noble," answered Channa, "even as he,
Will all these grow if they shall live so long."
"But," quoth the prince, "if I shall live as long
Shall I be thus ; and if Yasôdhara
Live fourscore years, is this old age for her,
Jâlini, little Hasta, Gautami,
And Gunga, and the others ?" "Yea, great sir !"
The charioteer replied. Then spake the prince :
"Turn back, and drive me to my house again !
I have seen that I did not think to see."
  Which pondering, to his beauteous court returned
Wistful Siddârtha, sad of mien and mood ;
Nor tasted he the white cakes nor the fruits
Spread for the evening feast, nor once looked up
While the best palace-dancers strove to charm :
Nor spake—save one sad thing—when wofully
Yasôdhara sank to his feet and wept,
Sighing, "Hath not my lord comfort in me ?"
"Ah, sweet !" he said. "such comfort that my soul
Aches, thinking it must end, for it will end,
And we shall both grow old, Yasôdhara !
Loveless, unlovely, weak, and old, and bowed.
Nay, though we locked up love and life with lips
So close that night and day our breaths grew one,
Time would thrust in between to filch away

My passion and thy grace, as black night steals
The rose-gleams from yon peak, which fade to gray
And are not seen to fade. This have I found,
And all my heart is darkened with its dread,
And all my heart is fixed to think how love
Might save its sweetness from the slayer, time,
Who makes men old." So through that night he sate
Sleepless, uncomforted.
And all that night
The King Suddhôdana dreamed troublous dreams.
The first fear of his vision was a flag
Broad, glorious, glistening with a golden sun,
The mark of Indra; but a strong wind blew,
Rending its folds divine, and dashing it
Into the dust; whereat a concourse came
Of shadowy ones, who took the spoiled silk up
And bore it eastward from the city gates.
The second fear was ten huge elephants,
With silver tusks and feet that shook the earth,
Trampling the southern road in mighty march;
And he who sate upon the foremost beast
Was the king's son—the others followed him.
The third fear of the vision was a car,
Shining with blinding light, which four steeds drew,
Snorting white smoke and champing fiery foam;
And in the car the Prince Siddârtha sate.
The fourth fear was a wheel which turned and turned,
With nave of burning gold and jewelled spokes,
And strange things written on the binding tire,
Which seemed both fire and music as it whirled.
The fifth fear was a mighty drum, set down
Midway between the city and the hills,
On which the prince beat with an iron mace,
So that the sound pealed like a thunderstorm,
Rolling around the sky and far away.
The sixth fear was a tower, which rose and rose
High o'er the city till its stately head
Shone crowned with clouds, and on the top the prince
Stood, scattering from both hands, this way and that,
Gems of most lovely light, as if it rained
Jacynths and rubies; and the whole world came,
Striving to seize those treasures as they fell
Toward the four quarters. But the seventh fear was
A noise of wailing, and behold six men
Who wept and gnashed their teeth, and laid their palms
Upon their mouths, walking disconsolate.

These seven fears made the vision of his sleep,
But none of all his wisest dream-readers
Could tell their meaning. Then the king was wroth,
Saying, "There cometh evil to my house,
And none of ye have wit to help me know
What the great gods portend sending me this."
So in the city men went sorrowful
Because the king had dreamed seven signs of fear
Which none could read; but to the gate there came
An aged man, in robe of deer-skin clad,
By guise a hermit, known to none; he cried,
"Bring me before the king, for I can read
The vision of his sleep;" who, when he heard
The sevenfold mysteries of the midnight dream,
Bowed reverent and said, "O Maharâj!
I hail this favored house, whence shall arise
A wider-reaching splendor than the sun's!
Lo! all these seven fears are seven joys,
Whereof the first, where thou didst see a flag—
Broad, glorious, gilt with India's badge—cast down
And carried out, did signify the end
Of old faiths and beginning of the new,
For there is change with gods not less than men,
And as the days pass kalpas pass at length.
The ten great elephants that shook the earth
The ten great gifts of wisdom signify,
In strength whereof the prince shall quit his state
And shake the world with passage of the truth.
The four flame-breathing horses of the car
Are those four fearless virtues which shall bring
Thy son from doubt and gloom to gladsome light;
The wheel that turned with nave of burning gold
Was that most precious wheel of perfect law
Which he shall turn in sight of all the world.
The mighty drum whereon the prince did beat,
Till the sound filled all lands, doth signify
The thunder of the preaching of the word
Which he shall preach; the tower that grew to heaven
The growing of the gospel of this Buddh
Sets forth; and those rare jewels scattered thence
The untold treasures are of that good law
To gods and men dear and desirable.
Such is the interpretation of the tower;
But for those six men weeping with shut mouths,
They are the six chief teachers whom thy son
Shall, with bright truth and speech unanswerable,

Convince of foolishness. O king ! rejoice ;
The fortune of my Lord the prince is more
Than kingdoms, and his hermit-rags will be
Beyond fine cloths of gold. This was thy dream !
And in seven nights and days these things shall fall."
So spake the holy man, and lowly made
The eight prostrations, touching thrice the ground ;
Then turned and passed ; but when the king bade send
A rich gift after him, the messengers
Brought word, " We came to where he entered in
At Chandra's temple, but within was none
Save a gray owl which fluttered from the shrine."
The gods come sometimes thus.
But the sad king
Marvelled, and gave command that new delights
Be compassed to enthrall Siddârtha's heart
Amid those dancers of his pleasure-house,
Also he set at all the brazen doors
A doubled guard. Yet who shall shut out fate ?

For once again the spirit of the prince
Was moved to see this world beyond his gates,
This life of man, so pleasant if its waves
Ran not to waste and woful finishing
In time's dry sands. " I pray you let me view
Our city as it is," such was his prayer
To King Suddhôdana. " Your majesty
In tender heed hath warned the folk before
To put away ill things and common sights,
And make their faces glad to gladden me,
And all the causeways gay ; yet have I learned
This is not daily life, and if I stand
Nearest, my father, to the realm and thee,
Fain would I know the people and the streets,
Their simple usual ways, and workday deeds,
And lives which those men live who are not kings.
Give me good leave, dear lord ! to pass unknown
Beyond my happy gardens ; I shall come
The more contented to their peace again,
Or wiser, father, if not well content.
Therefore, I pray thee, let me go at will
To-morrow, with my servants, through the streets."
And the king said, among his ministers,
" Belike this second flight may mend the first.
Note how the falcon starts at every sight
New from his hood, but what a quiet eye

Cometh of freedom ; let my son see all,
And bid them bring me tidings of his mind."
Thus on the morrow, when the noon was come,
The prince and Channa passed beyond the gates,
Which opened to the signet of the king ;
Yet knew not they who rolled the great doors back
It was the king's son in that merchant's robe,
And in the clerkly dress his charioteer.
Forth fared they by the common way afoot,
Mingling with all the Sâkya citizens,
Seeing the glad and sad things of the town :
The painted streets alive with hum of noon,
The traders cross-legged 'mid their spice and grain,
The buyers with their money in the cloth,
The war of words to cheapen this or that,
The shout to clear the road, the huge stone wheels,
The strong slow oxen and their rustling loads,
The singing bearers with the palanquins,
The broad-necked hamals sweating in the sun,
The housewives bearing water from the well,
With balanced chatties, and athwart their hips
The black-eyed babes ; the fly-swarmed sweetmeat shops,
The weaver at his loom, the cotton-bow
Twanging, the millstones grinding meal, the dogs
Prowling for orts, the skilful armorer
With tong and hammer linking shirts of mail,
The blacksmith with a mattock and a spear
Reddening together in his coals, the school
Where round their Guru, in a grave half-moon,
The Sâkya children sang the mantras through,
And learned the greater and the lesser gods ;
The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun
Wet from the vats—orange, and rose, and green ;
The soldiers clanking past with swords and shields,
The camel-drivers rocking on the humps,
The Brahman proud, the martial Kshatriya,
The humble toiling Sudra ; here a throng
Gathered to watch some chattering snake-tamer
Wind round his wrist the living jewellery
Of asp and nâg, or charm the hooded death
To angry dance with drone of beaded gourd ;
There a long line of drums and horns, which went,
With steeds gay painted and silk canopies,
To bring the young bride home ; and here a wife
Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god
To pray her husband's safe return from trade,

Or beg a boy next birth ; hard by the booths
Where the swart potters beat the noisy brass
For lamps and lotas ; thence, by temple walls
And gateways, to the river and the bridge
Under the city walls.
These had they passed
When from the roadside moaned a mournful voice,
" Help, masters ! lift me to my feet ; oh, help !
Or I shall die before I reach my house !"
A stricken wretch it was, whose quivering frame,
Caught by some deadly plague, lay in the dust
Writhing, with fiery purple blotches specked ;
The chill sweat beaded on his brow, his mouth
Was dragged awry with twitchings of sore pain,
The wild eyes swam with inward agony.
Gasping, he clutched the grass to rise, and rose
Half way, then sank, with quaking feeble limbs
And scream of terror, crying, " Ah, the pain !
Good people, help !" whereon Siddârtha ran,
Lifted the woful man with tender hands,
With sweet looks laid the sick head on his knee,
And while his soft touch comforted the wretch,
Asked, " Brother, what is ill with thee ? what harm
Hath fallen ? wherefore canst thou not arise ?
Why is it, Channa, that he pants and moans,
And gasps to speak and sighs so pitiful ?"
Then spake the charioteer : " Great prince ! this man
Is smitten with some pest ; his elements
Are all confounded ; in his veins the blood,
Which ran a wholesome river, leaps and boils
A fiery flood ; his heart, which kept good time,
Beats like an ill-played drum-skin, quick and slow ;
His sinews slacken like a bow-string slipped ;
The strength is gone from ham, and loin, and neck,
And all the grace and joy of manhood fled :
This is a sick man with the fit upon him.
See how he plucks and plucks to seize his grief,
And rolls his bloodshot orbs, and grinds his teeth,
And draws his breath as if 'twere choking smoke.
Lo ! now he would be dead, but shall not die
Until the plague hath had its work in him,
Killing the nerves which die before the life ;
Then, when his strings have cracked with agony
And all his bones are empty of the sense
To ache, the plague will quit and light elsewhere.
Oh, sir ! it is not good to hold him so !

The harm may pass, and strike thee, even thee."
But spake the prince, still comforting the man,
"And are there others, are there many thus?
Or might it be to me as now with him?"
"Great Lord!" answered the charioteer, "this comes
In many forms to all men; griefs and wounds,
Sickness and tetters, palsies, leprosies,
Hot fevers, watery wastings, issues, blains
Befall all flesh and enter everywhere."
"Come such ills unobserved?" the prince inquired.
And Channa said, "Like the sly snake they come
That stings unseen; like the striped murderer,
Who waits to spring from the Karunda-bush,
Hiding beside the jungle path; or like
The lightning, striking these and sparing those,
As chance may send." "Then all men live in fear?"
"So live they, prince!" "And none can say, 'I sleep
Happy and whole to-night, and so shall wake?'"
"None say it." "And the end of many aches,
Which come unseen, and will come when they come,
Is this, a broken body and sad mind,
And so old age?" "Yea, if men last as long."
"But if they cannot bear their agonies,
Or if they will not bear, and seek a term;
Or if they bear, and be, as this man is,
Too weak except for groans, and so still live,
And growing old, grow older, then what end?"
"They die, prince." "Die?" "Yea, at the last comes death,
In whatsoever way, whatever hour.
Some few grow old, most suffer and fall sick,
But all must die—behold, where comes the dead!"

Then did Siddârtha raise his eyes, and see
Fast pacing toward the river brink a band
Of wailing people, foremost one who swung
An earthen bowl with lighted coals, behind
The kinsmen shorn, with mourning marks, ungirt,
Crying aloud, "O Rama, Rama, hear!
Call upon Rama, brothers;" next the bier,
Knit of four poles with bamboos interlaced,
Whereon lay, stark and stiff, feet foremost, lean,
Chapfallen, sightless, hollow-flanked, a-grin,
Sprinkled with red and yellow dust—the dead,
Whom at the four-went ways they turned head first,
And crying "Rama, Rama!" carried on
To where a pile was reared beside the stream;

Thereon they laid him, building fuel up—
Good sleep hath one that slumbers on that bed!
He shall not wake for cold albeit he lies
Naked to all the airs—for soon they set
The red flame to the corners four, which crept,
And licked, and flickered, finding out his flesh
And feeding on it with swift hissing tongues,
And crackle of parched skin, and snap of joint;
Till the fat smoke thinned and the ashes sank
Scarlet and gray, with here and there a bone
White midst the gray—the total of the man.
Then spake the prince: "Is this the end which comes
To all who live?"
"This is the end that comes
To all," quoth Channa; "he upon the pyre—
Whose remnants are so petty that the crows
Caw hungrily, then quit the fruitless feast—
Ate, drank, laughed, loved, and lived, and liked life well.
Then came—who knows?—some gust of jungle-wind,
A stumble on the path, a taint in the tank,
A snake's nip, half a span of angry steel,
A chill, a fishbone, or a falling tile,
And life was over and the man is dead;
No appetites, no pleasures, and no pains
Hath such; the kiss upon his lips is nought,
The fire-scorch nought; he smelleth not his flesh
A-roast, nor yet the sandal and the spice
They burn; the taste is emptied from his mouth,
The hearing of his ears is clogged, the sight
Is blinded in his eyes; those whom he loved
Wail desolate, for even that must go,
The body, which was lamp unto the life,
Or worms will have a horrid feast of it.
Here is the common destiny of flesh:
The high and low, the good and bad, must die,
And then, 'tis taught, begin anew and live
Somewhere, somehow—who knows?—and so again
The pangs, the parting, and the lighted pile:—
Such is man's round."
But lo! Siddârtha turned
Eyes gleaming with divine tears to the sky,
Eyes lit with heavenly pity to the earth;
From sky to earth he looked, from earth to sky,
As if his spirit sought in lonely flight
Some far-off vision, linking this and that,
Lost—past—but searchable, but seen, but known.

Then cried he, while his lifted countenance
Glowed with the burning passion of a love
Unspeakable, the ardor of a hope
Boundless, insatiate : " Oh ! suffering world,
Oh ! known and unknown of my common flesh,
Caught in this common net of death and woe,
And life which binds to both ! I see, I feel
The vastness of the agony of earth,
The vainness of its joys, the mockery
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst ;
Since pleasures end in pain, and youth in age,
And love in loss, and life in hateful death,
And death in unknown lives, which will but yoke
Men to their wheel again to whirl the round
Of false delights and woes that are not false.
Me too this lure hath cheated, so it seemed
Lovely to live, and life a sunlit stream
Forever flowing in a changeless peace ;
Whereas the foolish ripple of the flood
Dances so lightly down by bloom and lawn
Only to pour its crystal quicklier
Into the foul salt sea. The veil is rent
Which blinded me ! I am as all these men
Who cry upon their gods and are not heard
Or are not heeded—yet there must be aid !
For them and me and all there must be help !
Perchance the gods have need of help themselves,
Being so feeble that when sad lips cry
They cannot save ! I would not let one cry
Whom I could save ! How can it be that Brahm
Would make a world and keep it miserable,
Since, if all-powerful, he leaves it so,
He is not good, and if not powerful,
He is not God ?—Channa ! lead home again !
It is enough ! mine eyes have seen enough !"
Which when the king heard, at the gates he set
A triple guard, and bade no man should pass
By day or night, issuing or entering in,
Until the days were numbered of that dream.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

But when the days were numbered, then befell
The parting of our Lord—which was to be—
Whereby came wailing in the golden home,
Woe to the king and sorrow o'er the land,
But for all flesh deliverance, and that law
Which—whoso hears—the same shall make him free.

Softly the Indian night sinks on the plains
At full moon in the month of Chaitra Shud,
When mangoes redden and the asôka buds
Sweeten the breeze, and Rama's birthday comes,
And all the fields are glad and all the towns.
Softly that night fell over Vishramvan,
Fragrant with blooms and jewelled thick with stars,
And cool with mountain airs sighing adown
From snow-flats on Himâla high-outspread ;
For the moon swung above the eastern peaks,
Climbing the spangled vault, and lighting clear
Rohini's ripples and the hills and plains,
And all the sleeping land, and near at hand
Silvering those roof-tops of the pleasure-house,
Where nothing stirred nor sign of watching was,
Save at the outer gates, whose warders cried
Mudra, the watchword, and the countersign
Angana, and the watch-drums beat a round ;
Whereat the earth lay still, except for call
Of prowling jackals, and the ceaseless trill
Of crickets on the garden grounds.
Within—
Where the moon glittered through the lace-worked stone,
Lighting the walls of pearl-shell and the floors
Paved with veined marble—softly fell her beams
On such rare company of Indian girls,
It seemed some chamber sweet in Paradise
Where Devîs rested. All the chosen ones
Of Prince Siddârtha's pleasure-home were there,
The brightest and most faithful of the court,
Each form so lovely in the peace of sleep,
That you had said, " This is the pearl of all !"
Save that beside her or beyond her lay
Fairer and fairer, till the pleasured gaze
Roamed o'er that feast of beauty as it roams
From gem to gem in some great goldsmith-work,
Caught by each color till the next is seen.
With careless grace they lay, their soft brown limbs
Part hidden, part revealed ; their glossy hair
Bound back with gold or flowers or flowing loose
In black waves down the shapely nape and neck.
Lulled into pleasant dreams by happy toils,
They slept, no wearier than jewelled birds
Which sing and love all day, then under wing
Fold head till morn bids sing and love again.
Lamps of chased silver swinging from the roof

In silver chains, and fed with perfumed oils,
Made with the moonbeams tender lights and shades,
Whereby were seen the perfect lines of grace,
The bosom's placid heave, the soft stained palms
Drooping or clasped, the faces fair and dark,
The great arched brows, the parted lips, the teeth
Like pearls a merchant picks to make a string,
The satin-lidded eyes, with lashes dropped
Sweeping the delicate cheeks, the rounded wrists,
The smooth small feet with bells and bangles decked,
Tinkling low music where some sleeper moved,
Breaking her smiling dream of some new dance
Praised by the prince, some magic ring to find,
Some fairy love-gift. Here one lay full-length,
Her vina by her cheek, and in its strings
The little fingers still all interlaced
As when the last notes of her light song played
Those radiant eyes to sleep and sealed her own.
Another slumbered folding in her arms
A desert-antelope, its slender head
Buried with back-sloped horns between her breasts
Soft nestling ; it was eating—when both drowsed—
Red roses, and her loosening hand still held
A rose half-mumbled, while a rose-leaf curled
Between the deer's lips. Here two friends had dozed
Together, weaving môgra-buds, which bound
Their sister-sweetness in a starry chain,
Linking them limb to limb and heart to heart,
One pillowed on the blossoms, one on her.
Another, ere she slept, was stringing stones
To make a necklet—agate, onyx, sard,
Coral, and moonstone—round her wrist it gleamed
A coil of splendid color, while she held,
Unthreaded yet, the bead to close it up
Green turkis, carved with golden gods and scripts.
Lulled by the cadence of the garden stream,
Thus lay they on the clustered carpets, each
A girlish rose with shut leaves, waiting dawn
To open and make daylight beautiful.
This was the antechamber of the prince ;
But at the purdah's fringe the sweetest slept—
Gunga and Gotami—chief ministers
In that still house of love.
The purdah hung,
Crimson and blue, with broidered threads of gold,
Across a portal carved in sandal-wood,

Whence by three steps the way was to the bower
Of inmost splendor, and the marriage-couch
Set on a dais soft with silver cloths,
Where the foot fell as though it trod on piles
Of neem-blooms. All the walls were plates of pearl,
Cut shapely from the shells of Lanka's wave ;
And o'er the alabaster roof there ran
Rich inlayings of lotus and of bird,
Wrought in skilled work of lazulite and jade,
Jacynth and jasper ; woven round the dome,
And down the sides, and all about the frames
Wherein were set the fretted lattices,
Through which there breathed, with moonlight and cool airs,
Scents from the shell-flowers and the jasmine sprays ;
Not bringing thither grace or tenderness
Sweeter than shed from those fair presences
Within the place—the beauteous Sâkya prince,
And hers, the stately, bright Yasôdhara.
Half risen from her soft nest at his side,
The chuddah fallen to her waist, her brow
Laid in both palms, the lovely princess leaned
With heaving bosom and fast falling tears.
Thrice with her lips she touched Siddârtha's hand,
And at the third kiss moaned, " Awake, my Lord !
Give me the comfort of thy speech !" Then he—
" What is it with thee, O my life ?" but still
She moaned anew before the words would come ;
Then spake, " Alas, my prince ! I sank to sleep
Most happy, for the babe I bear of thee
Quickened this eve, and at my heart there beat
That double pulse of life and joy and love
Whose happy music lulled me, but—aho !—
In slumber I beheld three sights of dread,
With thought whereof my heart is throbbing yet.
I saw a white bull with wide branching horns,
A lord of pastures, pacing through the streets,
Bearing upon his front a gem which shone
As if some star had dropped to glitter there,
Or like the kantha-stone the great snake keeps
To make bright daylight underneath the earth.
Slow through the streets toward the gates he paced,
And none could stay him, though there came a voice
From Indra's temple, ' If ye stay him not,
The glory of the city goeth forth.'
Yet none could stay him. Then I wept aloud,

And locked my arms about his neck, and strove,
And bade them bar the gates ; but that ox-king
Bellowed, and, lightly tossing free his crest,
Broke from my clasp, and bursting through the bars,
Trampled the warders down and passed away.
The next strange dream was this : Four presences
Splendid, with shining eyes, so beautiful
They seemed the regents of the earth who dwell
On Mount Sumeru, lighting from the sky
With retinue of countless heavenly ones,
Swift swept unto our city, where I saw
The golden flag of Indra on the gate
Flutter and fall ; and lo ! there rose instead
A glorious banner, all the folds whereof
Rippled with flashing fire of rubies sewn
Thick on the silver threads, the rays wherefrom
Set forth new words and weighty sentences
Whose message made all living creatures glad ;
And from the east the wind of sunrise blew
With tender waft, opening those jewelled scrolls
So that all flesh might read ; and wondrous blooms—
Plucked in what clime I know not—fell in showers,
Colored as none are colored in our groves."
Then spake the prince : " All this, my lotus-flower !
Was good to see." " Ay, Lord," the princess said,
" Save that it ended with a voice of fear
Crying, ' The time is nigh ! the time is nigh ! '
Thereat the third dream came ; for when I sought
Thy side, sweet Lord ! ah, on our bed there lay
An unpressed pillow and an empty robe—
Nothing of thee but those !—nothing of thee,
Who art my life and light, my king, my world !
And sleeping still I rose, and sleeping saw
Thy belt of pearls, tied here below my breasts,
Change to a stinging snake ; my ankle-rings
Fall off, my golden bangles part and fall ;
The jasmines in my hair wither to dust ;
While this our bridal-couch sank to the ground,
And something rent the crimson purdah down ;
Then far away I heard the white bull low,
And far away the embroidered banner flap,
And once again that cry ' The time is come ! '
But with that cry—which shakes my spirit still—
I woke ! O prince ! what may such visions mean
Except I die, or—worse than any death—
Thou shouldst forsake me or be taken ?"

Sweet
As the last smile of sunset was the look
Siddârtha bent upon his weeping wife.
"Comfort thee, dear!" he said, "if comfort lives
In changeless love; for though thy dreams may be
Shadows of things to come, and though the gods
Are shaken in their seats, and though the world
Stands nigh, perchance, to know some way of help,
Yet, whatsoever fall to thee and me,
Be sure I loved and love Yasôdhara.
Thou knowest how I muse these many moons,
Seeking to save the sad earth I have seen;
And when the time comes, that which will be will.
But if my soul yearns sore for souls unknown,
And if I grieve for griefs which are not mine,
Judge how my high-winged thoughts must hover here
O'er all these lives that share and sweeten mine—
So dear! and thine the dearest, gentlest, best,
And nearest. Ah, thou mother of my babe!
Whose body mixed with mine for this fair hope,
When most my spirit wanders, ranging round
The lands and seas—as full of ruth for men
As the far-flying dove is full of ruth
For her twin nestlings—ever it has come
Home with glad wing and passionate plumes to thee,
Who art the sweetness of my kind best seen,
The utmost of their good, the tenderest
Of all their tenderness, mine most of all.
Therefore, whatever after this betide,
Bethink thee of that lordly bull which lowed,
That jewelled banner in thy dream which waved
Its folds departing, and of this be sure,
Always I loved and always love thee well,
And what I sought for all sought most for thee.
But thou, take comfort; and, if sorrow falls,
Take comfort still in deeming there may be
A way of peace on earth by woes of ours;
And have with this embrace what faithful love
Can think of thanks or frame for benison—
Too little, seeing love's strong self is weak—
Yet kiss me on the mouth, and drink these words
From heart to heart therewith, that thou mayst know—
What others will not—that I loved thee most
Because I loved so well all living souls.
Now princess! rest, for I will rise and watch."

Then in her tears she slept, but sleeping sighed—
As if that vision passed again—"The time!
The time is come!" Whereat Siddârtha turned,
And, lo! the moon shone by the Crab! the stars
In that same silver order long foretold
Stood ranged to say, "This is the night!—choose thou
The way of greatness or the way of good:
To reign a King of kings, or wander lone,
Crownless and homeless, that the world be helped."
Moreover, with the whispers of the gloom
Came to his ears again that warning song,
As when the Devas spoke upon the wind:
And surely gods were round about the place
Watching our Lord, who watched the shining stars.
"I will depart," he spake; "the hour is come!
Thy tender lips, dear sleeper, summon me
To that which saves the earth but sunders us;
And in the silence of yon sky I read
My fated message flashing. Unto this
Came I, and unto this all nights and days
Have led me; for I will not have that crown
Which may be mine: I lay aside those realms
Which wait the gleaming of my naked sword:
My chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels
From victory to victory, till earth
Wears the red record of my name. I choose
To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet,
Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes
My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates:
Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,
Fed with no meats save what the charitable
Give of their will, sheltered by no more pomp
Than the dim cave lends or the jungle-bush.
This will I do because the woful cry
Of life and all flesh living cometh up
Into my ears, and all my soul is full
Of pity for the sickness of this world;
Which I will heal, if healing may be found
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife.
For which of all the great and lesser gods
Have power or pity? Who hath seen them—who?
What have they wrought to help their worshippers?
How hath it steaded man to pray, and pay
Tithes of the corn and oil, to chant the charms,
To slay the shrieking sacrifice, to rear
The stately fane, to feed the priests, and call

On Vishnu, Shiva, Surya, who save
None—not the worthiest—from the griefs that teach
Those litanies of flattery and fear
Ascending day by day, like wasted smoke?
Hath any of my brothers 'scaped thereby
The aches of life, the stings of love and loss,
The fiery fever and the ague-shake,
The slow, dull sinking into withered age,
The horrible dark death—and what beyond
Waits—till the whirling wheel comes up again,
And new lives bring new sorrows to be borne,
New generations for the new desires
Which have their end in the old mockeries?
Hath any of my tender sisters found
Fruit of the fast or harvest of the hymn,
Or bought one pang the less at bearing-time
For white curds offered and trim tulsi-leaves?
Nay; it may be some of the gods are good,
And evil some, but all in action weak;
Both pitiful and pitiless, and both—
As men are—bound upon this wheel of change,
Knowing the former and the after lives.
For so our scriptures truly seem to teach,
That—once, and wheresoe'er, and whence begun
Life runs its rounds of living, climbing up
From mote, and gnat, and worm, reptile, and fish,
Bird and shagged beast, man, demon, deva, God,
To clod and mote again; so are we kin
To all that is; and thus, if one might save
Man from his curse, the whole wide world should share
The lightened horror of this ignorance
Whose shadow is chill fear, and cruelty
Its bitter pastime. Yea, if one might save!
And means must be! There must be refuge! Men
Perished in winter-winds till one smote fire
From flint-stones coldly hiding what they held,
The red spark treasured from the kindling sun.
They gorged on flesh like wolves, till one sowed corn,
Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of man;
They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck speech,
And patient fingers framed the lettered sound.
What good gift have my brothers, but it came
From search and strife and loving sacrifice?
If one, then, being great and fortunate,
Rich, dowered with health and ease, from birth designed
To rule—if he would rule—a king of kings;

If one, not tired with life's long day, but glad
I' the freshness of its morning, one not cloyed
With love's delicious feasts, but hungry still ;
If one not worn and wrinkled, sadly sage,
But joyous in the glory and the grace
That mix with evils here, and free to choose
Earth's loveliest at his will : one even as I,
Who ache not, lack not, grieve not, save with griefs
Which are not mine, except as I am man—
If such a one, having so much to give,
Gave all laying it down for love of men,
And thenceforth spent himself to search for truth,
Wringing the secret of deliverance forth,
Whether it lurk in hells or hide in heavens,
Or hover, unrevealed, nigh unto all :
Surely at last, far off, sometime, somewhere,
The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,
The road would open for his painful feet,
That should be won for which he lost the world,
And Death might find him conqueror of death.
This will I do, who have a realm to lose,
Because I love my realm, because my heart
Beats with each throb of all the hearts that ache,
Known and unknown, these that are mine and those
Which shall be mine, a thousand million more
Saved by this sacrifice I offer now.
Oh, summoning stars ! I come ! Oh, mournful earth !
For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,
My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights,
My happy palace—and thine arms, sweet queen !—
Harder to put aside than all the rest !
Yet thee, too, I shall save, saving this earth ;
And that which stirs within thy tender womb,
My child, the hidden blossom of our loves,
Whom if I wait to bless my mind will fail.
Wife ! child ! father ! and people ! ye must share
A little while the anguish of this hour
That light may break and all flesh learn the law.
Now am I fixed, and now I will depart,
Never to come again till what I seek
Be found—if fervent search and strife avail."
So with his brow he touched her feet, and bent
The farewell of fond eyes, unutterable,
Upon her sleeping face, still wet with tears ;
And thrice around the bed in reverence,
As though it were an altar, softly stepped,

With clasped hands laid upon his beating heart,
"For never," spake he, "lie I there again!"
And thrice he made to go, but thrice came back,
So strong her beauty was, so large his love:
Then, o'er his head drawing his cloth, he turned
And raised the purdah's edge:
There drooped, close-hushed,
In such sealed sleep as water-lilies know
The lovely garden of his Indian girls;
That twin dark-petalled lotus-buds of all—
Gunga and Gotami—on either side,
And those, their silk-leaved sisterhood, beyond.
"Pleasant ye are to me, sweet friends!" he said,
"And dear to leave; yet if I leave ye not
What else will come to all of us save eld
Without assuage and death without avail?
Lo! as ye lie asleep so must ye lie
A-dead; and when the rose dies where are gone
Its scent and splendor? when the lamp is drained
Whither is fled the flame? Press heavy, night!
Upon their down-dropped lids and seal their lips,
That no tear stay me and no faithful voice.
For all the brighter that these made my life,
The bitterer it is that they and I,
And all, should live as trees do—so much spring,
Such and such rains and frosts, such winter-times,
And then dead leaves, with maybe spring again,
Or axe-stroke at the root. This will not I,
Whose life here was a god's!—this would not I,
Though all my days were godlike, while men moan
Under their darkness. Therefore farewell, friends!
While life is good to give, I give, and go
To seek deliverance and that unknown light!"
Then, lightly treading where those sleepers lay,
Into the night Siddârtha passed: its eyes,
The watchful stars, looked love on him: its breath,
The wandering wind, kissed his robe's fluttered fringe;
The garden-blossoms, folded for the dawn,
Opened their velvet hearts to waft him scents
From pink and purple censers: o'er the land,
From Himalay unto the Indian Sea,
A tremor spread, as if earth's soul beneath
Stirred with an unknown hope; and holy books—
Which tell the story of our Lord—say, too,
That rich celestial musics thrilled the air
From hosts on hosts of shining ones, who thronged

Eastward and westward, making bright the night—
Northward and southward, making glad the ground.
Also those four dread regents of the earth,
Descending at the doorway, two by two—
With their bright legions of invisibles
In arms of sapphire, silver, gold and pearl—
Watched with joined hands the Indian prince, who stood,
His tearful eyes raised to the stars, and lips
Close-set with purpose of prodigious love.
Then strode he forth into the gloom and cried,
"Channa, awake! and bring out Kantaka!"
"What would my Lord?" the charioteer replied—
Slow-rising from his place beside the gate—
"To ride at night when all the ways are dark?"
"Speak low," Siddârtha said, "and bring my horse,
For now the hour is come when I should quit
This golden prison where my heart lives caged
To find the truth; which henceforth I will seek;
For all men's sake, until the truth be found."
"Alas! dear prince," answered the charioteer,
"Spake then for nought those wise and holy men
Who cast the stars and bade us wait the time
When King Suddhôdana's great son should rule
Realms upon realms, and be a Lord of lords?
Wilt thou ride hence and let the rich world slip
Out of thy grasp, to hold a beggar's bowl?
Wilt thou go forth into the friendless waste
That hast this paradise of pleasures here?"
The prince made answer, "Unto this I came,
And not for thrones: the kingdom that I crave
Is more than many realms—and all things pass
To change and death. Bring me forth Kantaka!"
"Most honored," spake again the charioteer,
"Bethink thee of my lord thy father's grief!
Bethink thee of their woe whose bliss thou art—
How shalt thou help them, first undoing them?"
Siddârtha answered, "Friend, that love is false
Which clings to love for selfish sweets of love;
But I, who love these more than joys of mine—
Yea, more than joys of theirs—depart to save
Them and all flesh, if utmost love avail.
Go, bring me Kantaka!"
Then Channa said,
"Master, I go!" and forthwith, mournfully,
Unto the stall he passed, and from the rack
Took down the silver bit and bridle-chains,

Breast-cord and curb, and knitted fast the straps,
And linked the hooks, and led out Kantaka:
Whom tethering to the ring, he combed and dressed,
Stroking the snowy coat to silken gloss;
Next on the steed he laid the numdah square,
Fitted the saddle-cloth across, and set
The saddle fair, drew tight the jewelled girths,
Buckled the breech-bands and the martingale,
And made fall both the stirrups of worked gold.
Then over all he cast a golden net,
With tassels of seed-pearl and silken strings,
And led the great horse to the palace door,
Where stood the prince; but when he saw his lord,
Right glad he waxed and joyously he neighed,
Spreading his scarlet nostrils; and the books
Write, "Surely all had heard Kantaka's neigh,
And that strong trampling of his iron heels,
Save that the Devas laid their unseen wings
Over their ears and kept the sleepers deaf."
  Fondly Siddârtha drew the proud head down,
Patted the shining neck, and said, "Be still,
White Kantaka! be still, and bear me now
The farthest journey ever rider rode;
For this night take I horse to find the truth,
And where my quest will end yet know I not,
Save that it shall not end until I find.
Therefore to-night, good steed, be fierce and bold!
Let nothing stay thee, though a thousand blades
Deny the road! let neither wall nor moat
Forbid our flight! Look! if I touch thy flank
And cry, 'On, Kantaka!' let whirlwinds lag
Behind thy course! Be fire and air, my horse!
To stead thy lord, so shalt thou share with him
The greatness of this deed which helps the world;
For therefore ride I, not for men alone,
But for all things which, speechless, share our pain
And have no hope, nor wit to ask for hope.
Now, therefore, bear thy master valorously!"
  Then to the saddle lightly leaping, he
Touched the arched crest, and Kantaka sprang forth
With armed hoofs sparkling on the stones and ring
Of champing bit; but none did hear that sound,
For that the Suddha Devas, gathering near
Plucked the red mohra-flowers and strewed them thick
Under his tread, while hands invisible
Muffled the ringing bit and bridle chains.

Moreover, it is written when they came
Upon the pavement near the inner gates,
The Yakshas of the air laid magic cloths
Under the stallion's feet, so that he went
Softly and still.
But when they reached the gate
Of tripled brass—which hardly fivescore men
Served to unbar and open—lo! the doors
Rolled back all silently, though one might hear
In daytime two koss off the thunderous roar
Of those grim hinges and unwieldy plates.
Also the middle and the outer gates
Unfolded each their monstrous portals thus
In silence as Siddârtha and his steed
Drew near; while underneath their shadow lay,
Silent as dead men, all those chosen guards—
The lance and sword let fall, the shields unbraced,
Captains and soldiers—for there came a wind,
Drowsier than blows o'er Malwa's fields of sleep,
Before the prince's path, which, being breathed,
Lulled every sense aswoon: and so he passed
Free from the palace.
When the morning star
Stood half a spear's length from the eastern rim,
And o'er the earth the breath of morning sighed
Rippling Anoma's wave, the border-stream,
Then drew he rein, and leaped to earth and kissed
White Kantaka betwixt the ears, and spake
Full sweet to Channa: "This which thou hast done
Shall bring thee good and bring all creatures good.
Be sure I love thee always for thy love.
Lead back my horse and take my crust-pearl here,
My princely robes, which henceforth stead me not,
My jewelled sword-belt and my sword, and these
The long locks by its bright edge severed thus
From off my brows. Give the king all, and say
Siddârtha prays forget him till he come
Ten times a prince, with royal wisdom won
From lonely searchings and the strife for light;
Where, if I conquer, lo! all earth is mine—
Mine by chief service!—tell him—mine by love!
Since there is hope for man only in man,
And none hath sought for this as I will seek,
Who cast away my world to save my world."

BOOK THE FIFTH.

ROUND Rajagriha five fair hills arose,
Guarding King Bimbasâra's sylvan town :
Baibhâra, green with lemon-grass and palms ;
Bipulla, at whose foot thin Sarsuti
Steals with warm ripple ; shadowy Tapovan,
Whose steaming pools mirror black rocks, which ooze
Sovereign earth-butter from their rugged roofs ;
South-east the vulture-peak Sailâgiri ;
And eastward Ratnagiri, hill of gems.
A winding track, paven with footworn slabs,
Leads thee by safflower fields and bamboo tufts
Under dark mangoes and the jujube-trees,
Past milk-white veins of rock and jasper crags,
Low cliff and flats of jungle-flowers, to where
The shoulder of that mountain, sloping west,
O'erhangs a cave with wild figs canopied.
Lo ! thou who comest thither, bare thy feet
And bow thy head ! for all this spacious earth
Hath not a spot more dear and hallowed. Here
Lord Buddha sate the scorching summers through,
The driving rains, the chilly dawns and eves ;
Wearing for all men's sakes the yellow robe,
Eating in beggar's guise the scanty meal
Chance gathered from the charitable ; at night
Couched on the grass, homeless, alone ; while yelped
The sleepless jackals round his cave, or coughs
Of famished tiger from the thicket broke.
By day and night here dwelt the world-honored
Subduing that fair body born for bliss
With fast and frequent watch and search intense
Of silent meditation, so prolonged
That ofttimes while he mused—as motionless
As the fixed rock his seat—the squirrel leaped
Upon his knee, the timid quail led forth
Her brood between his feet, and blue doves pecked
The rice-grains from the bowl beside his hand.
Thus would he muse from noontide—when the land
Shimmered with heat, and walls and temples danced
In the reeking air—till sunset, noting not
The blazing globe roll down, nor evening glide,
Purple and swift, across the softened fields ;
Nor the still coming of the stars, nor throb
Of drum-skins in the busy town, nor screech
Of owl and night-jar ; wholly wrapt from self

In keen unravelling of the threads of thought
And steadfast pacing of life's labyrinths.
Thus would he sit till midnight hushed the world,
Save where the beasts of darkness in the brake
Crept and cried out, as fear and hatred cry,
As lust and avarice and anger creep
In the black jungles of man's ignorance.
Then slept he for what space the fleet moon asks
To swim a tenth part of her cloudy sea ;
But rose ere the false-dawn, and stood again
Wistful on some dark platform of his hill,
Watching the sleeping earth with ardent eyes
And thoughts embracing all its living things,
While o'er the waving fields that murmur moved
Which is the kiss of morn waking the lands,
And in the east that miracle of day
Gathered and grew. At first a dusk so dim
Night seems still unaware of whispered dawn,
But soon—before the jungle-cock crows twice—
A white verge clear, a widening, brightening white,
High as the herald-star, which fades in floods
Of silver, warming into pale gold, caught
By topmost clouds, and flaming on their rims
To fervent golden glow, flushed from the brink
With saffron, scarlet, crimson, amethyst ;
Whereat the sky burns splendid to the blue,
And, robed in raiment of glad light, the king
Of life and glory cometh !
Then our Lord,
After the manner of a Rishi, hailed
The rising orb, and went—ablutions made—
Down by the winding path unto the town ;
And in the fashion of a Rishi passed
From street to street, with begging-bowl in hand,
Gathering the little pittance of his needs.
Soon was it filled, for all the townsmen cried,
" Take of our store, great sir !" and " Take of ours !"
Marking his godlike face and eyes enwrapt ;
And mothers, when they saw our Lord go by,
Would bid their children fall to kiss his feet,
And lift his robe's hem to their brows, or run
To fill his jar, and fetch him milk and cakes.
And ofttimes as he paced, gentle and slow,
Radiant with heavenly pity, lost in care
For those he knew not, save as fellow-lives,
The dark surprised eyes of some Indian maid

Would dwell in sudden love and worship deep
On that majestic form, as if she saw
Her dreams of tenderest thought made true, and grace
Fairer than mortal fire her breast. But he
Passed onward with the bowl and yellow robe,
By mild speech paying all those gifts of hearts,
Wending his way back to the solitudes
To sit upon his hill with holy men,
And hear and ask of wisdom and its roads.
Midway on Ratnagiri's groves of calm,
Beyond the city, but below the caves,
Lodged such as hold the body foe to soul,
And flesh a beast which men must chain and tame
With bitter pains, till sense of pain is killed,
And tortured nerves vex torturer no more—
Yogis and Brahmacharis, Bhikshus, all
A gaunt and mournful band, dwelling apart.
Some day and night had stood with lifted arms,
Till—drained of blood and withered by disease—
Their slowly-wasting joints and stiffened limbs
Jutted from sapless shoulders like dead forks
From forest trunks. Others had clenched their hands
So long and with so fierce a fortitude,
The claw-like nails grew through the festered palm.
Some walked on sandals spiked; some with sharp flints
Gashed breast and brow and thigh, scarred these with fire,
Threaded their flesh with jungle thorns and spits,
Besmeared with mud and ashes, crouching foul
In rags of dead men wrapped about their loins.
Certain there were inhabited the spots
Where death-pyres smouldered, cowering defiled
With corpses for their company, and kites
Screaming around them o'er the funeral spoils:
Certain who cried five hundred times a day
The names of Shiva, wound with darting snakes
About their sun-tanned necks and hollow flanks
One palsied foot drawn up against the ham.
So gathered they, a grievous company;
Crowns blistered by the blazing heat, eyes bleared,
Sinews and muscles shrivelled, visages
Haggard and wan as slain men's five days dead;
Here crouched one in the dust who noon by noon
Meted a thousand grains of millet out,
Ate it with famished patience, seed by seed,
And so starved on; there one who bruised his pulse
With bitter leaves lest palate should be pleased;

And next, a miserable saint self-maimed,
Eyeless and tongueless, sexless, crippled, deaf;
The body by the mind being thus stripped
For glory of much suffering, and the bliss
Which they shall win—say holy books—whose woe
Shames gods that send us woe, and makes men gods
Stronger to suffer than hell is to harm.
Whom sadly eying spake our Lord to one,
Chief of the woe-begones: "Much-suffering sir!
These many moons I dwell upon the hill—
Who am a seeker of the truth—and see
My brothers here, and thee, so piteously
Self-anguished; wherefore add ye ills to life
Which is so evil?" Answer made the sage:
"'Tis written if a man shall mortify
His flesh, till pain be grown the life he lives
And death voluptuous rest, such woes shall purge
Sin's dross away, and the soul, purified,
Soar from the furnace of its sorrow, winged
For glorious spheres and splendor past all thought."
"Yon cloud which floats in heaven," the prince replied,
"Wreathed like gold cloth around your Indra's throne,
Rose thither from the tempest-driven sea;
But it must fall again in tearful drops,
Trickling through rough and painful water-ways
By cleft and nullah and the muddy flood,
To Gunga and the sea, wherefrom it sprang.
Know'st thou, my brother, if it be not thus,
After their many pains, with saints in bliss?
Since that which rises falls, and that which buys
Is spent; and if ye buy heav'n with your blood
In hell's hard market, when the bargain's through
The toil begins again!" "It may begin,"
The hermit moaned. "Alas! we know not this,
Nor surely anything; yet after night
Day comes, and after turmoil peace, and we
Hate this accursed flesh which clogs the soul
That fain would rise; so, for the sake of soul,
We stake brief agonies in game with gods
To gain the larger joys." "Yet if they last
A myriad years," he said, "they fade at length,
Those joys; or if not, is there then some life
Below, above, beyond, so unlike life
It will not change? Speak! do your gods endure
Forever, brothers?" "Nay," the Yogis said,
"Only great Brahm endures: the gods but live."

Then spake Lord Buddha : " Will ye, being wise,
As ye seem holy and strong-hearted ones,
Throw these sore dice, which are your groans and moans,
For gains which may be dreams, and must have end ?
Will ye, for love of soul, so loathe your flesh,
So scourge and maim it, that it shall not serve
To bear the spirit on, searching for home,
But founder on the track before nightfall,
Like willing steed o'erspurred ? Will ye, sad sirs,
Dismantle and dismember this fair house,
Where we have come to dwell by painful pasts ;
Whose windows give us light—the little light—
Whereby we gaze abroad to know if dawn
Will break, and whither winds the better road ?"
Then cried they, " We have chosen this for road
And tread it, Rajaputra, till the close—
Though all its stones were fire—in trust of death.
Speak, if thou know'st a way more excellent ;
If not, peace go with thee !"
Onward he passed,
Exceeding sorrowful, seeing how men
Fear so to die they are afraid to fear,
Lust so to live they dare not love their life,
But plague it with fierce penances, belike
To please the gods who grudge pleasure to man ;
Belike to balk hell by self-kindled hells ;
Belike in holy madness, hoping soul
May break the better through their wasted flesh.
" Oh, flowerets of the field !" Siddârtha said,
" Who turn your tender faces to the sun—
Glad of the light, and grateful with sweet breath
Of fragrance and these robes of reverence donned
Silver and gold and purple—none of ye
Miss perfect living, none of ye despoil
Your happy beauty. Oh, ye palms ! which rise
Eager to pierce the sky and drink the wind
Blown from Malaya and the cool blue seas,
What secret know ye that ye grow content,
From time of tender shoot to time of fruit,
Murmuring such sun-songs from your feathered crowns ?
Ye, too, who dwell so merry in the trees—
Quick-darting parrots, bee-birds, bulbuls, doves—
None of ye hate your life, none of ye deem
To strain to better by foregoing needs !
But man, who slays ye—being lord—is wise,
And wisdom, nursed on blood, cometh thus forth
In self-tormentings !"

While the Master spake
Blew down the mount the dust of pattering feet,
White goats and black sheep winding slow their way,
With many a lingering nibble at the tufts,
And wanderings from the path, where water gleamed
Or wild figs hung. But always as they strayed
The herdsman cried, or slung his sling, and kept
The silly crowd still moving to the plain.
A ewe with couplets in the flock there was,
Some hurt had lamed one lamb, which toiled behind
Bleeding, while in the front its fellow skipped,
And the vexed dam hither and thither ran,
Fearful to lose this little one or that;
Which when our Lord did mark, full tenderly
He took the limping lamb upon his neck,
Saying, "Poor woolly mother, be at peace!
Whither thou goest I will bear thy care;
'Twere all as good to ease one beast of grief
As sit and watch the sorrows of the world
In yonder caverns with the priests who pray."
"But," spake he to the herdsmen, "wherefore, friends!
Drive ye the flocks adown under high noon,
Since 'tis at evening that men fold their sheep?"
And answer gave the peasants: "We are sent
To fetch a sacrifice of goats fivescore,
And fivescore sheep, the which our lord the king
Slayeth this night in worship of his gods."
Then said the master: "I will also go!"
So paced he patiently, bearing the lamb
Beside the herdsmen in the dust and sun,
The wistful ewe low-bleating at his feet.
Whom, when they came unto the river-side,
A woman—dove-eyed, young, with tearful face
And lifted hands—saluted, bending low:
"Lord! thou art he," she said, "who yesterday
Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,
Where I live lone and reared my child; but he
Straying amid the blossoms found a snake,
Which twined about his wrist, whilst he did laugh
And tease the quick forked tongue and opened mouth
Of that cold playmate. But, alas! ere long
He turned so pale and still, I could not think
Why he should cease to play, and let my breast
Fall from his lips. And one said, 'He is sick
Of poison;' and another, 'He will die.'
But I, who could not lose my precious boy,

Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light
Back to his eyes ; it was so very small,
That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think
It could not hate him, gracious as he was,
Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said,
'There is a holy man upon the hill—
Lo ! now he passeth in the yellow robe—
Ask of the Rishi if there be a cure
For that which ails thy son.' Whereon I came
Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god's,
And wept and drew the face-cloth from my babe,
Praying thee tell what simples might be good.
And thou, great sir ! didst spurn me not, but gaze
With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand ;
Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,
'Yea ! little sister, there is that might heal
Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing ;
For they who seek physicians bring to them
What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find
Black mustard-seed, a tola ; only mark
Thou take it not from any hand or house
Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died ;
It shall be well if thou canst find such seed.'
Thus didst thou speak, my Lord !" The Master smiled
Exceeding tenderly. "Yea ! I spake thus,
Dear Kisagôtami ! But didst thou find
The seed ?" "I went, Lord, clasping to my breast
The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut—
Here in the jungle and toward the town—
'I pray you, give me mustard, of your grace,
A tola—black ;' and each who had it gave,
For all the poor are piteous to the poor ;
But when I asked, 'In my friend's household here
Hath any peradventure ever died—
Husband, or wife, or child, or slave ?' they said :
'O sister ! what is this you ask ? the dead
Are very many, and the living few !'
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,
And prayed of others ; but the others said,
'Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave !'
'Here is the seed, but our good man is dead !'
'Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died
Between the rain-time and the harvesting !'
Ah, sir ! I could not find a single house
Where there was mustard-seed and none had died !
Therefore I left my child—who would not suck

Nor smile—beneath the wild-vines by the stream,
To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray
Where I might find this seed and find no death,
If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,
As I do fear, and as they said to me."
"My sister! thou hast found," the master said,
"Searching for what none finds—that bitter balm
I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
Dead on thy bosom yesterday: to-day
Thou know'st the whole wide world weeps with thy woe:
The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives
O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice—
As these dumb beasts are driven—men their lords.
I seek that secret: bury thou thy child!"
So entered they the city side by side,
The herdsmen and the prince, what time the sun
Gilded slow Sona's distant stream, and threw
Long shadows down the street and through the gate
Where the king's men kept watch. But when these saw
Our Lord bearing the lamb, the guards stood back,
The market-people drew their wains aside,
In the bazaar buyers and sellers stayed
The war of tongues to gaze on that mild face;
The smith, with lifted hammer in his hand,
Forgot to strike; the weaver left his web,
The scribe his scroll, the money-changer lost
His count of cowries; from the unwatched rice
Shiva's white bull fed free; the wasted milk
Ran o'er the lota while the milkers watched
The passage of our Lord moving so meek,
With yet so beautiful a majesty.
But most the women gathering in the doors
Asked, "Who is this that brings the sacrifice
So graceful and peace-giving as he goes?
What is his caste? whence hath he eyes so sweet?
Can he be Sâkra or the Devaraj?"
And others said, "It is the holy man
Who dwelleth with the Rishis on the hill."
But the Lord paced, in meditation lost,
Thinking, "Alas! for all my sheep which have
No shepherd; wandering in the night with none
To guide them; bleating blindly toward the knife
Of death, as these dumb beasts which are their kin."

Then some one told the king, "There cometh here
A holy hermit, bringing down the flock
Which thou didst bid to crown the sacrifice."
The king stood in his hall of offering,
On either hand the white-robed Brahmans ranged,
Muttered their mantras, feeding still the fire
Which roared upon the midmost altar. There
From scented woods flickered bright tongues of flame,
Hissing and curling as they licked the gifts
Of ghee and spices and the Soma juice,
The joy of Indra. Round about the pile
A slow, thick, scarlet streamlet smoked and ran,
Sucked by the sand, but ever rolling down,
The blood of bleating victims. One such lay,
A spotted goat, long-horned, its head bound back
With munja grass; at its stretched throat the knife
Pressed by a priest, who murmured, "This, dread gods,
Of many yajnas cometh as the crown
From Bimbasâra: take ye joy to see
The spirted blood, and pleasure in the scent
Of rich flesh roasting 'mid the fragrant flames;
Let the king's sins be laid upon this goat,
And let the fire consume them burning it,
For now I strike." But Buddha softly said,
"Let him not strike, great king!" and therewith loosed
The victim's bonds, none staying him, so great
His presence was. Then, craving leave, he spake
Of life, which all can take but none can give,
Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep,
Wonderful, dear and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.
Unto the dumb lips of his flock he lent
Sad pleading words, showing how man, who prays
For mercy to the gods, is merciless,
Being as god to those; albeit all life
Is linked and kin, and what we slay have given
Meek tribute of the milk and wool, and set
Fast trust upon the hands which murder them.
Also he spake of what the holy books
Do surely teach, how that at death some sink
To bird and beast, and these rise up to man
In wanderings of the spark which grows purged flame.
So were the sacrifice new sin, if so
The fated passage of a soul be stayed.

Nor, spake he, shall one wash his spirit clean
By blood ; nor gladden gods, being good, with blood ;
Nor bribe them, being evil ; nay, nor lay
Upon the brow of innocent bound beasts
One hair's weight of that answer all must give
For all things done amiss or wrongfully,
Alone, each for himself, reckoning with that
The fixed arithmic of the universe,
Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,
Measure for measure, unto deeds, words, thoughts ;
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved ;
Making all future fruits of all the pasts.
Thus spake he, breathing words so piteous
With such high lordliness of ruth and right,
The priests drew back their garments o'er the hands
Crimsoned with slaughter, and the king came near,
Standing with clasped palms reverencing Buddh ;
While still our Lord went on, teaching how fair
This earth were if all living things be linked
In friendliness and common use of foods,
Bloodless and pure ; the golden grain, bright fruits,
Sweet herbs which grow for all, the waters wan,
Sufficient drinks and meats. Which when these heard,
The might of gentleness so conquered them,
The priests themselves scattered their altar-flames
And flung away the steel of sacrifice ;
And through the land next day passed a decree
Proclaimed by criers, and in this wise graved
On rock and column : " Thus the king's will is :
There hath been slaughter for the sacrifice
And slaying for the meat, but henceforth none
Shall spill the blood of life nor taste of flesh,
Seeing that knowledge grows, and life is one,
And mercy cometh to the merciful."
So ran the edict, and from those days forth
Sweet peace hath spread between all living kind,
Man and the beasts which serve him, and the birds,
On all those banks of Gunga where our Lord
Taught with his saintly pity and soft speech.
For aye so piteous was the Master's heart
To all that breathe this breath of fleeting life,
Yoked in one fellowship of joys and pains,
That it is written in the holy books
How, in an ancient age—when Buddha wore
A Brahman's form, dwelling upon the rock
Named Munda, by the village of Dâlidd—

Drought withered all the land : the young rice died
Ere it could hide a quail ; in forest glades
A fierce sun sucked the pools ; grasses and herbs
Sickened, and all the woodland creatures fled
Scattering for sustenance. At such a time,
Between the hot walls of a nullah, stretched
On naked stones, our Lord spied, as he passed,
A starving tigress. Hunger in her orbs
Glared with green flame ; her dry tongue lolled a span
Beyond the gasping jaws and shrivelled jowl ;
Her painted hide hung wrinkled on her ribs,
As when between the rafters sinks a thatch
Rotten with rains ; and at the poor lean dugs
Two cubs, whining with famine, tugged and sucked,
Mumbling those milkless teats which rendered nought,
While she, their gaunt dam, licked full motherly
The clamorous twins, yielding her flank to them
With moaning throat, and love stronger than want,
Softening the first of that wild cry wherewith
She laid her famished muzzle to the sand
And roared a savage thunder-peal of woe.
Seeing which bitter strait, and heeding nought
Save the immense compassion of a Buddh,
Our Lord bethought, "There is no other way
To help this murderess of the woods but one.
By sunset these will die, having no meat :
There is no living heart will pity her,
Bloody with ravin, lean for lack of blood.
Lo ! if I feed her, who shall lose but I,
And how can love lose doing of its kind
Even to the uttermost ?" So saying, Buddh
Silently laid aside sandals and staff,
His sacred thread, turban, and cloth, and came
Forth from behind the milk-bush on the sand,
Saying, "Ho ! mother, here is meat for thee !"
Whereat the perishing beast yelped hoarse and shrill,
Sprang from her cubs, and, hurling to the earth
That willing victim, had her feast of him
With all the crooked daggers of her claws
Rending his flesh, and all her yellow fangs
Bathed in his blood : the great cat's burning breath
Mixed with the last sigh of such fearless love.
Thus large the Master's heart was long ago,
Not only now, when with his gracious ruth
He bade cease cruel worship of the gods.
And much King Bimbasâra prayed our Lord—

Learning his royal birth and holy search—
To tarry in that city, saying oft,
"Thy princely state may not abide such fasts;
Thy hands were made for sceptres, not for alms.
Sojourn with me, who have no son to rule,
And teach my kingdom wisdom, till I die,
Lodged in my palace with a beauteous bride."
But ever spake Siddârtha, of set mind,
"These things I had, most noble king, and left,
Seeking the truth; which still I seek, and shall;
Not to be stayed though Sâkra's palace oped
Its doors of pearl and Devîs wooed me in.
I go to build the kingdom of the law,
Journeying to Gaya and the forest shades,
Where, as I think, the light will come to me;
For nowise here among the Rishis comes
That light, nor from the Shasters, nor from fasts
Borne till the body faints, starved by the soul.
Yet there is light to reach and truth to win;
And surely, O true friend, if I attain
I will return and quit thy love."
Thereat
Thrice round the prince King Bimbasâra paced,
Reverently bending to the Master's feet,
And bade him speed. So passed our Lord away
Toward Uravilva, not yet comforted,
And wan of face, and weak with six years' quest.
But they upon the hill and in the grove—
Alâra, Udra, and the ascetics five—
Had stayed him, saying all was written clear
In holy Shasters, and that none might win
Higher than *Sruti* and than *Smriti*—nay,
Not the chief saints!—for how should mortal man
Be wiser than the Jnana-Kând, which tells
How Brahm is bodiless and actionless,
Passionless, calm, unqualified, unchanged,
Pure life, pure thought, pure joy? Or how should man
Be better than the Karmma-Kând, which shows
How he may strip passion and action off,
Break from the bond of self, and so, unsphered,
Be God, and melt into the vast divine,
Flying from false to true, from wars of sense
To peace eternal, where the silence lives?

But the prince heard them, not yet comforted.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

THOU who wouldst see where dawned the light at last,
North-westward from the "Thousand Gardens" go
By Gunga's valley till thy steps be set
On the green hills where those twin streamlets spring,
Nilâjan and Mohâna; follow them,
Winding beneath broad-leaved mahûa-trees,
'Mid thickets of the sansâr and the bir,
Till on the plain the shining sisters meet
In Phalgû's bed, flowing by rocky banks
To Gâya and the red Barabar hills.
Hard by that river spreads a thorny waste,
Uruwelaya named in ancient days,
With sandhills broken; on its verge a wood
Waves sea-green plumes and tassels 'thwart the sky.
With undergrowth wherethrough a still flood steals,
Dappled with lotus-blossoms, blue and white,
And peopled with quick fish and tortoises.
Near it the village of Senáni reared
Its roofs of grass, nestled amid the palms,
Peaceful with simple folk and pastoral toils.
There in the sylvan solitudes once more
Lord Buddha lived, musing the woes of men,
The ways of fate, the doctrines of the books,
The lessons of the creatures of the brake,
The secrets of the silence whence all come,
The secrets of the gloom whereto all go,
The life which lies between, like that arch flung
From cloud to cloud across the sky, which hath
Mists for its masonry and vapory piers,
Melting to void again which was so fair
With sapphire hues, garnet, and chrysoprase.
Moon after moon our Lord sate in the wood,
So meditating these that he forgot
Ofttimes the hour of food, rising from thoughts
Prolonged beyond the sunrise and the noon
To see his bowl unfilled, and eat perforce
Of wild fruit fallen from the boughs o'erhead,
Shaken to earth by chattering ape or plucked
By purple parokeet. Therefore his grace
Faded; his body, worn by stress of soul,
Lost day by day the marks, thirty and two,
Which testify the Buddha. Scarce that leaf,
Fluttering so dry and withered to his feet,
From off the sâl-branch, bore less likeliness

Of spring's soft greenery than he of him
Who was the princely flower of all his land.
And once at such a time the o'erwrought prince
Fell to the earth in deadly swoon, all spent,
Even as one slain, who hath no longer breath
Nor any stir of blood ; so wan he was,
So motionless. But there came by that way
A shepherd-boy, who saw Siddârtha lie
With lids fast-closed, and lines of nameless pain
Fixed on his lips—the fiery noonday sun
Beating upon his head—who, plucking boughs
From wild rose-apple trees, knitted them thick
Into a bower to shade the sacred face.
Also he poured upon the Master's lips
Drops of warm milk, pressed from his she-goat's bag,
Lest, being of low caste, he do wrong to one
So high and holy seeming. But the books
Tell how the jambu-branches, planted thus,
Shot with quick life in wealth of leaf and flower
And glowing fruitage interlaced and close,
So that the bower grew like a tent of silk
Pitched for a king at hunting, decked with studs
Of silver-work and bosses of red gold.
And the boy worshipped, deeming him some god ;
But our Lord gaining breath, arose and asked
Milk in the shepherd's lota. "Ah, my Lord,
I cannot give thee," quoth the lad ; "thou seest
I am a Sudra, and my touch defiles!"
Then the world-honored spake : "Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all ; neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deeds
Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.
Give me to drink, my brother ; when I come
Unto my quest it shall be good for thee."
Thereat the peasant's heart was glad, and gave.
And on another day there passed that road
A band of tinselled girls, the nautch-dancers
Of Indra's temple in the town, with those
Who made their music—one that beat a drum
Set round with peacock-feathers, one that blew
The piping bánsuli, and one that twitched
A three-string sitar. Lightly tripped they down
From ledge to ledge and through the checkered paths

To some gay festival, the silver bells
Chiming soft peals about the small brown feet,
Armlets and wrist-rings tattling answer shrill ;
While he that bore the sitar thrummed and twanged
His threads of brass, and she beside him sang—

"Fair goes the dancing when the sitar's tuned ;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high,
And we will dance away the hearts of men.
The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies ;
The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies ;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high."

So sang the nautch-girl to the pipe and wires,
Fluttering like some vain, painted butterfly
From glade to glade along the forest path,
Nor dreamed her light words echoed on the ear
Of him, that holy man, who sate so rapt
Under the fig-tree by the path. But Buddh
Lifted his great brow as the wantons passed,
And spake : "The foolish ofttimes teach the wise ;
I strain too much this string of life, belike,
Meaning to make such music as shall save.
Mine eyes are dim now that they see the truth,
My strength is waned now that my need is most ;
Would that I had such help as man must have,
For I shall die, whose life was all men's hope."
Now, by that river dwelt a landholder
Pious and rich, master of many herds,
A goodly chief, the friend of all the poor ;
And from his house the village drew its name—
"Senáni." Pleasant and in peace he lived,
Having for wife Sujâta, loveliest
Of all the dark-eyed daughters of the plain ;
Gentle and true, simple and kind was she,
Noble of mien, with gracious speech to all
And gladsome looks—a pearl of womanhood—
Passing calm years of household happiness
Beside her lord in that still Indian home,
Save that no male child blessed their wedded love.
Wherefore with many prayers she had besought
Lukshmi ; and many nights at full-moon gone
Round the great Lingam, nine times nine, with gifts
Of rice and jasmine wreaths and sandal oil,
Praying a boy ; also Sujâta vowed—
If this should be—an offering of food
Unto the wood-god, plenteous, delicate,

Set in a bowl of gold under his tree,
Such as the lips of Devs may taste and take.
And this had been : for there was born to her
A beauteous boy, now three months old, who lay
Between Sujâta's breasts, while she did pace
With grateful footsteps to the wood-god's shrine,
One arm clasping her crimson sari close
To wrap the babe, that jewel of her joys,
The other lifted high in comely curve
To steady on her head the bowl and dish
Which held the dainty victuals for the god.
But Radha, sent before to sweep the ground
And tie the scarlet threads around the tree,
Came eager, crying, "Ah, dear mistress ! look !
There is the wood-god sitting in his place,
Revealed, with folded hands upon his knees.
See how the light shines round about his brow !
How mild and great he seems, with heavenly eyes !
Good fortune is it thus to meet the gods."
So—thinking him divine—Sujâta drew
Tremblingly nigh, and kissed the earth and said,
With sweet face bent, "Would that the holy one
Inhabiting this grove, giver of good,
Merciful unto me his handmaiden,
Vouchsafing now his presence, might accept
These our poor gifts of snowy curds, fresh-made,
With milk as white as new-carved ivory !"
Therewith into the golden bowl she poured
The curds and milk, and on the hands of Buddh
Dropped attar from a crystal flask—distilled
Out of the hearts of roses : and he ate,
Speaking no word, while the glad mother stood
In reverence apart. But of that meal
So wondrous was the virtue that our Lord
Felt strength and life return as though the nights
Of watching and the days of fast had passed
In dream, as though the spirit with the flesh
Shared that fine meat and plumed its wings anew,
Like some delighted bird at sudden streams
Weary with flight o'er endless wastes of sand,
Which laves the desert dust from neck and crest.
And more Sujâta worshipped, seeing our Lord
Grow fairer and his countenance more bright :
"Art thou indeed the god ?" she lowly asked,
"And hath my gift found favor ?" But Buddh said,
"What is it thou dost bring me ?" "Holy one !"

Answered Sujâta, "from our droves I took
Milk of a hundred mothers, newly-calved,
And with that milk I fed fifty white cows,
And with their milk twenty-and-five, and then
With theirs twelve more, and yet again with theirs
The six noblest and best of all our herds.
That yield I boiled with sandal and fine spice
In silver lotas, adding rice, well-grown
From chosen seed, set in new-broken ground,
So picked that every grain was like a pearl.
This did I of true heart, because I vowed
Under thy tree, if I should bear a boy
I would make offering for my joy, and now
I have my son, and all my life is bliss!"
  Softly our Lord drew down the crimson fold,
And, laying on the little head those hands
Which help the worlds, he said, "Long be thy bliss!
And lightly fall on him the load of life!
For thou hast holpen me who am no god,
But one, thy brother; heretofore a prince
And now a wanderer, seeking night and day
These six hard years that light which somewhere shines
To lighten all men's darkness, if they knew!
And I shall find the light; yea, now it dawned
Glorious and helpful, when my weak flesh failed
Which this pure food, fair sister, hath restored,
Drawn manifold through lives to quicken life
As life itself passes by many births
To happier heights and purging off of sins.
Yet dost thou truly find it sweet enough
Only to live? Can life and love suffice?"
  Answered Sujâta, "Worshipful! my heart
Is little, and a little rain will fill
The lily's cup which hardly moists the field.
It is enough for me to feel life's sun
Shine in my Lord's grace and my baby's smile,
Making the loving summer of our home.
Pleasant my days pass filled with household cares
From sunrise when I wake to praise the gods,
And give forth grain, and trim the tulsi-plant,
And set my handmaids to their tasks, till noon,
When my lord lays his head upon my lap
Lulled by soft songs and wavings of the fan;
And so to supper-time at quiet eve,
When by his side I stand and serve the cakes.
Then the stars light their silver lamps for sleep,

After the temple and the talk with friends.
How should I not be happy, blest so much,
And bearing him this boy whose tiny hand
Shall lead his soul to Swerga, if it need?
For holy books teach when a man shall plant
Trees for the travellers' shade, and dig a well
For the folks' comfort, and beget a son,
It shall be good for such after their death;
And what the books say that I humbly take,
Being not wiser than those great of old
Who spake with gods, and knew the hymns and charms.
And all the ways of virtue and of peace.
Also I think that good must come of good
And ill of evil—surely—unto all—
In every place and time—seeing sweet fruit
Groweth from wholesome roots, and bitter things
From poison-stocks; yea, seeing, too, how spite
Breeds hate, and kindness friends, and patience peace
Even while we live; and when 'tis willed we die
Shall there not be as good a 'Then' as 'Now'?
Haply much better! since one grain of rice
Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls,
And all the starry champak's white and gold
Lurks in those little, naked, gray spring-buds.
Ah, sir! I know there might be woes to bear
Would lay fond patience with her face in dust;
If this my babe pass first I think my heart
Would break—almost I hope my heart would break!
That I might clasp him dead and wait my lord—
In whatsoever world holds faithful wives—
Duteous, attending till his hour should come.
But if death called Senáni, I should mount
The pile and lay that dear head in my lap,
My daily way, rejoicing when the torch
Lit the quick flame and rolled the choking smoke.
For it is written if an Indian wife
Die so, her love shall give her husband's soul
For every hair upon her head a crore
Of years in Swerga. Therefore fear I not.
And therefore, holy sir! my life is glad,
Nowise forgetting yet those other lives
Painful and poor, wicked and miserable,
Whereon the gods grant pity! but for me,
What good I see humbly I seek to do,
And live obedient to the law, in trust
That what will come, and must come, shall come well."

Then spake our Lord, "Thou teachest them who teach,
Wiser than wisdom in thy simple lore.
Be thou content to know not, knowing thus
Thy way of right and duty: grow, thou flower!
With thy sweet kind in peaceful shade—the light
Of truth's high noon is not for tender leaves
Which must spread broad in other suns and lift
In later lives a crowned head to the sky.
Thou who hast worshipped me, I worship thee!
Excellent heart! learnèd unknowingly.
As the dove is which flieth home by love,
In thee is seen why there is hope for man
And where we hold the wheel of life at will.
Peace go with thee, and comfort all thy days!
As thou accomplishest, may I achieve!
He whom thou thoughtest God bids thee wish this."
"May'st thou achieve," she said, with earnest eyes
Bent on her babe, who reached its tender hands
To Buddh—knowing, belike, as children know,
More than we deem, and reverencing our Lord;
But he arose—made strong with that pure meat—
And bent his footsteps where a great tree grew,
The Bôdhi-tree (thenceforward in all years
Never to fade, and ever to be kept
In homage of the world), beneath whose leaves
It was ordained that truth should come to Buddh:
Which now the Master knew; wherefore he went
With measured pace, steadfast, majestical,
Unto the tree of wisdom. Oh, ye worlds!
Rejoice! our Lord wended unto the tree!
Whom—as he passed into its ample shade,
Cloistered with columned dropping stems, and roofed
With vaults of glistening green—the conscious earth
Worshipped with waving grass and sudden flush
Of flowers about his feet. The forest-boughs
Bent down to shade him; from the river sighed
Cool wafts of wind laden with lotus-scents
Breathed by the water-gods. Large wondering eyes
Of woodland creatures—panther, boar, and deer—
At peace that eve, gazed on his face benign
From cave and thicket. From its cold cleft wound
The mottled deadly snake, dancing its hood
In honor of our Lord; bright butterflies
Fluttered their vans, azure and green and gold,
To be his fan-bearers; the fierce kite dropped
Its prey and screamed; the striped palm-squirrel raced

From stem to stem to see ; the weaver-bird
Chirped from her swinging nest ; the lizard ran ;
The koïl sang her hymn ; the doves flocked round ;
Even the creeping things were 'ware and glad.
Voices of earth and air joined in one song,
Which unto ears that hear said, "Lord and friend !
Lover and Saviour ! Thou who hast subdued
Angers and prides, desires and fears and doubts,
Thou that for each and all hast given thyself,
Pass to the tree ! The sad world blesseth thee
Who art the Buddh that shall assuage her woes.
Pass, hailed and honored ! strive thy last for us,
King and high conqueror ! thine hour is come ;
This is the night the ages waited for !"
Then fell the night even as our Master sate
Under that tree. But he who is the prince
Of darkness, Mara—knowing this was Buddh
Who should deliver men, and now the hour
When he should find the truth and save the worlds—
Gave unto all his evil powers command.
Wherefore there trooped from every deepest pit
The fiends who war with wisdom and the light,
Arati, Trishna, Raga, and their crew
Of passions, horrors, ignorances, lusts,
The brood of gloom and dread ; all hating Buddh,
Seeking to shake his mind ; nor knoweth one,
Not even the wisest, how those fiends of hell
Battled that night to keep the truth from Buddh :
Sometimes with terrors of the tempest, blasts
Of demon-armies clouding all the wind,
With thunder, and with blinding lightning flung
In jagged javelins of purple wrath
From splitting skies ; sometimes with wiles and words
Fair-sounding, 'mid hushed leaves and softened airs
From shapes of witching beauty ; wanton songs,
Whispers of love ; sometimes with royal allures
Of proffered rule ; sometimes with mocking doubts ;
Making truth vain. But whether these befell
Without and visible, or whether Buddh
Strove with fell spirits in his inmost heart,
Judge ye : I write what ancient books have writ.
The ten chief sins came—Mara's mighty ones,
Angels of evil—Attavâda first,
The sin of self, who in the universe
As in a mirror sees her fond face shown,
And crying "I" would have the world say "I,"

And all things perish so if she endure.
"If thou be'st Buddh," she said, "let others grope
Lightless; it is enough that thou art thou
Changelessly; rise and take the bliss of gods
Who change not, heed not, strive not." But Buddh spake,
"The right in thee is base, the wrong a curse;
Cheat such as love themselves." Then came wan doubt,
He that denies—the mocking sin—and this
Hissed in the Master's ear, "All things are shows,
And vain the knowledge of their vanity;
Thou dost but chase the shadow of thyself;
Rise and go hence, there is no better way
Than patient scorn, nor any help for man,
Nor any staying of his whirling wheel."
But quoth our Lord, "Thou hast no part with me,
False Visikitcha, subtlest of man's foes."
And third came she who gives dark creeds their power,
Sîlabbat-paramâsa, sorceress,
Draped fair in many lands as lowly faith,
But ever juggling souls with rites and prayers;
The keeper of those keys which lock up hells
And open heavens. "Wilt thou dare," she said,
"Put by our sacred books, dethrone our gods,
Unpeople all the temples, shaking down
That law which feeds the priests and props the realms?"
But Buddha answered, "What thou bidd'st me keep
Is form which passes, but the free truth stands;
Get thee unto thy darkness." Next there drew
Gallantly nigh a braver tempter, he,
Kama, the king of passions, who hath sway
Over the gods themselves, lord of all loves,
Ruler of pleasure's realm. Laughing he came
Unto the tree, bearing his bow of gold
Wreathed with red blooms, and arrows of desire
Pointed with five-tongued delicate flame which stings
The heart it smites sharper than poisoned barb:
And round him came into that lonely place
Bands of bright shapes with heavenly eyes and lips
Singing in lovely words the praise of love
To music of invisible sweet chords,
So witching, that it seemed the night stood still
To hear them, and the listening stars and moon
Paused in their orbits while these hymned to Buddh
Of lost delights, and how a mortal man
Findeth nought dearer in the three wide worlds
Than are the yielded loving fragrant breasts

Of beauty and the rosy breast-blossoms,
Love's rubies ; nay, and toucheth nought more high
Than is that dulcet harmony of form
Seen in the lines and charms of loveliness
Unspeakable, yet speaking, soul to soul,
Owned by the bounding blood, worshipped by will
Which leaps to seize it, knowing this is best,
This the true heaven where mortals are like gods,
Makers and masters, this the gift of gifts
Ever renewed and worth a thousand woes.
For who hath grieved when soft arms shut him safe,
And all life melted to a happy sigh,
And all the world was given in one warm kiss?
So sang they with soft float of beckoning hands,
Eyes lighted with love-flames, alluring smiles ;
In dainty dance their supple sides and limbs
Revealing and concealing like burst buds
Which tell their color, but hide yet their hearts.
Never so matchless grace delighted eye
As troop by troop these midnight dancers swept
Nearer the tree, each daintier than the last,
Murmuring " O great Siddârtha ! I am thine,
Taste of my mouth and see if youth is sweet !"
Also, when nothing moved our master's mind,
Lo ! Kama waved his magic bow, and lo !
The band of dancers opened, and a shape
Fairest and stateliest of the throng came forth
Wearing the guise of sweet Yasôdhara.
Tender the passion of those dark eyes seemed
Brimming with tears ; yearning those outspread arms
Opened toward him ; musical that moan
Wherewith the beauteous shadow named his name,
Sighing " My prince ! I die for lack of thee !
What heaven hast thou found like that we knew
By bright Rohini in the pleasure-house,
Where all these weary years I weep for thee?
Return, Siddârtha ! ah ! return. But touch
My lips again, but let me to thy breast
Once, and these fruitless dreams will end ! Ah, look !
Am I not she thou lovedst ?" But Buddh said,
" For that sweet sake of her thou playest thus
Fair and false shadow ! is thy playing vain ;
I curse thee not who wear'st a form so dear,
Yet as thou art so are all earthly shows.
Melt to thy void again !" Thereat a cry
Thrilled through the grove, and all that comely rout

Faded with flickering wafts of flame, and trail
Of vaporous robes.
Next under darkening skies
And noise of rising storm came fiercer sins,
The rearmost of the ten ; Patigha—hate—
With serpents coiled about her waist, which suck
Poisonous milk from both her hanging dugs,
And with her curses mix their angry hiss.
Little wrought she upon that holy one
Who with his calm eyes dumbed her bitter lips
And made her black snakes writhe to hide their fangs.
Then followed Ruparaga—lust of days—
That sensual sin which out of greed for life
Forgets to live ; and next him lust of fame,
Nobler Aruparaga, she whose spell
Beguiles the wise, mother of daring deeds,
Battles and toils. And haughty Mano came,
The fiend of pride ; and smooth self-righteousness,
Uddhachcha ; and—with many a hideous band
Of vile and formless things, which crept and flapped
Toad-like and bat-like—ignorance, the dam
Of fear and wrong, Avidya, hideous hag,
Whose footsteps left the midnight darker, while
The rooted mountains shook, the wild winds howled,
The broken clouds shed from their caverns streams
Of levin-lighted rain ; stars shot from heaven,
The solid earth shuddered as if one laid
Flame to her gaping wounds ; the torn black air
Was full of whistling wings, of screams and yells,
Of evil faces peering, of vast fronts
Terrible and majestic, lords of hell
Who from a thousand limbos led their troops
To tempt the Master.
But Buddh heeded not,
Sitting serene, with perfect virtue walled
As is a stronghold by its gates and ramps ;
Also the sacred tree—the Bôdhi-tree—
Amid that tumult stirred not, but each leaf
Glistened as still as when on moonlit eves
No zephyr spills the glittering gems of dew ;
For all this clamor raged outside the shade
Spread by those cloistered stems :
In the third watch,
The earth being still, the hellish legions fled,
A soft air breathing from the sinking moon,
Our Lord attained *Sammâ-sambuddh ;* he saw

By light which shines beyond our mortal ken
The line of all his lives in all the worlds,
Far back and farther back and farthest yet,
Five hundred lives and fifty. Even as one,
At rest upon a mountain-summit, marks
His path wind up by precipice and crag,
Past thick-set woods shrunk to a patch; through bogs
Glittering false-green; down hollows where he toiled
Breathless; on dizzy ridges where his feet
Had well-nigh slipped; beyond the sunny lawns,
The cataract and the cavern and the pool,
Backward to those dim flats wherefrom he sprang
To reach the blue; thus Buddha did behold
Life's upward steps long-linked, from levels low
Where breath is base, to higher slopes and higher
Whereon the ten great virtues wait to lead
The climber skyward. Also, Buddha saw
How new life reaps what the old life did sow:
How where its march breaks off its march begins;
Holding the gain and answering for the loss:
And how in each life good begets more good,
Evil fresh evil; death but casting up
Debit or credit, whereupon th' account
In merits or demerits stamps itself
By sure arithmic—where no tittle drops—
Certain and just, on some new-springing life;
Wherein are packed and scored past thoughts and deeds,
Strivings and triumphs, memories and marks
Of lives foregone:
And in the middle watch
Our Lord attained *Abhidjna*—insight vast
Ranging beyond this sphere to spheres unnamed,
System on system, countless worlds and suns
Moving in splendid measures, band by band
Linked in division, one yet separate,
The silver islands of a sapphire sea
Shoreless, unfathomed, undiminished, stirred
With waves which roll in restless tides of change.
He saw those lords of light who hold their worlds
By bonds invisible, how they themselves
Circle obedient round mightier orbs
Which serve profounder splendors, star to star
Flashing the ceaseless radiance of life
From centres ever shifting unto cirques
Knowing no uttermost. These he beheld
With unsealed vision, and of all those worlds,

Cycle on epicycle, all their tale
Of Kalpas, Mahakalpas—terms of time
Which no man grasps, yea, though he knew to count
The drops in Gunga from her springs to the sea,
Measureless unto speech—whereby these wax
And wane; whereby each of this heavenly host
Fulfils its shining life and darkling dies.
Sakwal by Sakwal, depths and heights he passed
Transported through the blue infinitudes,
Marking—behind all modes, above all spheres,
Beyond the burning impulse of each orb—
That fixed decree at silent work which wills
Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,
To fulness void, to form the yet unformed,
Good unto better, better unto best,
By wordless edict; having none to bid,
None to forbid; for this is past all gods
Immutable, unspeakable, supreme,
A power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again,
Ruling all things accordant to the rule
Of virtue, which is beauty, truth, and use.
So that all things do well which serve the power,
And ill which hinder; nay, the worm does well
Obedient to its kind; the hawk does well
Which carries bleeding quarries to its young
The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly,
Globing together in the common work;
And man who lives to die, dies to live well
So if he guide his ways by blamelessness
And earnest will to hinder not but help
All things both great and small which suffer life.
These did our Lord see in the middle watch.
But when the fourth watch came the secret came
Of sorrow, which with evil mars the law,
As damp and dross hold back the goldsmith's fire.
Then was the Dukha-satya opened him
First of the "noble truths;" how sorrow is
Shadow to life, moving where life doth move;
Not to be laid aside until one lays
Living aside, with all its changing states,
Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain,
Being and doing. How that none strips off
These sad delights and pleasant griefs who lacks
Knowledge to know them snares; but he who knows
Avidya—delusion—sets those snares,
Loves life no longer but ensues escape.

The eyes of such a one are wide, he sees
Delusion breeds Sankhâra, tendency
Perverse : Tendency energy—Vidnnân—
Whereby comes Namarûpa, local form
And name and bodiment, bringing the man
With senses naked to the sensible,
A helpless mirror of all shows which pass
Across his heart ; and so Vedanâ grows—
'Sense-life'—false in its gladness, fell in sadness,
But sad or glad, the mother of desire,
Trishna, that thirst which makes the living drink
Deeper and deeper of the false salt waves
Whereon they float, pleasures, ambitions, wealth,
Praise, fame, or domination, conquest, love ;
Rich meats and robes, and fair abodes, and pride
Of ancient lines, and lust of days, and strife
To live, and sins that flow from strife, some sweet,
Some bitter. Thus life's thirst quenches itself
With draughts which double thirst, but who is wise
Tears from his soul this Trishna, feeds his sense
No longer on false shows, files his firm mind
To seek not, strive not, wrong not ; bearing meek
All ills which flow from foregone wrongfulness,
And so constraining passions that they die
Famished ; till all the sum of ended life—
The *Karma*—all that total of a soul
Which is the things it did, the thoughts it had,
The 'self' it wove—with woof of viewless time,
Crossed on the warp invisible of acts—
The outcome of him on the universe,
Grows pure and sinless ; either never more
Needing to find a body and a place,
Or so informing what fresh frame it takes
In new existence that the new toils prove
Lighter and lighter not to be at all,
Thus "finishing the path ;" free from earth's cheats ;
Released from all the skandhas of the flesh ;
Broken from ties—from Upâdânas—saved
From whirling on the wheel ; aroused and sane
As is a man wakened from hateful dreams.
Until—greater than kings, than gods more glad !—
The aching craze to live ends, and life glides—
Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
Blessed NIRVÂNA—sinless, stirless rest—
That change which never changes !

Lo ! the dawn
Sprang with Buddh's victory ! lo ! in the East
Flamed the first fires of beauteous day, poured forth
Through fleeting folds of night's black drapery.
High in the widening blue the herald-star
Faded to paler silver as there shot
Brighter and brightest bars of rosy gleam
Across the gray. Far off the shadowy hills
Saw the great sun, before the world was 'ware,
And donned their crowns of crimson ; flower by flower
Felt the warm breath of morn and 'gan unfold
Their tender lids. Over the spangled grass
Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely light,
Turning the tears of night to joyous gems,
Decking the earth with radiance, 'broidering
The sinking storm-clouds with a golden fringe,
Gilding the feathers of the palms, which waved
Glad salutation ; darting beams of gold
Into the glades ; touching with magic wand
The stream to rippled ruby ; in the brake
Finding the mild eyes of the antelopes
And saying "it is day ;" in nested sleep
Touching the small heads under many a wing
And whispering, "Children, praise the light of day !"
Whereat there piped anthems of all the birds,
The köil's fluted song, the bulbul's hymn,
The "morning, morning" of the painted thrush,
The twitter of the sun-birds starting forth
To find the honey ere the bees be out,
The gray crow's caw, the parrot's scream, the strokes
Of the green hammersmith, the myna's chirp,
The never finished love-talk of the doves :
Yea ! and so holy was the influence
Of that high dawn which came with victory
That, far and near, in homes of men there spread
An unknown peace. The slayer hid his knife ;
The robber laid his plunder back ; the shroff
Counted full tale of coins ; all evil hearts
Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the balm
Of that divinest daybreak lightened earth.
Kings at fierce war called truce ; the sick men leaped
Laughing from beds of pain ; the dying smiled
As though they knew that happy morn was sprung
From fountains farther than the utmost East ;
And o'er the heart of sad Yasôdhara,
Sitting forlorn at Prince Siddârtha's bed,

Came sudden bliss, as if love should not fail
Nor such vast sorrow miss to end in joy.
So glad the world was—though it wist not why—
That over desolate wastes went swooning songs
Of mirth, the voice of bodiless piets and bhuts
Foreseeing Buddh ; and Devas in the air
Cried "It is finished, finished!" and the priests
Stood with the wondering people in the streets
Watching these golden splendors flood the sky,
And saying "There hath happed some mighty thing."
Also in Ran and Jungle grew that day
Friendship among the creatures ; spotted deer
Browsed fearless where the tigress fed her cubs,
And cheetahs lapped the pool beside the bucks ;
Under the eagle's rock the brown hares scour'd
While his fierce beak but preened an idle wing ;
The snake sunned all his jewels in the beam
With deadly fangs in sheath ; the shrike let pass
The nestling finch ; the emerald halcyons
Sate dreaming while the fishes played beneath,
Nor hawked the merops, though the butterflies—
Crimson and blue and amber—flitted thick
Around his perch ; the spirit of our Lord
Lay potent upon man and bird and beast,
Even while he mused under that Bôdhi-tree,
Glorified with the conquest gained for all
And lightened by a light greater than day's.
Then he arose—radiant, rejoicing, strong—
Beneath the tree, and lifting high his voice
Spake this, in hearing of all times and worlds :

Many a house of life
Hath held me—seeking ever him who wrought
These prisons of the senses, sorrow-fraught ;
Sore was my ceaseless strife!
But now,
Thou builder of this tabernacle—thou!
I know thee! Never shalt thou build again
These walls of pain,
Nor raise the roof-tree of deceits, nor lay
Fresh rafters on the clay ;
Broken thy house is, and the ridge-pole split!
Delusion fashioned it!
Safe pass I thence—Deliverance to obtain.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

SORROWFUL dwelt the King Suddhôdana
All those long years among the Sâkya lords
Lacking the speech and presence of his son;
Sorrowful sate the sweet Yasôdhara
All those long years, knowing no joy of life,
Widowed of him her living liege and prince
And ever, on the news of some recluse
Seen far away by pasturing camel-men
Or traders threading devious paths for gain,
Messengers from the king had gone and come
Bringing account of many a holy sage
Lonely and lost to home; but nought of him.
The crown of white Kapilavastu's line,
The glory of her monarch and his hope,
The heart's content of sweet Yasôdhara,
Far-wandered now, forgetful, changed, or dead.
But on a day in the Wasanta-time,
When silver sprays swing on the mango-trees
And all the earth is clad with garb of spring,
The princess sate by that bright garden-stream
Whose gliding glass, bordered with lotus-cups,
Mirrored so often in the bliss gone by
Their clinging hands and meeting lips. Her lids
Were wan with tears, her tender cheeks had thinned;
Her lips' delicious curves were drawn with grief;
The lustrous glory of her hair was hid—
Close-bound as widows use; no ornament
She wore, nor any jewel clasped the cloth—
Coarse, and of mourning-white—crossed on her breast.
Slow moved and painfully those small fine feet
Which had the roe's gait and the rose-leaf's fall
In old years at the loving voice of him.
Her eyes, those lamps of love—which were as if
Sunlight should shine from out the deepest dark,
Illumining night's peace with daytime's glow—
Unlighted now, and roving aimlessly,
Scarce marked the clustering signs of coming spring,
So the silk lashes drooped over their orbs.
In one hand was a girdle thick with pearls,
Siddârtha's—treasured since that night he fled—
(Ah, bitter night! mother of weeping days!
When was fond love so pitiless to love
Save that this scorned to limit love by life?)
The other led her little son, a boy

Divinely fair, the pledge Siddârtha left—
Named Rahula—now seven years old, who tripped
Gladsome beside his mother, light of heart
To see the spring-blooms burgeon o'er the world.
So while they lingered by the lotus-pools
And, lightly laughing, Rahula flung rice
To feed the blue and purple fish; and she
With sad eyes watched the swiftly-flying cranes,
Sighing, "Oh! creatures of the wandering wing,
If ye shall light where my dear Lord is hid,
Say that Yasôdhara lives nigh to death
For one word of his mouth, one touch of him!"
So, as they played and sighed—mother and child—
Came some among the damsels of the court
Saying, "Great princess! there have entered in
At the south gate merchants of Hastinpûr,
Tripusha called and Bhalluk, men of worth,
Long travelled from the loud sea's edge, who bring
Marvellous lovely webs pictured with gold,
Waved blades of gilded steel, wrought bowls in brass,
Cut ivories, spice, simples, and unknown birds,
Treasures of far-off peoples; but they bring
That which doth beggar these, for he is seen!
Thy Lord—our Lord—the hope of all the land—
Siddârtha! they have seen him face to face,
Yea, and have worshipped him with knees and brows,
And offered offerings; for he is become
All which was shown, a teacher of the wise,
World-honored, holy, wonderful; a Buddh
Who doth deliver men and save all flesh
By sweetest speech and pity vast as heaven:
And, lo! he journeyeth hither these do say."
Then—while the glad blood bounded in her veins
As Gunga leaps when first the mountain snows
Melt at her springs—uprose Yasôdhara
And clapped her palms, and laughed, with brimming tears
Beading her lashes. "Oh! call quick," she cried,
"These merchants to my purdah, for mine ears
Thirst like parched throats to drink their blessed news.
Go bring them in—but if their tale be true,
Say I will fill their girdles with much gold,
With gems that kings shall envy: come ye too,
My girls, for ye shall have guerdon of this
If there be gifts to speak my grateful heart."
So went those merchants to the pleasure-house,
Full softly pacing through its golden ways

With naked feet, amid the peering maids,
Much wondering at the glories of the court.
Whom, when they came without the purdah's folds,
A voice, tender and eager, filled and charmed
With trembling music, saying, "Ye are come
From far, fair sirs! and ye have seen my Lord—
Yea, worshipped—for he is become a Buddh,
World-honored, holy, and delivers men,
And journeyeth hither. Speak! for, if this be,
Friends are ye of my house, welcome and dear."
Then answer made Tripusha, "We have seen
That sacred Master, princess! we have bowed
Before his feet; for who was lost a prince
Is found a greater than the king of kings.
Under the Bôdhi-tree by Phalgú's bank
That which shall save the world hath late been wrought
By him—the friend of all, the prince of all—
Thine most, high lady! from whose tears men win
The comfort of this word the Master speaks.
Lo! he is well, as one beyond all ills,
Uplifted as a god from earthly woes,
Shining with risen truth, golden and clear.
Moreover as he entereth town by town,
Preaching those noble ways which lead to peace,
The hearts of men follow his path as leaves
Troop to wind or sheep draw after one
Who knows the pastures. We ourselves have heard
By Gaya in the green Tchîrnika grove
Those wondrous lips and done them reverence:
He cometh hither ere the first rains fall."
Thus spake he, and Yasôdhara, for joy,
Scarce mastered breath to answer, "Be it well
Now and at all times with ye, worthy friends!
Who bring good tidings; but of this great thing
Wist ye how it befell?"
Then Bhalluk told
Such as the people of the valleys knew
Of that dread night of conflict, when the air
Darkened with fiendish shadows, and the earth
Quaked, and the waters swelled with Mara's wrath.
Also how gloriously that morning broke
Radiant with rising hopes for man, and how
The Lord was found rejoicing 'neath his tree.
But many days the burden of release—
To be escaped beyond all storms of doubt,
Safe on truth's shore—lay, spake he, on that heart

A golden load ; for how shall men—Buddh mused—
Who love their sins and cleave to cheats of sense,
And drink of error from a thousand springs—
Having no mind to see, nor strength to break
The fleshly snare which binds them—how should such
Receive the twelve Nidânas and the law
Redeeming all, yet strange to profit by,
As the caged bird oft shuns its opened door ?
So had we missed the helpful victory
If, in this earth without a refuge, Buddh
Winning the way, had deemed it all too hard
For mortal feet, and passed, none following him.
Yet pondered the compassion of our Lord,
But in that hour there rang a voice as sharp
As cry of travail, so as if the earth
Moaned in birth-throe, "*Nasyami aham bhô*
Nasyati lóka !" SURELY I AM LOST,
I AND MY CREATURES : then a pause, and next
A pleading sigh borne on the western wind,
"*Sruyatâm dharma, Bhagwat !*" OH, SUPREME !
LET THY GREAT LAW BE UTTERED ! Whereupon
The Master cast his vision forth on flesh,
Saw who should hear and who must wait to hear,
As the keen sun gilding the lotus-lakes
Seeth which buds will open to his beams,
And which are not yet risen from their roots ;
Then spake, divinely smiling, "Yea ! I preach !
Whoso will listen let him learn the law."
Afterward passed he, said they, by the hills
Unto Benares, where he taught the Five,
Showing how birth and death should be destroyed,
And how man hath no fate except past deeds,
No hell but what he makes, no heaven too high
For those to reach whose passions sleep subdued.
This was the fifteenth day of Vaishya
Mid-afternoon and that night was full moon.
But, of the Rishis, first Kaundinya
Owned the four truths and entered on the paths ;
And after him Bhadraka, Asvajit,
Basava, Mahanâma ; also there
Within the deer-park, at the feet of Buddh,
Yasad the prince with nobles fifty-four,
Hearing the blessed word our Master spake
Worshipped and followed ; for there sprang up peace
And knowledge of a new time come for men
In all who heard, as spring the flowers and grass
When water sparkles through a sandy plain.

These sixty—said they—did our Lord send forth,
Made perfect in restraint and passion-free,
To teach the way ; but the world-honored turned
South from the deer-park and Isipatan
To Yashti and King Bimbasâra's realm,
Where many days he taught ; and after these
King Bimbasâra and his folk believed,
Learning the law of love and ordered life.
Also he gave the Master, of free gift—
Pouring forth water on the hands of Buddh—
The bamboo-garden, named Wéluvana,
Wherein are streams and caves and lovely glades ;
And the king set a stone there, carved with this :

"What life's course and cause sustain
These Tathâgato made plain ;
What delivers from life's woe
That our Lord hath made us know."

And, in that garden—said they—there was held
A high assembly, where the Teacher spake
Wisdom and power, winning all souls which heard,
So that nine hundred took the yellow robe—
Such as the Master wears—and spread his law ;
And this the gáthá was wherewith he closed :

"Evil swells the debts to pay,
Good delivers and acquits ;
Shun evil, follow good : hold sway
Over thyself. This is the way."

Whom, when they ended, speaking so of him,
With gifts, and thanks which made the jewels dull,
The princess recompensed. "But by what road
Wendeth my Lord?" she asked : the merchants said,
"Yôjans threescore stretch from the city-walls
To Rajagriha, whence the easy path
Passeth by Sona hither and the hills.
Our oxen, treading eight slow koss a day,
Came in one moon."
Then the king hearing word
Sent nobles of the court—well-mounted lords—
Nine separate messengers, each embassy
Bidden to say, "The King Suddhôdana—
Nearer the pyre by seven long years of lack,
Wherethrough he hath not ceased to seek for thee—
Prays of his son to come unto his own,
The throne and people of this longing realm,

Lest he shall die and see thy face no more."
Also nine horsemen sent Yasôdhara
Bidden to say, "The princess of thy house—
Rahula's mother—craves to see thy face.
As the night-blowing moon-flower's swelling heart
Pines for the moon, as pale asôka-buds
Wait for a woman's foot: if thou hast found
More than was lost, she prays her part in this,
Rahula's part, but most of all thyself."
So sped the Sâkya lords, but it befell
That each one, with the message in his mouth,
Entered the bamboo-garden in that hour
When Buddha taught his law; and—hearing—each
Forgot to speak, lost thought of king and quest,
Of the sad princess even; only gazed
Eye-wrapt upon the Master; only hung
Heart-caught upon the speech, compassionate,
Commanding, perfect, pure, enlightening all,
Poured from those sacred lips. Look! like a bee
Winged for the hive, who sees the môgras spread
And scents their utter sweetness on the air,
If he be honey-filled, it matters not;
If night be nigh, or rain, he will not heed;
Needs must he light on those delicious blooms
And drain their nectar; so these messengers,
One with another, hearing Buddha's words,
Let go the purpose of their speed, and mixed,
Heedless of all, amid the Master's train.
Wherefore the king bade that Udayi go—
Chiefest in all the court, and faithfullest,
Siddârtha's playmate in the happier days—
Who, as he drew anear the garden, plucked
Blown tufts of tree-wool from the grove and sealed
The entrance of his hearing; thus he came
Safe through the lofty peril of the place
And told the message of the king, and hers.
Then meekly bowed his head and spake our Lord
Before the people, "Surely I shall go!
It is my duty as it was my will;
Let no man miss to render reverence
To those who lend him life, whereby come means
To live and die no more, but safe attain
Blissful Nirvâna, if ye keep the law,
Purging past wrongs and adding nought thereto,
Complete in love and lovely charities.
Let the king know and let the princess hear

I take the way forthwith." This told, the folk
Of white Kapilavastu and its fields
Made ready for the entrance of their prince.
At the south gate a bright pavilion rose
With flower-wreathed pillars and the walls of silk
Wrought on their red and green with woven gold.
Also the roads were laid with scented boughs
Of neem and mango, and full mussuks shed
Sandal and jasmine on the dust, and flags
Fluttered; and on the day when he should come
It was ordained how many elephants—
With silver howdahs and their tusks gold-tipped—
Should wait beyond the ford, and where the drums
Should boom "Siddârtha cometh!" where the lords
Should light and worship, and the dancing-girls
Where they should strew their flowers with dance and song
So that the steed he rode might tramp knee-deep
In rose and balsam, and the ways be fair;
While the town rang with music and high joy.
This was ordained, and all men's ears were pricked
Dawn after dawn to catch the first drum's beat
Announcing, "Now he cometh!"
But it fell—
Eager to be before—Yasôdhara
Rode in her litter to the city walls
Where soared the bright pavilion. All around
A beauteous garden smiled—Nigrôdha named—
Shaded with bel-trees and the green-plumed dates,
New-trimmed and gay with winding walks and banks
Of fruits and flowers; for the southern road
Skirted its lawns, on this hand leaf and bloom,
On that the suburb-huts where base-borns dwelt
Outside the gates, a patient folk and poor,
Whose touch for Kshatriya and priest of Brahm
Were sore defilement. Yet those, too, were quick
With expectation, rising ere the dawn
To peer along the road, to climb the trees
At far-off trumpet of some elephant,
Or stir of temple-drum; and when none came,
Busied with lowly chares to please the prince;
Sweeping their door-stones, setting forth their flags,
Stringing the fluted fig-leaves into chains,
New furbishing the Lingam, decking new
Yesterday's faded arch of boughs, but aye
Questioning wayfarers if any noise
Be on the road of great Siddârtha. These

The princess marked with lovely languid eyes,
Watching, as they, the southward plain, and bent
Like them to listen if the passers gave
News of the path. So fell it she beheld
One slow approaching with his head close shorn,
A yellow cloth over his shoulder cast,
Girt as the hermits are, and in his hand
An earthen bowl, shaped melonwise, the which
Meekly at each hut-door he held a space,
Taking the granted dole with gentle thanks
And all as gently passing where none gave.
Two followed him wearing the yellow robe,
But he who bore the bowl so lordly seemed,
So reverend, and with such a passage moved,
With so commanding presence filled the air,
With such sweet eyes of holiness smote all,
That, as they reached him alms the givers gazed
Awestruck upon his face, and some bent down
In worship, and some ran to fetch fresh gifts
Grieved to be poor; till slowly, group by group,
Children and men and women drew behind
Into his steps, whispering with covered lips,
Who is he? who? when looked a Rishi thus?"
But as he came with quiet footfall on
Nigh the pavilion, lo! the silken door
Lifted, and, all unveiled, Yasôdhara
Stood in his path crying, "Siddârtha! Lord!"
With wide eyes streaming and with close-clasped hands,
Then sobbing fell upon his feet, and lay.
  Afterward, when this weeping lady passed
Into the noble paths, and one had prayed
Answer from Buddha wherefore—being vowed
Quit of all mortal passion and the touch,
Flower-soft and conquering, of a woman's hands—
He suffered such embrace, the Master said:
"The greater beareth with the lesser love
So it may raise it unto easier heights.
Take heed that no man, being 'scaped from bonds,
Vexeth bound souls with boasts of liberty.
Free are ye rather that your freedom spread
By patient winning and sweet wisdom's skill.
Three eras of long toil bring Bodhisâts—
Who will be guides and help this darkling world—
Unto deliverance, and the first is named
Of deep 'resolve,' the second of 'attempt,'
The third of 'nomination.' Lo! I lived

In era of resolve, desiring good,
Searching for wisdom, but mine eyes were sealed.
Count the gray seeds on yonder castor-clump,
So many rains it is since I was Ram,
A merchant of the coast which looketh south
To Lanka and the hiding-place of pearls.
Also in that far time Yasôdhara
Dwelt with me in our village by the sea,
Tender as now, and Lukshmi was her name.
And I remember how I journeyed thence
Seeking our gain, for poor the household was
And lowly. Not the less with wistful tears
She prayed me that I should not part, nor tempt
Perils by land and water. 'How could love
Leave what it loved?' she wailed; yet, venturing,
I passed to the Straits, and after storm and toil
And deadly strife with creatures of the deep,
And woes beneath the midnight and the noon,
Searching the wave I won therefrom a pearl
Moonlike and glorious, such as kings might buy
Emptying their treasury. Then came I glad
Unto mine hills, but over all that land
Famine spread sore: ill was I stead to live
In journey home, and hardly reached my door—
Aching for food—with that white wealth of the sea
Tied in my girdle. Yet no food was there;
And on the threshold she for whom I toiled—
More than myself—lay with her speechless lips
Nigh unto death for one small gift of grain,
Then cried I, 'If there be who hath of grain,
Here is a kingdom's ransom for one life:
Give Lukshmi bread and take my moonlight pearl.'
Whereat one brought the last of all his hoard,
Millet—three seers—and clutched the beauteous thing.
But Lukshmi lived and sighed with gathered life,
'Lo! thou didst love indeed!' I spent my pearl
Well in that life to comfort heart and mind
Else quite uncomforted, but these pure pearls,
My last large gain, won from a deeper wave—
The twelve Nidânas and the law of good—
Cannot be spent, nor dimmed, and most fulfil
Their perfect beauty being freeliest given.
For like as is to Meru yonder hill
Heaped by the little ants, and like as dew
Dropped in the footmark of a bounding roe
Unto the shoreless seas, so was that gift

Unto my present giving ; and so love—
Vaster in being free from toils of sense—
Was wisest stooping to the weaker heart ;
And so the feet of sweet Yasôdhara
Passed into peace and bliss, being softly led."
But when the king heard how Siddârtha came
Shorn, with the mendicant's sad-colored cloth,
And stretching out a bowl to gather orts
From base-borns' leavings, wrathful sorrow drove
Love from his heart. Thrice on the ground he spat,
Plucked at his silvered beard, and strode straight forth
Lackeyed by trembling lords. Frowning he clomb
Upon his war-horse, drove the spurs, and dashed,
Angered, through wondering streets and lanes of folk,
Scarce finding breath to say, " The King ! bow down !"
Ere the loud calvacade had clattered by :
Which—at the turning by the temple-wall
Where the south gate was seen—encountered full
A mighty crowd ; to every edge of it
Poured fast more people, till the roads were lost,
Blotted by that huge company which thronged
And grew, close following him whose look serene
Met the old king's. Nor lived the father's wrath
Longer than while the gentle eyes of Buddh
Lingered in worship on his troubled brows,
Then downcast sank, with his true knee, to earth
In proud humility. So dear it seemed
To see the prince, to know him whole, to mark
That glory greater than of earthly state
Crowning his head, that majesty which brought
All men, so awed and silent, in his steps.
Nathless the king broke forth, " Ends it in this
That great Siddârtha steals into his realm,
Wrapped in a clout, shorn, sandalled, craving food
Of low-borns, he whose life was as a god's ?
My son ! heir of this spacious power, and heir
Of kings who did but clap their palms to have
What earth could give or eager service bring ?
Thou shouldst have come apparelled in thy rank,
With shining spears and tramp of horse and foot.
Lo ! all my soldiers camped upon the road,
And all my city waited at the gates ;
Where hast thou sojourned through these evil years
Whilst thy crowned father mourned ? and she, too, there
Lived as the widows use, foregoing joys ;
Never once hearing sound of song or string.

Nor wearing once the festal robe, till now
When in her cloth of gold she welcomes home
A beggar spouse in yellow remnants clad.
Son! why is this?" "My father!" came reply,
"It is the custom of my race." "Thy race,"
Answered the king "counteth a hundred thrones
From Maha Sammât, but no deed like this."
"Not of a mortal line," the Master said,
"I spake, but of descent invisible,
The Buddhas who have been and who shall be:
Of these am I, and what they did I do,
And this which now befalls so fell before,
That at his gate a king in warrior-mail
Should meet his son, a prince, in hermit-weeds;
And that, by love and self-control, being more
Than mightiest kings in all their puissance,
The appointed helper of the worlds should bow—
As now do I—and with all lowly love
Proffer, where it is owed for tender debts,
The first-fruits of the treasure he hath brought;
Which now I proffer."
Then the king amazed
Inquired "What treasure?" and the Teacher took
Meekly the royal palm, and while they paced
Through worshipping streets—the princess and the king
On either side—he told the things which make
For peace and pureness, those four noble truths
Which hold all wisdom as shores shut the seas,
Those eight right rules whereby who will may walk—
Monarch or slave—upon the perfect path
That hath its stages four and precepts eight,
Whereby whoso will live—mighty or mean,
Wise or unlearned, man, woman, young or old—
Shall soon or late break from the wheels of life
Attaining blest Nirvâna. So they came
Into the palace-porch, Suddhôdana
With brows unknit drinking the mighty words,
And in his own hand carrying Buddha's bowl,
Whilst a new light brightened the lovely eyes
Of sweet Yasôdhara and sunned her tears;
And that night entered they the way of peace.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

A BROAD mead spreads by swift Kohâna's bank
At Nagara; five days shall bring a man
In ox-wain thither from Benares' shrines

Eastward and northward journeying. The horns
Of white Himâla look upon the place,
Which all the year is glad with blooms and girt
By groves made green from that bright streamlet's wave.
Soft are its slopes and cool its fragrant shades,
And holy all the spirit of the spot
Unto this time: the breath of eve comes hushed
Over the tangled thickets, and high heaps
Of carved red stones cloven by root and stem
Of creeping fig, and clad with waving veil
Of leaf and grass. The still snake glistens forth
From crumbled work of lac and cedar-beams
To coil his folds there on deep-graven slabs;
The lizard dwells and darts o'er painted floors
Where kings have paced; the gray fox litters safe
Under the broken thrones; only the peaks,
And stream, and sloping lawns, and gentle airs
Abide unchanged. All else, like all fair shows
Of life, are fled—for this is where it stood,
The city of Suddhôdana, the hill
Whereon, upon an eve of gold and blue
At sinking sun Lord Buddha set himself
To teach the law in hearing of his own.
Lo! ye shall read it in the sacred books
How, being met in that glad pleasaunce-place—
A garden in old days with hanging walks,
Fountains, and tanks, and rose-banked terraces
Girdled by gay pavilions and the sweep
Of stately palace-fronts—the Master sate
Eminent, worshipped, all the earnest throng
Catching the opening of his lips to learn
That wisdom which hath made our Asia mild;
Whereto four hundred crores of living souls
Witness this day. Upon the king's right hand
He sate, and round were ranged the Sâkya lords
Ananda, Devadatta—all the court. Behind stood
Seriyut and Mugallan, chiefs
Of the calm brethren in the yellow garb,
A goodly company. Between his knees
Rahula smiled with wondering childish eyes
Bent on the awful face, while at his feet
Sate sweet Yasôdhara, her heartaches gone,
Foreseeing that fair love which doth not feed
On fleeting sense, that life which knows no age,
That blessed last of deaths when death is dead,
His victory and hers. Wherefore she laid

Her hand upon his hands, folding around
Her silver shoulder-cloth his yellow robe,
Nearest in all the world to him whose words
The three worlds waited for. I cannot tell
A small part of the splendid lore which broke
From Buddha's lips: I am a late-come scribe
Who love the Master and his love of men,
And tell this legend, knowing he was wise,
But have not wit to speak beyond the books;
And time hath blurred their script and ancient sense,
Which once was new and mighty, moving all.
A little of that large discourse I know
Which Buddha spake on the soft Indian eve.
Also I know it writ that they who heard
Were more—lakhs more—crores more—than could be seen,
For all the Devas and the dead throng there,
Till heaven was emptied to the seventh zone
And uttermost dark hells opened their bars;
Also the daylight lingered past its time
In rose-leaf radiance on the watching peaks,
So that it seemed night listened in the glens
And noon upon the mountains; yea! they write,
The evening stood between them like some maid
Celestial, love-struck, rapt; the smooth-roiled clouds
Her braided hair; the studded stars the pearls
And diamonds of her coronal; the moon
Her forehead-jewel, and the deepening dark
Her woven garments. 'Twas her close-held breath
Which came in scented sighs across the lawns
While our Lord taught, and, while he taught, who heard—
Though he were stranger in the land, or slave,
High caste or low, come of the Aryan blood,
Or Mlech or jungle-dweller—seemed to hear
What tongue his fellows talked. Nay, outside these
Who crowded by the river, great and small,
The birds and beasts and creeping things—'tis writ—
Had sense of Buddha's vast embracing love
And took the promise of his piteous speech;
So that their lives—prisoned in shape of ape,
Tiger, or deer, shagged bear, jackal, or wolf,
Foul-feeding kite, pearled dove, or peacock gemmed,
Squat toad, or speckled serpent, lizard, bat;
Yea, or of fish fanning the river waves—
Touched meekly at the skirts of brotherhood
With man who hath less innocence than these;
And in mute gladness knew their bondage broke
Whilst Buddha spake these things before the king:

OM, AMITAYA ! measure not with words
Th' Immeasurable : nor sink the string of thought
Into the fathomless. Who asks doth err,
Who answers, errs. Say nought !
The books teach darkness was, at first of all,
And Brahm, sole meditating in that night :
Look not for Brahm and the beginning there !
Nor him, nor any light
Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,
Or any searcher know by mortal mind,
Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.
Stars sweep and question not. This is enough
That life and death and joy and woe abide ;
And cause and sequence, and the course of time,
And being's ceaseless tide,
Which, ever-changing, runs, linked like a river
By ripples following ripples, fast or slow—
The same yet not the same—from far-off fountain
To where its waters flow
Into the seas. These, steaming to the sun,
Give the lost wavelets back in cloudy fleece
To trickle down the hills, and glide again ;
Having no pause or peace.
This is enough to know, the phantasms are ;
The heavens, earths, worlds, and changes changing them
A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress
Which none can stay or stem.
Pray not ! the darkness will not brighten ! Ask
Nought from the silence, for it cannot speak !
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains !
Ah ! brothers, sisters ! seek
Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruit and cakes ;
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought ;
Each man his prison makes.
Each hath such lordship as the loftiest ones ;
Nay, for with powers above, around, below,
As with all flesh and whatsoever lives,
Act maketh joy and woe.
What hath been bringeth what shall be, and is,
Worse—better—last for first and first for last ;
The angels in the heavens of gladness reap
Fruits of a holy past.
The devils in the underworlds wear out
Deeds that were wicked in an age gone by.

Nothing endures : fair virtues waste with time,
  Foul sins grow purged thereby.
Who toiled a slave may come anew a prince
  For gentle worthiness and merit won :
Who ruled a king may wander earth in rags
  For things done and undone.
Higher than Indra's ye may lift your lot,
  And sink it lower than the worm or gnat ;
The end of many myriad lives is this,
  The end of myriads that.
Only, while turns this wheel invisible,
  No pause, no peace, no staying-place can be ;
Who mounts will fall, who falls may mount ; the spokes
  Go round unceasingly !

If ye lay bound upon the wheel of change,
  And no way were of breaking from the chain,
The heart of boundless being is a curse,
  The soul of things fell pain.
Ye are not bound ! the soul of things is sweet,
  The heart of being is celestial rest ;
Stronger than woe is will : that which was good
  Doth pass to better—best.
I, Buddh, who wept with all my brothers' tears,
  Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,
Laugh and am glad, for there is liberty !
  Ho ! ye who suffer ! know
Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,
  None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
  Its spokes of agony,
Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.
  Behold, I show you truth ! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
  Farther than Brahm doth dwell,
Before beginning, and without an end,
  As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a power divine which moves to good,
  Only its laws endure.
This is its touch upon the blossomed rose,
  The fashion of its hand shaped lotus-leaves ;
In dark soil and the silence of the seeds
  The robe of spring it weaves ;
That is its painting on the glorious clouds,
  And these its emeralds on the peacock's train ;
It hath its stations in the stars ; its slaves
  In lightning, wind, and rain.

Out of the dark it wrought the heart of man,
Out of dull shells the pheasant's pencilled neck ;
Ever at toil, it brings to loveliness
All ancient wrath and wreck.
The gray eggs in the golden sun-bird's nest
Its treasures are, the bees' six-sided cell
Its honey-pot ; the ant wots of its ways,
The white doves know them well.
It spreadeth forth for flight the eagle's wings
What time she beareth home her prey ; it sends
The she-wolf to her cubs ; for unloved things
It findeth food and friends.
It is not marred nor stayed in any use,
All liketh it ; the sweet white milk it brings
To mothers' breasts ; it brings the white drops, too,
Wherewith the young snake stings.
The ordered music of the marching orbs
It makes in viewless canopy of sky ;
In deep abyss of earth it hides up gold,
Sards, sapphires, lazuli.
Ever and ever bringing secrets forth,
It sitteth in the green of forest glades,
Nursing strange seedlings at the cedar's root,
Devising leaves, blooms, blades.
It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved
Except unto the working out of doom ;
Its threads are love and life ; and death and pain
The shuttles of its loom.
It maketh and unmaketh, mending all ;
What it hath wrought is better than hath been ;
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans
Its wistful hands between.
This is its work upon the things ye see,
The unseen things are more : men's hearts and minds,
The thoughts of peoples and their ways and wills,
Those, too, the great law binds.
Unseen it helpeth ye with faithful hands,
Unheard it speaketh stronger than the storm.
Pity and love are man's because long stress
Moulded blind mass to form.
It will not be contemned of any one ;
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains ;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.
It seeth everywhere and marketh all :
Do right—it recompenseth ! do one wrong—

The equal retribution must be made,
Though DHARMA tarry long.
It knows not wrath nor pardon ; utter-true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs ;
Times are as nought, to-morrow it will judge,
Or after many days.
By this the slayer's knife did stab himself ;
The unjust judge hath lost his own defender ;
The false tongue dooms its lie ; the creeping thief
And spoiler rob, to render.
Such is the law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay ;
The heart of it is love, the end of it
Is peace and consummation sweet. Obey !

The books say well, my brothers ! each man's life
The outcome of his former living is ;
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,
The bygone right breeds bliss.
That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields !
The sesamum was sesamum, the corn
Was corn. The silence and the darkness knew !
So is a man's fate born.
He cometh, reaper of the things he sowed,
Sesamum, corn, so much cast in past birth ;
And so much weed and poison-stuff, which mar
Him and the aching earth.
If he shall labor rightly, rooting these,
And planting wholesome seedlings where they grew,
Fruitful and fair and clean the ground shall be,
And rich the harvest due.
If he who liveth, learning whence woe springs,
Endureth patiently, striving to pay
His utmost debt for ancient evils done
In love and truth alway ;
If making none to lack, he throughly purge
The lie and lust of self forth from his blood ;
Suffering all meekly, rendering for offence
Nothing but grace and good :
If he shall day by day dwell merciful,
Holy and just and kind and true ; and rend
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots,
Till love of life have end :
He—dying—leaveth as the sun of him
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit,
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,
So that fruits follow it.

No need hath such to live as ye name life ;
That which began in him when he began
Is finished : he hath wrought the purpose through
Of what did make him man.
Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invade his safe eternal peace ; nor deaths
And lives recur. He goes
Unto NIRVÂNA. He is one with life,
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
OM, MANI PADME, OM ! the dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea !

This is the doctrine of the KARMA. Learn !
Only when all the dross of sin is quit,
Only when life dies like a white flame spent
Death dies along with it.
Say not "I am," "I was," or "I shall be,"
Think not ye pass from house to house of flesh
Like travellers who remember and forget,
Ill-lodged or well-lodged. Fresh
Issues upon the universe that sum
Which is the lattermost of lives. It makes
Its habitation as the worm spins silk
And dwells therein. It takes
Function and substance as the snake's egg hatched
Takes scale and fang ; as feathered reed-seeds fly
O'er rock and loam and sand, until they find
Their marsh and multiply.
Also it issues forth to help or hurt.
When death the bitter murderer doth smite,
Red roams the unpurged fragment of him, driven
On wings of plague and blight.
But when the mild and just die, sweet airs breathe ;
The world grows richer, as if desert-stream
Should sink away to sparkle up again
Purer, with broader gleam.
So merit won winneth the happier age
Which by demerit halteth short of end ;
Yet must this law of love reign king of all
Before the Kalpas end.
What lets?—brothers ! the darkness lets ! which breeds
Ignorance, mazed whereby ye take these shows
For true, and thirst to have, and, having, cling
To lusts which work you woes.
Ye that will tread the middle road, whose course
Bright reason traces and soft quiet smooths ;

Ye who will take the high Nirvâna-way
List the four noble truths.
The first truth is of *sorrow*. Be not mocked!
Life which ye prize is long-drawn agony:
Only its pains abide; its pleasures are
As birds which light and fly.
Ache of the birth, ache of the helpless days,
Ache of hot youth and ache of manhood's prime;
Ache of the chill gray years and choking death,
These fill your piteous time.
Sweet is fond love, but funeral-flames must kiss
The breasts which pillow and the lips which cling;
Gallant is warlike might, but vultures pick
The joints of chiefs and kings.
Beauteous is earth, but all its forest-broods
Plot mutual slaughter, hungering to live;
Of sapphire are the skies, but when men cry
Famished, no drops they give.
Ask of the sick, the mourners, ask of him
Who tottereth on his staff, lone and forlorn,
"Liketh thee life?"—these say the babe is wise
That weepeth, being born.
The second truth is *sorrow's cause*. What grief
Springs of itself and springs not of desire?
Senses and things perceived mingle and light
Passion's quick spark of fire:
So flameth Trishna, lust and thirst of things.
Eager ye cling to shadows, dote on dreams;
A false self in the midst ye plant, and make
A world around which seems;
Blind to the height beyond, deaf to the sound
Of sweet airs breathed from far past Indra's sky;
Dumb to the summons of the true life kept
For him who false puts by.
So grow the strifes and lusts which make earth's war,
So grieve poor cheated hearts and flow salt tears;
So wax the passions, envies, angers, hates;
So years chase blood-stained years
With wild red feet. So, where the grain should grow,
Spreads the birân-weed with its evil root
And poisonous blossoms; hardly good seeds find
Soil where to fall and shoot;
And drugged with poisonous drink the soul departs,
And fierce with thirst to drink Karma returns;
Sense-struck again the sodden self begins,
And new deceits it earns.

The third is *sorrow's ceasing.* This is peace
To conquer love of self and lust of life,
To tear deep-rooted passion from the breast,
To still the inward strife;
For love to clasp eternal beauty close;
For glory to be lord of self, for pleasure
To live beyond the gods; for countless wealth
To lay up lasting treasure
Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech, and stainless days:
These riches shall not fade away in life,
Nor any death dispraise.
Then sorrow ends, for life and death have ceased;
How should lamps flicker when their oil is spent?
The old sad count is clear, the new is clean;
Thus hath a man content.

The fourth truth is *the way.* It openeth wide,
Plain for all feet to tread, easy and near,
The *noble eightfold path;* it goeth straight
To peace and refuge. Hear!
Manifold tracks lead to yon sister-peaks
Around whose snows the gilded clouds are curled;
By steep or gentle slopes the climber comes
Where breaks that other world.
Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms,
Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast;
The weak must wind from slower ledge to ledge
With many a place of rest.
So is the eightfold path which brings to peace;
By lower or by upper heights it goes.
The firm soul hastes, the feeble tarries. All
Will reach the sunlit snows.
The first good level is *right doctrine.* Walk
In fear of Dharma, shunning all offence;
In heed of Karma, which doth make man's fate;
In lordship over sense.
The second is *right purpose.* Have good-will
To all that lives, letting unkindness die
And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made
Like soft airs passing by.
The third is *right discourse.* Govern the lips
As they were palace-doors, the king within;
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win.
The fourth is *right behavior.* Let each act
Assoil a fault or help a merit grow:

Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads
  Let love through good deeds show.
Four higher roadways be. Only those feet
  May tread them which have done with earthly things;
Right purity, right thought, right loneliness,
  Right rapture. Spread no wings
For sunward flight, thou soul with unplumed vans!
  Sweet is the lower air and safe, and known
The homely levels: only strong ones leave
  The nest each makes his own.
Dear is the love, I know, of wife and child;
  Pleasant the friends and pastimes of your years;
Fruitful of good life's gentle charities;
  False, though firm-set, its fears.
Live—ye who must—such lives as live on these;
  Make golden stairways of your weakness; rise
By daily sojourn with those phantasies
  To lovelier verities.
So shall ye pass to clearer heights and find
  Easier ascents and lighter loads of sins,
And larger will to burst the bonds of sense,
  Entering the path. Who wins
To such commencement hath the *first stage* touched;
  He knows the noble truths, the eightfold road;
By few or many steps such shall attain
  NIRVÂNA'S blest abode.
Who standeth at the *second stage*, made free
  From doubts, delusions, and the inward strife,
Lord of all lusts, quit of the priests and books,
  Shall live but one more life.
Yet onward lies the *third stage*: purged and pure
  Hath grown the stately spirit here, hath risen
To love all living things in perfect peace.
  His life at end, life's prison
Is broken. Nay, there are who surely pass
  Living and visible to utmost goal
By *fourth stage* of the holy ones—the Buddhs—
  And they of stainless soul.
Lo! like fierce foes slain by some warrior,
  Ten sins along these stages lie in dust,
The love of self, false faith, and doubt are three,
  Two more, hatred and lust.
Who of these five is conqueror hath trod
  Three stages out of four: yet there abide
The love of life on earth, desire for heaven,
  Self-praise, error, and pride.

As one who stands on yonder snowy horn,
  Having nought o'er him but the boundless blue,
So, these sins being slain, the man is come
  NIRVÂNA's verge unto.
Him the gods envy from their lower seats;
  Him the three worlds in ruin should not shake;
All life is lived for him, all deaths are dead;
  Karma will no more make
New houses. Seeking nothing, he gains all;
  Foregoing self, the universe grows "I":
If any teach NIRVÂNA is to cease
  Say unto such they lie.
If any teach NIRVÂNA is to live,
  Say unto such they err; not knowing this,
Nor what light shines beyond their broken lamps,
  Nor lifeless, timeless bliss.
Enter the path! There is no grief like hate!
  No pains like passions, no deceit like sense!
Enter the path! far hath he gone whose foot
  Treads down one fond offence.
Enter the path! There spring the healing streams
  Quenching all thirst! there bloom th' immortal flowers,
Carpeting all the way with joy! there throng
  Swiftest and sweetest hours!

More is the treasure of the law than gems;
  Sweeter than comb its sweetness; its delights
Delightful past compare. Thereby to live
  Hear the *five rules* aright:

Kill not—for pity's sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.

Give freely and receive, but take from none
By greed, or force or fraud, what is his own.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;
Truth is the speech of inward purity.

Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;
Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Sôma juice.

Touch not thy neighbor's wife, neither commit
Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit.

These words the Master spake of duties due
To father, mother, children, fellows, friends;
Teaching how such as may not swiftly break
The clinging chains of sense—whose feet are weak
To tread the higher road—should order so
This life of flesh that all their hither days

Pass blameless in discharge of charities
And first true footfalls in the eightfold path ;
Living pure, reverent, patient, pitiful,
Loving all things which live even as themselves ;
Because what falls for ill is fruit of ill
Wrought in the past, and what falls well of good ;
And that by howsomuch the householder
Purgeth himself of self and helps the world,
By so much happier comes he to next stage,
In so much better being. This he spake,
As also long before, when our Lord walked
By Rajagriha in the bamboo-grove :
For on a dawn he walked there and beheld
The householder Singâla, newly bathed,
Bowing himself with bare head to the earth,
To heaven, and all four quarters ; while he threw
Rice, red and white, from both hands. " Wherefore thus
Bowest thou, brother ?" said the Lord ; and he,
" It is the way, great sir ! our fathers taught
At every dawn, before the toil begins,
To hold off evil from the sky above
And earth beneath, and all the winds which blow."
Then the world-honored spake : " Scatter not rice,
But offer loving thoughts and acts to all.
To parents as the East, where rises light ;
To teachers as the South, whence rich gifts come ;
To wife and children as the West, where gleam
Colors of love and calm, and all days end ;
To friends and kinsmen and all men as North ;
To humblest living things beneath, to saints
And angels and the blessed dead above :
So shall all evil be shut off, and so
The six main quarters will be safely kept."
But to his own, them of the yellow robe—
They who, as wakened eagles, soar with scorn
From life's low vale, and wing toward the sun—
To these he taught the ten observances,
The *Dasa-Sîl*, and how a mendicant
Must know the *three doors* and the *triple thoughts ;*
The *sixfold states of mind ;* the *fivefold powers ;*
The *eight high gates of purity ;* the *modes*
Of understanding ; Iddhi ; Upekshâ ;
The *five great meditations*, which are food
Sweeter than Amrit for the holy soul ;
The *Jhâna's* and the *three chief refuges.*
Also he taught his own how they should dwell ;
How live, free from the snares of love and wealth ,

What eat and drink and carry—three plain cloths—
Yellow, of stitched stuff, worn with shoulder bare—
A girdle, almsbowl, strainer. Thus he laid
The great foundations of our Sangha well,
That noble Order of the Yellow Robe,
Which to this day standeth to help the world.
So all that night he spake, teaching the law:
And on no eyes fell sleep—for they who heard
Rejoiced with tireless joy. Also the king,
When this was finished, rose upon his throne,
And with bared feet bowed low before his son,
Kissing his hem; and said, "Take me, O son!
Lowest and least of all thy company."
And sweet Yasôdhara, all happy now,
Cried, "Give to Rahula, thou blessed one!
The treasure of the kingdom of thy word
For his inheritance." Thus passed these three
Into the path.

Here endeth what I write
Who love the Master for his love of us.
A little knowing, little have I told
Touching the Teacher and the ways of peace.
Forty-five rains thereafter showed he those
In many lands and many tongues, and gave
Our Asia light, that still is beautiful,
Conquering the world with spirit of strong grace:
All which is written in the holy books,
And where he passed and what proud emperors
Carved his sweet words upon the rocks and caves:
And how—in fulness of the times—it fell
The Buddha died, the great Tathâgato,
Even as a man 'mong men, fulfilling all:
And how a thousand thousand crores since then
Have trod the path which leads whither he went
Unto NIRVÂNA where the silence lives.

AH! BLESSED LORD! OH, HIGH DELIVERER!
FORGIVE THIS FEEBLE SCRIPT, WHICH DOTH THEE WRONG,
MEASURING WITH LITTLE WIT THY LOFTY LOVE.
AH! LOVER! BROTHER! GUIDE! LAMP OF THE LAW!
I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY NAME AND THEE!
I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY LAW OF GOOD!
I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY ORDER! *OM!*
THE DEW IS ON THE LOTUS!—RISE, GREAT SUN!
AND LIFT MY LEAF AND MIX ME WITH THE WAVE.
OM MANI PADME HUM, THE SUNRISE COMES!
THE DEWDROP SLIPS INTO THE SHINING SEA!

GOETHE'S "FARBENLEHRE."*

In the days of my youth, when life was strong and aspiration high, I found myself standing one fine summer evening beside a statue of Goethe in a German city. Following the current of thought and feeling started by the associations of the place, I eventually came to the conclusion that, judging even from a purely utilitarian point of view, a truly noble work of art was the most suitable memorial for a great man. Such a work appeared to me capable of exciting a motive force within the mind which no purely material influence could generate. There was then labor before me of the most arduous kind. There were formidable practical difficulties to be overcome, and very small means wherewith to overcome them, and yet I felt that no material means could, as regards the task I had undertaken, plant within me a resolve comparable with that which the contemplation of this statue of Goethe was able to arouse.

My reverence for the poet had been awakened by the writings of Mr. Carlyle, and it was afterward confirmed and consolidated by the writings of Goethe himself. But there was one of the poet's works, which, though it lay directly in the line of my own studies, remained for a long time only imperfectly known to me. My opinion of that work was not formed on hearsay. I dipped into it so far as to make myself acquainted with its style, its logic, and its general aim; but having done this I laid it aside, as something which jarred upon my conception of Goethe's grandeur. The mind willingly rounds off the image which it venerates, and only acknowledges with reluctance that it is on any side incomplete; and believing that Goethe in the "Farbenlehre" was wrong in his intellectual, and perverse in his moral judgments — seeing above all things that he had forsaken the lofty impersonal calm which was his chief characteristic, and which had entered into my conception of the godlike in literature—I abandoned the "Farbenlehre," and looked up to Goethe on that side where his greatness was uncontested and supreme.

But in the month of May, 1878, Mr. Carlyle did me the honor of calling upon me twice; and I, not being at home at the time, visited him in Chelsea soon afterward. He was then in his eighty-third year, and looking in his solemn fashion toward that portal to which we are all so rapidly hastening, he remembered his friends. He then presented to me as "a farewell gift," the two octavo volumes of letter-press and the single folio volume, consisting in great part of colored diagrams, which are here before you. Ex-

* A discourse delivered in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on Friday evening, March 19th, 1880.

actly half a century ago these volumes were sent by Goethe to Mr. Carlyle. They embrace the "Farbenlehre"—a title which may be translated, though not well translated, "Theory of Colors"—and they are accompanied by a long letter, or rather catalogue, from Goethe himself, dated the 14th of June, 1830, a little less than two years before his death. My illustrious friend wished me to examine the book, with a view of setting forth what it really contained. This year for the first time I have been able to comply with the desire of Mr. Carlyle; and as I knew that your wish would coincide with his, as to the propriety of making some attempt to weigh the merits of a work which exerted so great an influence in its day, I have not shrunk from the labor of such a review.

The average reading of the late Mr. Buckle is said to have amounted to three volumes a day. But they could not have been volumes like those of the "Farbenlehre." For the necessity of halting and pondering over its statements were so frequent, and the difficulty of coming to any undoubted conclusion regarding Goethe's real conceptions was often so great as to invoke the expenditure of an inordinate amount of time. I cannot even now say with confidence that I fully realize all the thoughts of Goethe. Many of them are strange to the scientific man. They demand for their interpretation a sympathy beyond that required, or even tolerated, in severe physical research. Two factors, the one external and the other internal, go to the production of every intellectual result. There is the evidence without and there is the mind within on which that evidence impinges. Change either factor, and the result will cease to be the same. In the region of politics, where mere opinion comes so much into play, it is only natural that the same external evidence should produce different convictions in different minds. But in the region of science, where demonstration instead of opinion is paramount, such differences ought hardly to be expected. That they nevertheless occur is strikingly exemplified by the case before us; for the very experimental facts which had previously converted the world to Newton's views, on appealing to the mind of Goethe, produced a theory of light and colors in violent antagonism to that of Newton.

Goethe prized the "Farbenlehre" as the most important of his works. "In what I have done as a poet," he says to Eckermann, "I take no pride, but I am proud of the fact I am the only person in this century who is acquainted with the difficult science of colors." If the importance of a work were to be measured by the amount of conscious labor expended in its production, Goethe's estimate of the "Farbenlehre" would probably be correct. The observations and experiments there recorded astonish us by their variety and number. The amount of reading which he accomplished was obviously vast. He pursued the history of optics, not

only along its main streams, but on to its remotest rills. He was animated by the zeal of an apostle, for he believed that a giant imposture was to be overthrown, and that he was the man to accomplish the holy work of destruction. He was also a lover of art, and held that the enunciation of the true principles of color would, in relation to painting, be of lasting importance. Thus positively and negatively he was stimulated to bring all the strength he could command to bear upon this question.

The greater part of the first volume is taken up with Goethe's own experiments, which are described in 920 paragraphs duly numbered. It is not a consecutive argument, but rather a series of jets of fact and logic emitted at various intervals. I picture the poet in that troublous war-time, walking up and down his Weimar garden, with his hands behind his back, pondering his subject, throwing his experiments and reflections into these terse paragraphs, and turning occasionally into his garden-house to write them down. This first portion of the work embraces three parts, which deal respectively with: Physiological or Subjective Colors, with Physical or Prismatic Colors, and with Chemical Colors and Pigments. To these are added a fourth part, bearing the German title, "Allgemeine Ansichten nach innen"; a fifth part, entitled "Nachbarliche Verhältnisse," neighboring relations; and a sixth part, entitled "Sinnlich-sittliche Wirkung der Farbe," sensuously-moral effect of colors. It is hardly necessary to remark that some of these titles, though doubtless pregnant with meaning to the poet himself, are not likely to commend themselves to the more exacting man of science.

The main divisions of Goethe's book are subdivided into short sections, bearing titles more or less shadowy from a scientific point of view: Origin of white, Origin of black, Excitement of color, Heightening, Culmination, Balancing, Reversion, Fixation, Mixture real, Mixture apparent, Communication actual, Communication apparent. He describes the colors of minerals, plants, worms, insects, fishes, birds, mammals, and men. Hair on the surface of the human body he considers indicative rather of weakness than of strength. The disquisition is continued under the headings: How easily color arises; How energetic color may be; Heightening to red; Completeness of manifold phenomena; Agreement of complete phenomena; How easily color disappears; How durable color remains; Relation to philosophy; Relation to mathematics; Relation to physiology and pathology; Relation to natural history; Relation to general physics; Relation to tones. Then follows a series of sections dealing with the primary colors and their mixtures. These sections relate less to science than to art. The writer treats, among other things, of: Æsthetic effects; Fear of the Theoretical; Grounds and Pigments; Allegorical,

Symbolical, and Mystical use of colors. The headings alone indicate the enormous industry of the poet; showing at the same time an absence of that scientific definition which he stigmatized as "pedantry" in the case of Newton.

In connection with his subject, Goethe charged himself with all kinds of kindred knowledge. He refers to ocular spectra, quoting Boyle, Buffon, and Darwin; to the paralysis of the eye by light; to its extreme sensitiveness when it awakes in the morning; to irradiation—quoting Tycho Brahe on the comparative apparent size of the dark and the illuminated moon. He dwells upon the persistence of impressions upon the retina, and quotes various instances of abnormal duration. He possessed a full and exact knowledge of the phenomena of subjective colors, and described various modes of producing them. He copiously illustrates the production by red of subjective green, and by green of subjective red. Blue produces subjective yellow, and yellow subjective blue. He experimented upon shadows, colored in contrast to surrounding light. The contrasting subjective colors he calls "geforderte Farben," colors "demanded" by the eye. Goethe gives the following striking illustration of these subjective effects. "I once," he said, "entered an inn toward evening, when a well-built maiden, with dazzlingly white face, black hair, and scarlet bodice and skirt, came toward me. I looked at her sharply in the twilight, and when she moved away, saw upon the white wall opposite a black face with a bright halo round it, while the clothing of the perfectly distinct figure appeared of a beautiful sea-green." With the instinct of the poet, Goethe discerned in these antitheses an image of the general method of nature. Every action, he says, implies an opposite. Inhalation precedes expiration, and each systole has its corresponding diastole. Such is the eternal formula of life. Under the figure of systole and diastole the rhythm of nature is represented in other portions of the work.

Goethe handled the prism with great skill, and his experiments with it are numberless. He places white rectangles on a black ground, black rectangles on a white ground, and shifts their apparent positions by prismatic refraction. He makes similar experiments with colored rectangles and disks. The shifted image is sometimes projected on a screen, the experiment being then "objective." It is sometimes looked at directly through the prism, the experiment being then "subjective." In the production of chromatic effects, he dwells upon the absolute necessity of *boundaries*—"Gränzen." The sky may be looked at and shifted by a prism without the production of color; and if the white rectangle on a black ground be only made wide enough, the centre remains white after refraction, the colors being confined to the edges. Goethe's earliest experiment, which led him so hastily to the con-

clusion that Newton's theory of colors was wrong, consisted in looking through a prism at the white wall of his own room. He expected to see the whole wall covered with colors, this being, he thought, implied in the theory of Newton. But to his astonishment it remained white, and only when he came to the boundary of a dark or a bright space did the colors reveal themselves. This question of "boundaries" is one of supreme importance to the author of the "Farbenlehre;" the end and aim of his theory being to account for the colored fringes produced at the edges of his refracted images.

Darkness, according to Goethe, had as much to do as light with the production of color. Color was really due to the commingling of both. Not only did his white rectangles upon a black ground yield the colored fringes, but his black rectangles on a white ground did the same. The order of the colors seemed, however, different in the two cases. Let a visiting card, held in the hand between the eye and the window facing the bright firmament, be looked at through a prism, then supposing the image of the card to be shifted upward by refraction, a red fringe is seen above and a blue one below. Let the back be turned to the window and the card so held that the light shall fall upon it; on being looked at through the prism, blue is seen above and red below. In the first case the fringes are due to the decomposition of the light adjacent to the edge of the card, which simply acts as an opaque body, and might have been actually black. In the second case the light decomposed is that coming from the white surface of the card itself. The first experiment corresponds to that of Goethe with a black rectangle on a white ground; while the second experiment corresponds to Goethe's white rectangle on a black ground. Both these effects are immediately deducible from Newton's theory of colors. But this, though explained to him by physicists of great experience and reputation, Goethe could never be brought to see, and he continued to affirm to the end of his life that the results were utterly irreconcilable with the theory of Newton.

In his own explanations Goethe began at the wrong end, inverting the true order of thought, and trying to make the outcome of theory its foundation. Apart from theory, however, his observations are of great interest and variety. He looked to the zenith at midnight, and found before him the blackness of space, while in daylight he saw the blue firmament overhead; and he rightly adopted the conclusion that this coloring of the sky was due to the shining of the sun upon a turbid medium with darkness behind. He by no means understood the physical action of turbid media, but he made a great variety of experiments bearing upon this point. Water, for example, rendered turbid by varnish, soap, or milk, and having a black ground behind it, always appeared blue

when shone upon by white light. When, instead of a black background, a bright one was placed behind, so that the light shone not *on*, but *through* the turbid liquid, the blue color disappeared, and he had yellow in its place. Such experiments are capable of endless variation. To this class of effects belongs the painter's "chill." A cold bluish bloom, like that of a plum, is sometimes observed to cover the browns of a varnished picture. This is due to a want of optical continuity in the varnish. Instead of being a coherent layer it is broken up into particles of microscopic smallness, which virtually constitute a turbid medium and send blue light to the eye.

Goethe himself describes a most amusing illustration, or, to use his own language, "a wonderful phenomenon," due to the temporary action of a turbid medium on a picture. "A portrait of an esteemed theologian was painted several years ago by an artist specially skilled in the treatment of colors. The man stood forth in his dignity clad in a beautiful black velvet coat, which attracted the eyes and awakened the admiration of the beholder almost more than the face itself. Through the action of humidity and dust, however, the picture had lost much of its original splendor. It was therefore handed over to a painter to be cleaned, and newly varnished. The painter began by carefully passing a wet sponge over the picture. But he had scarcely thus removed the coarser dirt, when to his astonishment the black velvet suddenly changed into a light blue plush; the reverend gentleman acquiring thereby a very worldly, if, at the same time, an old-fashioned appearance. The painter would not trust himself to wash further. He could by no means see how a bright blue could underlie a dark black, still less that he could have so rapidly washed away a coating capable of converting a blue like that before him into the black of the original painting."

Goethe inspected the picture, saw the phenomenon, and explained it. To deepen the hue of the velvet coat the painter had covered it with a special varnish, which, by absorbing part of the water passed over it, was converted into a turbid medium, through which the black behind instantly appeared as blue. To the great joy of the painter, he found that a few hours' continuance in a dry place restored the primitive black. By the evaporation of the moisture the optical continuity of the varnish (to which essential point Goethe does not refer) was re-established, after which it ceased to act as a turbid medium.

This question of turbid media took entire possession of the poet's mind. It was ever present to his observation. It was illustrated by the azure of noonday, and by the daffodil and crimson of the evening sky. The inimitable lines written at Ilmenau—

"Ueber allen Gipfeln Ist Ruh',
In allen Wipfeln Spürest Du
Kaum einen Hauch"—

suggest a stillness of the atmosphere which would allow the columns of fine smoke from the foresters' cottages to rise high into the air. He would thus have an opportunity of seeing the upper portion of the column projected against bright clouds, and the lower portion against dark pines, the brownish yellow of the one and the blue of the other being strikingly and at once revealed. He was able to produce artificially at will the colors which he had previously observed in nature. He noticed that when certain bodies were incorporated with glass this substance also played a double part, appearing blue by reflected and yellow by transmitted light. The action of turbid media was to Goethe the ultimate fact—the "Urphänomen"—of the world of colors. "We see on the one side Light, and on the other side Darkness. We bring between both Turbidity, and from these opposites develop all colors."

As long as Goethe remained in the region of fact his observations are of permanent value. But by the coercion of a powerful imagination he forced his turbid media into regions to which they did not belong, and sought to overthrow by their agency the irrefragable demonstrations of Newton. Newton's theory, as known by everybody, is that white light is composed of a multitude of differently refrangible rays, whose coalescence in certain proportions produces the impression of white. By prismatic analysis these rays are separated from each other, the color of each ray being strictly determined by its refrangibility. The experiments of Newton, whereby he sought to establish this theory, had long appealed with overmastering evidence to every mind trained in the severities of physical investigation. But they did not thus appeal to Goethe. Accepting for the most part the experiments of Newton, he rejected with indignation the conclusions drawn from them, and turned into utter ridicule the notion that white light possessed the composite character ascribed to it. Many of the naturalists of his time supported him, while among philosophers Schelling and Hegel shouted in acclamation over the supposed defeat of Newton. The physicists, however, gave the poet no countenance. Goethe met their scorn with scorn, and under his lash these deniers of his theory, their master included, paid the penalty of their arrogance.

How, then, did he lay down the lines of his own theory? How, out of such meagre elements as his yellow, and his blue, and his turbid medium, did he extract the amazing variety and richness of the Newtonian spectrum? Here we must walk circumspectly, for the intellectual atmosphere with which Goethe surrounds himself is by no means free from turbidity. In trying to account for his position, we must make ourselves acquainted with his salient facts.

and endeavor to place our minds in sympathy with his mode of regarding them. He found that he could intensify the yellow of his transmitted light by making the turbidity of his medium stronger. A single sheet of diaphanous parchment placed over a hole in his window-shutter appeared whitish. Two sheets appeared yellow, which by the addition of other sheets could be converted into red. It is quite true that by simply sending it through a medium charged with extremely minute particles we can extract from white light a ruby red. The red of the London sun, of which we have had such fine and frequent examples during the late winter, is a case to some extent in point. Goethe did not believe in Newton's differently refrangible rays. He refused to entertain the notion that the red light obtained by the employment of several sheets of parchment was different in quality from the yellow light obtained with two. The red, according to him, was a mere intensification —"Steigerung"—of the yellow. Colors in general consisted, according to Goethe, of light on its way to darkness, and the only difference between yellow and red consisted in the latter being nearer than the former to its final goal.

But how in the production of the spectrum do turbid media come into play? If they exist, where are they? The poet's answer to this question is subtle in the extreme He wanders round the answer before he touches it, indulging in various considerations regarding penumbræ and double images, with the apparent aim of breaking down the repugnance to his logic which the mind of his reader is only too likely to entertain. If you place a white card near the surface of a piece of plate-glass, and look obliquely at the image of the card reflected from the two surfaces, you observe two images, which are hazy at the edges, and more dense and defined where they overlap. These hazy edges Goethe pressed into his service as turbid media. He fancied that they associated themselves indissolubly with his refracted rectangles—that in every case the image of the rectangle was accompanied by a secondary hazy image, a little in advance of the principal one. At one edge, he contended, the advanced secondary image had black behind it, which was converted into blue; while at the other edge it had white behind it, and appeared yellow. When the refracted rectangle is made very narrow, the fringes approach each other and finally overlap. Blue thus mingles with yellow, and the green of the spectrum is the consequence. This, in a nutshell, is the theory of colors developed in the "Farbenlehre." Goethe obviously regarded the narrowing of the rectangle, of the cylindrical beam, or of the slit of light passing through the prism, which, according to Newton, is the indispensable condition requisite for the production of a pure spectrum, as an impure and complicated mode of illustrating the phenomenon. The elementary fact is, according to

Goethe, obtained when we operate with a wide rectangle, the edges only of which are colored, while the centre remains white. His experiments with the parchment had made him acquainted with the passage of yellow into red as he multiplied his layers; but how this passage occurs in the spectrum he does not explain. That, however, his hazy surfaces—his virtual turbid media—produced, in some way or other, the observed passage and intensification, Goethe held as firmly, and enunciated as confidently, as if his analysis of the phenomena had been complete.

The fact is, that between double images and turbid media there is no kinship whatever. Turbidity is due to the diffusion, in a transparent medium, of minute particles having a refractive index different from that of the medium. But the act of reflection which produced the penumbral surfaces, whose aid Goethe invoked, did not charge them with such discrete particles. On various former occasions I have tried to set forth the principles on which the chromatic action of turbid media depends. When such media are to be seen blue, the light scattered by the diffused particles, and that only, ought to reach the eye. This feeble light may be compared to a faint whisper which is easily rendered inaudible by a louder noise. The scattered light of the particles is accordingly overpowered, when a stronger light comes, not from the particles, but from a bright surface behind them. Here the light reaches the eye, minus that scattered by the particles. It is therefore the complementary light, or yellow. Both effects are immediately deducible from the principles of the undulatory theory. As a stone in water throws back a larger fraction of a ripple than of a larger wave, so do the excessively minute particles which produce the turbidity scatter more copiously the small waves of the spectrum than the large ones. Light scattered by such particles will therefore always contain a preponderance of the waves which produce the sensation of blue. During its transmission through the turbid medium the white light is more and more robbed of its blue constituents, the transmitted light which reaches the eye being therefore complementary to blue.

Some of you are no doubt aware that it is possible to take matter in the gaseous condition, when its smallest parts are molecules, incapable of being either seen themselves or of scattering any sensible portion of light which impinges on them; that it is possible to shake these molecules asunder by special light-waves, so that their liberated constituents shall coalesce anew and form not *molecules*, but *particles;* that it is possible to cause these particles to grow, from a size bordering on the atomic, to a size which enables them to copiously scatter light. Some of you are aware that in the early stages of their growth, when they are still beyond the grasp of the microscope, such particles, no matter what the sub-

stance may be of which they are composed, shed forth a pure firmamental blue ; and that from them we can manufacture in the laboratory artificial skies which display all the phenomena, both of color and polarization, of the real firmament.

With regard to the production of the green of the spectrum by the overlapping of yellow and blue, Goethe, like a multitude of others, confounded the mixture of blue and yellow lights with that of blue and yellow pigments. This was an error shared by the world at large. But in Goethe's own day, Wünsch of Leipzig, who is ridiculed in the "Farbenlehre," had corrected the error, and proved the mixture of blue and yellow lights to produce white. Any doubt that might be entertained of Wünsch's experiments—and they are obviously the work of a careful and competent man—is entirely removed by the experiments of Helmholtz and others in our own day. Thus, to sum up, Goethe's theory, if such it may be called, proves incompetent to account even approximately for the Newtonian spectrum. He refers it to turbid media, but no such media come into play. He fails to account for the passage of yellow into red and of blue into violet ; while his attempt to deduce the green of the spectrum from the mixture of yellow and blue is contradicted by facts which were extant in his own time.

One hole Goethe did find in Newton's armor, through which he incessantly worried the Englishman with his lance. Newton had committed himself to the doctrine that refraction without color was impossible. He therefore thought that the object glasses of telescopes must forever remain imperfect, achromatism and refraction being incompatible. This inference was proved by Dollond to be wrong. With the same mean refraction, flint glass produces a longer and richer spectrum than crown glass. By diminishing the refracting angle of the flint-glass prism, its spectrum may be made equal in length to that of the crown glass. Causing two such prisms to refract in opposite directions, the colors may be neutralized, while a considerable residue of refraction continues in favor of the crown. Similar combinations are possible in the case of lenses ; and hence, as Dollond showed, the possibility of producing a compound achromatic lens. Here, as elsewhere, Goethe proves himself master of the experimental conditions. It is the power of interpretation that he lacks. He flaunts this error regarding achromatism incessantly in the face of Newton and his followers. But the error, which was a real one, leaves Newton's theory of colors perfectly unimpaired.

Newton's account of his first experiment with the prism is forever memorable. "To perform my late promise to you," he writes to Oldenburg, "I shall without further ceremony acquaint you, that in the year 1666 (at which time I applied myself to the

grinding of optic-glasses of other figures than spherical) I procured me a triangular glass prism, to try therewith the celebrated phenomena of colors. And in order thereto, having darkened my chamber, and made a small hole in my window-shuts, to let in a convenient quantity of the sun's light, I placed my prism at its entrance, that it might be thereby refracted to the opposite wall. It was at first a very pleasing divertisement, to view the vivid and intense colors produced thereby; but after a while applying myself to consider them more circumspectly, I became surprised to see them in an oblong form, which, according to the received laws of refractions, I expected should have been circular. They were terminated at the sides with straight lines, but at the ends the decay of light was so gradual that it was difficult to determine justly what was their figure, yet they seemed semicircular.

"Comparing the length of this colored *spectrum* with its breadth, I found it about five times greater; a disproportion so extravagant that it excited me to a more than ordinary curiosity of examining from whence it might proceed." This curiosity Newton gratified by instituting a series of experimental questions, the answers to which left no doubt upon his mind that the elongation of his spectrum was due to the fact "that *light* is not similar or homogeneal, but consists of *difform rays, some of which are more refrangible than others;* so that without any difference in their incidence on the same medium, some shall be more *refracted* than others; and therefore that, according to their *particular degrees of refrangibility*, they were transmitted through the prism to divers parts of the opposite wall. When," continues Newton, "I understood this, I left off my aforesaid glass works; for I saw that the perfection of telescopes was hitherto limited, not so much for want of glasses truly figured according to the prescriptions of optick authors, as because that *light* itself is an heterogeneous mixture of *differently refrangible rays;* so that were a glass so exactly figured as to collect any one sort of rays into one point, it could not collect those also into the same point, which, having the same incidence upon the same medium, are apt to suffer a different refraction."

Goethe harped on this string without cessation. "The Newtonian doctrine," he says, "was really dead the moment achromatism was discovered. Gifted men, our own Klügel, for example, felt this, but expressed themselves in an undecided way. On the other hand, the school which had been long accustomed to support, patch up, and glue their intellects to the views of Newton, had surgeons at hand to embalm the corpse, so that even after death, in the manner of the Egyptians, it should preside at the banquets of the natural philosophers."

In dealing with the chromatic aberration of lenses, Goethe proves himself to be less heedful than usual as an experimenter.

With the clearest perception of principles, Newton had taken two pieces of cardboard, the one colored a deep red, the other a deep blue. Around those cards he had wound fine black silk, so that the silk formed a series of separate fine dark lines upon the two colored surfaces. He might have drawn black lines over the red and blue, but the silk lines were finer than any that he could draw. Illuminating both surfaces, he placed a lens so as to cast an image of the surfaces upon a white screen. The result was that, when the dark lines were sharply defined upon the red, they were undefined upon the blue; and that when, by moving the screen, they were rendered distinct upon the blue, they were indistinct upon the red. A distance of an inch and a half separated the focus of red rays from the focus of blue rays, the latter being nearer to the lens than the former. Goethe appears to have attempted a repetition of this experiment; at all events he flatly contradicts Newton, ascribing his result not to the testimony of his bodily eyes, but to that of the prejudiced eyes of his mind. Goethe always saw the dark lines best defined upon the brighter color. It was to him purely a matter of contrast, and not of different refrangibility. He argues caustically that Newton proves too much; for were he correct, not only would a dioptric telescope be impossible, but presented to our naked eyes, differently colored objects must appear utterly confusing. Let a house, he says, be supposed to stand in full sunshine; let the roof tiles be red, the walls yellow, with blue curtains behind the open windows, while a lady with a violet dress steps out of the door. Let us look at the whole from a point in front of the house. The tiles we will suppose appear distinct, but on turning to the lady we should find both the form and the folds of her dress undefined. We must move forward to see her distinctly, and then the red tiles would appear nebulous. And so with regard to the other objects, we must move to and fro in order to see them clearly if Newton's pretended second experiment were correct. Goethe seems to have forgotten that the human eye is not a rigid lens, and that it is able to adjust itself promptly and without difficulty to differences of distance enormously greater than that due to the different refrangibility of the differently colored rays.

Newton's theory of colors, it may be remarked, is really less a "theory" than a direct presentation of facts. Given the accepted definition of refraction, it is a matter of fact, and not of theoretic inference, that white light is not "homogeneal," but composed of differently refrangible rays. The demonstration is ocular and complete. Having palpably decomposed the white light into its constitutent colors, Newton recompounded these colors to white light. Both the analysis and the synthesis are matters of fact. The so-called "theory of light and colors" is in this respect very

different from the corpuscular theory of light. Newton's explanation of colors stands where it is, whether we accept the corpuscular or the undulatory theory ; and it stands because it is at bottom not a theory but a body of fact, to which theory must bow or disappear. Newton himself pointed out that his views of colors were entirely independent of his belief in the "corporiety" of light.

After refraction-colors Goethe turns to those produced by diffraction ; and, as far as the phenomena are concerned, he deals very exhaustively with the colors of thin plates. He studies the colors of Newton's rings both by reflected and transmitted light. He states the conditions under which this class of colors is produced, and illustrates the conditions by special cases. He presses together flat surfaces of glass, observes the flaws in crystals and in ice, refers to the iridescences of oil on water, to those of soap-bubbles, and to the varying colors of tempered steel. He is always rich in facts. But when he comes to deal with physical theory, the poverty and confusion of his otherwise transcendent mind become conspicuous. His turbid media entangle him everywhere, leading him captive and committing him to almost incredible delusions. The colors of tempered steel, he says, and kindred phenomena, may perhaps be *quite conveniently deduced* from the action of turbid media. Polished steel powerfully reflects light, and the coloring produced by heating may be regarded as a feeble turbidity, which, acted upon by the polished surface behind, produces a bright yellow. As the turbidity augments, this color becomes dense, until finally it exhibits an intense ruby-red. Supposing this color to reach its greatest proximity to darkness, the turbidity continuing to augment as before, we shall have behind the turbid medium a dark background, which appears first violet, then dark blue, and finally light blue, thus completing the cycle of the phenomena. The mind that could offer such an explanation as this must be qualitatively different from that of the natural philosopher.

The words "quite conveniently deduced," which I have italicized in the last paragraph, are also used by Goethe in another place. When the results of his experiments on prismatic colors had to be condensed into one commanding inference, he enunciated it thus : "Und so lassen sich die Farben bei Gelegenheit der Refraction aus der Lehre von den trüben Mitteln gar bequem ableiten." This is the crown of his edifice, and it seems a feeble ending to so much preparation. Kingsley once suggested to Lewes that Goethe might have had a vague feeling that his conclusions were not sound, and that he felt the jealousy incident to imperfect conviction. The ring of conscious demonstration, as it is understood by the man of science, is hardly to be found in the words "gar bequem ableiten." They fall flaccid upon the ear in comparison with the mind-compelling Q.E.D. of Newton.

Throughout the first 350 pages of his work, wherein he develops and expounds his own theory, Goethe restrains himself with due dignity. Here and there there is a rumble of discontent against Newton, but there is no sustained ill-temper or denunciation. After, however, having unfolded his own views, he comes to what he calls the "unmasking of the theory of Newton." Here Goethe deliberately forsakes the path of calm, objective research, and delivers himself over to the guidance of his emotions. He immediately accuses Newton of misusing, as an advocate, his method of exposition. He goes over the propositions in Newton's optics one by one, and makes even the individual words of the propositions the objects of criticism. He passes on to Newton's experimental proofs, invoking, as he does so, the complete attention of his readers, if they would be freed to all eternity from the slavery of a doctrine which has imposed upon the world for a hundred years. It might be thought that Goethe had given himself but little trouble to understand the theorems of Newton and the experiments on which they were based. But it would be unjust to charge the poet with any want of diligence in this respect. He repeated Newton's experiments, and in almost every case obtained his results. But he complained of their incompleteness and lack of logical force. What appears to us as the very perfection of Newton's art, and absolutely essential to the purity of the experiments, was regarded by Goethe as needless complication and mere torturing of the light. He spared no pains in making himself master of Newton's data, but he lacked the power of penetrating either their particular significance, or of estimating the force and value of experimental evidence generally.

He will not, he says, shock his readers at the outset by the utterance of a paradox, but he cannot withhold the assertion that by experiment nothing can really be proved. Phenomena may be observed and classified; experiments may be accurately executed, and made thus to represent a certain circle of human knowledge; but deductions must be drawn by every man for himself. Opinions of things belong to the individual, and we know only too well that conviction does not depend upon insight, but upon will—that man can only assimilate that which is in accordance with his nature, and to which he can yield assent. In knowledge, as in action, says Goethe, prejudice decides all, and prejudice, as its name indicates, is judgment prior to investigation. It is an affirmation or a negation of what corresponds or is opposed to our own nature. It is the cheerful activity of our living being in its pursuit of truth or of falsehood, as the case may be—of all, in short, with which we feel ourselves to be in harmony.

There can be no doubt that Goethe, in thus philosophizing, dipped his bucket into the well of profound self-knowledge. He was

obviously stung to the quick by the neglect of the physicists. He had been the idol of the world, and accustomed as he was to the incense of praise, he felt sorely that any class of men should treat what he thought important with indifference or contempt. He had, it must be admitted, some ground for scepticism as to the rectitude of scientific judgments, seeing that his researches on morphology met at first no response, though they were afterward lauded by scientific men. His anger against Newton incorporates itself in sharp and bitter sarcasm. Through the whole of Newton's experiments, he says, there runs a display of pedantic accuracy, but how the matter really stands, with Newton's gift of observation, and with his experimental aptitudes, every man possessing eyes and senses may make himself aware. It may, he says, be boldly asked, Where can the man be found, possessing the extraordinary gifts of Newton, who would suffer himself to be deluded by such a *hocus pocus* if he had not in the first instance wilfully deceived himself? Only those who know the strength of self-deception, and the extent to which it sometimes trenches on dishonesty, are in a condition to explain the conduct of Newton and of Newton's school. "To support his unnatural theory," he continues, "Newton heaps experiment on experiment, fiction upon fiction, seeking to dazzle where he cannot convince."

It may be that Goethe is correct in affirming that the will and prejudice of the individual are all-influential. We must, however, add the qualifying words, "as far as the individual is concerned." For in science there exists, apart from the individual, objective truth; and the fate of Goethe's own theory, though commended to us by so great a name, illustrates how, in the progress of humanity, the individual, if he err, is left stranded and forgotten—truth, independent of the individual, being more and more grafted on to that tree of knowledge which is the property of the human race.

The imagined ruin of Newton's theory did not satisfy Goethe's desire for completeness. He would explore the ground of Newton's error, and show how it was that one so highly gifted could employ his gifts for the enunciation and diffusion of such unmitigated nonsense. It was impossible to solve the riddle on purely intellectual grounds. Scientific enigmas, he says, are often only capable of ethical solution, and with this maxim in his mind he applies himself, in the second volume of the "Farbenlehre," to the examination of "Newton's Persönlichkeit." He seeks to connect him with, or rather to detach him from, the general character of the English nation—that sturdy and competent race, which prizes above all things the freedom of individual action. Newton was born in a storm-tossed time—none indeed more pregnant in the history of the world. He was a year old when Charles I. was beheaded, and he lived to see the First George upon the throne. The shock

of parties was in his ears. changes of ministries, parliaments, and armies were occurring before his eyes, while the throne itself, instead of passing on by inheritance, was taken possession of by a stranger. What, asks Goethe, are we to think of a man who could put aside the claims, seductions, and passions incident to such a time, for the purpose of tranquilly following out his bias as an investigator?

So singular a character arrests the poet's attention. He had laid down his theory of colors; he must add to it a theory of Newton. The great German is here at home, and Newton could probably no more have gone into these disquisitions regarding character, than Goethe could have developed the physical theories of Newton. He prefaces his sketch of his rival's character by reflections and considerations regarding character in general. Every living thing, down to the worm that wriggles when trod upon, has a character of its own. In this sense even the weak and cowardly have characters, for they will give up the honor and fame which most men prize highest, so that they may vegetate in safety and comfort. But the word character is usually applied to the case of an individual with great qualities, who pursues his object undeviatingly, and without permitting either difficulty or danger to deflect him from his course.

"Although here, as in other cases," says Goethe, "it is the exuberant (Ueberschwängliche) that impresses the imagination, it must not be imagined that this attribute has anything to do with moral feeling. The main foundation of the moral law is a *good* will which, in accordance with its own nature, is anxious only for the right. The main foundation of character is a *strong* will, without reference to right or wrong, good or bad, truth or error. It is that quality which every party prizes in its members. A good will cherishes freedom, it has reference to the inner man and to ethical aims. The strong will belongs to nature and has reference to the outer world—to action. And inasmuch as the strong will in this world is swayed and limited by the conditions of life, it may almost be assumed as certain that it is only by accident that the exercise of a strong will and of moral rectitude find themselves in harmony with each other." In determining Newton's position in the series of human characters, Goethe helps himself to images borrowed from the physical cohesion of matter. Thus, he says, we have strong, firm, compact, elastic, flexible, rigid or obstinate, and viscous characters. Newton's character he places under the head of rigid or obstinate, and his theory of colors Goethe pronounces to be a petrified aperçu.

Newton's assertion of his theory, and his unwavering adherence to it to the end of his life, Goethe ascribes straight off to moral obliquity on Newton's part. In the heat of our discussion,

he says, we have even ascribed to him a certain dishonesty. Man, he says, is subject to error, but when errors form a series, which is followed pertinaciously, the erring individual becomes false to himself and to others. Nevertheless, reason and conscience will not yield their rights. We may belie them, but they are not deceived. It is not too much to say that the more moral and rational a man is, the greater will be his tendency to lie when he falls into error, and the vaster will be that error when he makes up his mind to persist in it.

This is all intended to throw light upon Newton, but when Goethe passes from Newton himself to his followers, the small amount of reserve which he exhibited when dealing with the master entirely disappears. He mocks their blunders as having not even the merit of originality. He heaps scorn on Newton's imitators. The expression of even a truth, he says, loses grace in repetition, while the repetition of a blunder is impertinent and ridiculous. To liberate one's self from an error is difficult, sometimes indeed impossible for even the strongest and most gifted minds. But to take up the error of another, and persist in it with stiff-necked obstinacy, is a proof of poor qualities. The obstinacy of a man of originality when he errs may make us angry, but the stupidity of the copyist irritates and renders us miserable. And if in our strife with Newton we have sometimes passed the bounds of moderation, the whole blame is to be laid upon the school of which Newton was the head, whose incompetence is proportional to its arrogance, whose laziness is proportional to its self-sufficiency, and whose virulence and love of persecution hold each other in perfect equilibrium.

There is a great deal more invective of this kind; but you will probably, and not without sadness, consider this enough. Invective may be a sharp weapon, but over-use blunts its edge. Even when the denunciation is just and true, it is an error of art to indulge in it too long. We not only incur the risk of becoming vapid, but of actually inverting the force of reprobation which we seek to rouse, and of bringing it back by recoil upon ourselves. At suitable intervals, separated from each other by periods of dignified reserve, invective may become a real power of the tongue or pen. But indulged in constantly it degenerates into scolding, and then, instead of being regarded as a proof of strength, it is accepted, even in the case of a Goethe, as an evidence of weakness and lack of self-control.

If it were possible to receive upon a mirror Goethe's ethical image of Newton and to reflect it back upon its author, then, as regards vehement persistence in wrong thinking, the image would accurately coincide with Goethe himself. It may be said that we can only solve the character of another by the observation of our

own. This is true; but in the portraiture of character we are not at liberty to mix together subject and object as Goethe mixed himself with Newton. So much for the purely ethical picture. On the scientific side something more is to be said. I do not know whether psychologists have sufficiently taken into account that as regards intellectual endowment vast wealth may coexist with extreme poverty. I do not mean to give utterance here to the truism that the field of culture is so large that the most gifted can master only a portion of it. This would be the case supposing the indivvdual at starting to be, as regards natural capacity and potentiality, rounded like a sphere. Something more radical is here referred to. There are individuals who at starting are not spheres, but hemispheres; or, at least, spheres with a segment sliced away—full-orbed on one side, but flat upon the other. Such incompleteness of the mental organization no education can repair. Now the field of science is sufficiently large, and its studies sufficiently varied, to bring to light in the same individual antitheses of endowment like that here indicated.

So far as science is a work of ordering and classification, so far as it consists in the discovery of analogies and resemblances which escape the common eye—of the fundamental identity which often exists among apparently diverse and unrelated things—so far, in short, as it is observational, descriptive, and imaginative, Goethe, had he chosen to make his culture exclusively scientific, might have been without a master, perhaps even without a rival. The instincts and capacities of the poet lend themselves freely to the natural history sciences. But when we have to deal with stringently physical and mechanical conceptions, such instincts and capacities are out of place. It was in this region of mechanical conceptions that Goethe failed. It was on this side that his sphere of capacity was sliced away. He probably was not the only great man who possessed a spirit thus antithetically mixed. Aristotle himself was a mighty classifier, but not a stringent physical reasoner. And had Newton attempted to produce a *Faust*, the poverty of his intellect on the poetic and dramatic side might have been rendered equally manifest. But here, if not always, Newton abstained from attempting that for which he had no capacity, while the exuberance of Goethe's nature caused him to undertake a task for which he had neither ordination nor vocation, and in the attempted execution of which his deficiencies became revealed.

One task among many—one defeat amid a hundred triumphs. But any recognition on my part of Goethe's achievements in other realms of intellectual action would, I fear, be regarded as impertinent. You remember the story of the First Napoleon when the Austrian plenipotentiary, in arranging a treaty of peace, began by formally recognizing the French Republic. "Efface that," said the

First Consul; "the French Republic is like the sun; he is blind who fails to recognize it." And were I to speak of recognizing Goethe's merits, my effacement would be equally well deserved. "Goethe's life," says Carlyle, "if we examine it, is well represented in that emblem of a solar day. Beautifully rose our summer sun, gorgeous in the red, fervid east, scattering the spectres and sickly damps, of both of which there were enough to scatter; strong, benignant, in his noonday clearness walking triumphant through the upper realms—and now mark also how he sets! 'So stirbt ein Held;' so dies a hero!"

Two grander illustrations of the aphorism "To err is human" can hardly be pointed out in history than Newton and Goethe. For Newton went astray not only as regards the question of achromatism, but also as regards a vastly larger question touching the nature of light. But though as errors they fall into the same category, the mistake of Newton was qualitatively different from that of Goethe. Newton erred in adopting a wrong mechanical conception in his theory of light, but in doing so he never for a moment quitted the ground of strict scientific method. Goethe erred in seeking to engraft in his "Farbenlehre" methods altogether foreign to physics on to the treatment of a purely physical theme.

We frequently hear protests made against the cold mechanical mode of dealing with æsthetic phenomena employed by scientific men. The dissection by Newton of the light to which the world owes all its visible beauty and splendor seemed to Goethe a desecration. We find, even in our own day, the endeavor of Helmholtz to arrive at the principles of harmony and discord in music resented as an intrusion of the scientific intellect into a region which ought to be sacred to the human heart. But all this opposition and antagonism has for its essential cause the incompleteness of those with whom it originates. The feelings and aims with which Newton and Goethe respectively approached nature were radically different, but they had an equal warrant in the constitution of man. As regards our tastes and tendencies, our pleasures and pains, physical and mental, our action and passion, our sorrows, sympathies, and joys, we are the heirs of all the ages that preceded us; and of the human nature thus handed down poetry is an element just as much as science. The emotions of man are older than his understanding, and the poet who brightens, purifies, and exalts these emotions may claim a position in the world at least as high and as well assured as that of the man of science. They minister to different but to equally permanent needs of human nature; and the incompleteness of which I complain consists in the endeavor on the part of either to exclude the other. There is no fear that the man of science can ever destroy the glory of the

lilies of the field; there is no hope that the poet can ever successfully contend against our right to examine, in accordance with scientific method, the agent to which the lily owes its glory. There is no necessary encroachment of the one field upon the other. Nature embraces them both, and man, when he is complete, will exhibit as large a toleration.

JOHN TYNDALL, *in the Fortnightly.*

THE OUTLOOK IN EUROPE.

IN the beginning of the year 1871 I published a small book entitled "Who is Responsible for the War?" The volume grew out of a friendly controversy in the columns of the *Times* between Professor Max Müller and myself. He maintained that the French were entirely and exclusively responsible for the war, then near its close, between France and Germany. I, on the other hand, while by no means exonerating the government of Napoleon, argued that the actual outbreak of hostilities was contrived and precipitated by Prince (then Count) Bismarck.

My book was translated into French and German, and the authorship of it was attributed by the official press of Berlin to Mr. Gladstone, who was consequently attacked in a series of violent articles by Prince Bismarck's special organ. I took the opportunity of a second edition to declare that Mr. Gladstone and "Scrutator" were two different persons. The Berlin journals characterized this declaration as an evasion, and assured their readers that the letters of "Scrutator" were really written by Mr. Gladstone, but copied out and sent to the *Times* by "a London clergyman," to wit, "the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, curate of St. Giles's, Camberwell." This guess was even more unfortunate than the other, for the clergyman in question was not so much as acquainted with "Scrutator." Since then attempts have been made in Germany and France to discover the features of more than one English statesman under the vizor of "Scrutator," and my publisher forwarded to me not long ago a letter from the Emperor of Germany's librarian inquiring, on behalf of his august master, whether "Scrutator" would now reveal his name.

I mention these details, which have no interest in themselves, because the controversy about my identity brought me a number of curious and interesting letters. Some of these were from distinguished foreign statesmen and diplomatists. One of them, written from behind the scenes, gives a succinct account of the discussion at the Tuileries at which the question of peace or war was decided. "When it came to the Emperor's turn," says my correspondent, "to determine the issue, he begged to be excused for a

short time, and retired into an inner room to consult the Empress. After a while he returned and declared that the excitement caused by the Benedetti incident had made war a necessity. He looked sad and absent, like one oppressed with the presentiment of coming doom." In my first letter to the *Times*, in October, 1870, when Prince Bismarck's terms of peace were only matter of rumor, I wrote: "A peace concluded on such a basis will be nothing better than a truce, of which the effect will be to keep all Europe in a state of armed preparation for the renewal of the conflict." On the translation of my book into French a distinguished French statesman wrote to assure me that every Frenchman shared my opinion on this particular point.

"Mark my words," said he. "Till France recovers her lost provinces she will have one, and but one foreign policy. She will eschew foreign entanglements; she will husband her resources; she will reorganize her army; she will be careful to give no *casus belli* to her conqueror. Germany is now so strong, and her military system is so perfect, that France will be in no condition within any calculable time to attack her with any certain prospect of success. We cannot now afford to wage a war of doubtful issue. Certain victory or acquiescence in defeat: these are our only alternatives. Certain victory, while Germany remains what she is, is not to be thought of. By and by we shall certainly make it hazardous for Germany to take the offensive; but we shall certainly not take the offensive ourselves single-handed. No; we shall sit still, grow strong, and watch our opportunity. It will come some day. Our defeat has suddenly disclosed a new danger in the midst of Europe. It is a great empire of trained soldiers and able commanders, all wielded by a man of consummate political craft, and without any scruples. Do you suppose that the neighbors of this giant will be content to trust in the pacific assurances of the man who, with words of peace upon his lips, destroyed in rapid succession the Germanic Confederation and the two greatest military empires of Europe? It is not France alone that will reorganize and multiply her forces. Russia will do it, and Austria and Italy. England, perhaps, may look calmly on this ruinous competition. A few additional ironclads will satisfy her needs. But Continental Europe, as you justly observe, will henceforth be 'in a state of armed preparation,' which must end in war. France will be careful not to be the first to renew the conflict. We shall lose nothing by waiting. Germany is so powerful that she must be feared. Alarms beget alliances, and alliances lead to war. We shall keep ourselves free till we see our chance. The victory is to those who know how to wait. Rashness has been one of the besetting sins of the French. Bismarck has cured us of it, and now Europe will find that we have turned over a new leaf. What I now tell you is not merely my private opinion. It is the resolve of every Frenchman. In this matter we have no parties. Republican, Monarchist, Imperialist, can have only one end in foreign policy while France remains dismembered, however they may differ as to the means."

This was the forecast of an astute French statesman ten years ago. Let us test its accuracy by the *data* which the interval has supplied.

It was about fifteen years ago that Prussia started on that career of crushing campaigns which culminated in the capture of Paris.

"The Empire is peace," said Napoleon III., when he overthrew the Republic. The event belied the promise. Similarly Prince Bismarck heralded the creation of the German Empire with assurances of peace. The fact, however, is that the establishment of the German Empire spread a feeling of insecurity through all the states of

Europe, and led to a competition in armaments, which has now reached such gigantic proportions that more than one great power must feel strongly tempted to hazard a desperate war in the hope of averting financial ruin. The following figures, which I quote from the *Economist* of March 8th, show at a glance the price which Europe has been obliged to pay for the establishment of a German Empire:

BUDGETS OF ALL THE EUROPEAN STATES.

	1865.	1879.
Germany	£31,850,000	£66,050,000
Austria-Hungary	52,050,000	61,250,000
France	94,500,000	119,200,000
Great Britain	67,500,000	85,500,000
Russia	51,600,000	107,500,000
Italy	36,300,000	56,500,000
Spain	26,250,000	30,100,000
Holland	7,400,000	10,200,000
Belgium	6,800,000	10,850,000
Denmark	1,500,000	2,300,000
Sweden	2,100,000	4,500,000
Norway	1,100,000	2,800,000
Portugal	4,500,000	7,000,000
Greece	1,050,000	2,150,000
Turkey	12,400,000	13,000,000
States formerly under Turkish protection	1,150,000	5,250,000
Switzerland	750,000	1,700,000
Total	£398,800,000	£585,850,000

Of this vast increase two thirds are due directly to increased armaments. This is made clear by the following table:

TOTAL EXPENDITURES ON LAND AND SEA FORCES.

	1865.	1879.
Germany	£9,900,000	£21,350,000
Austria-Hungary	11,500,000	11,150,000
France	17,800,000	27,000,000
Great Britain	27,000,000	32,250,000
Russia	21,900,000	36,500,000
Italy	11,550,000	9,250,000
Spain	6,000,000	6,000,000
Holland	1,850,000	2,950,000
Belgium	1,450,000	1,900,000
Denmark	450,000	900,000
Sweden	800,000	1,300,000
Norway	350,000	550,000
Portugal	1,000,000	1,800,000
Greece	300,000	600,000
Turkey	4,800,000	5,000,000
States formerly under Turkish protection	600,000	1,900,000
Switzerland	350,000	550,000
Total	£117,600,000	£160,950,000

To this must be added the total increase in the national debts of Europe. In 1865 they amounted to £2,626,750,000. In 1879 the figures are £4,324,600,000. The net result is thus stated by the *Economist:*

"The total increase of expenditure therefore caused by war, or the apprehension of war, has, if we take the average interest at 4 per cent, been 131,000,000*l.* a year, or considerably more than the whole taxation of either of the richest countries in Europe—France and Great Britain. The amount at 4 per cent represents a capital of 3,200,000,000*l.*, which, so long as the expenditure continues, and much of it is perpetual, is lost to the industrial work of Europe, and consequently to the progress of civilization, and to the material well-being of the people."

And even these figures do not fully represent the damage. They take no account of the fact that the increase in military establishments is subtracted from the working capital of the various states, which are, to that amount, poorer than they need be. And to this again must be added the much larger sum that is lost by the compulsory idleness of some millions of able-bodied men, and by the paralysis with which the apprehension of war must of necessity smite all the industries of Europe.

It is impossible that this state of things can last much longer. There must be a general disarmament, or a war which will shake the world and rearrange, perhaps, the map of Europe. In the present temper of the public mind it would be a waste of words to discuss the question of disarmament. There remains the dire alternative of war. But who is to begin it? If we are to believe the press of Berlin and Vienna—that is, Prince Bismarck—the internal disorders of Russia will inevitably force her to seek the gambler's relief in the desperate hazard of a European war. But whenever I see Prince Bismarck accusing some other power of warlike intentions, I feel tolerably certain that he is maturing some scheme of his own of which war is the too probable outcome. I believe that Germany is much more likely than Russia to engage in a great war as a means of escape from external danger and internal embarrassments. The external danger is the rapidly growing strength of France, silently nursing her revenge. The internal embarrassments result from the spread of revolutionary principles, aggravated by the misery and discontent of the German population. On both of these points I shall have something to say further on. The danger from external attack has been ostentatiously proclaimed by Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke. On that ground, and on that alone, they rest their appeal to the patriotism of the fatherland to submit to the fresh sacrifices which the new army bill demands.

But when Prince Bismarck has made up his mind to war it is not his habit to wait till his enemy is ready. His first care is to isolate his victim. When this has been accomplished he contrives to fasten

a quarrel upon his adversary and put him technically in the wrong. Hitherto his diplomatic craft has been singularly successful. He has encountered no brain at all approaching to his own in political ability and audacity. Whether his good fortune will continue to befriend him remains to be seen. At all events it is probable that in his next move he will pursue the same style of tactics which have thus far proved successful. It may be useful therefore to recall the leading points of his political strategy.

His overthrow of the Germanic Diet, then of Austria, and then of the French Empire, are three typical examples of his art in first duping and then crushing his adversary. He encouraged the German agitation against Denmark and the pretensions of the Prince of Augustenburg. But when the time for action came the Prince of Augustenburg was summarily set aside and the federal rights of the Germanic Confederation were trampled under foot. By decree of the diet Holstein was occupied by federal troops. Under the ægis of this federal occupation the hereditary Prince of Augustenburg was proclaimed Duke of Schleswig-Holstein. But Bismarck had made up his mind to annex the two duchies to Prussia. To achieve this it was necessary to get rid of the federal troops and of the Prince of Augustenburg. How could this be done? Only by inducing Austria to join in the plot. Bismarck accordingly played upon Austria's fear of democracy. He persuaded the Austrian Cabinet that the action of the German Diet, if not annulled, would give a dangerous impetus to democracy. Austria fell into the trap. She agreed to occupy Schleswig-Holstein conjointly with Prussia, on condition of receiving from Prussia a guarantee of the integrity of all the Austrian possessions in the event of war with one or more of the great powers. But no sooner was Denmark conquered than Bismarck fixed a quarrel on Austria, and drove her troops ignominiously out of the Elbe duchies. These Bismarck had all along determined to annex to the Prussian crown. But Prussia was not yet strong enough to fight Austria and the minor states of Germany combined. Austria must therefore be duped once more. The Elbe duchies, if severed from Denmark, belonged of right to the Germanic Confederation. Austria, therefore, protested against their annexation to Prussia. Prince Bismarck threw out a hint that Austria, too, might compensate herself at the expense of the Confederation. Austria could not resist the temptation of rising to the bait. In a confidential dispatch of December 21st, 1864, the Austrian minister, Count Mensdorff, placed his government at the mercy of its wily adversary by these two unguarded sentences: "Austria would only consent to the incorporation of the duchies with Prussia upon an equivalent augmentation of her own German territory being guaranteed to her. Austrian blood has not been shed for the sake of disturbing the

balance of power between the two great German States by a one-sided aggrandizement."* The game was now in Bismarck's hands. The Austrian dispatch found its way, nobody could tell how, into the Vienna *Presse*, and was thence published all over Germany. Great was the alarm of the minor states. Their resentment, as the arch-plotter had calculated, turned instantly from Prussia to Austria, and some of them demanded from Count Mensdorff an explanation as to the portion of German territory coveted by Austria. Till then Austria was the acknowledged leader of the Germanic Confederation. Her good faith was now mistrusted, and she could no longer command the united support of her natural allies, who began to act independently. This was precisely what Bismarck wanted. He first divided his enemies, and then beat them easily in detail. The minor states were speedily overrun and practically incorporated into Prussia.

The next step in the Bismarckian policy was to settle accounts with Austria and drive her out of Germany. But Napoleon had to be reckoned with ere this step could be taken. This was a difficulty which Bismarck had foreseen. As early as 1862, while discharging the duties of Prussian ambassador in Paris, he began to lay his plans for securing the benevolent neutrality of the Emperor of the French. When he returned, a few months later, to Berlin to fill the post of Prime Minister, he was careful to make Prussian policy agreeable to France by concluding a treaty of commerce with her. In 1864 a meeting took place between him and M. Rouher, at Carlsbad, and it is no longer a secret that Count Bismarck on that occasion threw out the suggestion that France might annex Belgium by way of indemnity against the contemplated Prussian aggrandizements in Germany and Denmark. The ice having been broken at Carlsbad, Bismarck betook himself to Rouher's master, then sojourning at Biarritz. His success there was complete. Napoleon gave his sanction to the Prusso-Italian alliance against Austria; but he did not take the precaution to bind Bismarck down in black and white to the terms of the secret

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* The history of Austria is full of illustrations of this policy of unmitigated and unscrupulous selfishness. History records no instance of any chivalrous self sacrifice on her part for a cause which was not her own: and she has never hesitated to sacrifice an ally whenever the immolation seemed to promise any advantage to herself. So acclimatized, indeed, has Austria become to this policy of sordid greed and tortuous statesmanship, that her public men have even come to avow it without any sense of shame. In the second volume of Prince Metternich's "Memoirs," lately published (p. 181), there are several instances of this. One will suffice. Napoleon proposed to partition Turkey between France, Russia, and Austria, the share of Austria being Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Constantinople. Metternich replied: "We cannot save Turkey; therefore we must help in the partition, and endeavor to get as good a share of it as possible. We cannot resist the destructive and invasive principles of the Emperor of the French, and we must therefore turn them away from ourselves."

agreement. The fact is that he thought the combatants pretty evenly matched, and he intended, when they had exhausted themselves, to step in as arbiter on his own terms. It was not in Bismarck's good faith that Napoleon trusted, but in what he expected to be the inevitable course of events. He was so sincerely and so evidently deluded that Bismarck felt no hesitation in marching all his battalions to the Austrian frontier, leaving his frontier toward France to the protection of a small force of landwehr. Being now ready to strike, Bismarck accused Austria of aggressive designs against Prussia, and manœuvred his blundering victim into a disastrous declaration of war.

The sudden collapse of Austria opened Napoleon's eyes to the series of mistakes which he had made from the day on which he refused, partly in dudgeon and partly under the influence of Bismarck's alluring bribes, to help England to defend Denmark. But the revelation came too late to be of much use. The emperor's position was sensibly weakened throughout Europe, and —which was of more consequence to him—throughout France. He had evidently been outwitted, and France felt humiliated in the humiliation of her ruler. The Prussian army, meanwhile, was naturally elated, and longed to pay off old scores against France. Prussian publicists at the same time preached a crusade against France, and demanded, in imperious tones, the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine. One or two extracts will suffice by way of specimen. In one of the popular pamphlets of the time the writer declares that "public opinion in Germany, journals like the *Rhenish Mercury*, newspapers, pamphlets, patriots of every rank, poets and public men, statesmen and soldiers—all gave to the lawful aim (of conquering Alsace and Lorraine) a complete, satisfactory, and unanimous expression never before experienced." One of these patriots (F. S. von Hirschfeld) published, in 1867, a pamphlet, of which the drift may be gathered from the following quotation :

"A second Phœnix, Germany will rise a solid Empire from her ashes : the Emperor Barbarossa will, in the person of Frederick William the Fifth, of Prussia, wield the German sceptre as a Protestant prince. But the German Protestant element must previously fight a terrible battle with the French Catholic one for the long-disputed supremacy. . . . . France will defend herself —her national honor is at stake ; she will also have to fight for her faith and for her possession of the German provinces of Alsace and Lorraine."

The general situation was very fairly summed up in an able report to his government by Baron Stoffel, the French military attaché in Berlin. He had, indeed, received "most friendly assurances" from Bismarck. "Unless you actually shoot at us," said the chancellor, "depend upon it we shall never declare war against you." And no doubt Bismarck was as good as his word.

He did not declare war against France ; he very adroitly inveigled France into a declaration of war against Prussia. It is a cardinal rule of his statecraft to put his adversary, if possible, technically in the wrong before the world by provoking him into a formal declaration of war when his own preparations for the fray are complete. Hitherto his antagonists have walked, almost with their eyes open, into the snare which he has laid for them. But Baron Stoffel, while faithfully reporting the friendly assurances of Bismarck, took care to warn his government of its impending doom. The Prussians, he said, might in this matter be divided into three categories : those who "cherish a blind animosity toward France," and "are yearning for another opportunity of humiliating and destroying" her ; "those who avow the sentiments of the first group, but more mildly and moderately ;" the mercantile class, naturally opposed to war, yet ready to be led into war because they had been taught to regard France as "an inconvenient neighbor." And this combustible material the Prussian press was diligently preparing for the moment when Bismarck was ready to apply the match.

"The Prussian press," says Stoffel, "omits nothing calculated to rouse hatred and animosity against France. To irritate its readers against the French it never shrinks from calumny or insult. In it France is represented as the implacable enemy of Germany, and the government is strenuously assisted in any measure it may deem advisable for preparing against the rainy day. It is otherwise in France. Her papers, being constantly engaged in criticising the cardinal institutions of the land, have no space to devote to foreign peril."

The French people

"are sufficiently perverse to clamor for a reduction of our forces, and do not hesitate to advocate disarmament at a time when France needs all her strength, all her energy, and the co-operation of all her political parties, to cope with a struggle which is perhaps close at hand, and which, under any circumstances, will be terrible. Those persons in France who fancy a compromise possible are not sufficiently conversant with the peculiarities of the Prussian character. . . . Only a sentimentalist, with little or no knowledge of the game that is going on, can indulge in so imaginary an anticipation. There is nothing for it but to prepare for the collision. It is sure to be, and when it does come it will be fearful. . . . Matters even now have reached such a pitch that the most insignificant event may precipitate a rupture. In a word, war, like the sword of Damocles, is suspended over our heads by a hair."

It is needless to describe how exactly Baron Stoffel's prediction corresponded with the event. When the controversy between the two governments on the Hohenzollern incident was on the eve of being settled amicably, a telegram appeared in the *North German Gazette* (Prince Bismarck's organ) announcing that the French ambassador (Benedetti) had rudely accosted the King of Prussia on the public promenade at Ems, and that the king, declining to address him personally, had told him, through an aide-de-camp, that he could not admit him again to his presence.

"At 9 P. M.," says the Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, "newsboys were to be seen in great numbers in the principal thoroughfares *distributing gratis a special supplement to the Norddeutsche Zeitung*. . . . The effect this bit of printed paper had upon the town was tremendous. . . . By ten o'clock the square in front of the royal palace was crowded with an excited multitude. Hurrahs for the king, and cries 'To the Rhine!' were heard on all sides. Similar demonstrations were made in other quarters of the town. It was the explosion of a long-pent-up anger."

A copy of this sensational telegram was at once sent by Bismarck to the representatives of Prussia at foreign courts. In Paris the publication of the telegram caused such excitement that it would have required consummate prudence on the part of the government to keep the peace. And unfortunately prudence was one of the last virtues of which the Ollivier government could boast. A cabinet council was immediately convened at the Tuileries, under the presidency of the emperor. The question of peace or war was, after discussion, put to the vote. The numbers were even, and it rested with the emperor to give his casting vote under the circumstances already described.

In the declaration of war which followed, the emperor laid special stress on the fact that "a notification had been made to the cabinets of the refusal to receive the emperor's ambassador, and to enter into new explanations with him." To this the Prussian government immediately replied that "it was a gratuitous invention. The alleged notification to the cabinets was never made, and the king never refused to treat with the French ambassador." This was literally true, and it is an admirable specimen of Prince Bismarck's political casuistry. The telegram in the special supplement of the *North German Gazette* undoubtedly "was a gratuitous invention;" but whose invention? The well-informed correspondent of the *Times* declared publicly that it was Bismarck who sent the telegram to the papers. And who paid for its gratuitous distribution through the streets of Berlin? Doubtless also "the alleged notification to the cabinets was never made." Bismarck had merely sent a copy (this he had himself previously admitted) of the lying telegram to the diplomatic representatives of Prussia abroad!

I have not a word to say on behalf of the imperial government of France. The criminality of its conduct was only equalled by its folly. It waged war in the interest of a dynasty and not in the interest of France. Before playing its desperate stake it sounded the feelings of all the French departments, and 78 out of 89 declared emphatically for peace. Paris was doubtless in a warlike mood; but its vulgar admiration of "the gunpowder and glory business" was not shared by the rest of France. Indeed both Bismarck and his royal master bore emphatic testimony to the peaceful disposition of the French people. When the die was cast, the former, in

a dispatch to Count Bernstorff, described the French people as "really peaceably disposed and requiring tranquillity." Similarly, the King of Prussia, on the very day on which the French declaration of war reached him, spoke of the French and German nations as "two great and peace-loving peoples."

I have recalled these facts because I believe that Prince Bismarck is at present the one person with whom Europe has to reckon. He is the Æolus who can control or let loose the tempest, and his conduct in the past is one of the best clews to his conduct in the future. It has been supposed that in annexing Alsace and Lorraine he allowed his own better judgment to be overborne by the insistance of the military authorities. I have never been able to find a trace of evidence for that opinion, and I do not believe it. It is no doubt true that by annexing Alsace and Lorraine Prince Bismarck was gratifying not the army only, but the whole German nation. But nobody knows better than he how to quench national aspirations when considerations of policy require it. Having publicly exonerated the French people, as distinct from their emperor, from the responsibility of the war, a policy of generosity on the part of the victor would have disarmed their resentment. They would have forgiven their defeat in gratitude for being rid of imperialism, and would not have taken even the war indemnity seriously to heart. But the loss of their provinces they will never forgive; and Prince Bismarck knew it. Why then did he deliberately resolve to keep a sore perpetually open in the side of a powerful neighbor? My belief is, that he was at that time more intent on raising a rampart against German liberalism than on securing a strong frontier against France. France was prostrate, and the general belief then was that she was disabled for a generation at least. Prince Bismarck was certainly of that opinion, and he turned his attention therefore to an enemy which he then feared more than he did vanquished France. That enemy was the social democracy of Germany. It was with keen humiliation that Prince Bismarck witnessed its triumph in 1848. On the 18th of March of that year the populace of Berlin came to blows with the troops, and repulsed them after a terrible conflict. The king hastened to appease the multitude by promises of liberal concessions. He proclaimed through the streets of his capital that "Prussia was henceforth dissolved in Germany." Prince Bismarck was then thirty-six years of age, and his feelings are thus described by his chattering biographer, Herr Hesekiel:

"He saw the bulwarks which he had thought impregnable destroyed and sinking. He palpitated with patriotic ardor and manly sorrow; but, like a true dykesman, he lost neither courage nor clear insight. It had hitherto been his office to protect the Elbe dykes against the floods, and in a similar character it was his duty to act against the floods of revolution. He passed, as in a feverish dream, through the streets of the capital of his king, filled with threatening

forms. He saw flags displayed and colors which he did not recognize flying: Polish standards, tricolors of black, red, and gold; but nowhere the ancient honored flag of Prussia."

Prince Bismarck was at that time a member of the Prussian House of Representatives, and he distinguished himself by his violent opposition to every measure and proposal which savored of liberalism. The Liberals of Germany had made an offer of the imperial crown to the King of Prussia, who rejected it on the ground that the offer came from the people, and not from the princes and nobles. Bismarck denounced the proposal for the same reason:

"The army," he said, "has no enthusiasm for the tricolor. In it, as in the rest of the people, will be found no longing for national regeneration. The name of Prussia is all-sufficient for it. . . . I have never heard a Prussian soldier sing, '*What is the German Fatherland?*' The nation whence this army has sprung, and of which the army is the truest representative, does not need to see the Prussian monarchy melt away in the filthy ferment of South German immorality."

"The nation whence this army has sprung, and of which the army is the true representative." Ominous words! But it was natural that the man who uttered them should avail himself of the first opportunity to make them a reality.

The opportunity came fifteen years afterward, when Bismarck found himself at the head of affairs in Prussia. He set himself at once to reorganize the army. And when the liberal majority in parliament refused to pass his military budgets he set them at defiance, and went on his way in direct violation of the Constitution, but shielded by the king's sanction. Having made an army, his first care was to take away all chance of "Prussia being dissolved in Germany." The efficiency of the needle-gun having been proved upon the bodies of Danish soldiers, Prince Bismarck proceeded forthwith to destroy the Germanic Confederation. He found the longing for a united fatherland too powerful to be resisted; therefore he determined to lead it. If dissolution there must be, he was determined that Germany should be dissolved in Prussia, and not Prussia in Germany. Sadowa and Sedan sealed the triumph of his policy. The Prussian monarchy was safe enough now from the recurrence of any revolution like that which nearly dissolved it in Germany in 1848.

And yet there loomed in the distance the spectre of another revolution which Prince Bismarck probably feared even more than that of 1848—the silent revolution going on continually against despotism through the slow but certain operation of liberal ideas. How was the stealthy progress of this revolution to be checked? Only by making the army "the truest representative of the nation." But would United Germany continue to bear patiently the crushing weight of Prince Bismarck's military system? Here lay a

great danger ; and to meet it Alsace and Lorraine were torn from France. Henceforth, when other arguments failed to convince or silence the opponents of Prince Bismarck's military budgets, he could point to Alsace and Lorraine, and to the undying resolve of France to take them back.

But Prince Bismarck made one huge mistake in his calculations. He believed that he had reduced France to the rank of a second-rate power, at least during his lifetime. This opinion was shared to some extent by the rest of the world. But in Germany the sudden collapse of France was believed to be due in a large degree to internal corruption ; and many doubted whether she would ever be a great power again. Bismarck certainly persuaded himself that the enormous indemnity which he had imposed had so crippled France that he need not trouble himself about her for the remainder of his life. For years to come the German troops would be living, as he thought, on her soil without expense to the fatherland ; and as there was no danger to be apprehended from any other quarter, it might be possible to relieve in some degree, by a reduction of armaments, the strain and drain upon the energies and resources of the German people. The marvellously rapid recovery of France dispelled all these pleasing illusions, and Prince Bismarck saw to his dismay the territory of France cleared of the last German soldier, while the army of the Republic was being reorganized on a scale which in a few years would make it a match for that of Germany. It did not take him long to make up his mind. France must agree to limit her army to a figure fixed by Prince Bismarck or brave another war with Germany. It is now known that this outrage was prevented by the Emperor of Russia, who, unlike his brother of Austria and the late Emperor Napoleon, refused to sell his acquiescence in crime for a consideration. I have no doubt that M. de Laveleye has good authority for his statement * that Prince Bismarck offered to help the Czar to the possession of Constantinople if his majesty would consent to the meditated attack on France, and that the Czar scornfully declined the bribe.

Foiled in his purpose of keeping France down by the "iron and blood" method, Prince Bismarck was forced to adopt another style of tactics. Those who have followed attentively the successive phases of the controversy on the Eastern question must have been struck with the fitful diplomacy of the German chancellor—at one time supporting Russia energetically, then thwarting her ; now bullying the Turks, and presently encouraging them by an ostentatious apathy. He commended the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, and he brought unusual pressure, of a direct and in-

* See M. de Laveleye's article in the *Fortnightly Review* for November, 1879.

direct kind, on Lord Beaconsfield's government to induce it to occupy Egypt. A "triangular duel" between Russia, England, and France would suit him very well, and, whether he intended it or not, his diplomacy was admirably calculated to produce that result. Nor, I imagine, would he take it much to heart if Austria and Italy were drawn into the quarrel. What he has to fear is an alliance between France and one of the great powers. His aim, therefore, is to sow distrust all round; or, failing that, to form a combination of which he shall be the pivot, and which shall isolate France. He has made a beginning by his compact with Austria, and he is apparently endeavoring to frighten England into some imprudence which shall involve a breach either with France or Russia. An inspired article in a recent number of the semi-official *Grenzbote* suggests that a great European war can only be averted by England lending her support to the Austro-German alliance. This is explained to mean that in the event of a Russo-French alliance England is to notify that she will defend the neutrality of Belgium, Luxembourg, and Switzerland, and, in addition, insist on the neutrality of the Baltic and North Sea as well! A "spirited foreign policy" which would fight Germany's battles with British blood and gold would doubtless be very convenient for Prince Bismarck. Hence the frantic efforts of the German press to secure a majority for Lord Beaconsfield in the general election.

In brief, then, the political situation in Europe at present appears to be somewhat as follows: The German Empire is exposed to two serious dangers—the growing power of France and the rapid development of social democracy in Germany. As to the former, Prince Bismarck has his choice of two courses. He may try to outmanœuvre France politically, and then crush her by a *coup de main*. But this will not be easy. In Gambetta the German chancellor has at last found his match. Gambetta is not likely to be cajoled or brow-beaten into any imprudence. Not inferior to his rival in political capacity, he has the superior advantage of youth. He can afford to adopt a Fabian policy; and so can France. She is richer than Germany, and therefore better able to bear the burden of her military establishments. Gambetta has but to wait and watch. To a statesman of Prince Bismarck's imperious temper this game of waiting will at length become intolerable, and he may commit some fatal imprudence. It is not safe to infer with confidence from his success hitherto that he will be equally successful when he finds himself pitted against a man of first-rate brain, ready resource, and rapidity of decision. A statesman whose triumphs hitherto have been over minds far inferior to his own may find himself overmatched when he enters the lists with his equal. The mere novelty of the situation may embarrass him. But even if Prince Bismarck should decide to wait patiently on the defen-

sive, is it certain that he will be able? May not circumstances compel him to act? Germany cannot bear much longer the weight of her huge armaments. Her peasantry, take them all in all, are probably the most miserable in Europe. The following facts, which I quote from the *Times* of January 21st, will show that I am not overstating the case:

"The famine in Upper Silesia has roused the members of the federated German trades' societies to raise voluntary subscriptions for such of their members as may be in need of support. The sum collected up to the 13th inst. amounted to 1700m. 87pf. This collection has led to an inquiry, which shows that the average lot of the rural laborer throughout the German Empire is, at the best of times, only just above the famine-stricken state. The failure of the potato crop in Upper Silesia made people in high places suddenly aware that the customary fare of the rural laborer was altogether insufficient to keep a man in health and working condition. Mashed potatoes and *quark*—whey-cheese—hardly ever any fat, with sour and badly baked rye bread, and not an over-abundant supply of that, has for years past been the customary fare."

But it may be thought that the poor soil of Upper Silesia accounts sufficiently for the poverty and wretchedness of the laboring population of that district. This the *Gewerk Verein* (the organ of the trades' societies) denies, and maintains, moreover, that the bad harvest of last year, instead of being the cause of the distress, has merely aggravated and revealed it. "Everywhere, whithersoever you turn," it says, "you will meet with the causes which lie at the bottom of the Silesian distress—insufficient wages and a wretched diet." National causes may, in the opinion of the writer, create temporary want; but if the working population were in its proper position, it would be able to tide over periods of difficulty without perishing or breaking down. From the poor soil of Upper Silesia the writer in the *Gewerk Verein* bids the reader follow him to the fertile plains on the shores of the Baltic:

"Let us enter a manorial village in which an old nobility, strongly conservative and pious, and taking an active part in various benevolent societies, resides. Do you doubt that these hovels are inhabited? Let us enter one of them. The walls have partly fallen down, the roof is leaky all over, the broken windows are stuffed with rags, the wood-work is disjointed and threatens to fall down; but proceed, and don't mind stooping. The clay floor is frozen hard now, but it shows the footprints of softer times. It would be dark but for the cracks in the wall which admit snow and light. Is this smoke? No; it is steam coming out of the room. I open the door. The floor inside is of the same material as in the passage, with the difference of a few puddles. A ragged female figure comes toward us in the dense fog, followed by three or four half-naked and shaggy-headed urchins. She is not startled, but she stares at us. The furniture consists of a rough deal table, a few seats of the same, an oblong box, a few barrels and pots thrown about in confusion, some bedstead-like frames, and an axe and hatchet. The mid-day meal is just ready. Potatoes boiled in their skins are turned out on the table; beside them lies a herring and salt on a wooden plate. The noise made by a wooden clapper on an iron plate in the courtyard of the manor has just announced dinner time; the laborer enters, and the meal is taken sitting and standing. In reply to questions we learn that the man earns fivepence a day in summer and sixpence a day in winter; but we are given to understand that on other manorial farms in the district men have to work for less,

with fewer privileges. Here more potatoes are planted for the hinds, and there is a more liberal supply of firewood than on other estates. The keeping of fowls is not allowed, but a goat or a sheep is not objected to. The other laborers (meaning those who preserve their independence by not hiring themselves out by the year) are worse off. They get more money when at work, which is not often the case in winter; but then they have to pay rent and buy everything they want. 'But, man! this is perishing! The white frost on the wall is finger thick.' With the hoarse laugh of an idiot, the man replies, 'I have tried everywhere, have not found it better anywhere, but worse somewhere.' The repair of the hovel is not his business. The clapper sounds, the timekeeper is sharp, and the man shuts his knife, and goes as he came."

The writer in the *Gewerk Verein* insists that this is no exceptional case, but that the widespread misery of the laborers has escaped public notice on account of its chronic character, and that it required the calamity of Upper Silesia to get a hearing. Where small farming prevails—where the laborers are the neighbors of their employers, and not socially separated by the impassable gulf that exists between the farming lord of an extensive manorial estate and his hinds—the laborers are said to fare a little better, but not much, and the lot of the best of them is misery and wretchedness. As to the great bulk of the urban laborers, the same writer says that theirs too is a sorry lot. Such as may doubt his assertion he advises to betake themselves to the dwellings of the poor in large towns, where they will find an undreamed-of amount of misery crowded into a few square mètres. The milliards which the French had to pay for the follies of the second empire after the disaster of Sedan, and which, according to all economical and financial authorities of Germany, were, to use the mildest term, squandered in demoralizing and dissipating enterprises, drew a motley crew of poor, if not destitute, aspirants to fortune to the large towns, of which Berlin, *die neue Kaiserstadt*, previously incumbered with more human misery than legal and charitable institutions were able to cope with, received, as a matter of course, the lion's share.

One of the effects of this widespread misery has been to give a powerful impetus to the socialistic propaganda in Germany. Prince Bismarck has been uneasy on the subject for years past, and the strides which socialism has been making lately has seriously alarmed him. But it would be impolitic to let the world know the extent of the canker which is rapidly spreading beneath the smooth surface of the Bismarckian policy, and which may one day bring it down with a crash. The *mot d'ordre* has therefore gone forth to the German press to sound the alarm of a foreign war by Russia as a means of escape from internal convulsion. Thus, in the English translation of a recent German work, some additions have been made for the special benefit of John Bull, and with a somewhat too evident view to the impending general election. In a previous work the author, a newspaper writer in Berlin, who as-

sumes for polemical purposes the character of "A Russian," described the Nihilists as a "small but fanatical party." And even in the body of his last work, when he is only thinking of his German readers, he describes the Nihilists as "narrowed to a certain number of students, cadets, and revolutionary *frondieurs* at St. Petersburg and a few university towns." This is quite true. Nihilism proper—the Nihilism of Bakunin and his disciples—has taken no root in the soil of any class of the Russian population. It has always been confined to a small band of desperadoes of both sexes. It has never attracted in the faintest degree the sympathy of the peasantry. An insignificant sprinkling of cadets and young officers belong to it, but, with that exception, the army is altogether untainted by it. A very large and influential party in Russia, having adherents among all classes of the population, eagerly desire sweeping reforms in the government and administration of the empire. And so long as the Nihilists confined their agitation within legitimate bounds they had, no doubt, the sympathy of this party. Even an occasional attempt on the life of an obnoxious official might have been condoned. But by attempting the life of the Czar the Nihilists cut themselves adrift from every section of the reforming party. It was all very well to play at Nihilism so long as its anarchical theories remained mere matters of academic debate; but as soon as the Nihilists showed a disposition to reduce these theories to practice, they made the Russian people in the mass their enemies. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? "The founder of Nihilism," says the anti-Russian author of "Russia before and after the War," "preached the necessity of a radical rupture with all existing order." "*He demanded the abolition of the state as such;* the extirpation of all religion, and of all hereditary rights; the absolute equalization of all individuals." "The last and greatest object to be attained is universal destruction, and the restoration of chaos. 'If even a single old form is spared, this form would become the embryo from which all the old social forms would be begotten again.'"

Russia is the last country in Europe where subversive doctrines like these would be likely to find a home. Their naked and truculent atheism would be simply shocking to the traditional piety of the Russian peasant, while their open declaration of ruthless war against property and against "every single old form" of social life makes every class of society their foe. One of the best accounts of Nihilism yet published—at least out of Russia—is that by Professor Arnaudo, of Turin. Tourgeveneff calls it "the best of all the works which have lately appeared upon the controverted subject of Nihilism." Professor Arnaudo takes by no means an optimist view of the state of things in Russia. He thinks revolutionary principles are widespread, and have a real hold upon a

large section of the Russian people. But he discriminates. "One of our chief errors," he says, "is the belief that Nihilism is co-extensive with the revolutionary party in Russia. The Nihilists, on the contrary, are but a section, and indeed the smallest section of the revolutionary party." This was written before the late attempts on the Czar's life—before, that is, the Nihilists had completely shown their hand. They are now probably but an insignificant fraction, and every man's hand is against them. They will die hard, for they expect no mercy, and will probably contrive to revenge themselves by some more crimes on the society which has failed to appreciate the chivalry of men who seek to combine the maximum of cruelty toward others with the minimum of danger to themselves. Lest, however, I should seem to be making too little of the extent and power of Nihilism, I will add to the opinion of Professor Arnaudo the testimony of a German witness living in Russia, and who usually writes with a strong bias against everything Russian. In a recent communication from the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* occurs the following passage:

"The power and prestige of the Nihilists have suffered considerably by their recent failures, and by the whole-hog measures of the several military governors-general to whom the Czar has committed the task of suppressing the insurrectionary movement. Their ranks have been thinned by innumerable arrests, and moreover a split has happened in their controlling organization. Their own leaders are beginning to perceive that nothing of any great importance can be brought about in Russia by mere brute force, and that Nihilism is practically a lost cause. Even before Solovieff attempted the Czar's life disputes had broken out between the leading social revolutionists, some of whom were resolved to put the Emperor out of the way, while others wished his life to be spared. The former faction acted on its own responsibility when it commissioned Solovieff to carry out its programme; for the *Sem ja i Wolja*, the organ of the Moderate party, repudiated any connection with the men of April 14th. During the summer the agitation was, comparatively speaking, in abeyance. The Nihilistic gentlemen retired to their summer residences, and only a few subordinate agents continued the propaganda work among the peasantry. Their success, too, was but small; for the Russian peasant, although he detests his social superiors, and is easily excited to fury against the officials who render his very existence a burden to him, can never be persuaded to conspire against his emperor. So it came to pass that some of the Nihilistic agents got heartily thrashed by the moujiks, while others were unceremoniously laid hold of and handed over to the authorities. Since April 14th the Nihilists have been undermining their own ground, for no decent Russian feels any sympathy or compassion for regicides. The Russian people is strongly addicted to coquetting with socialistic ideas; but its eyes have been opened to a great many fallacies within the last twelve months. The Moderate malcontents feel that they have been pushed backward, step by step, by the Intransigents, and that, day by day, they have lost ground; so they have turned upon their more uncompromising accomplices. At present a breach divides these two factions, whose mutual attitude is almost hostile. The Moderates have come to the conclusion that they have been betrayed into conniving at enterprises of which they disapprove, and the Radicals look down with utter scorn upon their former confederates. This split in the conspirators' camp has shorn the real revolutionary party of more than half its original numbers. But is the danger thereby diminished? Certainly not—or, more correctly, not yet; for the Radicals have contrived to get possession of all the funds gathered

together by the associations in their entirety; and, as long as their money shall last, so long may their infernal machines be dreaded, the influence of ready cash in Russia being enormous. For these Radicals—the men who arranged and sanctioned the Moscow outrage—there is no turning back. Their only prospect is an alternative of gallows or suicide. Of this they are well aware. They know what destiny awaits them, and are therefore resolved to fight to the end, exhausting every resource at their disposal, and to finish by selling their lives as dearly as possible. They are indeed desperate and terrible ruffians, who will not shrink from incendiarism on a vast scale, or from wholesale murder when driven into a corner."

What the Nihilists, properly so called, desire and work for is not a constitution, or a reform of any kind, but universal anarchy. Their game, in fact, is to prevent reform by frightening the government into a policy of reaction and violent repression. Their only chance lies in deep and widespread misery and discontent. But they have overshot their mark, and alienated what Professor Arnaudo calls "the revolutionary party," but which I should prefer to call the party of reform.

Prince Bismarck's present object is to form such a coalition as shall prevent a Russo-French alliance. His purpose would be gained if he could frighten the English government into the Austro-German alliance. The spectre of Russian Nihilism, with its terrible consequences, is accordingly furbished up in the *English* edition of "Russia Before and After the War." We are assured that Nihilism denotes "the seemingly incurable decomposition of the Russian state and society." But "if it were only a question of the greater or less probability of a violent internal cataclysm, then the rest of Europe might afford to contemplate the struggle as spectators who had no interest in its issue. But such is not the case." For "if all other remedies are found of no avail," as the author wishes us to believe they will be, then "an attempt will be made" by the Russian government, "after the well-known French method, to occupy the feverish elements of society by a foreign war." But Prince Bismarck's solicitude for the welfare of Europe has provided a remedy:

"So long as the Austro-German alliance can reckon on seeing its policy of peace, which constitutes its *raison d'être*, supported by an English government, strong at home and respected abroad, whose influence with France is powerful enough to wean or to deter her from an armed coalition with the Northern Empire, even the most warlike Russians are forced of necessity to keep still. But if, on the other hand, an unhappy fate should will that a revolution in Russia should be accompanied by a relapse of England into indifference to continental interests, then the first result of this would be that France, deprived of the counsels of her English neighbors, would reach her hand to Russia for an alliance; and the next result, that the whole of Europe would be taught to know, what only a few know at present, that the revolution now imminent in Russia implies a terrible danger to European peace and civilization."

There is no "revolution imminent in Russia." But if for "Russia" we substitute "Germany," the warning, though overcharged, would not be altogether ill-timed. I do not believe that

a revolution is imminent in Germany any more than in Russia. But I do believe that the political atmosphere of Germany is in its lower strata so charged with the germs of revolution that, partly to purify it, and partly to counteract French hostility, Prince Bismarck himself is not at all unlikely to try the expedient with which he credits Russian diplomacy—namely, "to occupy the feverish elements of society by a foreign war."

The formal organization of the socialistic movement in Germany is only ten years old; yet at the last elections it polled half a million votes. It possesses fifty newspapers, besides other appliances for active propagandism, and has its representatives in the German parliament. Some of its leaders are remarkable for intellectual ability and organizing talent, and, unlike Russian Nihilism, it has spread its roots far and wide among the masses. The spirit which animates the Social Democrats may be inferred from the following extract, which I quote from their principal organ, the *Social Democrat*:

"They who have taken heaven from the people must give them the earth. . . . When the priesthood bowed the neck of mankind to its superstitions, at least it gave to the suffering sons of man the kindly hope of another and a better world. In all the misfortunes of life—in sorrow, need, and sickness—a sweet hope was still left to a believing mind. But what is now the case? There are still poverty and privation, sorrow, need, and sickness. And these are artificially enhanced and heaped upon one class, while the pleasures and good things of the world continue to enrich the other. What, then, have the favored of human society to offer to those millions, through whose sickness, increased by poverty and care, *they* enjoy the pleasures of life? We tolerate no half measures, no evasions. . . . Ye wretched Pharisees! who have deprived the people of the consolations of faith, where then is your logic? The logic of history is sterner than yours; the people have done with heaven, and now they claim the earth."

It is easy to imagine the effect of such teaching on a population so prepared for it by poverty and misery as is the population of Germany. But Prince Bismarck, as I have already noted, has boasted that the army is "the truest representative" of the monarchy, and it may therefore be thought that the *esprit de corps* of an armed nation will hinder the spread of revolutionary socialism. Vain calculation! It is precisely in the fact that the Germans are now an armed nation that the danger of the situation lies. History shows that standing armies may be dissevered by caste prejudices from all sympathy with their non-militant countrymen. But the army, as a military caste, cannot long survive universal conscription and short service. And as armies are dissolved in nations, and nations advance in knowledge, the day will inevitably arrive when the soldier will claim a voice in determining the justice of the cause for which he is bidden to take his neighbor's life and risk his own.

"War's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at."

The socialists of Germany have always proclaimed that they are democrats first and Germans afterward. Where is this to end? The army of Germany has ceased to represent either the Prussian monarchy or the German kaisership, except in so far as these represent the feelings and aspirations of the nation. The German army is in fact the German nation. It follows that when we are discussing the dissemination of socialistic principles and ideas among the German people, we are, in fact, discussing their dissemination in the army. The socialists could desire no better contrivance for the propagation of their doctrines than the conscription and the three years' service. Multitudes of young men who but for this would never have heard of socialism, return to their villages and become centres of radiation for the democratic evangel. If Prince Bismarck means to arrest the growth of socialism in Germany, it is plain that he has no time to lose. Is it certain that ten years hence the German chancellor of that day will be master of the situation? Does not every counsel of prudence dictate to Prince Bismarck the policy of anticipating events?

But how? His present object apparently is to endeavor to form a league of the conservative elements throughout Europe against socialism and against France, which, as a republic, cannot help affording a most potent moral support to democracy everywhere. Whether his ostentatious hostility to Russia is genuine or only assumed must be a matter of surmise. It is probably a mixture of both. He would not be sorry to pay her out for balking him in his designs against France in 1875. But though implacable in his resentment, he knows how to subordinate private feeling to public policy, and there are indications of his desire to come to terms with Russia. But Russia has no special temptation to barter her freedom of action for a German alliance. Her acquisitions under the Treaty of San Stefano have been secured to her by the Treaty of Berlin. On this subject there is a prevalent misapprehension in this country which it is well to correct. It is commonly believed that the Treaty of Berlin gave immense dissatisfaction throughout Russia. But that way of putting it does not state the whole case. The Eastern Question divided the Russian people into two parties —the party which, in a loose sense, may be called the official party, and the party which claims to be *par excellence* the "national" party. Of the former St. Petersburg is the headquarters, and Moscow of the latter. The claim of the "national" party is to develop the nation on a Slavonic type. Different races, they say, develop different types of civilization. The Teutonic is different from the Latin; the Slavonic is different from both. One race cannot build itself on the model of another, however excellent that other may be in its own place; and all such attempts must result in a mongrel growth, which only caricatures both races and repre-

sents neither. The "Nationalists" of Moscow complain that ever since the time of Peter the Great the Russians have, for the most part, been mere imitators of Western manners and civilization. "If it rains in Paris," says one of their satirists, "we put up our umbrellas on the Neva." To this imitation of Western models they attribute much of the mischief in their system of government. The bureaucracy of Germany, in particular, is their special aversion. With a view, therefore, to accelerate this regeneration of their country, the Russian "Nationalists" aim at uniting all Slav peoples in the bonds of a common brotherhood. Thus only, they think, can they acquire that dignity and self-respect in which their slavish imitation of foreign models has hitherto made them deficient.

Such is the idea which lies at the root of what is commonly called Panslavism, and it will be seen at once how different it is from the common impression of it. It is not an aggressive movement. It aspires to no conquests of foreign territory. On the contrary, it prefers that the Slav race should consist of several independent nationalities, each with its own characteristic features, but all bearing a common family likeness.

When the news of the Bulgarian atrocities reached Russia the "Nationalist" party came at once to the front and proclaimed a crusade of liberation. The enthusiasm was irresistible, and carried away the government.

The author of "Russia Before and After the War" is explicit on this point. "The court and higher bureaucracy," he says, "were against the war from the beginning," and it was accordingly "delayed for nearly a whole year." "People of rank and station set their faces against the movement kindled by the Servian war and the bands of Russian volunteers in that campaign." "So emphatic was the disapproval of the Servian revolt expressed by the ruling circles at the capital during the winter of 1876–77, that the Moscow Nationalists formally renounced their hope of an understanding with Prince Gortchakoff, and joined with the volunteers, who, on their return from the Timok, were treated with marked disfavor and forbidden to wear their Servian uniforms, in protesting against the government for deserting the sacred traditions of Russia."

To the "Nationalist" party, therefore, the Treaty of San Stefano was extremely distasteful, because it gave back again to bondage a part of the population which Russian blood and treasure had set free. The government of Russia, however, was well satisfied with the Treaty of Berlin—better satisfied probably than with the Treaty of San Stefano. It is beyond a doubt that the interests of Russia, as distinct from the interests of the Christians of Bulgaria and Macedonia, are far better served by the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin than by those of the Treaty of San Stefano.

The Russian government, therefore, has no special inducement to hamper its freedom of action in the future by any entangling engagements with Prince Bismarck. Is it possible that Lord Beaconsfield's enigmatical reference to "the presence, not to say ascendency, of England in the councils of Europe" points to an English alliance with Austria and Germany? That would explain the extraordinary interest which the German press is taking in our general election. Should the Liberals return to power, Prince Bismarck and his Austrian ally know that they must henceforth pull their own chestnuts out of the fire. Prince Bismarck would thus be checkmated in his first combinations against German socialism and French revenge.

What would probably be his next move? To relieve in some way the pressure of the military system will soon become an absolute necessity. With France pacified, the task would be comparatively easy. While France is unappeased there can be no reduction, but rather an increase, in the burdens of the German people. If France cannot be crushed or cowed, is there any way of pacifying her? The annexed provinces cannot be restored? German sentiment and pride forbid that. Is there no possible compensation? Prince Bismarck has on more than one occasion shown much generosity in disposing of other people's property. I have already referred to his insidious suggestions to the Emperor Napoleon about Belgium. But the Emperor of the French knew that the annexation of Belgium would involve him in a breach with England; and he cherished a belief, amounting to a kind of superstition, that the stability of his throne and dynasty depended on his good understanding with England. He therefore sounded Prince Bismarck as to the possibility of annexations on the Rhine as a set-off against the aggrandizement of Prussia. Here is the French ambassador's report of Prince Bismarck's answer:

"You desire," said he, "an impossible thing. You wish to take the Rhenish provinces, which are German. Why do you not annex Belgium, where the people have the same origin, the same religion, and the same language as yourselves? I have already caused that to be mentioned to the emperor. If he enters into my views, we would assist him to take Belgium. As for myself, if I were the master, and I were not hampered by the obstinacy of the king, it would be already done."

Comte de Goltz, moreover, the Prussian ambassador at the Tuileries, dropped hints upon the subject which circulated pretty freely in diplomatic society at the time.

Is it not probable that these tactics will be renewed if France cannot be conciliated in any other way? Holland and Belgium have already taken the alarm. But whither can they turn for help? Austria is bound to Bismarck; Russia has been alienated from England; and England is no longer in a position to compel Germany and France to respect the neutrality of Belgium. The

European concert no longer exists, and the strength of the British army is frittered away in Afghanistan and South Africa. We are bound, moreover, to defend the whole Asiatic frontier of Turkey. So that a menacing demonstration on the part of Russia can at any moment paralyze our power in Europe, or compel us to abandon the Anglo-Turkish Convention.

It may be that the annexation of Belgium to France, and of Holland and perhaps a slice of Switzerland to Germany, would not matter very much to Great Britain. But certainly either of these contingencies would expose British interests to graver peril than the possession of Constantinople by Russia. The future of Constantinople is a matter which touches Austrian interests to the quick, and which affects German interests also, though in a less degree. With British interests Constantinople has but a remote and shadowy connection; and in any case the powers which are directly concerned may be trusted to guard the freedom of the Bosphorus. But Antwerp is close to our shores; and the possession of Holland would not only make Germany a formidable rival to England on the ocean: it would also give Germany a rich colony which would place her athwart our commerce in the East. And thus it may come to pass that in our nervous anxiety to ward off mere shadows, we have given no thought to the quarter where perhaps our real danger lies. I should have thought it wiser to husband our resources for a real emergency than waste them in a wild-goose chase after "a scientific frontier" which somehow has a provoking knack of keeping well ahead of its pursuers.

Russia has for the last four years struggled hard against a policy which is most distasteful to the great body of the Russian people —the policy of a Russo-German alliance. To avert that necessity, the government of the Czar has made sacrifices to England which have been felt as humiliations in Russia. "It is really painful," said Prince Gortchakoff in one of his dispatches in 1877, "to see two great states [*i.e.*, England and Russia] which, together, might regulate European questions for their mutual advantage and the benefit of all, excite themselves and the would by an antagonism founded on prejudices or misunderstandings." When the dispatch was published it gave great umbrage in Germany, and Prince Bismarck has employed since then all his diplomatic craft to establish a complete estrangement between Russia and England. An understanding between the two powers would prevent him, as it did in 1875, from dealing with France, in the way which best commends itself, regardless of its morality, to his judgment. Events now look as if Russia, estranged all round, were about to be forced into Prince Bismarck's political combination. And then? One thing at least is certain: Prince Bismarck's policy bodes no good either to the honor or the interests of England.

SCRUTATOR, *in the Contemporary.*

THE DEEP SEA AND ITS CONTENTS.

WHEN, in June, 1871, I placed before Mr. Goschen, then First Lord of the Admiralty, the scheme I had formed for a scientific circumnavigation expedition, I stated as its general object "the extension to the three great oceanic areas—the Atlantic, the Indian and Southern, and the Pacific—of the physical and biological exploration of the deep sea, which has been tentatively prosecuted by my colleagues and myself, during a few months of each of the last three years, on the eastern margin of the North Atlantic, and in the neighboring portion of the Mediterranean." Those researches had been regarded by the scientific public—not of this country only but of the whole civilized world—as of extraordinary interest; not only for the new facts they had brought into view and the old fallacies which they had exploded, but for the new ideas they had introduced into various departments of scientific thought. And I felt myself justified in expressing the confident belief "that the wider extension and systematic prosecution of them will be fruitful in such a rich harvest of discovery as has been rarely reaped in any scientific inquiry."

The Challenger Expedition, thus originated, was fitted out in the most complete manner, everything being done which skill and experience could suggest to make it a complete success. A ship was selected whose size and construction rendered her peculiarly suitable for the work; she was placed under the command of Captain (now Sir George) Nares, than whom no more highly qualified head could have been chosen. In the work of the ship he had the zealous co-operation of a selected staff of naval officers; while for the direction of its scientific work the expedition had the advantage of the services of Professor (now Sir) Wyville Thomson, with five assistants, each of whom had already shown special proficiency in the particular department committed to his charge.

The expedition left Sheerness on the 7th of December, 1872, and returned to Spithead on the 24th of May, 1876; having altogether traversed a distance of nearly *seventy thousand* nautical miles (or nearly *four times* the earth's equatorial circumference), and having, at intervals as nearly uniform as possible, established 362 observing stations along the course traversed. This course was, for various reasons, anything but a direct one. In the first year the Atlantic was crossed and recrossed three times each way; and a diversion was made from Bermuda to Halifax, and back again, for the special purpose of examining the phenomena of the Gulf Stream. This first part of the voyage terminated at the Cape of Good Hope; from which a fresh start was made for Kerguelen's Land, on which Captain Nares was directed to report in regard to

the sites most suitable for the observation of the approaching transit of Venus. Thence the Challenger proceeded due south toward the Antarctic ice-barrier; and, after making the desired observations along its margin, she proceeded to Melbourne, Sydney, and New Zealand. The next portion of her voyage was devoted to an examination of the western part of the great Pacific area, with a diversion into the adjacent part of the Malay Archipelago; and it was when proceeding almost due north from New Guinea to Japan that her deepest sounding (the deepest *trustworthy* sounding yet made) of 4475 fathoms—26,850 feet, or more than *five miles*—was obtained. From Japan her course was shaped almost due east, keeping near the parallel of 38° N. as far as the meridian of the Sandwich Islands, so as to traverse about two thirds of the North Pacific; and then, taking a southern direction, she proceeded first to that group, and thence across the equator to Tahiti, thus making a north and south course through the tropical Pacific. From Tahiti she proceeded S.E. toward Cape Horn, with a detour to Valparaiso; and after passing through the Straits of Magellan, touching at the Falkland Islands, and putting in at Monte Video, she proceeded eastward half way across the South Atlantic, to complete the E. and W. section partly taken in the first year of the voyage on the parallel of the Cape. Changing her course to the north, she ran a N. and S. line as far as the equator, in the merdian of Madeira; and then, turning N.W., and keeping at some distance from the African coast, got into the middle line of the North Atlantic, which she followed past the Azores; after which she bore up for home.

At each of the observing stations a sounding was taken for the determination of the exact *depth;* the *bottom temperature* was accurately ascertained; a sample of *bottom-water* was obtained for chemical and physical examination; and a sample of the *bottom* itself was brought up, averaging from one ounce to one pound in weight. At most of the stations *serial temperatures* also were taken; *i.e.*, the temperature of the water at several different *depths* between the surface and the bottom was determined, so as to enable "sections" to be constructed, giving what may be called the *thermal stratification* of the entire mass of ocean-water along the different lines traversed during the voyage; and samples of sea-water were also obtained from different depths. At most of the stations a fair sample of the *bottom fauna* was procured by means of the dredge or trawl; while the *swimming animals* of the surface and of intermediate depths were captured by the use of a "tow-net," adjusted to sweep through the waters in any desired plane. And while the direction and rate of any *surface-current* were everywhere determined by methods which the skilful navigator can now use with great precision, attempts were made to determine *the*

direction and rate of movement of the water at different depths, wherever there was any special reason for doing so. In addition to all this, which constituted the proper work of the expedition, meteorological and magnetic observations were regularly taken and recorded.

The mass of accurate information, and of materials from which accurate information may be obtained, which has thus been collected in regard to the physics of the ocean, affords a vast body of data for scientific discussion, of which, when it shall have been fully published, advantage will doubtless be eagerly taken by the various inquirers into the different branches of this subject, who are at present anxiously waiting for it. And, in like manner, the enormous collection of marine animals that has been most carefully made along the whole of the Challenger's course, and at various depths from the surface down to more than four miles—the locality and depth from which every specimen was obtained having been accurately recorded—attests the entire success of the biological portion of the Challenger's work. But here, again, however great the amount of work done, much more remains to do, in the "working up" of this most valuable material. It has been distributed among naturalists of the highest competence in their respective departments, each of whom will report separately upon his own subject. And only when all these separate reports shall have been published, which cannot be for some years, will it be possible to give any general *résumé* of the zoological results of the expedition. But in the study of the *bottom-deposits* more progress has been made; and Mr. Murray—one of the Challenger scientific staff, who was specially charged with this department during the voyage—has already arrived at some results of such remarkable interest as fully to justify the belief I had expressed to Mr. Goschen, "that the key to the interpretation of much of the past history of our globe is at present lying at the bottom of the sea, waiting only to be brought up."

I have been so often asked, "What has the Challenger Expedition done for science?" that, notwithstanding what I have shown to be the impossibility of at present giving more than a very inadequate idea of the results of its work, I shall now endeavor briefly to show what light these results have thrown on a few *general questions* of great interest; some of which were first opened up in our previous deep-sea explorations, while on others not apparently related to it the Challenger researches have been found to cast an unexpected light.

The question which naturally takes the first place in order is that of the *depth and configuration of the ocean-basins*, as to which little had been previously learned with certainty, except in the case of the North Atlantic, which had been carefully sounded along certain

lines with a view to the laying of telegraph-cables. The first systematic survey of this kind brought out a set of facts which were then supposed to be exceptional, but which the soundings of the Challenger, taken in connection with those of the United States ship Tuscarora, and the German Gazelle, have shown to be general —viz., (1) that the bottom sinks very gradually from the coast of Ireland, westward, for a hundred miles or more; (2) that then, not far beyond the hundred-fathom line, it falls so rapidly that depths of from 1200 to 1500 fathoms are met with at only a short distance farther west; (3) that after a further descent to a depth of more than 2000 fathoms, the bottom becomes a slightly undulating plain, whose gradients are so low as to show scarcely any perceptible alteration of depth in a section in which the same scales are used for vertical heights and horizontal distances;* and (4) that on the American side as on the British this plain is bordered by a very steep slope, leading up quickly to a bottom not much exceeding 100 fathoms in depth, which shallows gradually to the coast-line of America. Nothing seems to have struck the Challenger surveyors more than the extraordinary *flatness* (except in the neighborhood of land) of that depressed portion of the earth's crust which forms the floor of the great oceanic area: the result of one day's sounding enabling a tolerably safe guess to be formed as to the depth to be encountered on the following day; and thus, if the bottom of the mid-ocean were laid dry, an observer standing on almost any spot of it would find himself surrounded by a plain only comparable to that of the North American prairies or the South American pampas.

Thus our notions of the so-called "ocean-basins" are found to require considerable modification; and it becomes obvious that, putting aside the oceanic islands which rise from the bottom of the sea, as mountain-peaks and ridges rise from the general surface of the land, the proper oceanic area is a portion of the crust of the earth which is depressed with tolerable uniformity some thousands of feet below the land area, while the bands of shallow bottom which usually border the existing coast-lines are to be regarded as submerged portions of the adjacent land-platforms. The form of the depressed area which lodges the water of the deep ocean is rather, indeed, to be likened to that of a flat waiter or tea-tray, surrounded by an elevated and steeply sloping rim, than to that of the "basin" with which it is commonly compared. And it further becomes obvious that the *real* border of any oceanic area may be very different from the *ostensible* border formed by the existing coast-line.

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* Sections drawn (as is usual) with a *vertical* scale enormously in excess of the *horizontal*, altogether misrepresent the real character of the oceanic sea-bed.

Of this difference between the shallow water covering submerged land and the deep sea that fills the real ocean-basins we have nowhere a more remarkable example than that which is presented to us in the seas which girdle the British Islands. These are all so shallow that their bed is undoubtedly to be regarded as a continuation of the European continental platform; an elevation of the north-western corner of which, to the amount of only 100 fathoms, would reunite Great Britain to Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and France, and would bring it into continuity with Ireland, the Hebrides, and the Shetland and Orkney Islands. Not only would the whole of the British Channel be laid dry by such an elevation, but the whole of the North Sea also, with the exception of a narrow deeper channel that lies outside the fiords of Norway. Again, the coast line of Ireland would be extended seaward to about 100 miles west of Galway, and that of the western Hebrides to beyond St. Kilda; but a little farther west the sea-bed shows the abrupt depression already spoken of as marking the commencement of the real Atlantic area. A like rapid descent has been traced outside the hundred-fathom line in the Bay of Biscay (a considerable part of which would be converted into dry land by an elevation of that amount), and along the western coast of Spain and Portugal, where, however, it takes place much nearer the existing land-border. The soundings of the U.S.S. Tuscarora in the North Pacific have shown that a like condition exists along the western coast of North America; a submerged portion of its continental platform, covered by comparatively shallow water, forming a belt of variable breadth outside the existing coast-line, and the sea-bed then descending so rapidly as distinctly to mark the real border of the vast Pacific depression. And as similar features present themselves elsewhere, it may be stated as a general fact that *the great continental platforms usually rise very abruptly from the margins of the real oceanic depressed areas.*

On the other hand, a *depression* of the existing land of northern Europe to the same, or even half that amount, would cause very extensive areas of what is now dry land to be overflowed by sea; the higher tracts and mountainous regions alone remaining as representatives of the continental platform to which the submerged portions equally belong. This, as every geologist knows, has been not once only, but many times, the former condition of Europe, and finds a singular parallelism in the present condition of that great continental platform, of which the peninsula and islands of Malaya are the most elevated portions. For the Yellow Sea, which forms the existing boundary of south-eastern Asia, is everywhere so shallow that an elevation of 100 fathoms would convert it into land; while half that elevation would lay dry many of the channels between the Malay Islands, so as to bring them into continuity not only with each other but with the continent of

Asia. And Mr. Wallace's admirable researches on the zoology of this region have shown that such continuity undoubtedly existed at no remote period, its mammalian fauna being essentially Asiatic. On the other hand, a like elevation would bring Papua into land-continuity with Australia; with which, in like manner, the intimacy of its zoological relations shows it to have been in former connection. The Indo-Malay province is separated from the Papuo-Australian province by a strait, which, though narrow, is so much deeper than the channels which intervene between the separate members of either group, that it would still remain as a fissure of considerable depth, even if the elevation of the two parts of the great area it divides were sufficient to raise most of each into dry land. And thus we may view the whole area extending from south-eastern Asia to South Australia as a vast land-platform (partly submerged), of which the great fissure that divides it into two distinct zoological provinces may be considered as corresponding with the great break made by the Mediterranean in the continuity between Europe and Africa, and that made by the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea in the continuity between North and South America. There is generally a very marked contrast in elevation between the slightly submerged portions of this land-platform, and the deep sea-floors in its neighborhood; the descent from the former to the latter being very abrupt.

Now these facts remarkably confirm the doctrine long since propounded by the distinguished American geologist, Professor Dana, when reasoning out the probable succession of events during the original consolidation of the earth's crust, and its subsequent shrinkage upon the gradually contracting mass within—that these elevated areas now forming the continental platforms, and the depressed areas that constitute the existing ocean-floors, *were formed as such in the first instance*, and have remained unchanged in their general relations from that time to the present, notwithstanding the vast disturbances that have been since produced in each by the progressive contraction of the earth's crust. For this general contraction, coupled with the unequal bearing of the different parts of the crust upon one another, has been the chief agency in determining the evolution of the earth's surface-features, producing local upheavals and subsidences alike in the elevated and depressed areas; so that lofty mountains and deep troughs have been formed, with plications and contortions of their component strata; metamorphism of various kinds has been produced in their rocks; and volcanic action, with earthquake phenomena involving extensive dislocations of the crust, have been repeated through successive geological periods, mostly along particular lines or in special areas; without making any considerable alteration in the position of the great continents, or in the real borders of the oceanic areas,

though the amount of the continental areas that might be above water, and the position of their coast-lines, might vary greatly from time to time.

This idea of the general permanence of what we used to call the great "ocean-basins" had in fact struck me forcibly, as soon as the soundings of the Challenger and Tuscarora, in the Pacific, enabled me to work out the enormous disproportion between the mass of land above the sea-level and the volume of the water beneath it. At the end of our first (Lightning) cruise in 1868, my colleague, Professor Wyville Thomson, had pointed out to me that there is no adequate reason for supposing that the present bed of the North Atlantic has ever been raised into dry land since the termination of the Cretaceous epoch, which was marked by the elevation of the chalk formations of Europe and Asia on the one side, and of North America on the other, into dry land; and that the persistence of a considerable number of cretaceous types in its marine fauna justifies the conclusion that the deep sea-bed of this ocean has not undergone any essential change of condition through the whole of the Tertiary period. This conclusion I unhesitatingly indorsed; and though the announcement of it rather startled some of our geological Nestors, it has come to be generally accepted by the younger generation as by no means improbable. Subsequent reflection upon the disproportion to which I have just referred, though from imperfect data I at first *under*estimated it, disposed me to extend the same view to the ocean-basins generally; and happening at the same time to become acquainted with the doctrines which had been advanced by Professor Dana (then little known in this country), I was strongly impressed by their accordance—this being the more remarkable on account of the entire difference of the data and lines of reasoning which led Professor Dana and myself to the same conclusion.

We are now able to form an estimate of the relative masses of land and sea, which is probably not far from the truth. The *area* of the existing land is to that of the sea as about 1 to 2¾, or as 4 to 11; so that if the entire surface of the globe were divided into fifteen equal parts, the land would occupy only four of these, or rather more than a quarter, while the sea would cover eleven, or rather less than three quarters. But the average *height* of the whole land of the globe above the sea-level certainly does not exceed 1000 feet; that of Asia and Africa being somewhat above that amount, while that of America (North and South), Europe, and Australia is considerably below it. On the other hand, the average *depth* of the ocean-floors is now known to be at least 2½ miles, and may be taken (for the convenience of round number) at 13,000 feet. Thus, the average depth of the ocean being 13 times as much as the average height of the land, and the area of the sea

$2\frac{3}{4}$ times that of the land, *the total volume of the ocean-water is* $(2\frac{3}{4} \times 13)$ *just* 36 *times that of the land above the sea-level.*

Now this disproportion appears to me to render it extremely improbable that any such geological "see-saw" as may have produced successive alternations of land and water between the several parts of the same continental platform, can have ever produced such an exchange between any continental platform and an ocean-floor as was assumed by Sir Charles Lyell to have taken place over and over again in geological time. For even supposing all the existing land of the globe to sink down to the sea-level, this subsidence would be balanced by the elevation of only *one thirty-sixth* part of the existing ocean-floor from its present average depth to the same level. Or, again, let the great island-continent of Australia (whose area is about one seventeenth of the total land-area of the globe) be supposed to subside to the depth of the average sea-bed, so as to be altogether lost sight of not only by the surface navigator but by the deep-sea surveyor, and a compensatory elevation to take place in the existing land area—this, if limited to an area of the size of Australia (which is about equal to that of the whole of Europe), *would raise it all to nearly the height of Mont Blanc;* while, if spread over the entire land area of the globe, *it would nearly double its present average elevation.*

Now we have no reason whatever to believe that *vertical* upheavals or subsidences have ever taken place over extensive areas to anything like such amounts, which have their parallels only in the elevation of lofty mountain chains, or in the complementary formation of deep troughs now filled by sedimentary deposit originating in the degradation of the neighboring land; which local disturbances (as Professor Dana has shown) have been effected by the *lateral* or *horizontal* thrust engendered during the shrinkage of the globe in cooling. Moreover, the contours of the oceanic area, so far as they have been yet determined by the Challenger and other soundings, give no sanction whatever to the notion of the existence of any submerged continental platform. On the contrary, the Challenger observations enable it to be affirmed with high probability that the islands which are met with in the real oceanic area (as distinguished from those which, like the British Isles, are really outlying parts of the slightly sunken corner of the platform which rises into continental land in their vicinity; or which, like the great islands of the Malayan Archipelago, are the "survivals" of a continental platform more deeply submerged) are all of volcanic origin, having been projected upward from beneath, instead of having gone down from above. This may be stated with confidence in regard to all those which consist of inorganic rocks; and since it is equally true of those coral islands whose rock basis shows itself above the surface, the same may be fairly presumed in regard

to the submerged peaks on which those "atolls" rest, above whose level platforms no rocky base now rises. These volcanic vents are generally found on upward bulgings of median portions of the depressed ocean-floors; while, on the other hand, the volcanoes which rise from the elevated land-platforms are for the most part thrown up near their oceanic margins; and Professor Dana gives mechanical reasons for both these classes of facts, deduced from consideration of the mode in which the horizontal thrust will be exerted in the two areas respectively. The "crumpling" of the elevated portions of the crust which throws up mountain ridges, produces at the same time equivalent depressions. These will be filled by sea-water if it has access to them, as is the case with the enormously deep pit-holes found in various parts of the Malayan area; or with fresh water, where, being cut off from the sea, they are surrounded by a mountainous region affording a large supply of it, as in deep lake basins of Switzerland: or they may remain almost empty for want of water, like the deeply depressed valley of the Jordan; or may be partly filled, like the Caspian. And thus the distribution of land and water over different parts of the continental platforms may have been greatly changed from time to time, and groups or chains of islands may have been raised and again submerged in the oceanic area, without making any such essential changes in the map of the world as Sir Charles Lyell supposed to have taken place over and over again.

Now this view of the permanence of the great original division of the crust of the earth into elevated and depressed areas, and of the non-conversion of any considerable part of a continental platform into a deep sea-bed, or of a deep sea-bed into a continental platform, has received a most unexpected and explicit confirmation from the study of the *deposits* at present being formed on the oceanic sea-bed, of which a sample was brought up in every sounding taken by the Challenger, while larger collections of them were made by the trawl and the dredge. For such deposits as are obviously formed by the disintegration of ordinary land-masses, were, as a rule, only found in the comparatively shallow waters in the near neighborhood of those masses; the almost universal absence of the ordinary *silicious sand* of our shores being a most noteworthy fact. Indeed, the exception served to prove the rule; for it was only when the Challenger's course lay parallel to the coast of Africa, some two or three hundred miles to the westward of it, that the soundings gave evidence of its presence; and that this sand had been *blown* over the sea-surface from the Sahara was indicated by its deposit as a fine dust on the ship's deck. Deposits of volcanic origin, however, were met with in unexpected abundance; the most common being a *red clay*, first found on the deepest areas of the Atlantic, the source of which was for some time a question

of great perplexity to the scientific staff of the Challenger, from its presenting itself at such a distance from any land that it could not be supposed to have been brought down (as the clay deposits of shore-waters are) by continental rivers. The clew to the solution of the difficulty was furnished by the unexpected capture, in the "tow-net," of a considerable number of floating masses of pumice-stone; while the trawl frequently brought up bushels of such, varying in size from that of a pea to that of a football. Now pumice is formed of ordinary lava which has been "raised" (like dough) into a spongy condition by the liberation of gases in its substance, and contains a considerable proportion of feldspar, which affords the materal of clay; and as the clay deposits were found to contain fragments of pumice in various stages of disintegration, the probability of their volcanic origin seems so strong as to justify its full acceptance. Mr. Murray thinks it likely that not only all the pieces of pumice which float on the surface, but those spread over the sea-bottom, have been ejected from *land*-volcanoes; some of them, perhaps, having fallen into the sea in the first instance, but the greater number having been washed down by rain and rivers. After floating for a longer or shorter time, so as to be carried about by winds and currents perhaps to very considerable distances, they would become water-logged and sink to the bottom, and there undergo gradual disintegration. They were always found in greatest abundance in the neighborhood of volcanic centres, such as the Azores and the Philippines; and within their areas, again, were found tufaceous deposits—dust and ashes which had been carried by the winds blowing over the craters. But there were also occasionally found, at several hundred miles' distance from any land, small pieces of obsidian and basaltic lavas, whose presence there could only be accounted for by *submarine* volcanic action.

In association with the clays there were found remarkable deposits of *manganese*, sometimes incrusting corals, etc., with a coating of greater or less thickness, but more generally forming nodular concretions, varying in size from little pellets to several pounds in weight, which were usually found to include organic bodies, such as sharks' teeth or whales' ear-bones. The following summary of this curious class of facts is given in Lord George Campbell's "Log-letters:"

In some regions everything at the bottom, even the bottom itself, would appear to be overlaid by and impregnated with this substance. Sharks' teeth of all sizes (many gigantic, one was four inches across the base) are frequent, and are sometimes surrounded by concentric layers of manganese of nearly an inch in thickness. A silicious sponge, bits of pumice, radiolaria, and globigerinæ, and lumps of clay, have all been found forming the nuclei of these nodules. We have caught in one haul, where there has been no reason to suppose that the trawl has sunk more than two inches in the clay, over 600 sharks' teeth, 100 ear-bones of whales, and fifty fragments of other bones, some imbedded in man-

ganese an inch thick, some with only just a trace of manganese on them, and some with no trace at all These sharks' teeth are all *fossil* teeth, the same as are found in great quantities in tertiary formations, particularly in Swiss miocene deposits.

As we have every reason to believe that this aggregation of the manganese is a very slow process, the occurrence of these teeth and bones, some imbedded deeply, and some not at all, in the same surface-layers, argues strongly in favor of an extremely slow rate of deposition. On the other hand, the occurrence of sharks' teeth in shore deposits is extremely rare, and in the organic oozes slightly less so.—P. 495.

This deposit of manganese seems, like that of the red clay, traceable to a volcanic source:

Wherever we have pumice containing much magnetite, olivine, augite, or hornblende, and these apparently undergoing decomposition and alteration, or where we have great showers of volcanic ash, there also is manganese in the greatest abundance. The correspondence between the distribution of these two may therefore be regarded as very significant of the origin of the latter. Manganese is as frequent as iron in lavas; and in magnetite and in some varieties of hornblende and augite it partially replaces peroxide of iron It is therefore probable that the manganese, as we find it, is one of the secondary products arising from the decomposition of volcanic minerals, that decomposition being caused by the carbonic acid and oxygen of ocean-waters.

These deep-sea deposits of manganese differ in mineral structure and composition from any of the known ores of that metal; and the conditions under which they are being formed constitute a problem of very great interest, to which, as to other points of this inquiry, a most distinguished Continental petrologist, the Abbé Renard, is now giving the most careful attention, with the full expectation of being able to throw great light upon the mode of production of many minerals whose origin has been hitherto unaccounted for.

But there is yet another form of inorganic deposit whose character is even more remarkable:

In the midst of the clay from the bottom (says Professor Geike) Mr. Murray found numerous minute spherical granules of native iron, which, as he suggests, are almost certainly of *meteoric* origin—fragments of those falling stars which, coming to us from planetary space, burst into fragments when they rush into the denser layers of our atmosphere. In tracts where the growth of silt upon the sea-floor is excessively tardy, the fine particles scattered by the dissipation of these meteorites may remain in appreciable quantity. It is not needful to suppose that meteorites have disappeared over these ocean-depths more numerously than over other parts of the earth's surface. The iron granules have no doubt been as plentifully showered down elsewhere, though they cannot be so readily detected in accumulating sediment. I know no recent discovery in physical geography more calculated to impress deeply the imagination than the testimony of this meteoric iron from the most distant abysses of the ocean. To be told that mud gathers on the floor of those abysses at an extremely slow rate, conveys but a vague notion of the tardiness of the process. But to learn that it gathers so slowly that the very star-dust which falls from outer space forms an appreciable part of it, brings home to us, as hardly anything else could do, the idea of undisturbed and excessively slow accumulation.

Next to the volcanic clays, the *globigerina-ooze* (which had been

brought up by the hundredweight in the Lightning and Porcupine dredgings) proved to be the most abundant oceanic deposit. Not only from the completeness of their minute shells in the surface-layer, but also from the fact that a large proportion of these shells were occupied by their sarcodic bodies in an apparently fresh condition, we had concluded that the Globigerinæ live on the bottoms on which their remains accumulate. But since, in nearly all but the coldest parts of the oceanic area traversed by the Challenger, they were collected in abundance by the "tow-net" drawn through the water at or beneath the surface, Sir Wyville Thomson and some of his associates have come to the conclusion that they pass their whole lives in the surface stratum, their subsidence to the bottom only taking place after their death. I have myself, however, remained of the opinion that they subside during life, when the addition of new chambers has come to an end, and the further exudation of carbonate of lime has been applied to the thickening of the walls of the old; and that they continue to live on the bottom, continually adding to the thickness of their shells. And in this I have the satisfaction of finding myself supported by Mr. H. B. Brady, into whose most competent charge the Foraminifera of the Challenger have been given for "working up." For the result of a series of most careful comparisons between the Globigerinæ brought up from any bottom, and those captured floating in the upper waters of the same region, shows that the shells of the former so greatly exceed those of the latter in size and massiveness as to make it certain that they continued to live and grow after their subsidence.

The careful examination in which Mr. Murray has been engaged of the *calcareous* deposits (resembling chalk in process of formation), chiefly consisting of globigerina-ooze, but also containing the disintegrated remains of free-swimming Pteropod mollusks, as well as of shells and corals that have lived on the bottom, has led him to the remarkable conclusion that in their descent from the upper waters toward the deeper sea-bottoms, the thin shells of Globigerinæ and the yet more delicate Pteropod shells, are again dissolved, by the agency of the carbonic acid that is held in large proportion in those abyssal waters. And thus it was that in the deepest parts of the oceanic area, though Globigerinæ were captured by the surface tow-net in the same abundance as elsewhere, their remains were entirely wanting on the bottom beneath. At intermediate depths the ooze and the red clay would often be found mixed, in proportions that seemed related to the depth. But in the shallower waters not sufficiently charged with carbonic acid to exert any solvent power, the organic deposit prevailed almost to the exclusion of the inorganic. This, then, seems to have been the condition of the marine area in which the old chalk was deposited;

a variety of considerations pointing to the conclusion that the sea-bottom whereon accumulated the foraminiferal ooze of which it is almost entirely composed, was of no considerable depth.

But the surface-waters are also inhabited by microscopic organisms, whose skeletons are composed, not of carbonate of lime, but of *silex;* and of these, some—the Diatoms—are vegetable, while others—the Radiolarians—are animals of about the same simplicity as the Foraminifera. The Diatoms abound in those colder seas which are not prolific in Foraminifera, often accumulating in such numbers as to form green bands that attract the notice of both Arctic and Antarctic voyagers. And their exquisitely sculptured cases, accumulating on the bottom, form a silicious "Diatom-ooze," which takes the place in higher latitudes of the white calcareous mud resulting from the disintegration of foraminiferal shells. The foraminiferal ooze, moreover, generally contains in larger or smaller proportion, the beautiful silicious skeletons of Radiolaria; and sometimes these were found to predominate to such a degree that the ooze mainly consisted of them, in which case it was designated as radiolarian. As silicious skeletons are not—like calcareous—dissolved by deep-sea water, those which fall down from the surface even upon the deepest bottoms rest there unchanged; and thus it happens that they are found diffused through the red-clay deposits, and, at the greatest depths, sometimes almost entirely replace them. Some of these minute organisms were almost everywhere captured alive in the tow-net; but, like the Diatoms, they commonly aggregate in patches or bands, and this to such a degree as to color the sea-surface, the hue of their animal substance being usually red or reddish brown. Such patches are often seen in the neighborhood of the Shetlands, where they are designated by the fishermen as "herring food."

Thus, then, if we compare (1) the deposits now going on upon the deep oceanic sea-bed, which consist either of organic "oozes," or of the clays formed by the decomposition of volcanic products, (2) the sediments at present in course of deposition on the shallower bottoms nearer land, and (3) the materials of the sedimentary rocks of all geological periods, we see that while there is a close correspondence between the second and the third, the first differs so completely—in most particulars—from both the others, as to be utterly beyond the range of comparison with them; the chief exception being presented by those calcareous sediments, which correspond with the various limestone formations intercalated among the sandstones and clays that have had their origin in the degradation of pre-existing land. We now know for certain that the sands and clays washed off the land—whether by the action of ice or river-waters on its surface, or by the wearing away of its margin by the waves of the sea—sink to the sea-bottom long

before they reach the deeper abysses; *not the least trace of such sediments having been anywhere found at a distance from the continental platforms.* And thus the study of the deposits on the oceanic sea-bed has fully confirmed the conclusion drawn from the present configuration of the earth's surface, as to the general persistence of those original inequalities which have respectively served as the bases of the existing continents, and the floors of the great ocean-basins.

In the masterly lecture on "Geographical Evolution," recently given by Professor Geikie before the Royal Geographical Society, the importance of these results, as affording the key to the interpretation of much of the past history of the earth, is most fully brought out. "For," he unhesitatingly asserts, with all the authority of a vast geological experience, "from the earliest geological times the great area of deposit has been, as it still is, *the marginal belt of sea-floor skirting the land.* It is there that nature has always strewn 'the dust of continents to be.' The decay of old rocks has been unceasingly in progress on the land, and the building up of new rocks has been as unceasingly going on underneath the adjoining sea. The two phenomena are the complementary sides of one process, which *belongs to the terrestrial and shallow oceanic parts of the earth's surface, and not to the wide and deep ocean-basins.*" "No part of the results obtained by the Challenger expedition," he goes on to say, "has a profounder interest for geologists and geographers, than the proof they furnish that the floor of the ocean-basins has no real analogy among the sedimentary formations which form most of the framework of the land." And after dwelling on the chief facts I have already brought together, he thus sums up:

> From all this evidence we may legitimately conclude that the present land of the globe, though composed in great measure of marine formations, has never lain under the deep sea, but that its site must always have been near land. Even its thick marine limestones are the deposits of comparatively shallow water. Whether or not any trace of aboriginal land may now be discoverable, the characters of the most unequivocally marine formations bear emphatic testimony to the proximity of a terrestrial surface. The present continental ridges have probably always existed in some form; and as a corollary we may infer that *the present deep ocean-basins likewise date from the remotest geological antiquity.*

No part of the Challenger's work has been more thoroughly and successfully carried out than the determination of the *thermal stratification*, or vertical distribution of temperature in the different parts of the oceanic area; an inquiry first prosecuted with trustworthy thermometers ("protected" to resist pressure) in the Porcupine expeditions of 1869 and 1870. This determination was effected by "serial" temperature-soundings; thermometers attached to a sounding-line being let down to depths progressively increasing by 10 fathoms down to 200, and below this to depths

progressively increasing by 100 fathoms to the bottom. It is in the upper stratum of 200 fathoms that the most rapid reduction of temperature usually shows itself; the further reduction beneath this stratum taking place at a progressively diminishing rate, until, from 1500 fathoms downward to the bottom at any depth, there is usually very little change.

The temperature-soundings of the Challenger, supplemented by other more limited explorations of the same kind, have clearly brought out this most unexpected result—that the low bottom-temperatures previously observed represent—not, as has been supposed, the overflowing of the sea-bed by "polar currents" of limited breadth and inconsiderable thickness, overlaid by a vast mass of comparatively warm water—but the reduction of nearly the whole body of oceanic water, in every basin except that of the North Atlantic (to whose exceptional character I shall presently advert), to a temperature which averages but a very few degrees above 32° Fahr., that of its deepest stratum being sometimes even a degree or two *below* the freezing-point of fresh water; while the heating influence of the solar rays is limited to a very small depth beneath the surface.

Thus in the South Atlantic, in which a sounding taken near 37° S. lat. gave a depth of 2900 fathoms and a bottom-temperature beneath 32° Fahr., the lowest stratum, consisting of *absolutely glacial water*, was found to have the enormous thickness of 1000 fathoms: this was overlaid by another stratum of 1000 fathoms, in which the temperature rose slowly from 32° at its lower, to 36½° at its upper surface; and this, again, by another of about 500 fathoms, which showed a further rise at its upper surface to 40°, the rate of elevation from below upward being no more than about 0·7° for every 100 fathoms. Thus it is only in the uppermost layer of about *four hundred fathoms* (less than one seventh of the whole) that the temperature exceeds 40°; and the regularity of the rise of the thermometer, from 40° at its base to the summer surface temperature of 70°, at the rate of about 7½° for every 100 fathoms, justifies our regarding the plane of 40° as the limit of the depth at which the solar rays here exert any direct heating influence.

On her passage southward toward the Antarctic ice-barrier, the Challenger found the progressive reduction of surface-temperature to correspond with the progressive thinning of the warm superficial layer, in a manner which clearly showed that the thermal condition of the Southern Ocean is entirely dominated by the flow into it of the great mass of glacial water which has been cooled down in the Antarctic area; and that it is, so to speak, a vast *reservoir of cold*, the outflow from which keeps down the temperature of every part of the oceanic area in free communication with it. This we see best in the Pacific, whose vast basin is almost entirely filled by

water of glacial or sub-glacial coldness, on the surface of which in the inter-tropical region there floats a layer whose temperature rises rapidly from its lower limit of 40° to 80° at the surface, and whose thickness is nowhere more than *one fifth* of the whole depth. This exceptional stratum, which clearly derives its heat from the direct action of the solar rays upon its surface, progressively thins away in either hemisphere as it is traced from the tropic to the parallel of 55°, where it disappears altogether, except in the course of the Kuro Siwo, or gulf-stream of the Pacific, which slants northward from Japan toward Behring's Strait. That the cold of the great mass of glacial and sub-glacial water which everywhere underlies it, and which rises to the surface beyond its northern and southern borders, is due to an underflow from the Antarctic area, is distinctly indicated by the absolute continuity of the same glacial temperature throughout the deepest stratum—all the way from the Southern Ocean to the Aleutian Islands ; the bottom-temperatures at depths of 2000 fathoms or more not differing as much as 1° Fahr., while the thermal stratification of the whole superincumbent mass up to within 500 fathoms of the surface shows a similar uniformity.

The thermal condition of the North Atlantic, however, is very different. Putting aside the extraordinarily low temperature of 29½° revealed by the Porcupine temperature soundings in the stratum occupying the deeper part of the channel of 500 fathoms between the Faroe and the Shetland Islands, which has been since proved to be a southward extension of the true Arctic basin, no lower bottom-temperature than 35° had been anywhere met with in our earlier work, while we had found the thickness of the warm stratum ranging from 40° upward to range from 800 to 900 fathoms. This want of a truly *glacial* understratum I attributed to the limitation of the communication between the deeper parts of the Arctic and North Atlantic basins, preventing the coldest water of the former from flowing out into the latter. And this explanation has been borne out by the subsequent temperature-soundings of the Valorous, which have shown the existence of a ridge between Greenland and Iceland, lying at a depth which allows water of 35° to pass over it, while keeping back the deeper stratum of Arctic water. I had further predicted that an Antarctic underflow would probably be found to range to the north of the Equator, where it would be recognized by the reduction of the bottom-temperature below 35° : and this prediction was verified in the first temperature-section carried by the Challenger obliquely across the Atlantic to St. Thomas's, the bottom-temperature there falling a degree, and showing a still further reduction as it was subsequently traced southward to the Equator, where it fell nearly to 32°.

But, further, I had ventured the prediction that the meeting of the Arctic and Antarctic underflows under the Equator would cause an uprising of cold water from the bottom toward the surface, so that the plane of 40° would be found nearer the surface in the neighborhood of the line, than either to the north or to the south of it; and it was a great surprise to many on board the Challenger to find, as they first approached the Equator from the Tropic of Cancer, the plane of 40° rapidly rising from a depth of 700 fathoms toward the surface, though the temperature of that surface-stratum was itself becoming higher and higher; until water of 40° was found at a depth of less than 300 fathoms, descending again to about 400 as the Challenger's course was laid toward the Tropic of Capricorn. This anomaly had been remarked by Lenz fifty years previously: but the valuable series of temperature-observations which he took in Kotzebue's second voyage was strangely overlooked by those who ranked as the highest authorities on the physics of the earth, until recently disinterred by Professor Prestwich.

Not only is the stratum of above 40° Fahr. exceptionally deep in the North Atlantic, but it is exceptionally warm, especially on its western side, where a stratum of water having a temperature above 60° Fahr. was found by the Challenger to range to a depth of nearly 400 fathoms. Taking all circumstances into account, I entertain no doubt that Sir Wyville Thomson is right in regarding this stratum as the reflux of the northern division of the great equatorial current, from the coast of the West India Islands and of the peninsula of Florida, added to that of the Gulf Stream proper. In consequence of the evaporation produced by its prolonged exposure to the tropical sun, this water contains such an excess of salt as, in spite of its high temperature, to be specifically heavier than the colder water which would otherwise occupy its place in the basin; and consequently substitutes itself for the latter by gravitation, to a depth of several hundred fathoms. Thus it conveys the solar heat downward, in such a manner as to make the North Atlantic between the parallels of 20° and 40° a great reservoir of *warmth*, the importance of which will presently become apparent.

The Challenger investigations have now, I think, afforded the requisite data for the final solution of a question which has been long under discussion—what, namely, the Gulf Stream (or Florida Current) *does*, and what it *does not*, for the amelioration of the climate of north-western Europe. All the best hydrographers, both of this country and of the United States, agree in the conclusion that the Florida current dies out in the mid-Atlantic, losing all the attributes by which it had been previously distinguished—its movement, its excessive warmth, and its peculiarly deep color; and that it then degenerates into a mere surface-drift, the rate and di-

rection of which depend entirely upon the prevalent winds. But, on the other hand, most conclusive proof has been obtained by the systematic comparisons of sea and air temperatures along the western coasts of north-western Europe, that the amelioration of its winter climate is due to the affiux of water of a temperature considerably higher than that of the air. It has been urged with conclusive force by Admiral Irminger (of the Danish Navy) that nothing else can account for the openness of the fiords and harbors of the indented coast of Norway, even beyond the North Cape, through the whole winter ; while the opposite coast of East Greenland, ranging, like it, between the parallels of 60° (that of the Pentland Firth) and 72° N., is so blocked with ice throughout the year as only to be approachable in exceptional summers. And this view has derived full confirmation from the observations systematically carried on under the direction of Professor Möhn, of Christiania (the able head of the Meteorological Department of Norway), which have shown how completely dependent the temperature of the coast-line is upon that of the sea which laves it. For while the temperature of the air is generally much below the freezing-point during the winter months, that of the water is always considerably above it ; the average excess at Fruholm, near the North Cape, being as much as 14½° Fahr. And it has been further shown by Professor Möhn, that not only the coast temperature of Norway during the winter, but its inland climate, is affected in a very marked manner by this affiux of warm water ; for the "isocheimals," or lines of mean winter-temperature, instead of corresponding with the parallels of latitude, lie parallel to the coast-line.

How, then, are these phenomena to be explained ? If the *vis a tergo* of the Gulf Stream has spent itself in the mid-Atlantic, what force brings this affiux of warm water to our shores, and carries it on to the N.E., along the coast of Norway, and even past the North Cape toward Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla ? And how does it happen that the water which laves our north-western shores in winter is not only so much warmer than the air which rests upon it, but continues to preserve a notable portion of that warmth at least as far as the North Cape, notwithstanding that as it flows northward its temperature is more and more in excess of that of the atmosphere above it ?

It is obvious that the continual outflow of the deeper stratum of polar water, of which we have evidence in the constant maintenance of the glacial temperature, not only of the sea-bottom, but of the great mass of the water contained in the vast oceanic basin, cannot be maintained without a continual indraught of the upper stratum toward the Poles : this, as its temperature is progressively lowered, decreases in volume and increases in specific gravity ; and as the lower stratum flows away under the excess of pressure,

the upper stratum, now cooled down nearly to the freezing-point of salt water, will sink into its place, making way for a new in-draught above. The two polar underflows, on the other hand, meeting at or near the Equator, will there tend to rise toward the surface, replacing the water which has been draughted away toward either Pole; and thus a constant "vertical circulation" must be kept up by opposition of temperature alone, analogous to that which takes place in the pipes of the hot-water apparatus by which large buildings are now commonly warmed. The only essential difference between the two cases is, that while the *primum mobile* in the latter is the heat applied to the bottom of the boiler, making the warmed water ascend by the reduction of its specific gravity due to its expansion, the moving power in the former is the cold applied to the surface of the polar water, making it descend by the increase of specific gravity due to the diminution in its bulk as its temperature is lowered.

This doctrine was first distinctly promulgated nearly forty years ago by the eminent physicist Lenz, on the basis of the temperature-observations he had made in Kotzebue's second voyage, more than ten years previously; these having satisfied him of two facts—first, the general diffusion of a glacial temperature over the ocean-bottom, which he rightly interpreted as dependent on an underflow of polar water; and second, the nearer approach of cold water to the surface under the Equator than either on the north or on the south of it, which he considered to indicate an uprising of that polar water from below, where the two underflows meet. But though accepted by Pouillet and other distinguished physicists, this doctrine, with the observations by which it was supported, was entirely lost sight of, until independently advanced by myself as the only feasible explanation of the poleward movement of the whole upper stratum of North Atlantic water, and of the southward outflow of glacial water from the Arctic basin, of which the Porcupine temperature-soundings seemed to afford conclusive evidence.

My explanation, though contested by Mr. Croll, and not accepted by Sir Wyville Thomson, has been explicitly adopted by a large number of eminent physicists, both British and Continental, among whom I may specially mention Professor Möhn of Christiania, who had previously maintained the dependence of the remarkable climatic condition of Norway on the N.E. extension of the true Gulf Stream. Immediately on receiving the report in which I had demonstrated the inadequacy of the Florida current to propel as far as the coast of Norway the vast body of warm water required to keep its harbors open, and had shown the dependence of the N.E. movement of the warm upper stratum, to the depth of 500 fathoms (which I had myself first recognized in the Porcupine), on

the poleward indraught that forms the necessary complement of the outward glacial underflow, Professor Möhn not only expressed to me his entire concurrence in both views, but communicated to me a remarkable example he had himself met with, of a similar vertical circulation on a smaller scale. It is to the remarkable thickness of this poleward flow that the surface-layer owes its power of so long resisting the cooling effect of the atmosphere which overlies it; so that, as it flows along the coast of Norway toward the North Cape, its temperature even in winter sustains so much smaller a reduction than that of the atmosphere, as to give it an excess which constantly increases with its northing. But though its surface-temperature is so little reduced, the thickness of this warm stratum is undergoing progressive diminution, as its deeper layers successively go up to replace those which have been chilled and have gone down; so that beyond the North Cape the surface-temperature rapidly falls with the eastward movement of this flow along the northern shores of Europe and Asia; and all trace of heat imported from the south-west at last dies out.

As the superheating of the upper stratum of the mid-Atlantic is dependent on the influx of Gulf Stream and other water exceptionally warmed in the equatorial current, the *thermal effect* of its N.E. flow is mainly dependent upon the Gulf Stream and its adjuncts, while its *movement* is kept up by the polar indraught. Thus neither the general oceanic circulation, nor the Gulf Stream, could alone produce the result which is due to their conjoint action. The Gulf Stream water, without the polar indraught, would remain in the mid-Atlantic; and the polar indraught, without Gulf Stream water to feed it, would be almost as destitute of thermal power as it is in the South Atlantic.

The transient visit of the Challenger to the Antarctic ice-barrier gave her scientific staff the opportunity of examining the structure of the southern icebergs, which altogether differs from that of the icebergs with which our northern navigators are familiar; these last being now universally regarded as *glaciers*, which have descended the seaward valleys of Greenland and Labrador, and have floated away when no longer supported by a solid base; and the information they have gathered is of considerable interest, as helping us to form a more definite conception of the condition of our own part of the globe during the glacial epoch. For a number of independent considerations now lead almost irresistibly to the conclusion that the icebergs of the Antarctic are for the most part detached portions of a vast *ice-sheet*, covering a land surface—either continuous, or broken up into an archipelago of islands—which occupies the principal part of the vast circumpolar area, estimated at about four and a half millions of square miles, or

nearly double the area of Australia. Of this ice-sheet, the edge forms the great southern "ice-barrier," which presents itself, wherever it has been approached sufficiently near to be distinctly visible, as a continuous ice-cliff, rising from 200 to 250 feet above the sea-level.

The icebergs of the Antarctic Sea are, as a rule, distinguished by their tabular form, and by the great uniformity of their height; this, in bergs which show least signs of change since their first detachment from the parent mass, seldom varies much from 200 feet above the sea-line. The tabular surface of the typical berg is nearly flat, and parallel with the sea-line; its shape usually approaches the rectangular, and it is bounded all round by nearly perpendicular cliffs. From a comparison of the specific gravity of berg-ice with that of sea-water, it appears that the quantity of ice beneath the surface required to float that which is elevated above it must be about nine times as great; in other words, supposing that a berg had the regular shape of a box, its entire depth from its upper surface to its base must be ten times its height above the sea-level. Consequently, if the latter be 200 feet, the entire height of the mass would be 2000 feet, which might thus be assumed to be the thickness of the ice-sheet from whose margin it was detached. This estimate must not be accepted, however, as other than approximative. The dimensions of these bergs vary greatly. Those seen from the Challenger were generally from one to three miles long; but single bergs are reported of seven or even ten miles in length; and an enormous mass of floating ice, probably composed of a chain of bergs locked together, forming a hook 60 miles long by 40 broad, and inclosing a bay 40 miles in breadth, was passed in 1854 by twenty-one merchant ships, in a latitude corresponding to that of the northern coast of Portugal.

The upper part of the ice-cliff that forms the exposed face of the bergs is of a pale blue, which gradually deepens in color toward the base. When looked at closely it is seen to be traversed by a delicate horizontal ruling of faint blue lines separated by dead-white interspaces. These lines preserve a very marked parallelism, but become gradually closer and closer from above downward, their distance being a foot or even more at the top of the berg, but not more than two or three inches near the surface of the water, where the interspaces lose their dead whiteness, and become hyaline or bluish. There can be no doubt that this stratification is due to successive accumulations of snow upon a nearly level surface, the spaces between the principal blue lines probably representing approximately the snow-accumulations of successive seasons. The direct radiant heat of the sun is very considerable even in these latitudes, so that the immediate surface of the snow is melted in the middle of every clear day; and the water percolating into

the subjacent layers freezes again at night. The frequent repetition of this process will convert a very considerable thickness of snow into ice; the blue transparent lamellæ being the most compact, while the intervening white veins are rendered semi-opaque by the presence of air-cells. And it is obviously the compression which these undergo that causes the approximation of the blue lines and the change to a greater compactness and transparence in the intervening layers toward the bottom of the cliff. Slight irregularities in the general parallelism of the stratification and the occasional thinning-out of particular lamellæ were easily accounted for by the drifting of the snow-layers of the surface before they had become consolidated. And although there are various cases in which the strata had been changed from their original horizontality to various degrees of inclination, sometimes also being traversed by "faults," and occasionally even twisted and contorted, these might all be accounted for by forces acting subsequently to the detachment of the bergs. For their plane of flotation is liable to alteration by changes of form due to unequal melting, and the separation of large masses either above or below the surface; and "dislocations" of various kinds will be produced by collisions and lateral thrusts when bergs are impelled against each other by the wind. Sir Wyville Thomson and Mr. Moseley entirely agree in the statement that they could nowhere trace any such "structure" as is produced in a land-glacier during its movement down a valley by the curvature and contraction of its rocky borders, and the inequalities of the bottom over which it moves. And the presumption is altogether very strong that these vast masses have originally formed part of a great ice-sheet formed by the cumulative pressure of successive snow-falls over a land area of no great elevation; which flows downward from its highest level in the direction of least resistance, that is to say from the polar centre toward the continually disintegrating margin, progressively diminishing in thickness as it extends itself peripherally. Thus gradually moving seaward, the ice-sheet will at last pass the margin of the land, but will continue to rest upon the gradually descending sea-bed, flowing down its gentle slope until lifted by its own buoyancy (like a vessel on launch), when vast masses will break off and float away.

Although the observers of the Challenger did not see either masses of rock, stones, or even gravel upon any of the icebergs they approached, Wilkes and Ross saw many such: and the "soundings" of the Challenger were found to consist of such comminuted clays and sands as would be the result of the abrasion of rocky surfaces over which the ice-sheet had moved; while the dredge brought up a considerable quantity of land *débris*—chiefly basaltic pebbles about the meridian of 80° E., and pebbles and larger fragments of metamorphic rocks farther to the eastward. It

was probably from the valleys of the great volcanic range that the rock-masses came which were observed on bergs by Wilkes and Ross; one of which, clearly of volcanic origin, weighed many tons. That the southern circumpolar area is chiefly land, and not water, seems to be further indicated by the absence of any such low temperature of the deeper water as Sir George Nares ascertained to exist beneath the "palæocrystic" ice of high northern latitudes. For the thermometers lowered through borings in that ice gave 28° Fahr., at all depths; this being the lowest temperature at which sea-water can remain unfrozen under ordinary circumstances. On the other hand, the bottom-temperatures taken in the Challenger in closest proximity to the Antarctic ice-barrier nowhere proved to be lower than the temperature of the surface-stratum which was cooled by the melting of the berg-ice, thus indicating the absence of any supply of yet colder water from a source nearer the Pole.

Thus the Antarctic "ice-barrier" is to be regarded as the margin of a polar "ice-cap," whose thickness at its edge is probably about 2000 feet, nine tenths of it lying beneath the water-line. This margin is not permanent, but is continually wasting away like the terminal portion of a land-glacier—not, however, by liquefaction, but by disruption—and is as continually renewed by the spreading out of the piled-up ice of the area within. What may be the thickness of the "ice-cap" nearer its polar centre, we have at present no means of knowing; but it must doubtless be kept down by the facility of downward flow in almost every direction toward its periphery of 10,000 miles.

In regard to the *animal life* of the deep sea, the Challenger researches do not seem likely to yield any new *general result* of striking interest. Our previous work had shown that a depth of three miles, a pressure of three tons on the square inch, an entire absence of sunlight, and a temperature below 32°, might be sustained by a considerable number and variety of animal types; and this conclusion has been fully confirmed and widely extended. Many specimens have been brought up alive from depths exceeding four miles, at which the pressure was four tons on the square inch, considerably exceeding that exerted by the hydraulic presses used for packing Manchester goods. Even the "protected" thermometers specially constructed for deep-sea sounding were frequently crushed; and a sealed glass tube containing air, having been lowered (within a copper case) to a depth of 2000 fathoms, was reduced to a fine powder almost like snow, by what Sir Wyville Thomson ingeniously characterized as an *im*plosion; the pressure having apparently been resisted until it could no longer be borne, and the whole having been then disintegrated at the same moment.

The *rationale* of the resistance afforded by soft-bodied animals to a pressure which thus affects hard glass, is simply that they contain no air, but consist of solids and liquids only ; and that since their constituent parts are not subject to more than a very trifling change of bulk, while the equality of the pressure in every direction will prevent any change in their form, there is really nothing to interfere with the ordinary performance of their vital functions.

The entire absence of solar light, which constitutes another most important peculiarity in the conditions of deep-sea life, would seem at first sight to be an absolute bar to its maintenance. Experimental evidence has not yet, I believe, been obtained of the direct penetration of the solar rays to more than 100 fathoms ; but as I dredged slow-growing red calcareous algæ (true *corallines*) in the Mediterranean at a depth of 150 fathoms (at, or below, which Edward Forbes also would seem to have met with them), the actinic, if not the luminous, rays must probably penetrate to that range. Below what Edward Forbes termed the coralline zone it would seem impossible that any other type of vegetable life can be sustained than such as have the capacity of the fungi for growing in the dark ; living, like them, upon material supplied by the decomposition of organic compounds. Such lowly plants have been found by Professor P. M. Duncan in corals dredged from more than 1000 fathoms' depth.

Upon what, then, do deep-sea animals feed ? In the early stage of this inquiry it was ascertained by Dr. Frankland that the samples of water procured by the Porcupine, not only at considerable distances from land, but also from bottoms exceeding 500 fathoms' depth, contained so much organic matter *not* in a decomposing state that animals having a large absorbent surface, and requiring but a small proportion of solids in their food, might be sustained by simple imbibition. And an adequate provision for the continual restoration of such material to the ocean-water seemed to be made by the surface-vegetation which fringes almost every sea-margin, and which occasionally extends itself over large tracts in the open ocean, as, notably, in the Sargasso Sea. But the Challenger's researches have thrown a new light on this question, by showing that the animals of the deep sea are largely dependent for their food upon the minute organisms and the *débris* of larger ones which are continually falling to the bottom from the upper waters.

This *débris* (says Mr. Moseley) is no doubt mainly derived from the surface Pelagic flora and fauna, but is also to a large extent composed of refuse of various kinds washed down by rivers, or floated out to sea from shores, and sunken to the bottom when water-logged. The dead Pelagic animals must fall as a constant rain of food upon the habitation of their deep-sea dependents. Maury, speaking of the surface Foraminifera, wrote, "The sea, like the snow-cloud, with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed showers of micro-

scopic shells." It might be supposed that these shells and other surface-animals would consume so long a time in dropping to the bottom in great depths that their soft tissues would be decomposed, and that they would have ceased to be serviceable as food by the time they reached the ocean-bed. Such, however, is not the case, partly because the salt water of the sea exercises a strongly preservative effect on animal tissues, partly because the time required for sinking is in reality not very great.

Of this, Mr. Moseley assured himself by an experimental test, which indicated that the dead body of a floating salpa might sink to a depth of 2000 fathoms in little more than four days, while its body might remain for a month so far undecomposed as to be serviceable as food to deep-sea animals. As land was neared, moreover, many interesting proofs were obtained of the feeding of deep-sea animals on *débris* derived from the neighboring shores.

Thus, off the coast of New South Wales, we dredged from 400 fathoms a large sea-urchin which had its stomach full of pieces of a sea-grass (Zostera) derived from the coast above. Again, we dredged from between the New Hebrides and Australia, from 1400 fathoms, a piece of wood and half a dozen examples of a large palm-fruit as large as an orange. In one of these fruits, which had hard woody external coats, the albumen of the fruit was still preserved, perfectly fresh in appearance, and white, like that of a ripe cocoanut. The hollows of the fruits were occupied by two mollusks; the husks and albumen were bored by a teredo-like mollusk; and the fibres of the husks had among them small nematoid worms.

Branches of trees, also, and leaves of shrubs, in a water-logged condition, were occasionally brought up in the dredge from great depths; and their occurrence, as Mr. Moseley remarks, is of importance, not only to the naturalist, as showing that deep-sea animals may draw large supplies of food from such sources, but also to the geologist, as indicating the manner in which specimens of land vegetation may have been imbedded in deposits formed at great depths.

The entire absence of sunlight on the deep-sea bottom seems to have the same effect as the darkness of caves, in reducing to a rudimentary condition the eyes of such of their inhabitants as fish and crustacea, which ordinarily enjoy visual power; and many of these are provided with enormously long and delicate feelers or hairs, in order that they may feel their way about with these just as a blind man does with his stick. But other deep-sea animals have enormously large eyes, enabling them to make the best of the little light there is in the depths, which is probably derived (as suggested in the report of the Porcupine dredgings) from the *phosphorescence* emitted by many deep-sea animals, especially a certain kind of zoophytes. "It seems certain," says Mr. Moseley, "that the deep sea must be lighted here and there by greater or smaller patches of luminous alcyonarians, with wide intervals, probably, of total darkness intervening; and very possibly the animals with eyes congregate round these sources of light." It is remarkable

that with such poverty of light there should be such richness of *color* among deep-sea animals. Although most deep-sea fish are of a dull black color, and some white as if bleached, deep-sea crustaceans, echinoderms, and zoophytes usually exhibit more color than the corresponding forms that inhabit shallow water. Thus the deep-sea shrimps, which were obtained in very great abundance, were commonly of an intensely bright scarlet; deep-sea holothurians are often of a deep purple; and many deep-sea corals have their soft structures tinged with a madder-coloring matter resembling that which occurs in surface-swimming jelly-fish.

As was to be expected from the results of the Lightning and Porcupine dredgings, the more extended explorations of the Challenger have show that there still live in the sea-depths a number of animal forms which were supposed, until thus found, to be extinct, existing only as fossils. And large numbers of interesting new general and species of known families of animals were obtained; while many forms which had been previously accounted of extreme rarity have proved to be really common, having a wide geographical range, and occurring in large numbers in particular spots. This is the case, for example, with the beautiful *pentacrinus*, a survivor from the old Liassic times, of which the living specimens preserved in all the museums of the world could have been counted on the fingers not many years ago, all of them having been brought up on fishing-lines from the neighborhood of the West India Islands. As many as twenty specimens of a new species of this most interesting type, however, had been brought up from a depth of 800 fathoms in one of the Porcupine dredgings off the coast of Portugal. The Challenger made a large collection, including several new species, from various localities. And yet more recently the dredgings of Professor Alexander Agassiz in the Gulf of Mexico have shown how thickly many parts of the sea-bed are covered with these "lily stars" mounted upon their long wavy stalks.

Those, however, who had expected results of greater zoological and palæontological importance from these explorations must confess to some disappointment:

> Most enthusiastic representations (says Mr. Moseley) were held by many naturalists, and such were especially put forward by the late Professor Agassiz, who had hopes of finding almost all important fossil forms existing in life and vigor at great depths. Such hopes were doomed to disappointment; but even to the last, every cuttle-fish which came up in our deep-sea net was squeezed to see if it had a Belemnite's bone in its back, and Trilobites were eagerly looked out for. . . . We picked up no missing links to fill up the gaps of the great zoological family tree. The results of the Challenger's voyage have gone to prove that the missing links are to be sought out rather by more careful investigation of the structure of animals already partially known, than by hunting for entirely new ones in the deep sea.

The work which has been already done by Mr. Moseley himself

in this direction, contained in the memoirs he has presented to the Royal and Linnæan Societies, is of first-rate value. And if the whole, or even any considerable part, of the vast Challenger collection shall be worked out by the various specialists among whom it has been distributed, with anything like the same completeness and ability, it cannot be questioned that the series of volumes in which the scientific results of this voyage will be embodied, will far surpass in interest and importance those reports of previous Circumnavigation Expeditions which are accounted models of their class. WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, *in Nineteenth Century.*

PERSONAL PROPERTY, DEBT, AND INTEREST.

WHY is it needful at all to discuss this subject? To that question a reader may justly desire a reply; which is not at all superfluous. It shall be given explicitly and as concisely as the case admits.

The received doctrine and existing law concerning private property and its rights, however ancient, however widely spread, however unanimously accepted by economists as axiomatic, yet fails to convince certain minds; fails to arrest the secret growth of theories fundamentally hostile to European commercial morals; theories which eat like a canker in many active intellects, and make the poorer believe that the rich are vampires who suck their blood. The notions, more dangerous because vague, which underlie every form of socialism and communism, are fostered less by the ignorance of the self-educated than by the enthusiastic dogmatism of a few consciously philanthropic minds—highly cultured and somewhat eccentric—who justly discern existing evils, and too readily believe that their own philosophy can bring the cure.

As no direct attack on individuals is intended, no one will be quoted; nor is it at all asserted that every objection here combated would be advanced by A or B as just. Yet it may be allowed to remark, that communists in general, so far from being convinced by the writings of our political economists, seem to be only irritated and inflamed by them. The phenomenon is ascribed by the present writer to an insufficient development of first principles. Economists are so eager to press on toward practical inferences that they too easily assume that their underlying axioms are accepted universally.

A second reason may be assigned why some minds scornfully rebel against the received foundations of personal property; namely, because the current morality of commercial men struggles hard to obliterate the legal distinctions between movables and land, as property. The vehement assertion of Proudhon, "Prop-

erty is theft," has a terrible element of historical truth, while *property* is understood (as in French) to mean property in land. Hence, when our commercial reasoners pertinaciously assert that we *ought* to assimilate these two essentially different forms of property, eager opponents are apt to adopt their doctrine, and involve personal property in the same condemnation—"It is theft."

It will not take many lines nor (it is hoped) be a severe trial to a reader's patience, if we retrace the bases of private property. Human life would be a scene of perpetual violence in the struggle for food and raiment unless it were recognized by the moral sense of every community, that the necessaries of life which a man or a family earns by labor are the sacred right of that man and his family. Probably no sane man hesitates to allow private right *so far*. We may add, that if food or clothing has been gained by cultivating a definite piece of land, all the neighbors will regard the cultivator to have a prior right over it with a view to future cultivation: not indeed an absolute right, for there may be special reasons why the community need this piece; but, in that case, if the cultivator be ejected, he must in some way be compensated. The general result is an agreement of opinion, that the right of an individual to the fruit of his labor, and his prior or special right to the land which he cultivates, is sound in moral basis, and earlier than any conventional law: insomuch that law, as soon as it is established, *ought* to acknowledge this right as a pre-existing reality. Other rights law may create; they are then only conventional, however important and venerable through long time; but these primitive rights are no more a creation of law than the right to breathe, to be in health, and to be virtuous.

When food is gained by the capture of wild animals, or by the gathering of wild fruit, obviously the private right becomes doubtful, as soon as the community feels painfully the scarcity of such animals or such fruit. Therefore the complete idea of private right is not finally attained, until human effort visibly causes the food to exist, as in the tending of tame cattle or poultry, and the planting of crops. It suffices here to insist that, after excepting all that is any way exceptionable, every sane disputant will admit that there remains a personal right to *some* forms of property, which right is purely moral, independent of law, and not conventional, though it has, and ought to have, the sanction of law.

But the communist (or whatever other title ought to be given to the adverse disputant) may now step in, and say, that he does not concede the right of private property *unlimited in mass*. If by diligence and skill in cultivation, or by the accident of soil, a single family have housed enough food to feed three families for the year, why should it be allowed to act the glutton, or to waste food which others may need? Ought not the community to insist that the

superfluous food shall be saved for the use of the less skilful or less fortunate, who else might starve? The question certainly deserves a reply.

If, to take the simplest illustration, we imagine the case of Lapland or Greenland, where each family is expected to supply all its own wants, without depending on a market, the reply might be, that no one denies the moral duty of feeding the utterly destitute out of our abundance, and that this duty is always cordially recognized in every such primitive stage of existence. Nevertheless, the community would not be benefited—on the contrary, it would be demoralized—if the doctrine were established that the superfluous food was not to be accepted by the destitute as a kind gift, but might justly be seized by them as a right. Such doctrine would dispense with gratitude on the part of the receiver; but gratitude is an ennobling virtue, and a valuable cement of society. It would also lessen or destroy the blessed pleasure of giving, when gift was absorbed in seizure. The chief pleasure of wealth is not in personal indulgence, but much rather in its beneficent application; and the stimulus to labor beyond the absolute need of one's own family would be lessened, if no right of giving were reserved for him whose energies amass the stores requisite for relieving want. But when we pass into a more advanced phase of human society no question can arise that all the food which is raised must not, and will not, be consumed by the food-raisers, who are only a part of the community. If there were the slightest danger of it, some law would be framed to meet the case; but the perishable nature of food makes it certain that so much of it as can be spared will be quickly and gladly exchanged for other needful, desirable, or more durable articles; and whatever may be the ruling power (for in this stage every human community has some government), it is necessarily concerned to save its citizens from starvation, and to avert from itself their despair. Or we may put a test-case thus. Suppose a small island moderately peopled with none but industrious citizens, who live in close relations with a chief or prince; and that a fleet of canoes is cast on the shore, full of strange men who have exhausted their provisions. The island chief at once foresees the danger of destitution begetting violence; and if he have little pity for foreigners, yet he is urged by prudence to impart food and kindness to them; in which way the evil contingent on their unwelcome arrival is reduced to the least threatening shape. But here again, while the form of the relief given differs little from that of a Poor Law in a country free from chronic pauperism, it cannot be sound morality to deny that the food bestowed on these unfortunates is strictly a *gift*. Common-sense and nature command them to be thankful—to be grateful—for their hospitable reception. A moral system is spurious which would say to them,

"These islanders have more food than they need; but *you* need it: therefore you have a right to take it, and owe them no thanks for it." The heart of mankind spurns such doctrine; and hereby admits that even superfluous food is the proper *right* of those whose energies have raised and stored it. No doubt, generosity is a duty and a noble virtue; but generosity cannot act, if we have not something that is *our own* to give or to withhold. The doctrine that superfluous necessaries are not private property, annihilates—here as in the former illustration—generosity as well as gratitude, and depraves mankind. Much more therefore must it be admitted and maintained that stores of *other* materials which are not so directly necessary as food may justly become the private right of an individual.

The moment we admit any dispensable articles to be *private property* we implicitly and logically admit that they may be exchanged for other articles which are the private property of another, unless such exchange entail harm or danger to some third person or party. The community might well object if one of the citizens bargained with a foreigner to import some beast or bird from which damage was feared—as weasels, foxes, kites—which did not as yet exist in the land: or if he wished to import explosive substances, as gunpowder and dynamite, of which few had experience; or again, if he tried to introduce intoxicating herbs or liquors in many ways dangerous and deadly. But except when the article to be received in exchange threatens mischief to others, the right of private property carries with it the right of exchange and the right of refusal; that is to say, the two who barter are the arbiters as to the terms of exchange. This year a man may give five pounds of wheaten grain for one pound of iron; next year he may get two pounds of iron for the same quantity of wheat. So long as each side acts voluntarily, he *prefers what he accepts to what he gives*: and this fact justifies the bargain on both sides, even when it is far more profitable to the one than to the other; as, when a savage gives dyewood and spices in lavish quantity for a glass mirror and a necklace of beads. It might be more generous in the civilized trader to accept less or to give more; though it is hard to commend him for a freer bestowal of such trinkets, and equally hard to censure him for accepting in any abundance what is freely offered and will not be missed. But our present question is not whether the exchange is *generous* on either side, but simply in what case it is *just;* and to satisfy justice, it suffices that the things exchanged should be rightful property, and the exchange be strictly voluntary. Of course, if the thing given be noxious, and the person accepting do not know it to be noxious, or indeed do know it, but is a slave to evil appetite—as in the buying of intoxicating drinks—a severe moral censure may then rest upon the

seller, but the imputation on him is something else than commercial injustice; it comes rather under the criminal than the civil code of morality. Putting such exceptional cases aside, we obtain the general result, that the law of every community must recognize as legitimate such exchanges of property as are voluntary to the parties exchanging.

A result which might be called contingent, only that it is too uniform of occurrence, is great disparity of wealth in a community which has much mercantile activity. Until elaborate machines are devised—an event which can only happen in a later stage—the difference between man and man in producing food and useful articles is not very great; though there must be variety of skill, strength, and industry, besides that some will be impoverished by illness, or vice, or accident. But *intelligence* in carrying goods to the most profitable market presently enriches some far beyond the scale of others, who are either deficient in enterprise, or miscalculate. Thus, except where chieftains become rich by seizing on the wealth of the industrious, the earliest great fortunes are ordinarily the fruit of commerce. Here again the communist strikes in with his objections, which we desire frankly to meet. He says: *First*, I denounce as fraudulent and detestable the buying cheap to sell dear; and *next*, I condemn large private fortunes as a danger and mischief to the community, and should rejoice to see a limit set by law, not only on the area of land which one man may control, but also on the amount or value of movables which may be the private property of an individual.

The latter objection does not seem to be absolutely, nor in principle, unsound, however overstrained. No man can claim a natural and absolute right to property unlimited in amount. The right, so called, is conventional; has rather crept into law by inobservance, than been deliberately sanctioned. In any small state, such as were the petty republics of ancient Greece, an over-rich man was often dangerous to the public institutions. Wealth might hire trained soldiers from across the border, who in the course of a single night might surprise the citadel, occupy the town hall, and proclaim a revolution under the despotism of the rich adventurer. Out of such dangers arose the celebrated law of Athens, called Ostracism; a law which was perverted from its original purpose, but not the less sagaciously designed. When a citizen was judged dangerous to the peaceful and safe existence of the constitution, he was commanded to betake himself into exile, for no other offence than that he *was* dangerous. In fact, mere wealth did not constitute the sole danger; but it was sure to be joined with manifest ambition and political partisanship. Without large wealth, however, no citizen could be formidable to the state. The elder Cato at Rome is said to have augured the early fall of the republic.

when he heard how large a sum had been given for a fish in the market. He well knew how the Roman institutions would be perverted when an ambitious man could buy one class of voters by bribes, and drive away another class by hired bullies and Jingoes. In city states, with poor voters, the danger was felt far more acutely than is possible in our vast political communities ; yet it is most certain that great wealth often disturbs and depraves us moderns. For wealth has prodigious power to misdirect industry, to secure impunity in breaking the law, and to pervert the free action of voters : nor need we add, that the enormous social and political power which wide property in land confers obviously vests in the state a right to limit the area which one man shall control. Whenever the legislature sees adequate reason to lay down a limit even for personal property, there will certainly be no just ground for outcry against such legislation as communistic. But in fact a modern parliament so minded would be likely to decline drawing any hard and fast line, where nature cannot suggest a scientific limit, but would aim to discourage huge fortunes by taxing them on a scale of rapidly-increasing severity, and especially by making the legacy-tax weigh heavily on large bequests. Great experience has made it an axiom in the moneyed world, that very large fortunes *not based upon land* are sure to be broken up in the third generation. If accumulation went on in a second and third generation as rapidly as in the first, it is probable that some prohibitory law would be enacted. Against the celebrated effort of Mr. Thelluson to secure a portentous fortune to a distant successor, by a long delay, during which the interest should go on accumulating, law did interfere, and that effectually.

But when our objector attacks as fraud the buying in a cheap market and selling where the article is dear, it is requisite to oppose him not only as erring fundamentally, but as teaching a spurious morality, which is not only false in fact but also pernicious in tendency ; for it inflames the envy of the poor into a fanaticism which is liable to explode in criminal and deadly violences.

I proceed to establish my assertion that the objector is here fundamentally in error. Excellent economists have so often dwelt on this topic that it is hard to understand the gross ignorance of their arguments shown by some highly cultured men, except by supposing that these turn away from economists with so undiscriminating disgust, as never to have read what is advanced by them. For the truth is simple enough to reach the conviction of a child, that to buy where goods are cheap and sell where they are dear *is precisely what the wishes of the philanthropist*, as much as the interest of the merchant, *must dictate*. Suppose Dutch merchants to know that wheat abounds in France but is sorely deficient in England, and that for that reason they purchase wheat in France and

sell it in England : they at once do a service to both nations. With the French it is in excess, and they are glad to part with it for the price which they get. The English on the other hand are glad to give the higher price for it. To forbid such commerce *entirely* is intelligible enough, but is too arbitrary and absurd an idea for even a very great fool to blurt. But to pretend to approve of the commerce, and then claim that merchants shall not be remunerated for their expenses and their risk and advances of money and personal trouble, is merely an indirect and less honest way of total prohibition. To impute fraud to the practice of buying at a cheaper price than you sell implies that an honest merchant ought to sell at the same price as he bought ; in other words, that he is to have no remuneration for his labor. Is it possible that any man, of high or low education, can think himself philosophic in putting forth so contemptible a folly ? If the reasoner disapprove of buying where things are cheap and selling where they are dear, he seems to suggest that it would be virtuous to buy where they are dear and sell where they are cheap. The practical merchant takes goods from places where they are less valued and carries them to places where they are more valued ; thus doing to both places a benefit, or at least gratifying the wishes of both. Our would-be reformer knows that no commerce can exist except on these conditions ; he is forced to approve of it in theory, yet he rails at the merchant whose instinct of gain discovers *where* his services are wanted, and acts upon that instinct.

If it be said (as it often is said) that " no one *intended to deny* that the cost of carriage must be added to the price of goods, but merely to insist that they should not be sold for whatever they will fetch, and that their proper price is that which will *fairly* remunerate the merchant for all his expenses and for his trouble ;" such a half retractation cannot be accepted as at all sufficient. *First* I claim that the disputant will utterly withdraw and disown the outcry against " selling in a dearer market than that in which you bought ;" for without this the merchant cannot possibly avoid loss : he cannot get the " proper" price thus graciously allowed him. This mischievous parrot-cry against buying cheap and selling dear ought to be retracted with humiliation ; instead of which it is brought up again and again, after the communist has made this concession about a " proper" price which permits the merchant to sell dearer than he bought. But next, what is to be understood by a *proper* price, by a *fair* remuneration ? The phrases have no meaning until some practical method is defined, which shall expound them. No one trader, however fair in mind, can make a price for his goods, nor could that be desired by the public. No process for it is suggested, nor is imaginable in practice, than that which exists in every market—namely, by the competition of

sellers on the one side, and by the desire and ability to purchase on the other side, a price is settled. It is naturally impossible for merchants to be equally remunerated in every market. Each has to decide from the average of his gains whether it is worth while to continue his work ; therefore to expect him to lower his prices in a particular market, because otherwise his gains there will be too large, has no shadow of equity. He will have plenty of opportunities of being generous, if generosity is your topic. There is no abstract reason why his income should be £200 a year rather than £2000, nor why his profit should be ten per cent rather than fifty per cent. He has to take as *little* as the market gives him, and no one has a right to censure him for accepting as *much* as it will give him. In allowing him to get a *fair* profit, the disputant has virtually conceded that the outcry against "buying in a cheap and selling in a dear market" was an outburst of folly and a practical slander ; and that his whole objection is baseless.

But it is now right to recur to the other topic, which denounced the possession of large private wealth as pernicious to the state. I have conceded that in special cases this is possible ; but the concession very seldom avails to found an argument on ; for great wealth has also great utilities. We take the mixed good and evil. Where the wealth is earned by the individual possessor, other wealthy men are sure to exist by his side, and below them men more numerous and less wealthy, without any great chasm between rich and poor : and this is precisely the desirable condition for a community. If the *summum bonum* were that all should be poor, that is easily attained : we have only to become barbarians : for all to be moderately rich, is not so easy. Perhaps there are among us men who, like Rousseau, think the savage state to be the noblest and best. In Greenland, in Tartary, in Kamchatka, in many parts of the Americas, in the great desert of Africa, in Zululand also, this Utopia may be found. But if our refined disputants value culture and leisure, universal poverty will not suit them : they desire for a nation at least so much of superfluity that all may have competency—that is, wealth up to a certain point. A sound philanthropy is generally at the bottom of their *hearts*, which in this matter of property are far wiser than their *heads*. If all that they mean is, that a nobler state than ours is imaginable—a state in which the world shall not be divided into patricians and plebeians, into idle and industrious, nor into headworkers and handworkers, and that there should be no chronic pauperism nor extreme destitution, nor, indeed, any such exuberance of wealth that the possessor, if earnest to use it well, becomes a slave to it—on all such matters they will meet no opposition of sentiment from the present writer. But not one of the miseries under which a cruelly large fraction of our nation suffers can be lessened by any vague and

baseless talk against marketing and market prices, nor against wealth earned by the intelligence which guides vast concerns. So long as any pauperizing vice domineers, pauperism will reign triumphant; and thousands who have recklessly wasted their means will be liable to worse and worse demoralization if they drink in the invectives of refined communists against mercantile and manufacturing wealth. Many other reforms are needed, and will soon be earnestly undertaken, when the national craving for intoxicating drink is subdued; but while this vice continues, nothing can hinder it, in the future as in the past, from perpetuating orphanhood and pauperism, insanity, prostitution, and crime. The communistic theory is a false light leading us astray from the only hopeful remedies for the national disease.

The same reasoners whose errors have been my topic hitherto, almost uniformly attack interest on money as a fraud to the borrower. Mr. Ruskin's crusade against the interest of money is no novel fact: his demand that the Bishop of Manchester will define usury is reasonable enough. Of course he seeks to heap upon *Interest* all the odium accumulated against *Usury* in past ages and historical nations. It is every way to be desired that this question, so vital to all modern industrial transactions, should be faithfully examined to the bottom. But before the question of interest can be fundamentally dealt with here, many things need to be said on the prior question of debt.

It is a received doctrine that every government ought to defend the *persons* and *property* of its citizens. Some Liberals, who must be named with respect, as the late Joseph Hume, have been fond of saying that these are the *only* duties of government: into that controversy we must not here enter. But evidently the state which has to protect must define what is property. In an American native tribe the chief accounts a deer killed by an individual to be the property of the killer; but our King William the Bastard, on the contrary, was likely to hang the killer, and counted the slain deer to be his own. To this day our law regards hares and rabbits in no case to become the property of any man by his trapping or shooting them. Evidently it belongs to conventional law to define property in wild animals. The same remark holds of landed estates, wild or tilled and planted. In different nations widely different laws exist concerning landed tenure; and while we all see that one arrangement commends itself as more equitable and sagacious than another, each state has an equal right to define, according to its own light, the rights of individuals over land. Nevertheless, in each country the natives are apt to accept, as a law of morals and almost of nature, the special system of landed tenure which is there inherited. Just so with regard to another form of property, that which consists of debts: we are so accustomed to regard

it as our obvious right to call upon the state to aid us in recovering our debts as to forget that we ought not to assume as an axiom that this is in every case a duty of the state. One who sternly denounces usury, and includes herein all interest of money, has a right, if he chooses, to take a step farther in favor of the debtor. If his generosity carry him into invectives against the heartlessness of the man who, having lent 20*s.* to a distressed peasant, sternly requires payment of 21*s.* three months later, the same generosity may make him severe on one who exacted the 20*s.* without interest. To "take one's brother by the throat, and say, Pay me that thou owest," is certainly an ugly picture, and was drawn without any mention of interest. Thus we are forced to admit that reasons ought to be given why the law *should*, or *should not* take upon itself to aid creditors in recovering debts; and whether it *should* or *should not* take account of the misery which it inflicts on a debtor and his family. The English public is accustomed to calculate a man's property not so much by the articles (comparatively few) which it sees, as by the rate at which they estimate him to live. One who has an appearance of four hundred pounds in household articles, and no visible source of gain, is perhaps expected to have six thousand more in entries, whether of government or other stock: these constitute his property (for on land we do not now touch), and to say that the state ought to defend his upholstery and books, his china and his few silver articles, from thieves, but ought to decline the task of defending his debts—which are sure to be the bulk of his wealth—necessarily seems to us monstrous. Nay, for one class of debts we may claim a pre-eminent sacredness, namely, those of a trustee or custodian or partner. Even a barbarous legislator discerns the need of maintaining high reverence for the duties here involved, so long as the property can be seen and described; but when it consists in no particular articles—that is, when it is only *an amount* measured in money and registered in writing—laxer notions are natural to barbarians as to a creditor's rights and the duty of the state to maintain them.

A sternly moral legislator—say a Lycurgus—who dreaded private wealth as a pest, and abhorred usury; who saw in the lending of money, *not* an ordinary process that facilitates industry, *but* solely a philanthropic aid to casual distress, might well be severe on the wicked rich man who took the poor debtor by the throat in order to exact the principal of the debt; nay, he might be as severe as if the creditor had aggravated his wickedness by demanding interest also. Such a legislator might naturally, and from his own point of view reasonably, avow that the law of his state regarded nothing as property which was not visible and tangible. If a thief stole a kettle or a cow, the state would make him give back two kettles or two cows, and set him to earn their price by

forced work. If a robber invaded a crop, and, after carrying it off or burning it, occupied the field lawlessly, the state would punish him, and, if possible, exact restitution. But if an artisan is foolish enough to trust another with a kettle, without exacting prepayment, the state has something else to do than trouble itself in the matter. When the lender has been silly, he must suffer from his silliness : *caveat creditor*. So if a cultivator part with grain, he ought to insist on prepayment if the buyer be rich ; but if the buyer be poor, and obtain the food as a loan, why should the state help the seller to take the poor man by the throat ? Such logic in a simple-hearted and earnest lawgiver is in strict agreement with the only ideas of industry current in early times, when no one dreamed of great commercial companies, in which the partners could not know each other ; when, indeed, no one could have any idea of wealth but as consisting in herds of cattle or large rooms crammed with useful articles, such as must accumulate when the wandering period of a tribe has ceased. No doubt, in a very early period stores were formed, nay, warehouses, containing agricultural implements, weapons of war, armor, raiment, and, ere long, ornaments of numerous kinds. But all the wealth imagined was visible to the eye ; and all the industry imagined was either that familiar now in the poorest village of a Scotch island, or the work of artisans under the bidding of a prince. If we go back to the laws of early communities, such as the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Romans, to give weight to our condemnation of usury, we must not forget how alien to their conceptions was the modern idea of debt as an all-pervading form of property.

One who, with the heart of Rousseau, desires to carry society back into primitive simplicity, may amuse himself by reconstructing in theory the whole industry of this country. This is what must instantly follow, if all interest on money be immoral gain, and the state resolve to act morally. Then no banker will be able to gain by lending money ; thus the bankers will become, as of old, mere money-changers and custodians of valuable property, who must be paid for taking it in charge, just as in warehousing furniture. Every tradesman will be forced to trade from his own capital only (which in many cases might not be at all the worse) ; and either manufacturers or merchants must be wholly out of pocket in the interval which necessarily elapses between parting with their goods and recovering the price. To get present money by mortgaging goods will be impossible, if payment of interest to him who advances the money is forbidden. Nor will the state be able, except by arbitrary screwing of rich men, to get advances for the expected taxes of the year, or on any sudden emergency. It will indeed, we presume, use the sponge on its own debts, except the very last contracted ; of which the total interest may not have yet

equalled the principal. It will forthwith have to form a real treasury—not a set of lords, clerks, and account-books, but cellars after the pattern of the Bank of England, full of gold and other exchangeable valuables, from which it will spend whatever it needs to spend, without deigning ever to ask a loan on interest. In a great public crsis it will do as the Romans when distressed by Hannibal; it will ask a patriotic loan, to be repaid without interest, as soon as the state is able; and when *real* public danger impends, no doubt the public patriotism will answer to the call. At other times it would need to practise economy or to press hard on the rich.

Immense as the change would be, it will be seen that the picture is not unfairly drawn to the advantage of our modern times; nor does the present writer at all think that we might not beneficially learn something from antiquity and take some steps backward. If, when David Hume first began to write against our dangerous national debt—say when it had reached fifty millions—a law had been passed forbidding, under any circumstances whatever, to promise *interest* on moneys advanced *for the services of the Crown*, and appointing an early day at which the existing debt should be finally and faithfully discharged, I believe it would have been a just, wise, and highly beneficial enactment. I look with disgust and dismay at the light-heartedness with which we have imported into India the eminently Christian vice (begun by a certain Pope Sixtus) of mortgaging future taxes; while grief and dismay hardly suffice to express the feelings awakened, by our expropriation of Indian cultivators for their debts necessarily incurred. That law ought to be merciless, ought to take no account of a debtor's misery, is no axiom with me. These lines are not written in any indiscriminate admiration of "things as they are," much less in any admiration of our hugely overwrought credit-system. On the contrary, for many years past my claim has been, that law should in many cases refuse to enforce what ought properly to be regarded as debts of honor. It is possible that the public ear may be more open to new suggestions than it was thirty years ago; and it may not be amiss to enter on the topic now.

Suppose a gentleman to enter a shop where he is known, and say, "Would you kindly lend me a half a crown? I have accidentally left my purse at home, and have no money to pay a cab." When he obtains the half crown from the complaisance of the shopman, this is undoubtedly a debt of honor. The gentleman who does not defray it, and that speedily, will be visited with disgrace and contempt by all his equals, as soon as the facts are made known; but it does not therefore follow that his debt of honor ought to be enforced by a court of law.

If a poor man, upon his wife's death, borrow a couple of pounds to aid him in the charges of her illness and burial, and promise to

repay it *as soon as he can*, all will entitle this a mere debt of honor But if the lender exact a written promise that the money shall be repaid within a year, it may seem still highly doubtful whether the law ought to aid him to recover it by seizure of goods, if from any cause the borrower fail to repay. In lending to a poor man the motive is not gain, but charity: how uncertain is repayment every one must know, and the charitable act is marred by any enforcement. *Caveat creditor* is here also a doctrine which may meet with support.

In the early Roman Republic a state of things closely akin to slavery arose, when the law was used to compel poor debtors to work out the sums which their creditors estimated them to owe. In that case, invasions by border-enemies were the ordinary cause why the debtors were in hopeless arrears: charges of interest are supposed to have aggravated the oppression. But, it surely may be urged, law ought never to shut its eyes to such facts as hostile inroads or unfruitful seasons, nor to the power of an aristocracy that commands the soil to exact from cultivators a *promise* that they will take all risks on themselves, if even such promise have been recorded in writing. Many such thoughts may be suggested while we think over the state of landed tenure in every part of the United Kingdom; that is, if the Channel Islands be excepted.

Again, let us imagine a case which, perhaps, was not rare in Scotland sixty years ago, where more used to be thought of the personality of the man to whom money was lent than in England. A rich man has more money in his hands than he quite knows how to invest; until, casting his eyes on an energetic young man, who is acquainted with business, but has no capital, it strikes him that it would be good policy and a kind act to set him up in a little shop, exacting that at each year's end he shall pay five per cent on the money advanced, while it is hoped that he will be able to make twenty-five and repay the principal in instalments. Is this, or is it not, a debt of honor? I say, Yes; it is so in the best sense, and also in the technical sense. Put a cruel supposition. The borrower, buoyed up by hope, marries; but in the second or third year falls ill; his affairs get into disorder, and he can barely feed a little family. Meanwhile his patron, who would not have been hard upon him, dies, and is represented by an executor trustee, who has no right to be merciful and generous, but is bound to exact whatever the law will justify. *Ought* it to be the law, that debts so contracted *by one who had no property to mortgage for them*, should be recoverable on the same footing as debts in which no element of charity or generosity was imagined? A debt into which charity or generosity enters is a debt of honor, just as that of a son to his father, or of a brother to a brother.

Widely different from this is a transaction of pure business, in

which money is lent upon the credit of actual property, pledged for the debt. A man has a house which is estimated as worth £1200, and for a special object he wants £100 more than he can command. But by the forced sale of his house he might lose more than the £100, nor would purchase of the house be convenient to the party from whom he asks the money. To mortgage the house is an intermediate step, making its sale a mere contingency. The owner of the house will no more deserve pity, if through his failure to pay he be at last forced to sell, than if he had sold it in the first instance. Nor will the lender of the £100 be any more chargeable with cruelty for exacting a fulfilment of his bargain, than if he had reluctantly bought the house at a somewhat reduced price under the pressure of its owner. Take another instance, which is one of every day. A merchant sends abroad goods for which he has paid £1000, and knowing that his capital cannot be replaced for ten weeks, asks of a banker the accommodation of £1000 for three months. If in the result the banker need to enforce the payment, it will be simply by claiming the value of certain goods lately sold, just as blamelessly as if he had in the first instance bought those goods. Notoriously such transactions are an enormous facility to exchange; and it is by exchange that human possessions are economized and turned to service. What is useless in one place becomes of vast, perhaps vital, value in another: and time is a most precious element, above all where mouths are to be fed or backs to be clothed. To make light of so grand an advantage as the economy of time in the distribution of goods, and in the saving of workmen from want of employ, is quite unworthy of a well-informed man. He who would forbid a banker from thus aiding the all-important functions of production and distribution is bound to give overwhelming reasons. Yet to forbid the banker to take interest (which in this case is called a process of discount) is virtually to forbid the transaction; for without it the loan could not be a process of business at all. To suppose such loans to be possible or desirable as matter of charity would be ludicrous.

Concerning shop debts, there are several things especial to be said, which may show that to three parties—the merchants who supply country shops, the lower classes who frequent them, and the shop-people themselves, it would be beneficial to refuse them a power of recovering debts through a court of law, except under severe restrictions, in part differing according to the nature of the article sold. At present nothing is commoner than that a shopkeeper is *afraid* to ask payment of an aristocratic customer, or even to let him know how much he is indebted. In the universities it used to be a common complaint that the shops inveigle young men into extravagantly long bills by keeping them in ignorance how much they are running up. So too in country villages

the poor people are induced to frequent a shop by being allowed to get articles upon credit, and thereupon the man who is bound to feed his family *and pay good wages to the wife who is his servant of all work*, is fatally tempted to spend in personal indulgences—on tobacco or beer, or both—the money which is accidentally (one my say wrongfully) left in his hands. Then, once in arrear to the shop, his vicious propensity and the example of his fellows keep him ever in arrear, and forbid his buying in any other shop, or refusing goods at the price charged to him. That shopkeepers should be able so to act cannot conduce to their prosperity as a class; on the other side, that they should be afraid (as they very often are sincerely afraid) to ask payment of proud and pretentious customers, is a grave evil to them. The two universities have long had the power to insist (if they chose to insist) that weekly bills should be sent in to the young men, and duplicates of the same to the bursar of the college, without which the payments should not be recoverable by law. This is no place to draw a bill in detail suitable for the case; but the object to be aimed at should be to reduce bad debts to their minimum by requiring the earliest payment, and demand of payment, for all articles that are bought for consumption or enjoyment. It does not suffice to make a good law of bankruptcy—if such a thing can ever be made—unless we also try to counteract the main causes of bankruptcy, unwise lending and shop-losses by bad debts. Shop debts stand on a different footing from those debts in which the lender ought to secure himself by a mortgage. The shopman does not intend to *lend*, but to *sell;* he delivers the article desired of him at once, and he is entitled to payment at once; yet various small inconveniences, especially uncertainty of the exact amount, often prevent immediate payment. If law could make the practice common of advancing *sums on account* to tradesmen, this would be a good work; so too, by *commanding* that bills be sent in within a week to relieve tradesmen of the odium of sending them in. Bad debts and fear of them, besides complex accounts, wear out the health and spirits of the shopkeeping class very sorely.

The unwise lending which causes bankruptcy has, alas! numerous forms; and it seems inevitable that the modern habit of allowing interest to depositors must widely stimulate bank directors to grant rash loans. It is now asserted that this cause largely perverted the City of Glasgow Bank. Be that as it may, it is not for nothing that murmurs arise against those depositors who have accepted interest, being repaid to the last pound at the expense of the last pound of shareholders. Until better informed, I incline to think that the old system in which a depositor regards the banker as the *custodian* of his money and expects *no* interest on it, is the only sound one; and that a depositor who has accepted interest

ought to forfeit all right in any new calls to be made on the shareholders of a bankrupt firm.

The general purport of this argument is that our present laws carry *too far* the interference of the state on the side of recovering debts; that while early communities regard as property only tangible objects, we have run into an extreme of lending state power to a creditor, with too little regard to the nature and circumstances of the debt. But there is another side of the question, which is apt to be overlooked, yet is of the utmost importance—namely, the relation of debts to currency. Without currency the entire machine of commerce would be stopped, just as the heart would cease its action if emptied of blood; yet the vast mass of our currency is made by the people itself, according to its needs, through the intervention of debts, and does not consist in the gold coin, however vital the necessity of this coin, publicly guaranteed as sound. If debt had no legal recognition, the trade of the country would probably need a hundred times the present amount of coin—more, in fact, than the world could yield. Bills transact nearly all the vast foreign trade, and checks with Bank of England notes probably conduct ninety-six per cent of the home trade. Bills and checks *order a debtor* to pay, bank-notes *promise* to pay. The actual sums ordered and promised have their theoretic measure in gold coin, but only the smallest fraction of the total can ever be really paid in gold.

This total currency is entitled Money by men of business; but the money of the country is in no respect identical with its wealth. Every bill and every check virtually perishes the moment it has done its work, yet does not by perishing lessen our total wealth. Its work is solely to facilitate exchange, a vital function to highly organized industry.

Neither Solon, nor Lycurgus, nor Moses, nor Numa Pompilius had any idea of such a currency as is now like life-blood to England, and naturally none of them can have even imagined our form of *interest* when they forbade usury. But it may be allowed to remark by the way, that the Mosaic law does not forbid an Israelite to accept usury of a Gentile; and that a parable attributed to Jesus charges it on a steward as guilty sloth, that he has *not* put his master's money out to usury.

Usury differs from legitimate modern interest, fundamentally, as follows: The money in this case is lent to one so poor that he has nothing to pledge for it except such things as, being necessary to his work and his life, he ought *not* to pledge, any more than he ought to sell himself into slavery. The lending ought, if possible, to be an act of charity, not a trade. If, as generally happens, the power of repayment varies with the elements, on which a crop depends, it is not equitable to enforce payment in a bad season.

When such lending is a trade, the nominal rate of interest will be high, for two main reasons: first, because the risk is great; secondly, because the personal trouble of the money-lender is as great in these very small transactions as if they were fifty times as large. The Indian money-lender is said to be on excellent terms with ryots, where they are *not* allowed to pledge to him either their land or their tools; where, indeed, only public opinion enforces repayment, as it is sure to do when the harvest has been good. It does not appear that any desirable end has been achieved by our courts, which have supposed stern justice to demand our enforcing the claims of the money-lender on the ryots.

Interest, as paid to the debenture-holders of an English company, or as paid by an English merchant to a banker in the form of discount, has no moral element in common with the usury here described. It often is paid by a rich man to a rich man. Resting upon some property which is pledged for the loan, it is morally a *contingent sale* of that property; and, like sale, it is a mutual convenience. A merchant who desires accommodation does not go to a banker with the plea of a beggar: he does not ask for charity: he would scorn to receive the accommodation as charity: he wishes to pay what the banker regards as a just equivalent. To insist that he shall *not* pay for the advantage received is an offence not only to the banker whose trade it insults, but also to the merchant, whose application it strives to turn into the plea of a distressed unfortunate.

Until very recent years I did not know that an educated or philanthropic man, in zeal to stigmatize interest of money, could go so far as to avow that a loan of £100 is *completely* and *justly* repaid by 20 instalments of £5 each, at any distance of time. To adduce the name here would not be wrong, for Mr. Ruskin published his paper in delight: yet I am unwilling to reprint the name, for the gentleman is my friend. He boldly asserted that time made no difference: that £5 *in present money is not more valuable than £5 to be paid ten years hence.* This gross assertion of what is contrary to fact will rarely be put forth so boldly; but it is logically necessary to every one who calls interest a fraud and an immorality. Nothing can be plainer than that £100 in hand be a necessary factor of some harvest (of whatever sort) within the next six or ten months; but £100 due a year hence is unavailing for this purpose. It is then evidently legitimate, that if I want the money at the moment, and calculate that it would enable me to affect a gain, I should be willing to pay something for the advantage, *when the holder forfeits it* by transferring it to me. If it is a mutual convenience, so much the better: the borrower, who applies for it, knows it will be a convenience, perhaps a very great one, to himself, and he does not wish to put himself under obligation to a lender, but to treat on

terms of equality as in the ordinary market. What room is there here for the pretence of a moralist, to step in between two men who know their own means, their own wants, and their own desires, and tell them that their bargain is immoral? The spectacle of such conceit is wonderful.

F. W. NEWMAN, *in the Contemporary.*

HEALTH AT HOME.

PART III.—V.

FROM the floors of the bedroom, which were considered in my last paper, we may pass to the walls and ceiling. These should be covered in every case in such a manner that they may be at any time effectively cleaned at as little possible expense and trouble as is possible. We have been accustomed for a long series of years past to use papers for the covering of bedroom walls, and in the shops for the sale of wall-papers it is the usual thing for the salesman to offer for inspection a distinct series of bedroom papers, the patterns of the paper and the quality of the papers being specially displayed in order to meet the tastes of the purchasers. There is no doubt that extremely beautiful and artistic papers are to be bought, but for my part I object to paper altogether in the bedroom. Paper has one recommendation, that of presenting for selection a variety, and it may be a beauty of pattern, and at first this is an enticing suggestion. After a short time, however, the most beautiful pattern causes weariness. The sight every night and morning of just the same lines and series of objects, so many groups, so many figures, so many flowers, so many singular or imaginary designs, becomes in a short time a wearisome process, and in the bedroom is often intolerable. This sameness, which becomes an objection even to a handsome paper, is a minor objection when it is compared with others which have to be mentioned. In some instances the paper itself is unwholesome owing to the surface of it containing arsenic, which, having been used for coloring purposes, is given off in fine dust, is disseminated through the air, and is breathed by the occupant of the room to his decided injury. The common view held on this subject is that the papers called flock papers, and papers of green color, are those only which give off arsenical dust; but this is not strictly true, for Dr. Leonard Sedgwick found that a blue paper gave off arsenical dust into a bedroom, and that for a long time the sleepers in the room were suffering from the irritation caused by arsenic without discerning the true cause. They suffered

from irritation of the throat, from dyspepsia, and from considerable *malaise* until the cause was discovered and removed.

Of course it would not be difficult to select in every case a paper for the walls of the bedroom which is quite free of arsenic, and as the trouble and expense of such proof is comparatively slight, I do not dwell on this objection with any pertinacity, I name it merely as an objection of an accidental kind, which cannot fairly be omitted.

The argument usually offered for the adoption of paper as a wall covering is the economical argument that the paper lasts so long. Once put up it is not necessary to touch the wall again with a new covering for five or even seven years. In some leases and agreements there is a clause directing that the walls shall be papered every five or seven years, and the tenant makes it a point never to do more at any rate than just carry out the said agreement. The paper being once up on the walls looks clean and nice. "It will last another year very well." It is getting dingy certainly, but then it is such a nuisance to have in the paper-hanger, and go through the worry of emptying the room for him. So month after month the long doomed paper is allowed to hang, until from actual necessity it is removed and replaced, or re-covered with a new paper.

Imperceptibly, but surely, a room, the walls of which are covered from year to year with the same paper, is a room the air of which is dirty, so that the very temptations to delay renewal, and the very arguments of economy, become the strongest of objections to papers altogether. When the air of the room is damp the paper gets damp. In the damp state it absorbs readily the dust that is in the air. When the weather gets dry and warm, or when the room is warmed by a fire, the dust becomes dry on the paper, and is then easily wafted and distributed through the air of the room, while if the paper be at all rough or raised the small irregular spaces are at all times receptacles for dust. This is a strong objection to the paper covering for the wall.

A final objection to the paper covering is the mode in which it is put on the walls. As a common practice layer is laid on layer until six or seven or more layers are sometimes put one over the other. And I have recently seen a room stripped of no fewer than ten layers of paper before the wall was reached. By this plan the room becomes lined with coating after coating of paste, which in course of time is decomposed, is turned into fine organic dust, and is itself, whenever the paper is torn away so as to allow of an escape of dust, a decided source of danger to health. Let sickness take place in a room the walls of which are treated in the manner now described; let the particles of the poison of a contagious disease disseminate in such a room, and almost of a certainty some minute portion of the particular poison will be cased up behind the

new paper that is laid on, to remain a source of danger for after occupants of the room for years and years to come.

For these reasons, and I think they are sound and good, I think the common system of paper for the walls of the bedroom is not the best. If a paper could be invented which, once laid on, would present a permanent surface, and a surface that would admit of systematic cleansing by means of soap and water, or by dry scrubbing, then I should not have a word to say against it, and such an invention will, I should hope, one day be brought into common use.

The nearest approach I have ever seen to perfect success in the direction named was in a room in the house of my good friend Dr. Thursfield, of Leamington. Dr. Thursfield had a room very carefully papered with a good fine paper of oak pattern. This paper he coated with coachmakers' varnish until the complete surface was in truth as hard as the panel of a carriage itself. This wall could be washed with the greatest ease, and was as perfect as need be. Sometimes in the halls and on the staircases of houses we see oak and marble papers which are varnished, and which bear to be washed very well, but I have never seen those walls so perfect as the walls of the room I specially name, and certainly I have seen no approach to anything of the kind within a room.

Presuming that paper is used for the walls of a bedroom, there are certain rules which ought to be followed in respect to the process. The first of these is that the paper selected should not be a flock paper; next, it ought not to have a raised or rough surface; thirdly, the pattern should be of the plainest possible kind, and, if I may so express it, patternless; the color should be gray or a sea-green; and lastly, the paper should be frequently renewed—it should be changed every three years at least. Moreover, in changing the paper there should be no slipshod method of putting on a new paper before the removal of the old. The old paper should be entirely stripped off, the wall should be well cleansed of dry paste, and the new paper should be put on with paste that is quite fresh and pure. The introduction of a little alum into the paste is always good practice.

In cases where a person has suffered from any one of the contagious diseases, and has occupied a room the walls of which are covered with paper, there should be no hesitation, when the room is relieved of its occupant, in clearing every particle of paper from the wall at once, also making the clearance as complete as possible. I usually direct, in those cases, that the paper, while it is still on the wall, should be saturated with water that is at boiling heat, the water being applied with a small flannel or woollen mop. In this manner two purposes are served: the heat disinfects, and the paper is made to peel off with great readiness and completeness. When

the paper is thus removed down to the solid walls, the walls may be fumigated with sulphurous acid vapor and afterward washed down, sponged, and allowed to dry. After such cleansing the new paper may be laid on, the ceiling having been previously cleansed and colored.

If paper be not used for the covering of the wall of the bedroom, recourse may be had to one or other of the following plans :

In a newly-built house there can be no better outlay than that which would be devoted to the plan of making the walls of the bedroom quite impermeable and smooth, by covering them with a firm cement like Parian. The walls ought to be made so readily cleansable that they can at any time be scalded and washed, just as a piece of crockery can be scalded and washed. The simple plain surface is better than the tiled surface ; it is more easily cleansed, and it does not weary by a pattern that is immovable. It has been objected to this plan that when it is adopted the wall becomes covered with moisture whenever the air is charged with moisture. The objection would be sound if the air must, by necessity, be so charged with moisture as to produce the effect stated ; but, in truth, this ought not to be the case. If the air of a room is so damp that water will condense on the walls, it does not signify whether those walls be permeable or impermeable, for the air will be damp all the same. The only difference will be in what is seen. If the walls be impermeable the condensed water will be visible, and will run down the walls, whereby it will be known as a fact that the air is, or has been, loaded with moisture. If the walls be coated with a permeable substance, the water, truly, will not be seen, but it will be there all the same, for it will have passed into the permeable covering of the walls, and will remain until it is given up again to the air of the room as a drier time or season arrives. We may observe this fact well illustrated from the looking-glasses in a damp room, or from the moisture on a damp permeable wall. The wall may seem as dry as a bone, but the glass may be so covered with moisture that there is no reflection at all from it. The wall here is not less damp than the glass, but it holds the damp, and is, therefore, the more dangerous. Supposing, then, that a room with an impermeable wall shows signs of moisture on the wall, the evidence is definite that such a room is not properly ventilated, or that water vapor has access to it, or that it is so cold that water easily condenses upon it ; whereupon the effort should be, not to make the wall porous, but to keep the air of the room warm and dry.

In houses that are already built and that have simply plaster walls, the plan of covering the walls with an impermeable cement may be too expensive or otherwise undesirable. In these instances we may have recourse to paints or to distemper ; ordinary old-

fashioned lead paint for walls, when it is laid on properly and is of best quality, is always good. It is expensive at first, but it is very durable; it admits of ready cleansing, and when it is well varnished the surface of it may be washed many times without injury. If the paint has been simply flatted it may also be washed very often, provided that neither soda nor other alkaline substance be used with the water. I have, within the last nine years, used the new substance called silicate paint with much advantage for the bedroom wall. This paint gives, I think, a little more trouble than the ordinary lead paint in its application, and many painters are much prejudiced against it. One of these, who was working for me, was, indeed, so opposed to the use of the silicate paint that he actually threw up his tools and went away, leaving the men who were working under him without a leader. Nevertheless I let the work go on, and a better result could not have been wished for. The extra trouble with the silicate paint lies in the fact that it does not "cover," to use the term that is employed by the artisan. Two layers of the ordinary sound lead paint are, they say, equivalent to four of the silicate. The paint also has to be laid on with more care than the lead paint, to prevent it from showing the lines caused by the brush. When, however, it is completely laid on and the requisite number of layers are applied, so as to cover thoroughly, it yields a surface which is at once fine, impermeable, and clean. The surface can be washed with soap and water as freely as if it were a surface of cement, and, as far as I can see, so far it wears effectually. With these advantages the objections of the workmen pass away, and they ought to be fairly considered by the workmen themselves, seeing that in the use of the silicate paint the health is not endangered. The risk of being poisoned by the lead which is present in the lead paints, to which from long custom the workman so rigidly pins his faith, does not exist.

If neither paper nor paint be used for the bedroom wall, there remains the old and simple plan of coloring with distemper, and really, after all, this cheap and easy method is as good as any. Distemper color is wholesome as a covering, it is cheap, and it suggests more than paper does, a frequent renewal.

It is worth noting that in instances where the wall has been covered with paper, and where the paper is not broken or torn away at any part, and where, for any reason, it is not felt to be desirable to remove the paper, one or two coats of distemper may be laid on the paper after a coating of size as a preliminary. If the paper be smooth the pattern of it will entirely be covered by the wash; if the paper be not smooth—if, I mean, it has on it a raised pattern—the distemper will give an outline of the pattern which, though quite distinct, is not disagreeable to the sight.

Whatever be the substance used for covering the wall, whether

lead paint, silicate paint, or distemper, the color should, I think, be the same as was suggested for paper, namely, a light green, what is, I believe, called a "sea-green" color. This color, taking it all in all, is more pleasant to the sight, as a color to be regularly gazed at. When the eye meets it on awaking it offers no resistance or sense of unpleasantness, and it bears to be looked at more frequently than other colors. In this respect it resembles the grass of the fields, the verdure of the forest, and the surface of the sea After the green, gray or russet red color is most to desired.

While I have advocated a perfectly plain surface for the walls of the bedroom—that is to say, an absence from anything like a staring permanent pattern—I would earnestly encourage the ornamentation of the walls by objects of good art that are easily removed and changed. Good pictures, statuettes, and other ornaments are excellent in the bedroom. At the same time it is wise and wholesome practice to break the uniformity of decoration from time to time. The health of the body is very much modified by the tone and turn of the mind, and whatever creates a pleasurable diversion of mind, however simple it may be, is wholesome to the body not less than to the mind itself.

The ceiling of the bedroom is the next consideration after the walls. This should be attended to more frequently than is customary in most households. The ceiling should be colored regularly once a year at least, either with ordinary white or lime-wash, with distemper, or with zinc white. Zinc white, which has lately been introduced by Mr. Griffiths, as a paint, answers excellently for ceilings ; it covers well, gives a smooth surface, and is very little more expensive than common lime-wash. The color of the bedroom ceiling should not be pure white, it should be slightly toned toward blue or green.

The bedroom is now lighted, ventilated, warmed, floored, and carpeted, and its walls are colored, and, it may be, decorated. It is ready to receive its furniture, and to the furniture we will therefore direct our attention.

B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D., *in Good Words.*

THE BELLS OF LYNN.

WHEN the eve is growing gray, and the tide is rolling in,
I sit and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn;
And the fisherfolks are near,
But I wis they never hear
The songs the far bells make for me, the bonny bells of Lynn.

The folks are chatting gay, and I hear their merry din,
But I look and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn;
He told me to wait here
Upon the old brown pier,
To wait and watch him coming when the tide was rolling in.

Oh, I see him pulling strong, pulling o'er the bay to me,
And I hear his jovial song, and his merry face I see;
And now! he's at the pier,
My bonny love and dear!
And he's coming up the sea-washed steps with hands outstretched to me.

O my love, your cheek is cold, and your hands are stark and thin!
O hear you not the bells of old, the bonny bells of Lynn?
O have you nought to say
Upon our wedding day?
Love, hear you not the wedding bells across the bay of Lynn?

O my lover, speak to me! and hold me fast, mine own!
For I fear this rising sea, and these winds and waves that moan!

* * * * *

But never a word he said!
He is dead, my love is dead!
Ah me! ah me! I did but dream: and I am all alone,
Alone, and old, and gray: and the tide is rolling in;
But my heart's away, away, away, in the old graveyard at Lynn!

FRED. E. WEATHERLY, *in Temple Bar*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

The Life of Benjamin Franklin, written by Himself. Now first edited from original Manuscripts, and from his printed Correspondence, and other Writings, by JOHN BIGELOW. London : 1879.

IF the several causes of the foundation of the republic of the United States were ranged according to their respective importance, first of all would come the perverse policy of Mr. George Grenville, and the want of moral courage in Lord North to resist the unenlightened obstinacy of George the Third. If not demerits but merits were classified, an equal rank, and that the highest, must be assigned to George Washington and Benjamin Franklin. So far as any historical events can be appropriated to individuals, those two men were the joint authors of the great republic. The common English impression of Franklin recognizes only two stages in his career. From the struggling printer he is transformed at a bound into the powerful diplomatist who tore asunder Great Britain and her American colonies. The actual Franklin rose gradually to this enormous influence. He had already become independent in fortune before he engaged in public affairs. When he had once taken to public life, he made it his profession, though he sighed after science. Step by step he grew to be the most prominent citizen of Philadelphia. He was appointed Clerk of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania ; he became a justice of the peace, an alderman, a burgess of the assembly. He established the first public library in America. He founded an academy and a hospital. He set on foot a militia force for the defence of the province against the French in Canada. "There was," he writes in his "Memoirs," "no such thing as carrying a public-spirited project through without my being concerned in it." If it were so small a matter as clearing away the dust from the roadways or lighting the city, he had to take the initiative. One question was always asked when subscriptions for an improvement were requested : "Have you consulted Franklin, and what does he think of it?" From Pennsylvania his influence spread throughout the American colonies. He was appointed postmaster-general for America. That office he kept for over twenty years. His enemies in England often hoped to taunt him into surrendering it. But he lacked, he was in the habit of saying, "the Christian virtue of resignation." It was his rule "never to ask for offices," but also "never to resign them." Franklin had passed his seventieth year

before he arrived at the court of France as the champion of American independence. A long and active life had preceded his greatest achievement, the conclusion of the peace of 1783.

In view of an impending war with France in 1754, he drew up a plan for "the union of all the colonies under one government, so far as might be necessary for defence, and other important general purposes." The scheme roused jealousy in England, and Franklin attributes to that feeling the dispatch of General Braddock from England with two regiments of regulars for the expedition against Fort Duquesne. Though the project of the campaign was not Franklin's, it was only by his help that the army was able to move a step. Horses and carriages could not be procured until Franklin had personally guaranteed payment to the lenders. He accompanied the force, and in vain endeavored to dissuade the general from marching in a slender line nearly four miles long through a country infested by hostile Indians. The general's answer was: "The savages may indeed be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia; but upon the king's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression." In the panic which followed Braddock's failure, Franklin carried a bill in the Pennsylvania Assembly for the embodiment of a militia force. To concentrate more attention on the movement, he persuaded the governor to proclaim a fast, that "the blessing of Heaven might be implored on our undertaking." He even obtained subscriptions from Quakers for gunpowder under the euphuism of "bread, flour, wheat, and other grain." He himself raised and commanded a regiment. Governor Dunbar offered to commission him as general of a force which he was to raise and lead against Fort Duquesne. Franklin had the modesty to decline the service which had proved fatal to Braddock. But he might reasonably have esteemed himself not much inferior in soldierly competence to incapables such as the British government thought good enough for colonial commands. Of Braddock's successor, Lord Loudoun, he writes: "I wondered much how such a man came to be intrusted with so important a business as the conduct of a great army; but having since seen more of the great world, and the means of obtaining and motives for giving places, my wonder is diminished."

In the years between 1743, when he began to have leisure for public affairs, and 1757, when he came to England as agent for his province, he was learning the lesson he applied eighteen years later. He was learning to despise the home government's method of managing colonial affairs, and to value aright the internal strength of the colonies for their own defence. He arrived in London on July 27th, 1757, no obscure stranger, but the most prominent citizen of the most important foreign possession of the empire.

The object of his journey had nothing in it of hostility to the crown. The real sovereign of Pennsylvania was not the house of Hanover, but the family of William Penn. The heirs of Penn appointed the governor of the province, and their governor's one care was to see that none of the public burdens touched the vast estates of the proprietary. Their nominee, the governor, refused his assent to any tax from which his principals were not expressly exempted. At every step for the protection of the province by the maintenance of an efficient militia, the assembly found itself checked in its measures for raising the necessary revenue by a veto from the governor. Franklin was the most energetic enemy of the proprietary. His future implacability against the American "loyalists" originated probably in his early resentment against the Penns, who were among the foremost of them. So far the province felt itself drawn to the crown through their common interest in defensive measures against hostile Indians and Frenchmen. Indeed, at the privy council, Lord Mansfield used his authority to break down the proprietary's obstinacy. Yet even so early as this Franklin's indignation was stirred by the exorbitant claims of the crown to authority over the colonies. Within a few mornings after his arrival in London the brilliant and eccentric Lord Granville, better known as Carteret, who was president of the council, granted him an interview. Lord Granville then surprised him by the statement that "the king's instructions to his governors, being first drawn up by judges, then considered in council, after which they are signed by the king, are, so far as they relate to you Americans, the law of the land, for the king is the legislator of the colonies." "His lordship's conversation," wrote Franklin, "a little alarmed me as to what might be the sentiments of the court concerning us." For the moment Franklin's aim was to extort liberty from the ungenerous domination of a private family. He registered, however, the pretensions of the royal prerogative as matter of future warning.

On his second visit to England he bore originally a commission only from the Pennsylvanian Assembly. To the agency for Pennsylvania were gradually added the agencies for Georgia, Massachusetts, and New Jersey, as the colonies found that what had been only a theory of the royal prerogative was in process of conversion into practice. He had come once more in 1768 to intercede against the King Log of the Proprietary Constitution. He found himself to be confronted with much more formidable claims of the British nation and parliament. He still is seen, as in old days, appealing to the sovereign; only formerly it was against the Penns he besought his aid, now it is against the king's own ministers. The Stamp Act was passed by parliament on the pretext of reimbursing this country for the cost it had defrayed in expelling the

French from Canada and Nova Scotia. Franklin, by conversation, by private letters, and in the public press, was always forward to deny that the colonies owed any debt to the mother-country. The mother-country had engaged in war with France for its own ambitious purposes. The war was not a colonial but an imperial war. The colonies had, he would have admitted, benefited by the results of the war. He was always forward to express his delight at the subjugation of the French territories. But he rejoiced "not merely as a colonist, but as a Briton." A moral duty lay on the colonists, their agent confessed, to pay their share of the expenses because they were Britons. The fact, however, he asserted, was that they had already paid their share and more than their share. "Every year during the war requisitions were made by the crown on the colonies for raising money and men. They made more extraordinary efforts in proportion to their abilities than Britain did." What was the proportion to their abilities, he urged, was matter for grave consideration. He complained that it was a favorite device, "in order to render the taxing of America a popular measure, to insist continually on the topics of our wealth and flourishing circumstances, while this country is loaded with debt, great part of it incurred on our account." The truth was, according to him, that, magnificent as he accounted American prospects, the present was discouraging. Colonies, he forcibly argued, are not, like their countrymen at home, heirs to many generations of laborious ancestors. They have to do all for themselves; their expenses press so closely on the heels of their resources that a great part of the charges for the rout of Braddock and the triumphs of Wolfe and Amherst "lies still, in 1766, a load of debt upon them."

Even had Great Britain made them its debtors by relieving them from the perpetual terror of French attack at its own sole cost, the discharge of the moral debt should have been matter of mutual arrangement. But the colonies were being taxed by a legislature in which they were not represented. When their aid in money had formerly been required, the custom had been to ask it of their assemblies, as the crown asked it of parliament. On all proper occasions they were ready to grant aid as parliament granted it. "We of the colonies have never insisted that we ought to be exempt from contributing to the common expenses necessary to support the prosperity of the empire." They did insist that the money of the king's subjects in America could no more be taken from them without their own consent, obtained through their representatives, than from the king's subjects in England. "If the parliament has a right thus to take from us a penny in the pound, where is the line drawn that bounds that right, and what shall hinder their calling, whenever they please, for the other nineteen

shillings and eleven pence?" Franklin's theory of the relation of the colonies to Great Britain was that they were "only connected, as England and Scotland were before the union, by having one common sovereign, the king." The founders of the colonies expressly went to the new world to escape from the tyranny of English statutes. "They took with them, however, by compact, their allegiance to the king, and a legislative power for the making a new body of laws with his assent, by which they were to be governed. Hence they became distinct states, under the same prince, united as Ireland is to the crown, but not to the realm, of England, and governed each by its own laws, though with the same sovereign, and having each the right of granting its own money to that sovereign."

The weak point in Franklin's theory of colonial rule is that it implies the king could come to the consideration of colonial questions as if for the time he were transported bodily, and unattended by any of his parliamentary advisers, across the Atlantic. Franklin would have been as unwilling to have Lord Hillsborough dictating to the colonies under cover of the king's name as to have the parliament doing it. Probably he would not have been disposed to deny the difficulty of emancipating the king whenever he had to exercise his colonial prerogative from an English sovereign's habit of deference to the ministers delegated by parliament. But when Englishmen dwelt upon the "inconvenience" of a theory which supposed the division of "an empire into many separate states," he answered that "an inconvenience proves nothing but itself." It was, however, his consciousness of the difficulty of fastening upon the king double functions which doubtless suggested to him, as to his friend Lord Kames, a consolidating union of Great Britain and the American colonies as the way out of the dilemma. If the colonies sent members to parliament, parliament in taxing them would not have been disjoining taxation from representation. The king, in exercising his colonial prerogative at the instance of his parliamentary advisers, would have been exercising it with the implied assent of his colonial subjects. Franklin's logical objection to the actual mode in which the king and the British parliament assumed to rule the colonies was that colonists were treated as possessed of inferior liberties to their fellow-subjects here. They were governed without having a voice in their government. The grant of proportionate representation in the imperial parliament to Pennsylvania and the rest would have brought their subjection to the supremacy of parliament at all events into logical conformity with the theory of the British constitution.

That any such parliamentary union with the North American colonies would have been permanent it is impossible to believe. Franklin affected to think "it would probably subsist so long as

Britain shall continue a nation." On the contrary, the first occasion on which the colonial representatives had been overborne by the English and Scotch members would have dissolved it. Franklin himself would have been the first to denounce a connection in which British representative heads were counted as against colonial. Great Britain and the American colonies were doomed to part by the very incompatibility of their rival greatness. The projects Franklin and some of his English and Scotch allies devised with a view to averting the catastrophe carried on their face proof of their want of reality. It was, however, a gratuitous addition to the shock of predestined separation that British politics should at the time have been passing through a stage of moral degradation which intensified the violence of the wrench. Almost more grievous still was the coincidence that it was the fate of England to have Franklin, of all men, for witness of the ruin.

In the earlier years of the reign of George III. the whole body of British politics was sick, it seemed, to death. The few statesmen who were incorrupt were technical fanatics, like Mr. George Grenville, or "inaccessibles," like Lord Chatham. They were commonly of a worse type. There was the careless king's minister, like Lord North, who for the sake of peace with his colleagues, "some of whom could not be brought to agree to the repeal of the whole Stamp Act," suffered his better sense to be overridden, and consented to maintain "the duty on tea, with the obnoxious preamble, to continue the dispute." There was the man of pleasure, like Lord Clare, who, "after we had drunk a bottle and a half of claret each, hugged and kissed me, protesting he never in his life met with a man he was so much in love with." There was the official, incapable of understanding that a colony could have rights, like Lord Hillsborough, "whose character is conceit, wrong-headedness, obstinacy, and passion." There was the minister with an instinct of equity, but without the moral courage to adhere to it, like Lord Dartmouth, "with dispositions for the best measures, and easily prevailed with to join in the worst." There was the mob of peers, not vouchsafing even to consider, still less to understand, Lord Chatham's plan for pacification: "Hereditary legislators! There would be more propriety, because less hazard of mischief, in having, as in some university of Germany, hereditary professors of mathematics." There was a House of Commons, costing "no less than four thousand pounds for a member." There was the abandonment of London for days to "a drunken mad mob," which had made a hero of "an outlaw and an exile of bad personal character." "I went last week to Winchester, and observed that for fifteen miles out of town there was scarce a door or window-shutter next the road unmarked with

'Wilkes and Liberty' and 'No. 45.'" There was, at least in the American's eyes, "in short, a whole venal nation, now at market, to be sold for about two millions, and able to be bought out of the hands of the present bidders, if he would offer half a million more, by the devil himself." This was a population which talked of "our colonies," as if Pennsylvania and Massachusetts and Virginia were private possessions of every ignorant Englishman. To Englishmen an American's only apology for existence was to buy English goods. These people, who thought themselves competent to legislate for America, could scarcely point out its place on the globe. They would not of themselves have seen any incongruity in Franklin's jest that the King of Spain had contracted for the casting of a thousand guns at Quebec, or detected the absurdity of his assurance that "the grand leap of the whale in the chase up the falls of Niagara is esteemed, by all who have seen it, as one of the finest spectacles in nature." For a time the king was the refuge of Americans enraged and outraged by the pretensions of men they despised to lord it over their superiors in character and public spirit. Franklin records with delight so late as 1772 how "the king has been heard to speak of me with great regard." He loved to contrast the goodness of the king with the stupid selfishness of the nation. But gradually he begins to "suspect, between you and me, that the late measures have been very much the king's own, and that he has in some cases a great share of what his friends call firmness." He hopes still that, "by some painstaking and proper management, the wrong impressions the king has received may be removed." But at length the suspicion becomes certainty, the hope fades, and he is forced to the conclusion, which was unhappily only too true, that "the king hates us most cordially" in the aggregate, and "that insidious man," Franklin, in particular.

King George thought all who disagreed with him madmen or rogues. We know from the Shelburne correspondence how he consoled himself at the end of the American war with the reflection that "knavery seems to be so much the striking feature of the inhabitants, that it may not in the end be an evil that they will become aliens to this kingdom." At all events his instinct of aversion from Franklin did not deceive him. Whatever was vicious and out of joint in the relations between England and its colonies showed uglier and more misshapen as reflected through Franklin's eyes. It was not by any design or desire of Franklin that his mission in England irritated every disposition in the two peoples to quarrel. His correspondence shows that, though he could not avoid perceiving the blunders of English dealing with America, he would have been far from disinclined to aid in correcting them. He had shown himself so temperate a mediator between the two

countries, that when the Stamp Act was promulgated in America in 1766 his house and family in Philadelphia were threatened by a mob. His complaint in 1768 had probably not been insincere that, as he had rendered himself suspected in England of being "too much an American," in America, on the contrary, he was suspected of being "too much an Englishman." He argued that "between the governed and governing every mistake in government, every encroachment on right, is not worth a rebellion." To the very eve of the civil war he was ready to discuss ways by which it might have been avoided. Yet an agent of the colonies much less acute, much less of an impassioned enthusiast for peace, with a far inferior title to gain an audience of ministers and orators, would have had more chance of success in appeasing the feud. As we read the correspondence which Mr. Bigelow has compiled and condensed, we feel the issue of the controversy to be a foregone conclusion. Franklin taught his countrymen to despise the mother-country. He seemed always to be presenting an ultimatum. In 1766 he writes of the Stamp Act: "As to executing the act by force, it is madness, and will be ruin to the whole." In 1771 he writes to the Massachusetts Committee of Correspondence about the exaction of customs in America by parliament, that civil war is the certain result. "The bloody struggle will end in absolute slavery to America, or ruin to Britain by the loss of her colonies; the latter most probable from America's growing strength and magnitude." Another representative of the colonies would probably have begun by assuming the indissolubility of the bond which united Great Britain and its American settlements. Franklin showed himself to his countrymen perpetually in the act of testing the chain, to judge where were the weak links at which it might be expected to break. Instead of a mediator come to negotiate a removal of colonial grievances, he appeared in the character of a judge pronouncing a divorce of the colonies from Great Britain for British infidelity and general desertion of duties.

Jobbing English politicians felt and resented the tone of scornful superiority in Franklin's remonstrances on behalf of his constituents. They exulted in the opportunity afforded them for a retort by his appearance before the privy council to give evidence on the petition of Massachusetts for the removal of Governor Hutchinson and Lieutenant-Governor Andrew Oliver. The ground of the petition was that correspondence which had fallen into Franklin's hands between them and a Mr. Whately, who had been private secretary to Mr. George Grenville—not, as Mr. Bigelow styles him, "Lord" Grenville—convicted them of having incited the British government to the measures which had produced the strife between it and the colonies. The scene in the Council Chamber on the historical 29th of January, 1774, was an explosion

of wrath long pent up. The whole, as Franklin wrote to Mr. Cushing, was "in all probability preconcerted." The thirty-five privy councillors, forgetting that they were sitting as judges, "frequently laughed outright," as Dr. Priestley narrates, "at the sallies of Mr. Wedderburn's sarcastic wit." They were charmed to retaliate thus on the transatlantic moralist who, they well knew, had been for seventeen years registering their follies and corruptions. They were not altogether wrong in condemning the conduct of Franklin in that transaction. It is not necessary to accept Wedderburn's insinuation that Franklin had employed his opportunities as American postmaster-general to intercept Governor Hutchinson's letters home. Mr. C. Francis Adams's account is probably true, that the papers were delivered to Franklin by Sir John Temple. But not the less had both Franklin and the Assembly of Massachusetts violated, in the use they made of them, the confidence of private correspondence. Franklin's defence has been commonly accepted by Americans. It was that private letters written by a highly placed official on public questions to a member of the British parliament could not be described as private letters. That was the conclusion also of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. The fallacy of such a position is apparent. It is at least as extraordinary that Franklin should have thought the misuse of Governor Hutchinson's correspondence balanced by the publication and dispatch to the English Government of the letters sent by Franklin as the agent of the Massachusetts Assembly to the Assembly. Obviously publicity, though within a limited circle, was contemplated by the writer himself as a property of the letters to the Assembly, and privacy as a property of those of Governor Hutchinson to Mr. Whately. Most extraordinary of all was Franklin's profession of amazement in the account he published of the whole transaction that the British government should not have profited by the occasion and left Governor Hutchinson and his brother officials "like the scapegoats of old to carry away into the wilderness all the offences which have arisen between the two countries." He could not understand, any more than after the war when Great Britain interceded for the restoration of the loyalists who had suffered in its cause, that a government cannot with any self-respect shift the consequences of its blunders on subordinates who have served it. He actually appears to have anticipated gratitude from British ministers for the part he had played in the miserable business. "A court clamor," he exclaims in his narrative, "was raised against me as an incendiary! The very action upon which I valued myself as, it appeared to me, a means of lessening our differences, I was unlucky enough to find charged upon me as a wicked attempt to increase them. Strange perversion!"

The 29th of January, 1774, shattered what Franklin was fond of calling that "china vase," that "beautiful porcelain vase," the British empire, as then constituted. From that day, though Franklin himself was possibly unconscious of the catastrophe, no hope lingered of reconciling the claims of Great Britain to sovereignty, and of the colonies to equality. On the day following the baiting at the Council Office, he was informed that "his majesty's postmaster-general had found it necessary to dismiss him from the office of deputy postmaster-general in North America. Yet he lingered for another year and four months, observing a cool, sullen silence to ministers." He kept, he writes, "a separate account of private injuries, which," he adds, "I may forgive." He certainly never did forgive them. But, though henceforth he did not court, neither did he reject overtures for an arrangement of the difficulty between two kindred peoples. Mr. Bigelow's volumes are full of interminable negotiations between Franklin on one side and Lord Howe, Lord Hyde, Dr. Fothergill, Mr. David Hartley, and Mr. Barclay on the other, for a basis of settlement. Franklin visited Lord Chatham at Hayes, to consult on possible means of accommodation. The great man's equipage was seen at Franklin's door in Craven Street, "on the very day twelve months," as Franklin proudly notes, "that the ministry had taken so much pains to disgrace me before the privy council." Franklin by no means repulsed the assistance thus proffered for the reunion of the two countries. He remarked, with pleasure, the sympathy of Dissenters and Irishmen, and other victims of English legislative exclusiveness, with the resistance of the colonies, and their belief that "the salvation of English liberty depended now on the perseverance and virtue of America." The negotiations went on as merrily as if none of the parties to them entertained any suspicion that the subject-matter of their conferences had ceased to exist, that the British plantations in North America had expanded into a nation. Even at this distance of time an English student is sensible of a sort of despair, from the consciousness how only the surface was stirred by these elaborate discussions. The deliberations commonly accompanied or followed a game of chess between Franklin and Lord Howe's sister. They had neither less nor more of seriousness about them than the tournament of the chessboard. On points of detail Franklin was ready enough to give way. He offered to pledge his personal security for the repayment to the merchants of their losses on the tea thrown into Boston harbor. But when it came to the question of conceding legislative independence to the colonies, neither could he abate a jot nor the English volunteer pacificators concede the demand. The utmost to which Franklin's English friends felt they could even offer to pledge the British nation was, that the bare right of parliament to supremacy

should be so guarded in its exercise as to be practically dormant. Chatham himself could not presume to ask of the nation at large anything higher. When, moderate as was Chatham's plan for a settlement and enormous as was his personal authority, the Peers would not so much consider it as to allow it to lie on their table, it may easily be conceived how utterly insoluble had the crisis become.

Yet of the two sides there was on the English more, we would almost say, of good faith than on the American. We are far from imputing conscious insincerity to Franklin. He foresaw war as the necessary consequence of a failure to repair the breach; and his common declaration may be believed, that he was almost inclined to think "there was never a good war nor a bad peace." He was no fanatical admirer of particular forms of government. But circumstances, he obviously felt, had rent England and its American colonies asunder, and there was no possibility of healing the wound. His Quaker, Dissenter, and Chathamite friends could scarcely believe in such a schism in the imperial unity. Even at the moment of recognizing the independence of the United States, seven years later, statesmen looked forward to a possible return of the colonies to their allegiance. No Englishman could comprehend, as Franklin could, the capacity of the colonies for standing alone. In exhorting, when the British ministers had shown themselves unbending in 1775, the Americans to resist, for that "nothing could secure the privileges of America but a firm, sober adherence to the terms of the association made at the congress," men like Barclay and Fothergill hardly suspected that the firmness meant final separation. In asserting that "the salvation of English liberty depended on the "perseverance and virtue of America," they were thinking of Americans as fellow-subjects, whose voices in favor of liberty would be added to their English voices in right of their common country. We can see better in these days, and so could Franklin in his. The condition of things may be summed up in a sentence. A united American congress was sitting at Philadelphia, and Benjamin Franklin had been scolded and sneered at by the Solicitor-General of England and the king's councillors as a thief. It would have been wonderful surgery to reincorporate the bleeding limb in the old body. It would have needed nothing less than a miracle when the fragment torn from the mutilated British trunk was itself grown into a breathing being.

Franklin shook the dust of England from his feet, as a subject of King George, when he set sail for America in 1775. When he returned to Europe it was to watch and to battle from Passy the clumsy efforts of British ministers to make a solitude where they had failed to maintain peace. He was so far a diplomatist that he had studied human character for seventy years. Yet in England

his diplomacy had only exasperated. In France he accomplished as much against England as Washington with all his victories. His knowledge of French was so indifferent that on one occasion during the sitting of the Academy he was observed to "applaud the loudest at his own praises." He did the work, but he never learned the dialect, of diplomacy. He was that strange creature a republican at the court of a pure monarchy. In Paris his defects were virtues. His scientific fame spoke for itself in purest Parisian French. As a politician, to the court he was the dire enemy of England; to the jaded society of Paris he was the representative of a new world of feeling and thought. His New England astuteness seemed to Parisian courtiers patriarchal innocence. His naïve stories and illustrations, which a thousand admirers were ready to translate and repeat in every circle of the town, were as bracing as quinine. His very costume, "his hair hanging, his spectacles on his nose, his white hose, and white hat under his arm," in the midst of absurd perukes and brocaded suits, came like a revelation of nature to the victims of fashion. He became, to his own amusement, the idol of Paris. "Mr. Franklin," writes a contemporary Parisian, "is besieged, followed, admired, adored, wherever he shows himself, with a fury, a fanaticism, capable no doubt of flattering him and doing him honor, but which at the same time proves that we shall never be reasonable." He tells his daughter that incredible numbers have been sold of clay medallions of him, "some to be set in the lids of snuff-boxes, and some so small as to be worn in rings." "Pictures, busts, and prints have made your father's face as well known as that of the moon." A great Parisian lady wrote fifty years later to the respectable Ticknor in language which implied that she thought the Americans and the Patagonians kindred peoples. After the same fashion, Versailles was never perhaps quite certain that the New England philosopher was not of red Indian descent. But love does not reason. Paris had fallen in love with Franklin, and in homage to him even grew enamored of simplicity.

No Englishman was ever so caressed in Paris, for the very reason that Franklin was and was not an Englishman. As the American sage and philosopher, he performed as much for his country as he accomplished by his diplomatic skill. But he was a diplomatist too, and of high rank in the art. Colleagues and rivals, like his detractor Arthur Lee, or even Jay and Adams, who, as Mr. Fitzherbert wrote, in a letter quoted by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice in his "Life of Lord Shelburne," "rather fear than are attached to him," might be pardoned for inability to understand the source of his influence. They did not venture to deny the fact. In the only serious instance in which, in reference to the disputed fishery and boundary rights, he was accused of neglecting the interests of his

countrymen, his colleagues certified that he had defended those interests with his counsels and his authority. On another and more important point, he not merely co-operated but took the initiative. A man who had gone through the campaign with Braddock, who had shared in the apprehensions and labors of the crisis which followed the British defeat, and exulted in the triumph of Wolfe, was not likely to depreciate the value of Canada. The question of the moral right of the colonies to the old French possessions in North America had been a special point in the futile negotiations between himself and Lord Howe in England. When the war commenced he sought to induce France to help the colonies to wrest Canada and Nova Scotia from England. As soon as the negotiations for peace with England opened, his great efforts were directed to persuade the English commissioner, Richard Oswald, to see the utility of ceding those territories as proofs of a desire for that "sweet" thing, a "reconciliation," and as a safeguard against future causes of strife. Oswald, a prosperous Scotch merchant, was, as Franklin says of him, an old man who had "nothing at heart but the good of mankind, and putting a stop to mischief." But he does not seem to have been fit to cope with a consummate philanthropist like Franklin. He had happened to let fall an opinion that "the giving up of Canada to the English at the last peace had been a politic act in France, for that it had weakened the ties between England and her colonies, and that he himself had predicted from it the late revolution." Franklin, who had been preparing the ground by asserting the title of the United States to reparation over and above the mere grant of peace, for the injuries England had inflicted, proposed that Canada should be given and accepted as such reparation. He applied Oswald's own argument to the future: "I spoke of the occasions of quarrel that might be produced by England continuing to hold Canada, hinting at the same time, but not expressing too plainly, that such a situation, to us so dangerous, would necessarily oblige us to cultivate and strengthen our union with France." Oswald "appeared much struck with my discourse." Franklin had already developed a scheme on paper which he lent Oswald to read and meditate upon. The plan was that "Britain should voluntarily offer to give up the province, though on these conditions, that she shall in all times coming have and enjoy the right of free trade thither, unencumbered with any duties whatsoever; that so much of the vacant lands shall be sold as will raise a sum sufficient to pay for the houses burned by the British troops and their Indians, and also to indemnify the royalists for the confiscation of their estates." Oswald, he says, "told me that nothing in his judgment could be clearer, more satisfactory, and convincing than the reasonings in that paper; that he would do his utmost to impress Lord Shel-

burne with them." Franklin, in reporting by letter this conversation to his brother peace commissioner Adams, describes Oswald's remarks rather more fully than in the semi-official journal he kept. He tells Adams on April 20th, 1782, his proposal about Canada: "Mr. Oswald liked much the idea, but said they were too much straitened for money to make any pecuniary reparation; but he should endeavor to persuade their doing in this way." Oswald went to England to confer with Lord Shelburne, taking Franklin's paper with him. On his return to Paris, he informed Franklin that "it seemed to have made an impression, and he had reason to believe that it might be settled to our satisfaction toward the end of the treaty; but in his own mind he wished it might not be mentioned at the beginning; that his lordship indeed said he had not imagined reparation would be expected, and he wondered I should not know whether it was intended to demand it." A day or two after Franklin conversed again on the subject with Oswald. "Oswald repeated to me his opinion, that the affair of Canada would be settled to our satisfaction, and his wish that it might not be mentioned till toward the end of the treaty." But it has now been proved by the publication of the French dispatches, which are to be found in M. de Circourt's translation of Bancroft's history, that no one was more bitterly opposed than the French ministers to the annexation of Canada to the United States. Eager as they were to promote the separation of the British provinces in America from the mother country, M. de Vergennes was entirely opposed to any extension of the emancipated territory; and he perhaps still cherished a hope that the French provinces in America, which had been conquered by England only twenty years before, might one day be brought back to their allegiance to the court of Versailles.

Franklin, as a diplomatist, was not peremptory in insisting on the rights of his country, still less on his own dignity. But he studied the French men and the French women who ruled France, and he probed to the bottom the instincts of the French governing class, without losing his own. About alliances in general he was not solicitous. Before he started on his own mission to Europe he had in Congress, though in vain, deprecated the sending a "virgin" republic "suitoring" for the friendship of European powers. "It seems to me," he writes, "that we have in most instances hurt our credit and importance by sending all over Europe, begging alliances, and soliciting declarations of our independence. The nations, perhaps, from thence seemed to think that our independence is something they have to sell, and that we do not offer enough for it." Writing to Jay, at Madrid, in April, 1782, he exclaims: "Spain has taken four years to consider whether she should treat with us or not. Give her forty, and let us in the

mean time mind our own business." Five years before, in 1777, he and his fellow-representatives of the United States in Europe had received instructions that, "in case France and Spain will enter into the war, the United States will assist the former in the conquest of the British sugar islands, and the latter in the conquest of Portugal, America desiring only for her share what Britain holds on the continent." Americans must blush to think that their new-born commonwealth should have sought aid in its emancipation by offers to assist in enslaving another free state which had never done it an injury. We are glad, for the credit of Franklin, to observe that he simply recites these instructions in a letter to Arthur Lee, who was in Burgos. He adds not a word implying approbation of the offer of such a bribe to Spain.

But, in fact, he cared little for other European alliances than the American alliance with France. To cement that he was ready to be all complaisance. His tact alone prevented a rupture with the French ministers through the signature, in December, 1782, behind their backs, of the preliminary treaty between Great Britain and the United States. His brother commissioners, Jay and Adams, suspected that the French government wished to protract the negotiations for its own objects, however the United States might suffer by the prolongation of the war. Their suspicion was not without foundation; and Franklin, when he understood the facts, acquiesced in their decision to proceed independently. But he had the wisdom, which his colleagues lacked, to be content with starting peace on its route without breaking down the bridge by which it had crossed before he knew whether it might not be useful for a retreat. To the French minister's reproaches for the departure from good-fellowship, he replied by the soft answer which turneth away wrath. He defends himself, and Jay and Adams, against the charge of anything worse than "indiscretion" and "neglect of a point of *bienséance*." To those two offences he pleads guilty. But he warns M. de Vergennes not to forget the effect of a quarrel upon "the English, who, I just now learn, flatter themselves they have already divided us." The friendly relations of France and the United States had seemed in danger of being completely overclouded when Franklin's amiable apologies restored peace. Two days after the French ministerial remonstrance, the United States actually received from the French treasury a new loan of six million francs, which infused new life into their military operations. Jay and Adams, "who," alleges M. de Vergennes, "do not pretend to recognize the rules of courtesy in regard to us," could never have obtained that aid. Franklin's brother commissioners underrated the gain to the United States from French succor. Without the diversion France created in Europe and the subsidies she granted, it is almost incredible that the congress

should not have been compelled to make a humiliating peace with King George. Franklin understood that the French alliance was vital to his people, and he spared no pains that he might confirm it. As Jefferson said of him, in extolling his diplomatic dexterity, he, by his reasonableness, moderation, and temper, so won the confidence of the French ministers that "it may truly be said they were more under his influence than he under theirs."

Englishmen were not so criminal nor was England so near to the close of its greatness as Franklin supposed. On the other hand, neither was the power of France so deeply rooted as it appeared to his friendly eyes, nor French aid to the struggling republic so generous as he habituated himself to represent it. While he was keen to detect the perversion of free institutions to the purposes of selfish corruption in England, he chose to be for the most part utterly blind to the more radical vices of French government and society. He remarks, almost as if it were matter of praise, that "the *noblesse* always govern here," and that "trade is not their admiration." On his journey, in 1785, through France to Havre, where he was to embark for America, he was entertained at the magnificent château of the Archbishop of Rouen, Cardinal Rochefoucauld. He seems not to have felt the revolution in the air, and goes out of his way to testify that "the cardinal is much respected and beloved by the people of this country." In England the foundations were sound. Much practical liberty, and even good administration, were compatible with electoral dishonesty and political perversity. But Franklin could perceive no hope of a remedy for the inconsistencies between theory and practice which disgusted him. Not altogether in jest does he advise Englishmen to "dissolve your present old crazy constitution, and send members to congress." The entire order of things in France was rotten at the core, yet Franklin was more than half inclined to live and die there. When the tempest had actually begun to rage he still regarded it as a mere passing gust. He writes in October, 1788, to his friend M. le Veillard: "When this fermentation is over and the troubling parts subsided, the wine will be fine and good, and cheer the hearts of those who drink of it." Had his life lasted a little longer, he would have had to lament the death, on the scaffold, of the correspondent to whom he wrote thus hopefully, and of a multitude of other friends.

Franklin simply did not see the instability of that charming Parisian society to which he discoursed in his shrewdly witty parables. We suspect that he only affected not to perceive the selfish motives at the bottom of the invaluable assistance the French nation and government afforded his country. Chivalrous Frenchmen like Lafayette, in advocating the American cause, were more protesting against court absolutism at home than against the im-

perial tyranny of Great Britain. Frenchmen generally and their rulers, when they succored the United States, were merely fighting, as they had fought a generation earlier, England in America. They longed to recover Canada. When they had convinced themselves that their American allies would not consent to their return as sovereigns to any part of the North American continent, they liked better to leave their old dominions in the hands of England than struggle for their transfer to the emancipated British colonies. While Great Britain remained still a neighbor they believed the republic would not be able to dispense with the shelter of French protection. Franklin, who gauged human motives, especially when not altogether noble, with unerring sagacity, was possibly more desirous to convince Robert Livingston than himself convinced, when he wrote: "The ideas of aggrandizement by conquest are out of fashion. The wise here think France great enough; and its ambition at present seems to be only that of justice and magnanimity toward other nations, fidelity and utility to its allies." With this amiable construction which Franklin puts on the motives of French kindness to the American colonies of England in 1783, it is interesting to contrast his view of French official civilities sixteen years before. In 1767, after his examination by the House of Commons on the subject of the Stamp Act, the French minister plenipotentiary in London, M. Durand, called upon him.

"M. Durand," writes Franklin to his son, "is extremely curious to inform himself on the affairs of America; pretends to have a great esteem for me; invited me to dine with him, was very inquisitive, makes me visits. I fancy that intriguing nation would like very much to meddle on occasion, and blow up the coals between Britain and her colonies; but I hope we shall give them no opportunity."

The certainty that, had the American connection with Great Britain survived the Stamp and Tea Duty Acts, it must have collapsed in wider ruin a little later, produces a feeling of indifference to the personal incidents which contributed to the actual catastrophe. Otherwise, English readers of these volumes might be disposed to repine that Franklin should not have bestowed on the task of reconciling England and the colonies some of the unfailing *bonhomie* which kept the peace between the United States and France. As, when the war was once begun, every feature in the French national and political character was interpreted by him too kindly, so all in the English were interpreted too harshly. He made no account of the difficulties inherent in the relations of the colonies and the mother-country. To him there could be no fault on the former side, because there was nothing but what was faulty on the latter. He hears with delight of the vengeance of which the "No Popery" mob

was the unconscious instrument upon Lord Mansfield and Governor Hutchinson. "Lord Mansfield's house is burnt. Thus he who approved the burning of American houses has had fire brought home to him. He himself was horribly scared, and Governor Hutchinson, it is said, died outright of the fright." He speculates with pleasure on the possible wreck of the whole British empire: "If the English lose their Indian commerce and one battle at sea, their credit is gone, and their power follows." He foretells that the war "must end in the ruin of Britain, if she does not speedily put an end to it." He believes every tale of the "cruel captivity" to which "our brave countrymen," "martyrs to the cause of liberty," are subjected, "fed scantily on bad provisions, without warm lodging, clothes, or fire." He denounces the war "on the part of England as, of all the wars in my time, the wickedest, having no cause but malice against liberty, and the jealousy of commerce." He despairs of seeing its end because, he writes to an Englishman, "your thirsty nation has not drunk enough of our blood." Every Englishman is held by him guilty of complicity. But he attached especial guilt to all public men. He had written while fresh from England, in 1775, to his old friend, William Strahan, the king's printer: "Mr. Strahan, you are a member of parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our homes and murder our people. Look at your hands; they are stained with the blood of your relations. You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy, and I am yours." Guilty above other members of parliament were, in his eyes, the king's ministers. "I never think," he writes to Mr. James Hutton, in 1778, "of your present ministers and their abettors but with the image strongly painted in my view of their hands, red, wet, and dripping with the blood of my countrymen, friends, and relations." Upon King George himself, once his admired mediator between a tyrant parliament and oppressed colonies, he pours out all the vials of his wrath. He charges upon the king the destruction, "in a continued course of bloody wars, of near one hundred thousand human creatures." To Franklin the king must account for two thousand scalps torn from defenceless farmers, their wives, and children, by the savages he hired. To Franklin the royal wickednesses are the best evidence of immortality. "The more I see the impossibility, from the number and extent of his crimes, of giving equivalent punishment in this life, the more I am convinced of a future state in which all that here appears to be wrong shall be set right."

The disposition in Franklin to misjudge England impresses readers of his correspondence the more that he was by theory and practice generally indulgent to principles and conduct, however

differing from his own. So ostentatiously violent are his outbursts of anger at the English king, ministers, and nation, and, with this exception, so universally philanthropic and moderate are Franklin's general sentiments and language, that it is sometimes hard to smother a suspicion that the harshness against his former fellow-subjects and sovereign was a species of affectation. A more probable hypothesis would be that it was nature's revenge for the regular and continued repression to which from early manhood he had subjected his natural disposition. From the training the autobiography shows him to have undergone, we can infer something of his original temper. In that unique work, now for the first time, through Mr. Bigelow's care, printed as Franklin wrote it, and with the last few pages which had never before been published, Franklin alludes to his native impetuosity, and to the means he took to correct it. When young he was, he says, of a "disputatious turn," a very bad habit, he remarks, into which "persons of good sense seldom fall, except lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinburgh." Noticing that "disputing, contradicting, and confuting people are generally unfortunate in their affairs," he exchanged the habit, after reading Xenophon's "Memorabilia," for the Socratic method. "I dropped my abrupt contradiction and argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer and doubter" He became so expert a master of dialectics that a controversial printer with whom he worked at Philadelphia would at last "hardly answer me the most common question without asking first, 'What do you intend to infer from that?'" As that very irritating substitute for dogmatism proved not more likely to make friends than his former practice, he retained of the Socratic method "only the habit of expressing himself in terms of modest diffidence." "I never use," he writes, "when I advance anything that may possibly be disputed, the words 'certainly,' 'undoubtedly,' or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion, but rather say, 'I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so,' or 'It is so if I am not mistaken.'" When he set up his "club of mutual improvement," the Junto, the rules drawn up by him were framed on the same principle. "Everything was studied which might prevent our disgusting each other." To prevent warmth, all expressions of positiveness in opinions or direct contradiction were after some time made contraband, and prohibited under small pecuniary penalties." The restraint of the Junto may be answerable in part for the freedom with which, when patriotism seemed to license him, the unlucky Lord Hillsborough is characterized as a compound of "conceit, wrongheadedness, obstinacy, and passion," and even "insincerity." If King George, once "the very best king in the world, and the most amiable," is condemned to

Tophet for not letting the American colonies go free on their own demand, the warmth of the denunciation may have only been compensation for the studied temperateness which overlay a nature apparently by no means devoid of passion and excitability. Franklin had brought himself to regard varieties of doctrine and opinion as not worth the friction of loss of temper, with the one exception of the question of national liberty and independence. That appeared to him on a different level altogether. On that he esteemed anger lawful and virtuous, and, we suspect, he found an occasional indulgence in it by no means disagreeable.

Franklin could at once bear vituperation with the stoicism of a tortured Indian, and then turn and wither up an assailant with lightning flash and fire. But the extraordinary feature both in his tolerance and in his intolerance is that no one ever supposes his indignation was not as much within his own command as his patience. We have hitherto dwelt chiefly on the value of Mr. Bigelow's edition of the autobiography and correspondence as recalling a great political and historical epoch. It possesses as much value of a different sort, as making for the first time popularly accessible the most marvellous instance of a formed and built-up character in the whole of the records of psychology. There was the raw, original Franklin, who might have developed in this or that direction, and there was a very different creature, the actual Franklin, as Philadelphia and London and Paris knew him. The rough material had been hewn and carved and polished into the finished moralist, statesman, diplomatist, fabulist, and general worker in human wit, by a third self, a moral censor who was continually surveying and criticising the new fabric as it grew.

Franklin was at an early period dogmatic ; as we have seen, he discovered that was an inconvenient character with which to make the pilgrimage of life ; he corrected it at first by inquiring into the foundations of the dogmas of others, instead of propounding dogmas himself. People liked no better to be obliged to render an account of their own beliefs than to have another person's belief forced upon them ; his inner monitor accommodated matters by engrafting a habit of suggesting an opinion ; whoever chose were left at liberty to suppose they had elaborated it out of their own heads. There was good free blood in the veins of the Franklins. His father, Josiah, had quitted Ecton, in Northamptonshire, for Boston in 1682, for the sake of liberty of worship. He had a library of "books of dispute about religion," and Franklin when a mere boy read them out of a mere natural "bookishness." Later, when he was about fifteen, "some books against Deism fell into my hands ; they were said to be the substance of sermons preached at Boyle's Lectures. It happened that they wrought an effect upon me quite contrary to what was intended by them ; for the argu-

ments of the Deists, which were quoted to be refuted, appeared to me much stronger than the refutations; in short, I became a thorough Deist." There worked the natural Franklin. But he argued from his new point of view to such effect as to convert his friends, and several of them ended by defrauding him. Consequently his monitor "began to suspect that the doctrine, though it might be true, was not very useful." Deism was put out at the door, and "trust, sincerity, and integrity," together with an apparently very sincere faith in Providence, were introduced instead. He accepted even revelation, to such an extent, at any rate, as to assume that, "though certain actions might not be bad because they were forbidden by it, or good because it commanded them, yet probably those actions might be forbidden because they were bad for us, or commanded because they were beneficial to us." A man's belief is commonly part of himself, the growth of his own nature. Franklin ceased to be a rationalist because his inner monitor had examined the reasons for and against, and arrived at the conclusion that it was for his general advantage and comfort and respectability and internal satisfaction to be unenthusiastically religious.

His own devotions he performed at home, but he had so high an opinion of the utility of public prayer that he persuaded the Federal Convention to commence its sittings with prayer. Of the advantages of a regular liturgy he was equally convinced. To popularize the Prayer-Book he helped the reformed Lord Le Despenser, once the friend of Wilkes and "Abbot" of Medmenham, whom Mr. Bigelow occasionally denominates Lord Spencer, in abridging it. For his share he took the Catechism and the Psalms. This edifying work was published by a bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard in 1773. Franklin's heart, however, was at all times more susceptible of charitable than of theological emotions. Writing in 1758 to his sister of an acrostic on her name, in which faith was described as occupying the Christian's ground floor, hope the first floor, and charity the garret, he bids her "Get as fast as you can into the garret, for in truth the best room in the house is charity. For my part, I wish the house was turned upside down; it is so difficult (when one is fat) to go upstairs." Religion moved him, not dogmatic theology. Every one knows his remark: "Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is your doxy." He could not understand why some American gentlemen who desired to officiate according to the rites of the Church of England in the United States, and whom the Archbishop of Canterbury refused to ordain unless they took the oath of allegiance, should not ordain one another. As they objected, he asked the Papal Nuncio in Paris to direct a Roman Catholic bishop in America to ordain them. He was surprised that the Nuncio insisted they should turn Catho-

lics first. Mr. Whitefield, he mentions in the autobiography, "used sometimes to pray for my conversion, but never had the satisfaction of believing that his prayers were answered."

Followers of Whitefield could specify the day and even the minute of their conversion. Franklin had his conversion and its epoch too. But, as with his religious views and practices, so his morality was done to order. The natural Franklin was ordered by his ruling self "to acquire the habitude of all the virtues." In the year 1728, being then twenty-two, "I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong. I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other." He accordingly divided all the virtues into thirteen, temperance, silence, order, resolution, frugality, industry, sincerity, justice, moderation, cleanliness, tranquillity, chastity, and humility. Humility was not in his first draft. He introduced it, "a Quaker friend having kindly informed me that I was generally thought proud, being in conversation overbearing and rather insolent, of which he convinced me by mentioning several instances." He kept a kind of diary, with a page allotted to each of the thirteen, and "determined to give a week's strict attention to each of the virtues successively."

Order he found the hardest of all the virtues to acquire. "In truth, I found myself incorrigible with respect to order; and now I am grown old, and my memory bad, I feel very sensibly the want of it." Humility was another difficult virtue. But, writes Franklin, "though I cannot boast of much success in acquiring the reality of this virtue, I had a good deal with regard to the appearance of it. On the whole," he adds, "though I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was, by the endeavor, a better and a happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it." Mr. Bigelow found a marginal note appended to the original MS., from which his edition of the autobiography is printed: "Nothing so likely to make a man's fortune as virtue." The natural Franklin was guilty, as his own censorious self often remarked, of various "errata" in youth. In his autobiography and in his letters to friends he avows a wish to have his life come over again, that he might enjoy "the advantages authors have in a second edition to correct some faults of the first." But that, we should suppose, was only a tribute to the virtue of humility. His conscience seems to have cleared itself of all uncomfortable twinges for his youthful misdeeds. Of misdeeds in after life, except in the matter of an occasional second bottle of Madeira and a preference for riding to walking, he shows no consciousness.

Even the glass too much and the bodily indolence brought their own sufficient penalty in visitations of gout, which balanced the account.

Franklin's description of himself, both in the autobiography and in his correspondence, resembles a little too much the portrait of a self-sufficient, self-made, pompous tradesman. Vice is represented as want of practical wisdom, not as something to arouse shame or moral indignation. Such a disposition would have broken up an empire and plunged the world in war, in revenge for London not agreeing with a Philadelphian alderman's estimate of his own merits. On the contrary, the universal testimony of America and France, and of a large body of the most upright and honest Englishmen, pronounced Franklin the brightest and least egotistical of companions, the warmest of friends, the most devoted and disinterested of patriots. George the Third's condemnation of his "insidiousness" bore testimony to the apparent frankness and simplicity which the king believed to conceal continual intrigues. The king was similarly prejudiced against the French envoy, Rayneval, for having "the appearance of an inoffensive man of business," since "cunning will be more dangerous under so specious a garb." Franklin was simply one of that class of men to whom the capacity has been given of surveying themselves from the outside as well as from the inside. He desired to judge himself as a stranger would have judged him. Some men do that toward the close of their lives, when their careers are become to them mere matter of history. He did it not in his autobiography alone, but in every incident of his busy life. The quality in one sense is not very rare. But commonly they who are their own critics lose in courage and decision what they gain by appraising themselves at their proper value. They escape the danger of overrating their real merits, and they succumb to the danger of frightening themselves with their own shadows. Self-consciousness and timidity dwarf and repress all vigor of growth. The happy peculiarity of Franklin's nature was that it remained buoyant and independent in spite of the sense that at the end of each day it was sure to be called up to render an account of itself. His original self took advice from his educated self, yet never ceased to be spontaneous. He studied humanity as mirrored in his own nature. There he traced the varying strength of motives, and the mode in which they operate. What he saw he was ready enough to expose to the view of other men. The world at large was fascinated and charmed by being admitted to the contemplation of the most masculine and capacious of minds, through which its owner himself appeared always ready to act as guide.

The strength and variety of his friendships are among the most conspicuous features of his career. We know the fact by his cor-

respondence, and also why it should have been so. As a lad he won predominating influence over more brilliant acquaintances, like Ralph and Osborn, the "eminent lawyer" with whom Franklin "made a serious agreement, which Osborn never fulfilled," that "the one who happened first to die should, if possible, pay a friendly visit to the other, and acquaint him how he found things in that separate state." Keith, the Governor of Pennsylvania, Burnet, the Governor of New York, conversed with him, while a journeyman printer, as almost an equal. Whitefield would not resign the hope of converting so illustrious a moralist. Lord Kames, a forgotten celebrity, whose fame once ranked with that of Hume and Gibbon, was his intimate, with whom at various times he "passed weeks of densest happiness." Though politics, and perhaps the contrast between his measured equability of manner and Johnson's strongly accented temperament, kept them apart, Boswell was proud to be his acquaintance and his host. Cowper treasured the praises of his poems by "one of the first philosophers, one of the most eminent literary characters that the present age can boast of." Chatham sought his friendship. Fox eagerly claimed him still for a countryman. Lafayette haunted him, much to the disgust of the English peace commissioners, who thought they could understand Franklin, but not the French knight-errant. Mirabeau was the bearer of letters of introduction from him to America, and encircled his memory when dead with the halo of his brilliant eloquence. His successor at Paris, Jefferson, agreed that "no one could replace Dr. Franklin," for the reason that no one could excite so much interest as a man. Washington was proud to be counted among his friends. He was honored by all the kings he ever had an opportunity of meeting, except his own. He was loved by the old lodging-house keeper in Craven Street where he lived. None could have been better company. He could play chess, and the next moment be weaving a new web of politics. He could fathom the secrets of nature, and explain them as if he were telling a fairy tale. He could make a real fairy tale the vehicle for a moral lesson, and hide a political sarcasm in a mock proclamation by the great Frederick. If the company loved its wine, he could drink as stoutly as Dr. Johnson. He had no fear of the gout before his eyes when fair ladies filled the glass and wits were hanging upon his lips.

He enjoyed a large share of happiness in life, and was grateful for it. He himself has written: "The felicity of my life, when I reflected on it, has induced me sometimes to say that, were it offered to my choice, I should have no objection to a repetition of the same life from its beginning." At the age of twenty-one he nearly died of pleurisy. "I was," he says, "rather disappointed when I found myself recovering, regretting in some degree that I

must now, some time or other, have all that disagreeable work to do over again." As life proceeded he found quite enough of what was agreeable in it to make up for the vexation of its having a close. At the age of sixty-three he could say appreciatively: "Take one thing with another, and the world is a pretty good sort of world." He was content to go on enduring its vicissitudes: "Though living on in one's children is a good thing, I cannot but fancy it might be better to continue living ourselves at the same time." In one way old age itself, which otherwise he would not object to have cured in himself along with other diseases, had its advantages. "As I grow old I grow less concerned about censure." As he grew old he did not grow less willing to continue that exertion of the energies which to him meant happiness. At the age of seventy he accepted the dangerous and delicate mission to France. "I am," he told the Congress, "but a fag-end; you may have me for what you please." At the age of seventy-nine he still found enjoyment in the management of affairs. Two years later, at the age of eighty-one, in the convention which met in 1787 to frame the definitive constitution, he, though opposed personally to the system of two legislative houses, made the project practically possible by his device that all the states should be represented equally in the upper house, and according to population in the lower house. If he sighed over his toils at seventy-nine, it was a sigh of satisfaction at the prospect of being "harnessed in the country's service for another year" as President of Pennsylvania. My countrymen, he wrote with manifest pleasure to a friend, "engrossed the prime of my life. They have eaten my flesh, and seem resolved now to pick my bones." At the age of eighty-three he still composed poetry, not very good, but not worse perhaps than what he was in the habit of writing sixty years before. Attacked simultaneously by gout, the stone, and old age, he comforted himself that "only three incurable diseases had fallen to his share, and that these had not deprived him, at the age of eighty-one, of his natural cheerfulness, his delight in books, and enjoyment of social conversation." If obliged by his three enemies to anticipate death, he solaced himself by thoughts of a term of higher activity, and therefore enjoyment, in another stage of existence. He began to doubt whether the building, his body, did not need so many repairs that in a little time the owner would "find it cheaper to pull it down and build a new one." He avowed "a growing curiosity to be acquainted with some other world," and longed, "free from bodily embarrassments, to roam through some of the systems Herschel has explored, conducted by some old companions already acquainted with them." His only hesitation at the age of eighty-two is whether it were not a pity to quit this particular universe at a time

of extraordinary "improvements in philosophy, morals, politics, and even the conveniences of common living, and the invention and acquisition of new and useful utensils and instruments." He whispers a wish that the final advance had been made in the particular art of physic, that "we might be able to avoid diseases and live as long as the patriarchs in Genesis; to which I suppose we should have little objection." It was almost as well that, though in 1788 he had heard rumors of John Fitch's "boat moved by a steam-engine rowing itself against tide in our river," and though he appeared to think "the construction might be so simplified and improved as to become generally useful," he could not foresee the full application of the principle. It would have been too grievous to leave life on the very eve of such a revolution.

The secret of his happiness was his power of doing whatever was his work for the moment with all his might. He could enjoy the pleasures of life as heartily as he performed its toils. Both were pleasures, although only one kind bore the name. Every faculty of his nature was permitted, and even commanded, to seek in its turn occasions for its exercise. His bodily senses were encouraged to gratify themselves as well as the mental. For a sage Franklin seems to have liked good eating and drinking, perhaps even a very little too much. As a boy he was trained to be "quite indifferent what kind of food was set before me, and so unobservant of it that to this day, if I am asked, I can scare tell a few hours after dinner what I dined upon." He took a little later on to a vegetable diet, and used the money he saved to buy books. All the world knows how at Watts's printing-house, in Queen Street, Franklin drank water-gruel to his companions' beer, and beat them all on the diet. As he became prosperous he acquired a decorous taste for less hermit-like fare. He confesses "for one that if I could find in any Italian travels a receipt for making Parmesan cheese, it would give me more satisfaction than a transcript of any inscription from any old stone structure." Parmesan had still some savor of Arcadia. But in another letter from Craven Street he remarks: "Just come home from a venison feast, where I have drunk more than a philosopher ought." Already at the age, for him very juvenile, of sixty-two, he was becoming stout. He observes: "Men of my bulk often fail suddenly." Paris was not likely to teach him plain living; fêtes, accompanied by innumerable glasses of champagne in his honor, must have been so many challenges to gout. At seventy-eight he writes to Strahan a letter of "chit-chat between ourselves over the second bottle." The very next letter in these volumes, addressed to Henry Laurens, begins significantly: "I write this in great pain from the gout in both feet."

His talk of indulgences in Madeira perhaps savors a little of

humorous exaggeration. Certainly in most points he would have contented Plato himself by his "temperance" and "justice" in respecting the independence both of his neighbors and of the various constituents of his own nature. It was this admirable orderliness of his organization which leaves on those who only read what he wrote an impression of coldness and absence of generous fervor which his contemporaries did not feel. Franklin, as we have shown in discussing his relations with English politics, could be impassioned and even fiery. There are signs in abundance that his heart could be touched as readily and more genially by sympathy with private griefs and joys. If his acquaintances included a cross-grained aunt and a young niece, he could appreciate the tediousness of the companionship for the girl, yet compassionate even more the infirmities of body and temper of the poor old woman. "Invent," he writes in such a case to a young friend, "amusements for her; be pleased when she accepts of them, and patient when she perhaps peevishly rejects them." He lifts up his powerful voice in an appeal for mercy to the "numbers of little innocents who suffer and perish" from its being unfashionable in London, and yet more in Paris, for mothers to nurse their children. In the midst of the turmoil over the Stamp Act, he is anxious in London for news of his little grandson in Pennsylvania: "You have so used me," he writes to his wife, "to have something pretty about the boy, that I am a little disappointed in finding nothing more of him. Pray give in your next, as usual, a little more of his history." We are afraid his admirers must admit that he too easily resigned himself to accept his wife's dread of the sea as a sufficient excuse for their remaining apart during many years. But he thought she was happy with her walnut trees and grandson; and he soothes the pangs of separation compelled by "duty to my country," by choosing London novelties for her, "a crimson satin cloak, the newest fashion," and a gown of flowered tissue, sixteen yards, cost nine guineas; I think it a great beauty." While the Stamp Act was still in force he would not violate the colonial self-denying ordinance by sending Mrs. Franklin presents of British goods. The moment it was repealed, in 1766, he dispatches "a fine piece of Pompadour satin, fourteen yards, cost eleven shillings a yard." For his wife's comfort, so long as she remained at Philadelphia, he is ready even to sacrifice the completeness of his electrical apparatus. "If the ringing of the bells connected with the iron rod frightens you, tie a piece of wire from one bell to the other." We are, however, bound to say that he adds: "Though I think it best the bells should be at liberty to ring, that you may know when they are electrified; and when you are afraid, you may keep at a distance."

His purse was always open to a tale of distress. He had an in-

genious method of circulating alms, by charging it on the honor of the recipient to pass on the gift to another deserving object, if he should have the means of making payment. He sends five louis d'or to an English clergyman, taken by a French privateer, or perhaps by Paul Jones, and in prison in Paris. "Some time or other," Franklin tells him, "you may have an opportunity of assisting with an equal sum a stranger who has equal need of it. If so, by that means you will discharge any obligation you may suppose yourself under to me. Enjoin him to do the same. Let kind offices go round." To an American in distress he gives ten louis, bidding him follow the same course: "I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave that will stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money." He adopted the same system with the salary he received, on quitting his French mission, as president of Pennsylvania. He held that "in a democratical state there ought to be no offices of profit." An envoy might receive a salary, he appeared to think; and an American postmaster-general might for seventeen years receive the salary in London, and perform its duties by deputy in America. But he drew the line at presidents of assemblies and states, and the like. Accordingly he bequeathed his presidential salary and its accumulations on trust, among other things, for loans to young artisans. These loans, unlike Franklin's louis d'or, were to be repaid with interest, but the principle was the same. A limited sum was to circulate illimitably in charity from hand to hand. The scheme failed, partly from the want of proper objects, and partly from the failure of the legacy to realize the amount it should, by Franklin's estimate of the profits of compound interest, have produced. By the end of two hundred years, two thousand pounds, he computed, should yield eight millions one hundred and twenty two thousand pounds sterling. As in the eighty-two years from 1790 to 1872 the two thousand have produced only a little over ten thousand, that magnificent arithmetical vision would seem to have had some flaw in it. However, the intention was equally benevolent, though the trust in compound interest proved as much a broken reed in Franklin's benevolent hands as in the exceedingly selfish ones of Mr. Thellusson.

His pen was as ready as his purse in the service of all human kindliness. And what a pen it was! It could discourse metaphysics so clearly and lucidly as to make them seem plain moralizing. It could tear a sophism to pieces by a mere query. It could make a simple tale read like a subtle argument. He could be grave and he could be gay in a breath. He could spend as much wit and humor on a "Craven Street Gazette"—which was meant only to amuse an old landlady away from home, and probably fearful

that the world, or the Strand, would be out of joint before her return from Rochester—as on a state paper designed to fire America and sting England. In another tone he translates into human language, for the amusement of a court lady, the reflections, in the garden of her house, of a gray-headed ephemera, full seven hours old, on the vanity of all things. His "Petition of the Left Hand" might have been composed by Addison. In it the left hand bewails the partiality which educates the right hand exclusively. Some of Franklin's fables and tales have been so absorbed into the thought of the world that their source is absolutely forgotten. Only in this way can we account for what was doubtless an unconscious plagiarism by an eminent sanitary authority last year of Franklin's "Economical Project for Diminishing the Cost of Light." The economy consisted simply in rising at six o'clock instead of nine or ten. A wakeful Parisian is represented as having discovered, to his great astonishment, that the sun actually began to shine at that hour. He calculated the saving to Paris in candle-light, should the city take advantage of the fact, at ninety-six million francs. But the philosophers of the town denied the fact itself. They proved by common notoriety that there could have been no light abroad at six o'clock, and therefore none could have entered from without. Their explanation was that the "windows, being accidentally left open, instead of letting in the light, had only served to let out the darkness." No one who listened last autumn to a reproduction of this bright little satire appears to have suspected its originality. That is a tribute to its modern air. But, in truth, ideas such as Franklin's never become superannuated. Again, not every one who uses the expression, "to pay dear for one's whistle," knows that the dear whistle was a purchase made by Franklin, when seven years old, with a pocketful of pence. Franklin's store was too abundant for him to mind, though some of his fame went astray. "You know," he tells his daughter, "everything makes me recollect some story." But it was not recollection so much as fancy. His fancy clothed every idea in circumstances. When the illustration had served its turn, he was indifferent what became of it. If he cared at all, it was that, when borrowed by a newspaper or magazine, it should have its proper allowance of long-tailed *s*'s and italics, and capitals to the substantives. With his old printer's prejudices, he could not understand the modern "fondness for an even and uniform appearance of characters in the line." He was less delighted at the complimentary censure of Lord Mansfield upon his witty and bitter "Edict of the King of Prussia" when reprinted in the "Chronicle," than indignant that the "Chronicle" should have "stripped it of all the capitals and italics that intimate the allusions and mark the emphasis of written discourses, to bring

them as near as possible to those spoken." He thought such appeals to the eye help to raise a writer to the level of a speaker, who has at his command both accent and gesture to point his periods. Franklin did injustice to himself when he fancied he wanted any such mechanical aids. His English had been learned from the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Spectator." It had the force of Bunyan without his ruggedness. It had the serene light of Addison, with tenfold his raciness and vigor. It sparkled with sarcasms as cutting as Voltaire's, but all sweetened with humanity.

If a David Hume might condemn here and there a sprinkling of such words as "pejorate," it was not from poverty but from exuberance of diction that Franklin had exposed his vocabulary to criticism. Many of his inventions or adaptations—such as "colonize"—have been stamped long since as current English. But he did not covet the fame of an inventor, whether in language, in morals, or in politics. In language he was even declared a foe to innovation. Writing to Noah Webster in 1789, he protests against the new verbs, "notice," "advocate," and "progress." He had as little ambition to be a classic as to be an innovator in English. He wrote because he had something at the moment to say, with a view to procuring that something should at the moment be done. In religion he confessed to a certain liking for heretics, all of whom, so far as he had acquaintance with the class, he declared were virtuous men. What, however, he liked was not their heresy so much as the spirit of self sacrifice which made them brave persecution. As a moralist he did not aspire to change the materials with which he had to deal. He was satisfied that men should make something more of their life, as their life was, without expecting to transform them into angels. When he proposed to himself moral perfection, he was conscious that he was aiming at nothing superhuman. He pared his definitions of the virtues he had resolved to practise down to the moderate level to which he felt himself not unequal. If a defect did not appear to be of a nature necessarily to injure a man's self or his neighbors, he was not prepared to banish it as a vice. Humility was one of his virtues. But humility in his sense is not incompatible with a certain intermixture of vanity. "Most people," he writes, "dislike vanity in others, whatever share they have of it themselves; but I give it fair quarter wherever I meet with it, being persuaded that it is often productive of good to the possessor and to others that are within his sphere of action; and therefore in many cases it would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his vanity among the other comforts of life." His model of life was adapted rigidly to the ordinary circumstances of humanity. If men seemed in fact to be substantially the better off for indulgence in any particular quality, Franklin complacently inserted that

quality among his virtues. He was always more ready to admit a new candidate for his Olympus than to risk rejecting an addition to the sum of human happiness. He himself believed in a Providence, and apparently in "a particular Providence;" but he was not disposed to deny to others the right to disbelieve. When, however, Thomas Paine, whom for his work on Common Sense he had warmly patronized, submitted to him a MS. work against "a particular Providence," he earnestly dissuaded its publication. He urged not only the odium it would bring upon the author, but the danger of withdrawing from the weak, the ignorant, the inexperienced, and the inconsiderate, the support which religion affords to virtue. His ideas on the origin of evil were probably not very completely developed. But he thought a devil very useful for the punishment of criminal wretches who cheated starving orphans of the alms intrusted for their relief. Whatever quality could prove by results that it had contributed to render life more harmonious he was glad to enshrine in his Pantheon, as Romans borrowed foreign gods. His ideal, both in morals, in religion, and even in politics, was purely inductive. He examined life and history to see in what circumstances of belief and education and government men had enjoyed happiness. The same circumstances might not have suited his character; but he was content not to disturb what appeared to suit others.

One province of his nature there was in which, so far as we are permitted to penetrate it, he was not always weighing the dangers of zeal to the evenness of the balance he was constantly engaged in trimming. In natural science he was an enthusiast; but that was a matter for himself and not for the outside world. He just mentions in his autobiography the fact of his electrical experiments, and "the rise and progress of my philosophical reputation," between 1746 and 1753, when the Royal Society bestowed its medal. But his autobiography contains nothing more on the subject, and his correspondence very little. When his views were opposed, he was content to leave them to the judgment of posterity. He writes to an admirer in 1777: "I have never entered into any controversy in defence of my philosophical opinions. If they are right, truth and experience will support them; if wrong, they ought to be refuted and rejected." He had been told King George had exchanged the rebel Franklin's favorite pointed conductors for blunt ones. "If I had a wish about it," remarks Franklin, "it would be that he had rejected conductors altogether as ineffectual." Science was too grand a thing for him to care to confuse it with controversy. He would gayly dispute upon metaphysics and morals and politics, but upon the philosophy of nature never. Though he loved riches reasonably, he would not mix up so sublunary an application of science even as a stove with money.

This typical American was so un-American in one respect as to set his face against monopolies in inventions. Yet even his love of science he controlled by the sense of other duties. He earnestly deprecates a friend's design to try a balloon journey across the Channel in 1785 as a risk unfair to his family.

Except in science, so far as direct personal influence over posterity is concerned, Franklin did not go the way to secure it. "Poor Richard" was a great power in his own time, for the very cause that the object of his mission was not very sublime. But for the making of a hero and a leader in the ages to come there must be some admixture of divinity. In Franklin's teaching there was nothing but what had been found in human life as it was. The teaching was after all ignoble. The world tired of it when it had come to perceive that the ideal propounded was nothing but ordinary prosaic humanity with something pruned off it. While the teacher survived there was a strength and freshness about his doctrines which came from the man himself, and kept the whole sweet and pure. Whatever his doctrines might be, the man was not ignoble. He was somewhat earthy perhaps, but he was great in himself; he was greater in his power over himself. His fame was common to two continents, and bridged the ocean. If George Washington saved America from being overrun by German mercenaries, and American liberties from being dragged in the mire by the British Parliament, it was Franklin who had made Americans too proud to consent to be slaves; it was Franklin who took the new-born state by the hand and seated it among the nations of the earth.

We have left ourselves space for only a few words on the distinctive characteristics of Mr. Bigelow's picture of Franklin's personal and political career. Mr. Bigelow reminds his readers that seventy-four years ago this journal censured the want of literary enterprise in the United States of America, and of literary curiosity in the English public, which allowed the works of the "only" American philosopher to remain dispersed in isolated volumes and the pages of forgotten pamphlets and periodicals. The *Edinburgh Review* of 1806 could pardon the dearth of English and American enlightenment or gratitude in consideration solely of the greater crime it found reason to charge against the natural heir of Franklin's fame and the Tory ministry of 1795. Franklin designated as his literary executor the grandson whom he had educated, and whom he loved the more for estrangement through political differences from his royalist son, who had been Governor of New Jersey under the crown, and finally became a British pensioner. This grandson, William Temple Franklin, was believed by Jefferson and by many Frenchmen, as well as by the *Edinburgh Review*, to have abused the trust by accepting a bribe from the British government

to keep from the world, at any rate for many years, the precious papers in his possession. He came from America a few months after his grandfather's death in 1790, for the express purpose of arranging with London booksellers for the publication of the autobiography and other documents. He made continual statements to the effect that he was engaged in the negotiation, yet the work was not given to the world until 1817. The autobiography of Franklin had indeed become famous throughout the civilized world. But it was known only at second hand. By some means or other, which have never been disclosed, a French naturalist, a Dr. Jacques Gibelin, obtained the use of a copy. This copy, which comprises only 87 pages of the 220 of Franklin's manuscript, Gibelin translated into French in 1791 From Gibelin's French it was translated back again into English. "To this day," writes Mr. Bigelow, this version "continues to be republished by some of the largest houses, not only in Europe, but in America, under the impression that it is both genuine and complete."

Mr. Bigelow thinks he has detected a probable cause of the deferred fulfilment of the commission to publish Franklin's works and of the disappearance of some of them. In a letter now for the first time published to one of Franklin's closest friends, M. le Veillard, William Temple apologizes for not paying a promised visit to Paris on business connected with the promised publication, on the plea that he "could not possibly leave while a business I had undertaken was pending, for which I received a salary, and which, being now completed, affords me a profit of seven thousand pounds sterling." Mr. Bigelow is incredulous of the reality of a business for which this young man, a stranger to London, and an American citizen, could receive a salary so liberal as to secure to him in six months a profit of 7000*l.* The salary, capitalized in a sum of 7000*l.*, Mr. Bigelow believes to have been a bribe for postponing a publication which, it might be supposed, would reopen the springs of popular indignation against the folly which had cost Great Britain a splendid empire. The great French war was like a flood. It washed away all memories of those old griefs. In 1817 William Temple Franklin could publish his grandfather's most solemn warnings to mole-eyed British statesmen of 1770 and 1780 without exciting remorseful fears in any politician's breast, or risking a claim for the recoupment of a fee of which he had not executed the conditions.

Mr. Bigelow is not able to prove his charge to absolute demonstration. But he has established a very strong presumption that Franklin's faith in this William Temple, this adopted child of his old age, was another of the philosopher's "errata," as he would himself have said. Happily William Temple had not much opportunity to try his editorial dexterity on very valuable material. Most

of his grandfather's writings had already become part of the national literature, or rather of the literature of two nations. Any tampering with them would have speedily been exposed. It might have been apprehended that he could have attempted emendations with successful secrecy in the autobiography. It is even conceivable that, but for a combination of fortunate circumstances, he might have had both the will and the power finally to suppress a work which, in some particulars, would offend family pride. His grandfather had, however, insured its general safety, and he had himself unintentionally guarded the text from corruptions. Franklin, after writing it in his extreme old age, charged another grandson, Benjamin Bache, to execute one facsimile, if not two, by means of a copying press, for the information of his Parisian friend, Le Veillard, and his English friend, Benjamin Vaughan. Whether the copy promised to Vaughan was ever made and sent has never been ascertained. The French version of the autobiography, which was published in Paris in 1791 by M. Jacques Gibelin, it is conjectured, may have been rendered from it. At all events, M. le Veillard received his copy. The original, with many corrections by Franklin himself, and eight additional pages which were not reproduced in Le Veillard's copy, descended to William Temple with the rest of his grandfather's papers. Had the edition of 1817 been printed from the original, it would have been impossible to prove that Franklin had not himself made the changes which distinguish that edition from others. It so happens, however, that William Temple, when he was still intending to publish the work with all dispatch, had persuaded M. le Veillard to give him his copy in exchange for the original. His motive was the facility the printers would have in printing from the fair copy. The original, Mr. Bigelow, while United States Minister in Paris, was so fortunate as to obtain from the representatives of M. le Veillard. On collating it with William Temple's edition of 1817 he detected more than twelve hundred alterations. William Temple, or some literary man employed by him to correct the press, had obviously been offended by his grandfather's racy diction. We give a few alterations merely as samples. "Sotting with brandy" is rendered into "drinking of brandy." "A very large" library becomes "a considerable" one; "dramming" is paraphrased by "dram-drinking;" "great guzzlers of beer" is politely softened into "great drinkers of beer;" "footed it to London" is turned into "walked to London;" "behaved very oddly" into "behaved himself very extravagantly;" "with the blessing of God" into "thanks to Providence;" and "Keimer stared like a pig poisoned" into the correct and respectable expression, "Keimer stared with astonishment."

Franklin's autobiography is one of mankind's greatest literary

possessions. General gratitude is due to Mr. Bigelow for presenting it at last in the exact shape in which it issued from the author's memory. At least equal thanks are his right for the loyalty with which he has himself shown the reverence for his subject which he convicts William Temple Franklin of having violated. He has effaced himself, and been content simply to reflect Benjamin Franklin. He has been willing to let the man speak in his own person, and not by the mouth of Mr. John Bigelow. In three volumes all the many sides of the diplomatist, philosopher, moralist, cannot be pictured in full. His scientific achievements, which illuminated every act of his life, appear in these pages only as passing interludes in a busy political career. His state papers, models as they are of lucid argument, are not quoted, but only the conclusions at which they aimed. His system of ethics is revealed by a gleam here and a gleam there. But throughout the work we are conscious of the presence of a living man. At the end of it we feel that we have been conversing with one who did more than all others to rend away the great American colonies from the British Empire; yet we part company with no sense of unkindness toward the author of our loss. *Edinburgh Review.*

ATHEISM AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

"Whether we descend to the lowest roots of our own intellectual growth, or ascend to the loftiest heights of modern speculation, everywhere we find religion as a power that conquers, and conquers even those who think they have conquered it."—MAX MULLER.

THE late Professor Clifford, in the pages of this Review,* once made the following statements; and they deserve our best attention, whether we agree with his school or differ from it. He was speaking of the influence on human conduct of a decline in religious belief. By religious belief was then meant principally a belief in God and in the immortal soul of man; and with regard to these the professor appealed to history. The matter, he seemed to think, was one of profound simplicity, and he made very short work of it. History, he said, on this point teaches us one plain lesson. It teaches us that the beliefs in question have given rise to priesthoods, and that priesthoods have obtained at times the entire control of life. The result of this, he said, had in all cases been much the same; but the best example both of its nature and its magnitude was to be looked for in the ages when the Christian Church was dominant. The priesthood of that Church had in-

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* Vide, *Nineteenth Century*, No. 2.

deed been influential; it had fixed its impress at one time on the whole human character, and in so doing what it had done was this. "It sapped," he said—I am giving his own words—"it sapped the foundations of patriotism;" it "well-nigh eradicated the sense of intellectual honesty;" it "seriously weakened the habit of truth-speaking;" to put the matter generally, "it stunted the moral sense of nations;" and more astonishing still, "it lowered men's reverence for the marriage-bond," by making marriage a sacrament, and pure affection a sacramental virtue. The details of this singular account have naturally no need of criticism; nor would it be to the point, anyhow, to examine their value here. They were mentioned only, by Professor Clifford himself, as examples of the influence that religious belief had exercised; and he dwelt upon this influence only that he might set the world right as to what it really depended on. Religious belief, he said, was of course, in one way, at the bottom of it; but the way was very different from what most men have imagined. Religious belief has been powerful indirectly; but it has been powerful indirectly only. It has been powerful only because it has given rise to priesthoods: except for that it might as well have never existed. And this leads up to the professor's main thesis, which is all we are now concerned with. Religious belief, as he said, as such, has never, in any way worth noticing, influenced human conduct; and the common opinion to the contrary is a complete delusion. Now this view of the matter is not Clifford's only. It is the opinion generally of the modern school of progress. And not only is it one among their many expressed opinions. It is far more than this; it is really implied in all of them, and it is being accepted on all sides more or less consciously, and being repeated on all sides with more or less of emphasis.

As long as such gross confusion on such a vital point continues, as long as the mind of the age is so blind to one of the primary and, one would think, one of the plainest truths of things, for so long will a true estimate be impossible of the prospects before humanity. And, small as my powers may be, I have made what use I can of them to direct popular attention to what was once a truism, to what is now set down as a lie, and to what will, I trust in a more vivid way than ever, be by and by rediscovered as a truth. I have done what I could to indicate that religious belief, as such, so far from having had no influence on conduct, has really moulded all conduct which is distinctly human or distinctly civilized; and that it is essential to all the hopes of those who are most anxious to abolish it. But my treatment of the matter hitherto has been partial only. I have dealt only with what are generally called virtues, with certain habits, tastes, and qualities which are confessed on all sides to be of supreme value

for the individual. I propose now to call attention to a different side of the question, and to show how religious belief is implied not only in our conceptions of private character, but in the most advanced and liberal views of political and social progress.

And for this the present moment seems particularly opportune. Change, if not progress, is filling the air with rumors, and is forcing itself on our thoughts, even if not on our apprehensions. The principles and the demands of Socialism, which are not only heard on the Continent but are felt also, at the present juncture have acquired a new interest from the career of the Russian Nihilists; and the most careless of us cannot escape the fact, that at least in some places, and from some cause or other, unquiet human forces are at work for change. To ourselves in England these matters may seem remote; but the same forces, though in a healthier way, are at work among ourselves also; and in the midst though we now are of a new party excitement, there are certain questions that will be brought home to all of us, wider than party politics, although in their very nature connected with them. I refer to no schemes and to no measures in particular, but to the admitted hopes and principles of all modern Liberalism—Liberalism, I say, because Liberals are their loudest spokesmen; but in a different and, as some think, in a safer way, they are cherished by Conservatives also.

Now what these views and principles all imply and depend upon may be described, in useful if not in new language, as a recognition of the rights of man. When we deal with the matter practically, these resolve themselves into various branches—political rights, social rights, and the rights of conscience; and these again are presented to us in the form of such various questions as those of the franchise, of church establishments, of the relations between labor and capital, and, above all, of education. But in all these questions, as the modern world is dealing with them, there is one belief implied which in some form or other all parties hold, and to which, consciously or unconsciously, all parties appeal. That belief is, that between man and man there is some kind of equality, and that a debt is due to all men which is caused by and is measured by this. Two examples will at once explain my meaning—the modern condemnation of slavery and the modern condemnation of religious persecution. Both of these imply, it is evident, that man as man is possessed of certain rights on which it is injustice to trespass, and on the rendering of which all progress depends. How the rendering of such rights is related to our views concerning them, how our views concerning them are related to religious belief, and how, should religious belief be lost, the political and social future will be affected by the loss of it, is what I now propose to consider.

And first let me state more distinctly the exact scope of my argument, the exact positions I desire to prove and disprove, and the exact schools or parties at whom what I urge is pointed. These last, to describe them comprehensively, may be called the school of Atheistic Liberalism; and the name will include more than it at first sight seems to do; for a Liberal may be atheistic in his public and political principles, although he is a stanch Christian in his own private convictions. We may fairly, for instance, call a man atheistic in one sense who, though he believes in God himself, yet would not have that belief taught in any way to the nation, and who holds that no public measures should have the least regard to it. A Liberal, in other words, is atheistic as a Liberal when his Liberalism is not affected by and can stand without his theism. What I shall have to say, therefore, will apply indirectly to many who are not directly touched by it. Those directly touched by it are the school of professing atheists, who not in public conduct only, but in private also, repudiate any reference to religious belief whatever, and whose teachings to so vast an extent are changing public opinion. It is true that, considering this school in the persons of its chief doctrinaires, it can hardly be called in England a political party at all. On the contrary, its chief exponents are retired and unpractical men, who seem to have had no contact with human nature in general, and who certainly know very little of its workings. But none the less are they having a great political power, through the opinions they are trying to systematize, and to which, beyond doubt, they are giving credit and currency. And they are powerful for this reason. Though neither their knowledge nor their position gives them any immediate influence, they are all of them more or less definitely political and social Liberals; and the cause of advanced Liberalism is supposed to be bound up with their teachings. With the disappearance of the kingdom of God, they foretell, in Professor Clifford's language, the appearance of "The Kingdom of Man." Their teaching thus consists of two separate parts, of which the substance of one is an analysis of man's present moral nature, and of the other a prediction of man's future social action. But the world, with regard to these, is under a very singular delusion. These two sets of teachings, it is thought popularly, are in some way or other very closely connected; and that, granting the truth of the first, the second must be true likewise. The apparent exactness of the psychological analysis is attributed also to the political and the social prophecy. No procedure, however, really can be more utterly false than this. The analysis and the prophecy, whatever their respective merits, must be each considered separately—tried in different courts and with different sets of witnesses. The second is in no way whatever the corollary of the first; and even should the

analysis prove to be scientific truth, the prophecy at the same time might be sentimental nonsense.

There is one central example of the above confusion which, though belonging to the personal and not the social problem, will help to illustrate this. I refer to the case of conscience. Conscience, it is admitted on all sides, is an imperious voice within us, which continually bids us thwart our personal wills and passions, and to obey which is the essence of all right action. How shall this phenomenon be accounted for? The old theory was that it is the voice of God, enforcing its orders with personal threats and promises. And this, it is admitted, was, till quite lately, the only theory that would account for the facts. At last, however, we are told, there is another explanation possible; and conscience is presented to us as the inherited social instinct, developed slowly in man through his need for united action. Now for this account there is a great deal to be said; and for argument's sake let us suppose it completely true. But what the modern school insists upon by no means ends here. They declare further that though conscience be thus placed, in thought, in a completely changed position, it will yet in practice suffer no change in its power; and they conceive this second statement to be implied in the first. It is, however, on a completely different footing; and they have only failed to see this through an extraordinary oversight They have failed to see that though conscience be really but the social instinct, this instinct has gained its power from being taken for something more; that it has, as a matter of history and biography, been obliged to translate itself into an articulate formula, and that the religious belief thus attached to it has been evolved, *pari passu*, with the unresolving impulse. They have found conscience fulfilling a double function, at once making laws and enforcing them; but in explaining how it has come to do the first, they have robbed it of the means by which it has hitherto done the second. And thus the utmost their explanation can do in any practical direction is to show us that we should each desire that conscience should prevail with others, without showing us any reason to expect that it will prevail with ourselves. I am not saying here that such reasons are not producible; I am only saying that as yet they have not been produced, and that the positive school will have to seek them in places with which at present they are entirely unfamiliar.

And this brings me naturally to the matter now in hand. As the positive school have treated conscience, so have they treated politics, and the prospects of social progress. They have talked of freedom of equality, of republicanism, and the kingdom of man, and have urged men, for their best hopes, to look in the direction that such phrases indicate. Now if

this language has any practical meaning, it must embody two things, not only political and social principles, but a political and social prophecy. It must not only be a description of what we should desire in dreams, it must be also a trustworthy statement of what we may expect in reality. Is it this latter? Supposing the world generally to be converted to the creed of Positivism, does our knowledge of men, and of the ways they have believed in hitherto, lead us to expect seriously that freedom and sweet fraternity is the condition they will work toward in the future? This is the question with which I propose to deal; it is the one question needful for the Liberal school to answer; up to the present time they have taken no single step toward answering it: and in so far as they seem to have done so, what they have done has been this. They, the scientific school, in dealing with social problems, have done just what the theologians did in dealing with science. They have merely sought to make a system that agrees with itself; they have not tried to examine how far it agrees with facts. Nor must they in this matter deceive us by their many appeals to history; for the most futile of theological methods has been also their model here. They have treated history as Dissenters treat the Bible. They have quoted a passage here and a passage there, divorcing each from its context, interpreting each scripture privately, and having no other guide, either in the choice or the intrepretation, than their own wishes and their own foregone conclusions. Such quotations, it is true, may often at the time seem forcible; but it is plain that in reality they have no value whatever. There is no anticipation that in this way cannot be supported from history, just as there is no heresy that in this way cannot be supported from the Bible.

Let me state this charge more explicitly. What I wish here to insist on is, not that our scientific theorists are ignorant of history in the sense of being ill-read in historical literature, though this too, of many of them, I conceive might be said with truth. The want I impute to them is something much deeper. It is not that they have not gone far enough in one branch of inquiry, but that they have gone no way at all in another. They may know much or they may know little about *what* has happened, but in no fruitful way have they ever demanded *why?* The problem before them is, How will human beings act in the future? And naturally they expect the past will throw some light on this. But in what way can it be made to do so? Let us inquire carefully. The action of men socially is the product of their action individually. All the large movements of which history is the record have been caused and made possible by nothing but certain desires, aversions, and susceptibilities in the human unit. These are many and various, and their mode of action is extremely complex. Sometimes

one or other of them acts singly ; at other times several act in concert ; and at others a yet greater number act in conflict. Selfishness, unselfishness, love, hate, envy, ambition, indolence, activity, docility, self-will—these and such as these are the powers and the potentialities of which all events of history are the outcome. To predict, then, future events from past, there are three things necessary. First, in the case of each given event we must inquire carefully to what forces it is attributable ; and, if there have been several acting in the same direction, in what proportions they have each exerted themselves. Secondly, we must inquire to what conditions it is attributable that the forces in question have so combined and acted. And lastly, having still to deal with the same forces, we must consider under what conditions we expect them to combine and act in the future.

Let us take an instance : let us take the French Revolution. No event has formed for the Liberal school such a favorite theme as that. They point to it is as an epiphany of the great being, Humanity, as a specimen of its powers, and as an earnest of its future performances ; and it is said, roughly speaking, to teach three main lessons—the advent of men's freedom, the fact of their equality, and their sense of loving brotherhood. Now, in this popular view of the matter, what is it that is implied ? Certain statements are implied as to certain definite events. It is implied that the events in question were the result of three special forces—of men's longing for feedom, their love for one another, and of their perception that they were all equal. And it is argued, further, that the same forces in the future will act in the same direction, and will complete the process which is at present only begun.

Now to analyze the causes of the French Revolution is not my concern here. But I wish to point out that, whatever may be their true analysis, the common one just alluded to is, at any rate, quite inadequate ; and not inadequate only in the result, but in the method by which the result has been arrived at. Even had it been true, it would have been true only by chance ; no scientific means have been ever taken to prove it so. The event in question, as is evident from the slightest inspection of it, was one of extreme complexity ; and though the three humanitarian principles had doubtless much to do with it, yet numerous other forces were busy also, which, though then accidentally working in one direction, may, under changed conditions, work just as well in another. Thus the passion of the masses, that was at that time so powerful, was composed not only of the love of equals, but also of the hatred of superiors. This complex passion, again, was not self-directing. The masses were swayed and guided by individual leaders, whose influence depended largely on the thoughts and theories that were set forth by them. Further, these leaders, in addition to their

avowed principles, were themselves swayed largely by unavowed private interests. Now not only is it needful, for understanding the matter rightly, to recognize the variety of the elements with which we have to deal. It is needful also to inquire in what proportion each of these has been present. We know, for instance, that men love each other, we know that men hate each other, and we know that each of these feelings can produce important actions. But in the case of any given event, in which both feelings have been concerned, we want to know how much there has been of the one, how much of the other ; what laws or conditions have regulated the proportion we discover, and by what powers the two have been mixed together. We may not inaptly compare these social forces to gunpowder. Gunpowder is composed of three homely substances, each by itself entirely inexplosive. Its power depends wholly on how these are mixed and proportioned.

There is thus suggested to us an entirely new branch of inquiry, to which the modern schools at present are complete strangers. So strange, indeed, are they to the very conception of it, that among all the names they have given the various sciences, there is not one which can be said to include or even to hint at it. Sociology and political economy both indeed come near to it, but neither of them can be said to touch it. Its scope can be best indicated by a mention of some of the main questions contained in it. Beginning with the simple inquiry as to human character in general—as to the power and proportions of the individual human impulses—it will go on to consider how, when men act in masses, these impulses are modified. It will treat social and political enthusiasms as other sciences treat heat. It will ask how crowds are heated by them, as though crowds were metals or other specified substances—how crowds are heated by them, at what rate they cool, and how the laws of individual action change during such processes. It will inquire into the rate at which the different passions travel, and into their comparative forces. It will ask, for instance, whether love or envy be the stronger ; which diffuses itself the more readily, and under what conditions ; and in what proportions the two are capable of combining. It will ask how popular distress acts on popular aspirations, and how long and how far the latter can survive the former. It will ask how multitudes are swayed by leaders, and by what laws. It will ask, with regard to leaders, by what motives they are actuated—by ambition or public spirit—and how far these motives can be counteracted by others, such as avarice, sexual passion, or indolence. And it will ask, further, how the emotions are affected by the intellect—how feeling acts on belief, and belief on feeling, and how practice needs to sustain itself on some framework of theory.

Such being a brief hint of what the science we desiderate will

deal with, let us next ask in what way it must be studied. It is needless, of course, to say that it must be studied in history. What we have to remark is that it must be not studied there only ; and that, to make history of any help to us, it must be studied elsewhere as well. To understand the past, we must observe the present. Would we know how men *have* behaved, we must observe how they *do* behave. Would we understand the action of crowds in the last century, we must observe the action of crowds in our own. We must study history as we have studied geology, by a careful observation of forces now at work. We must look on past events as the strata of civilization, whose formation we still have to account for, and which we only can account for by a pursuance of this method. The laboratory of the missing science must be the living world at large.

Such a science may indeed be said to be impossible, for two reasons : first, because the principles involved in it are not uniform ; and secondly, because the details involved in it are too complex. But from whatever quarters the first objection may come, it certainly cannot come from the scientific school ; since one of their most fundamental doctrines is a direct protest against it. Human nature, they say, *is* uniform, and is therefore a conceivable subject for exact scientific study. The second objection is far more to the point, and if urged by scientific thinkers there would be little to say against it ; only in that case we must meet them with the following unwelcome inference, that in proportion as the laws in question are too complex to systematize, so is their future action too uncertain to predict.

But however this may be, there is one thing certain. Whether or no such predictions can be ever made scientific, as Mr. Herbert Spencer and others assume they can, they can at any rate be made more scientific than these writers have yet made them. As made at present by these, they have no firm substance at all. They are nothing in England but the fancies of amiable students, as in Russia they are nothing but the ravings of mad conspirators. They can at any rate be made something more reliable than this. Even should the laws of human action be not uniform, in the way that the modern school maintain they are, it is admitted on all sides that there is some uniformity in them ; and should the conditions of human action be so various that we can never know the whole of them, it is admitted on all sides that we can know something of some. And thus it is that some quasi-science of the future is not only attainable, but has been, within certain limits, very notably attained. The best examples of it, however, have been given us by great politicians and generals ; and what are commonly called instances of these great men's foresight are instances of sound, though perhaps unconscious, induction. Now, though it is open

only to the few to rival such men in genius, it may be open to others, by a pursuance of proper methods, to arrive at results of the same practical character, and which, if far less definite, shall be yet far wider. What we demand first of all is not genius ; it is common-sense at work in the proper direction. Given us this, we may approach the future of civilization with the same kind, though not with the same degree, of confidence as that with which politicians and generals have approached the future of states and armies : and though even thus our knowledge may always remain vague and imperfect, it will not for that reason be without definite value. It will teach us the complete falsehood of many current predictions, even though it may not enable us to replace them.

This is specially true of that prediction with which, as I have said already, I propose briefly to deal—the common prediction of atheistic Liberalism as to the movement of humanity toward freedom and equal brotherhood. Now, that such a movement at present seems an undoubted fact, I do not attempt to deny. But to see events moving in one direction, even for centuries, can give us no assurance that they will so go on moving, until we have discovered the causes to which this movement is due, and have satisfied ourselves that these causes will be permanent. And I am about to point out that of these causes there is at least one, and one of extreme importance, which, if the Liberal school prevail, must be by and by eliminated ; and whose absence must tend to reverse or arrest the process on whose continuance the Liberal school rely. This, as I have said already, is the belief in the rights of man. Let us now proceed to examine more minutely both the content of this belief and its practical influence hitherto.

First, then, as to its content, it implies two things, of which one is epitomized in the use of the word *man*, and the other epitomized in the use of the word *right*. The word *man*, thus used as of common application of all men, implies that between all men there is a certain kind of equality, in virtue of which they are all alike capable of certain equal wants and attainments. The word *right* implies something more complex. It implies that as certain things thus exist in all men potentially, so may the conditions be demanded which shall secure their existence actually ; it implies further, since the case involves *demanding*, that there is a power somewhere which shall make the demand attended to, or at all events punish those who refuse to attend to it; and it implies finally, and as a consequence of this, that rulers must grant this demand to the ruled not as a debt to the ruled only, but as the foremost of all debts to themselves. Thus Robespierre laid it down in his celebrated "Declaration" that it is the aim of every polity "to secure the natural rights of man, and the development of all his faculties ;" that "society is bound by every means in its power to secure the

instruction of every citizen ;" and that "tyrants" in reality are nothing but wretched "slaves," who have revolted against "nature, the legislator of the universe."

Such being, roughly stated, the content of the belief in question, what has been its practical influence in the direction of liberal progress? To answer this with accuracy is not possible here ; but certain broad statements may be made with regard to it, which, though often overlooked, will, I think, be denied by nobody. Let us first observe, then, that however great the above influence may have been, it has been but one force at work among many others. We must not assume too much for it, as we shall be unable to prove enough for it. Liberal progress is not due only to liberal principles ; instinct and appetite are concerned in it as well as belief and theory. But though it may in the first place be got in motion by the former, it rests solely with the latter to direct, to sustain, and to develop it. The former includes many conflicting elements—hate and envy, as well as love and pity. It rests with the latter to make all these rational, and, by justifying and idealizing the objective end they tend toward, to transmute and hallow and harmonize the feelings that tend toward it. A movement, for instance, which has been due at its beginning to the pride and oppression of one class, the envy of a second, and the hate and hunger of a third, may by justifying its actions secure to itself new motives. Blind impulse may be enlightened by theory, and savage selfishness may tend to become philanthropy. This has notably been the case with the French Revolution, and thus Lamartine truly says of it that what "makes it so great a force amid all its storms and anarchy is that it is a doctine ;" and "its theories," he adds, "which were for a moment made unpopular by the pangs which followed their birth, revive and will revive more and more in the aspirations of men. They have been sullied, but they are divine. Efface the blood, and the truth remains." To this we may add another instance, in which the power of belief is shown in a yet more immediate manner. I mean the abolition of slavery —a movement which the Liberal school so nearly identify with progress, that had the Slave States in America only secured their victory, the world's development would, in the judgment of John Stuart Mill, have been probably thrown back for a century. Now the hatred of slavery is due partly to the physical horrors connected with it ; and thus one of the forces concerned in its abolition has been pity, which is an instinct, not an intellectual theory. But it is indubitable that the larger part here has been played by a theory, not an instinct. Slavery has been condemned, hated, and warred against, not so much because incidentally it has tortured the bodies of some, as because essentially it violates the beliefs of all.

Thus we may safely, I think, make the following statement. The power for liberal progress of the natural human instincts depends largely on their embodying themselves in a certain intellectual doctrine, which the world's knowledge and intellect are prepared to accept as true. It depends upon this so largely, that if the doctrine in question be proved false or groundless the power in question will perhaps evaporate, perhaps reverse its tendency, and will suffer at all events some very important change.

And this brings us to the real point at issue. Let us take the special doctrine that is so essential to liberal progress, and apply the tests to it of that scientific school by which all such progress for the future is, we are told, to be guided. The result to the scientific optimist must, one would think, be startling. The belief in the rights of man, as the world has held it hitherto, will be seen to have been essentially a theological belief. The belief in men's equality was a belief that men had souls. The belief in men's rights was a belief in a God who sanctioned them. As tried at the tribunal of knowledge and calm intellect, the social doctrine relies on the religious, not only for its support, but for its meaning. This was always its implied foundation, and continually its explicit one. It was on this that Robespierre rested his Declaration of Rights; it was on this that St. Simon rested his hopes and schemes; while the English reader can hardly need reminding that it was on this that the whole case rested against slavery as slavery. Negroes have souls to save, just as white men have. Negroes and white men have the same God to serve. Before that God negro and white are equal. Such were the beliefs and arguments which alone made the suppression of slavery not only possible to accomplish, but possible even to conceive or to wish for; and without which Wilberforce would have been without power, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" without pathos. Nor is it too much to say of the entire fabric of Liberalism that, in so far as it is either a fact accomplished or a clear ideal to work toward, it has directly sprung from theism, and has been at once justified and maintained by it. Theism and the rights of man have till quite lately been convertible terms. The latter has indeed been nothing but one aspect of the former.

But now a change has come, and the Liberal school are in a completely new condition. The strange thing is that they do but half perceive the fact, and that, while loudly insisting on one aspect of it, they completely forget the other. While proclaiming with increasing vehemence that theism is an illusion, they forget that the rights of man may prove an illusion likewise, and that, instead of their being recognized more fully in the future, there may in the future be nothing of them left to recognize. One of this school in America has recently written thus: "Entire equality of rights im-

plies entire equality of natures ; and as the latter equality does not really exist, the former will never exist in the moral law ; the equality in civil law representing only a gross approximation to it. . . . The Catholic Church created an artificial and absolute equality in salvation . . . which could be applied indiscriminately to all. Such an equality is certainly rejected by Positivism." But though the writer of these words could see the matter thus clearly in theory, he has been wholly unable to see how theory will bear on practice. He admits that the theory of Catholicism had practically a profound effect in the direction of liberal progress, and of this effect he is himself the inheritor and the panegyrist. But he fails to inquire if, as the cause ceases, the effect in question will not presently cease likewise. I say *presently*, because in cases like these such cessation is never immediate. What I have before pointed out in the moral world is also true in the political. There is a certain momentum possessed by ideas and sentiments which makes them outlast for a time the beliefs which justify them ; just as a man's credit may for a time outlast his finances. Thus the liberal tendencies we at present perceive around us can contain, as they are, no pledge of their own continuance ; and we can make no calculations at all as to their future, until we have deprived them carefully, in imagination, of all those forces which we know must in time exhaust themselves, and have considered with equal care the changed condition of the remainder.

Accordingly, for any practical purpose, the first inquiry must be this : How are the conceptions of modern Liberalism affected logically by that non-theistic science with which they are now associated ? And to this the answer can be at once prompt and decisive. For not only does that science affect them negatively, by discrediting the old proofs of their truth ; it affects them positively, by a detailed demonstration of their falsehood. And first of all let us take man's equality. Modern science, as the writer just quoted admits, denies that men are equal. This, however, is but half the truth ; it insists that they are unequal ; and it does so with a fulness and hardness of meaning which, it may be safely said, was till our day inconceivable. The brutality to his slaves of no Eastern despot, the contempt toward barbarians of no Attic philosopher, ever implied this doctrine so fully as modern science expresses it. All its tendency is to prove with increasing clearness that each man is the creature of his parentage and his education, that of his human value his body is the cause and index, and that not only are men's apparent inequalities real, but that in reality they are even greater than in appearance. No spiritual vision can pierce through them, and discover beneath the surface some treasure that is shared by all, for no such treasure exists. There are but two ways in which a man's value can be conceived or measured—by the pleasure he is

to himself, and by the use he is to others. And this use and pleasure are these things as they *are*, not any use and pleasure that we conceive *might have been*. Had a man been in the least degree other than he is, to the eyes of modern science he would have been another man. What each man is, is all that each man could have been. Nothing was ever possible but what has been or will be actual. Thus, to talk of equality between men as men is as absurd as to talk of equality between dogs as dogs, or between horses as horses. It is indeed probably more absurd; for between men and men there is room for yet greater difference. There are savages who, placed accurately in the scale of animals, are nearer the highest monkeys than the highest of their own species; and if creatures so far removed from each other can be called in any way equal, then not only may we may say that dogs are equal to dogs, but that a cat is equal to an elephant.

Such, then, being men's equality, as tested by modern science, let us inquire what becomes of their rights. And this inquiry needs much care in making, as there are certain current confusions with regard to them which are apt to mislead all of us. The conception of such rights, as I have already observed briefly, implies a God who sanctions them. But to realize this fully we must examine the matter further; we must examine the meaning of the word *rights* generally. The definition can be at once brief and accurate. A right is a claim or a possession, which some power or other will either protect or vindicate. But simple as this statement seems, it contains more in it than is at first apparent. It contains two great truths, which are generally forgotten, and which it is of the first importance to remember: first, that the sanctioning power is as essential as the claim or the possession—a right unsanctioned is not a right at all; secondly, that while the sanction is essential to the right, justice essentially has nothing at all to do with it. Thus the legalized privileges of a nobility, however oppressive, are, so long as they are legalized, the rights of that nobility; and it may be said, without any violence to language, that the existence of the most absolute rights may be the existence of the most absolute injustice.

Rights, then, are the creations of the supremest might that has any practical bearing on the possession or claims that may be in question. This is what they are essentially, and they are no more than this. But two other ideas have here to be connected with them—the idea of their self-existence, apart from any might they may depend upon, and the idea of their parallelism with universal justice. Nor is this connection in any way arbitrary nor, from a certain point of view, in any way unreasonable. It is, on the contrary, at once close and rational. But there is one point about it we must bear in mind. It is a connection only, not an identity;

and the links that formed it are precisely those that modern thought is severing.

It will need but little consideration to convince us of this fact. Rights were vaguely supposed to be self-existing, because whatever claims or possessions were in harmony with the sense of justice were supposed to be independent of the caprice of human sanction. But they were supposed to have some sanction none the less, though the supposition was often latent. They were supposed to be sanctioned by a just and omnipotent God, who would judge between man and man, giving all men some day their due, and applying to each individual supposed universal principles. Thus the conception of rights as in any way self-existing is merely a loose expression of the belief that a certain Being existed, in whom absolute justice was united to absolute might.

Again, justice itself, in its political and social bearings, depends, for at least all its *Liberal* meaning, on the same belief and on a kindred one—on a belief in God and a belief in the soul of man. Apart from these, it doubtless means something ; but that something is very limited. What it denotes in this way are those great fundamental rules without which no social life and no joint action would be possible. It denotes the principles of truth and honesty ; and these, as we all know, are of profound importance. But as applied to social and political questions, they are the foundations only, and not the superstructure. They are the things we presume : they are not the things that we require. Justice in this narrow sense, as was long ago observed by Plato, is as much needed by the most tyrannous oligarchy as by the freest democracy. It will serve to localize strength just as well as to diffuse it ; and the homely proverb, that there must be honor among thieves, may show us how short a part of our way it is thus able to take us. As connected with any theories of political and social progress, as forming part of the conception of the rights of man, justice includes other ideas of an entirely distinct order—not the idea that to each man must be given his due, but that the admitted debt is of a certain stated amount. The amount of the debt, not the fact of it, is the real question debated by progressive Liberalism. And the calculation of this amount, as the Liberalism of our day makes it, is either based on nothing or is based on the belief in question. Let us take for instance the great modern doctrine that the state owes to all men a certain intellectual education. For what, in this doctrine, is the main conception ? It is not that each citizen must have a certain technical training, so that as a workman he may work his best for others ; but that each man must have a certain mental training, so that as a man he may do his best for himself. It is only with such a view as this that we can wish to teach Euclid to ploughboys. Now the only ground on which such a view can

be justified is the belief that man as man owes a certain debt to himself. In this belief there is the further belief included, that a God exists who is concerned in and will enforce the debt ; and it is because some debt like this is supposed to be universal that the state is conceived of as bound to give all men the means of paying it.

In the same way the ideal polity generally, to which more or less vaguely progress is supposed to be tending, is capable of presentation as an object men ought to strive toward, only as being a polity in accordance with the will of a certain power who is above and will judge between all human politicians. That such a designing power is supposed and appealed to, is shown plainly in such common phrases of Liberalism as that men were born to be free, men were not born to be slaves, men were not born to be mere machines. Without the supposition in question such phrases have no meaning ; for unless there is a power, taking cognizance of what might have been, no man is born to be anything but what he is, no matter how enslaved or machine-like. Thus, without those religious doctrines which scientific thought is denying, the rights of man as man become rights which have no existence. Rights of some sort are of course left existing, but they are partial and inconstant, and they have no necessary connection with the current notions of justice. It is of course conceivable that they might be so distributed as to make some approach to the ideals of progressive Liberalism ; but none the more would they be the rights of man. They would be—what is a very different thing—the rights of special men, or of special bodies of men, and their equality would mean nothing deeper than an equal diffusion of might.

Such is the change, then, in their great central conception, that the school of atheistic Liberals are themselves preparing. In the first place, rights are for them nothing but the creatures of human might ; and they are, and they are not, precisely as that might is distributed. Men's claims and possessions become intrinsically an unordered chaos. It is human might alone that converts them into rights—and this might is supreme. It is the agent of no higher power. It itself makes the only laws it works by ; it creates debts and pays them by the self-same act. And if, as is often the case, retribution seems to fall on it, it is merely that unperceived it has changed its centre, and its reality destroys its semblance. In the second place, we must add further, that as the human race is at present constituted, might in its distribution is exceedingly unequal —exceedingly unequal in appearance, and even more unequal in reality.

Let us now inquire what this change will be in so far as it has any practical tendency, and see what light it throws on the current prophecies of progress. To begin, then, these prophecies broadly

are reduced to the following statement, that might, as time goes on, will more and more diffuse itself, and that the power or capacities of all men will rise, not fall, toward a dead level. Next, by what means are we told that this result is to be accomplished? The means are double. One is the blind process of natural selection; but this, as time goes on, will become of less and less importance, and it will be more and more superseded by an ideal end which men shall consciously work toward. "Positivism recognizes," as is observed by a recent Positive writer, "that beyond a certain stage of development changes in human destiny depend immediately upon the combined knowledge, desire, and will of human beings; and the energies of Positive thought are directed toward modifying these with so much the more intensity that they are inspired by sure hope of success."

It is with this second means alone, then, that we need now concern ourselves, and with regard to this we have to ask one great question. Is the equalization of human powers and capacities an ideal that in any attainable shape can be presented by Positive thought so that it shall excite and combine at once men's desires and wills, and so that with any chance of success men shall work to make it a reality? And to this I propose to demonstrate that the answer is an unequivocal No.

To understand the true nature of the problem a complete change must be made in the way of stating it, and for this change what I have already said will have prepared us. We shall now see, if we consider the matter carefully, that the evangel of modern Liberalism has, as coming from atheists, been entirely misstated, and that when they have said their men's rights *are* universal, they really mean that such rights *may be made* universal; and that when they have said that men *are* equal, they merely mean that men *may be made* equal. But even this change in the statement is not sufficient. There is still an ambiguity in the use of the term *men*. The term *men*, as occurring in this connection, is supposed generally to have reference to the men that the doctrine is addressed to—to the living generation about us, and to belong to some inspiring message that personally concerns them. Really, however, it does nothing of the kind. It has no reference whatever to the men that are, but to the men that by and by, in the remote future, may be. Let us take, for instance, the present laboring classes. The current prophecies as to progress, and the current doctrines as to rights and equality, have no reference personally to them. Their condition practically is fixed. It is too late for any education to change them; by no known method can they be raised in the mental scale. Even the most sanguine of Socialistic dreamers have allowed half a century before their scheme for progress should have any fruits that were perceptible,

and the hopes of more sober thinkers have been more distant still. It will thus appear that when stated accurately the modern liberal teachings are reduced to this—to a statement not about men as they are and as we know them, but about a race altogether different, which, it is affirmed, will in process of time be bred out of them. It is as though we were to address the race of dogs generally, and were to tell them, not the unmeaning falsehood that they themselves were all alike, but that by and by from a process of cross-breeding would result a race of mongrels that would be so.

The doctrine, then, of the modern prophets of progress is composed of these two theses: first, that a certain type of human being is, if men will to produce it, producible; and, secondly, that the type in question is so desirable that the desire to produce it will create the will to do so. The doctrine being thus stated, it becomes for the first time possible to inquire what truth and what sense there is in it.

Now the first of these theses we will for the present suppose to be true. We will take it for granted that human nature is capable of modifications as great even as those which Mr. H. Spencer dreams about; and we will inquire only by what means they are to be produced, and if it is likely that men in general will combine to use the means. First of all, then, we must remember that the process in question must be slow and gradual; nothing can be done *per saltum*. One step must follow on another, and, if the pathway is impassable even in one place, there might just as well be no pathway at all. Power and capacity are at present not equally distributed, and it lies with those who at present possess them to arrest or to promote their distribution. And here let us note this point. Those who at present possess them are doubtless at the present moment working for their distribution. They are doing so in many ways; but it will be enough for our present purpose if we confine our attention to one—the diffusion of education. The education movement is a genuine movement doubtless toward the ideal of modern Liberalism, and could a sufficient education be universal for several generations, the whole structure of society would be probably profoundly changed. Nor is this all. We have not only before us what probably might be done, but much also that actually has been done. The diffusion of education has effected a social change already. It has already gone some way toward the diffusion of might, and so toward the creation of equalized and universal rights. But this undoubted fact may very easily mislead us, and the modern Liberal school have been altogether misled by it. Because education has done a certain amount for men, they argue incontinently that it will do an indefinite amount more. This, however, by no means follows. Before us is

a journey that is as yet quite untried, and though the road we are on may have proved good thus far, in a very short time it may become impracticable. Rivers may cross it over which there are no ferry-boats, or mountains which we cannot climb. But the scientific prophets of progress completely forget this, and are arguing to the present generation, with a very singular simplicity, that because a balloon can take one man five miles from the earth, it will therefore be able to take the whole human race to the moon.

In this parallel to their reasoning there is very little exaggeration. It indicates hardly a greater forgetfulness of more essential considerations. What the atheistic Liberals have to consider is this. A certain undoubted movement has been begun already, and is being still sustained, because the ideal end it is supposed to tend toward is powerful over man with power. But meanwhile they have associated this movement with another, which bears directly on the ideal end itself, and which must produce, at once theoretically, and by and by practically, a momentous change in it. It is with this change that the atheistic school must reckon. Will the idea of Liberalism, when that change has come over it, still remain, as heretofore, powerful and attractive ; or will it not, long before the world has advanced near to it, fade from our vision, or cease to seem desirable, and may not its place be taken by an ideal precisely opposite ? This is the great practical question for the class of thinkers I am dealing with, and the answer to it, if they will consider the matter dispassionately, can hardly fail to be one that will be fatal to their passionate expectations. Should theistic belief ever fade generally from the consciousness of the human race, and should the conceptions of man that are derived from science replace those that are derived from theism, it seems inevitable that the social ideal of Liberalism, with its freedom, its brotherhood, and its equality, will give place to an ideal that is essentially oligarchic, and that rests, like the Greek republics, not on freedom but on slavery.

Startling at this statement seems, a little reflection will, I think, convince us that it is true. The most sanguine even of the Liberal prophets admit that in the course of progress there are great difficulties to be overcome and hard problems to be solved. The condition of the world desired by them depends very largely on material civilization ; and material civilization depends very largely on labor that, at least by comparison, tends to degrade the laborer. Thus, as society exists at present, and as up to the present it always has existed, the kind of life it is hoped to make universal has either not been possible at all, or has been possible for the minority only. Here is the fact, which is, for Liberalism, the central evil of life, and which the Liberal school assure us our race is on the way to remedy. But just as they assure us that the result is certain, so

they urge on us also that it must be achieved by great exertion. It will task all the energies of the leaders of thought and action; it will be possible only, as we have seen before, to their "combined knowledge, desire, and will," and the process will, at the best, be of necessity slow and painful. Meanwhile, the philosophy of scientific atheism will have gradually done its work on the universal human consciousness; and the ideal in question, long before it is realized, will have completely changed its character. As at present put before us, it will cease to have any meaning; and it will be conceivable only in the profoundly different form which I have already indicated.

The practical effect of this change will be twofold. From the ideals of equality it will remove their strongest present attraction; from the ideals of inequality it will remove what at present revolts us in them. How this must happen is obvious. The cause of equality, as it at present appeals to us, appeals to us as the cause of justice. It appeals to our consciousness of a solemn debt to our fellows, and a vast wrong done them, which we are urged to remedy. But as soon as the Liberal problem is stated with scientific accuracy, all this conception of wrong, of debt, and of justice disappears entirely. It becomes simply a question of how we shall mould the future, in so far as it is ours to mould. Within these limits the future is our creature. We are its creator, its absolute lord and master; and we have no guide or pattern to appeal to beyond our own dominant will. In creating the future, then, there is no reason why we should aim at equality any more than at inequality. We, the living, are the potters; the generations that are to be are the pots; and shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? In perpetuating inequalities, or even in increasing them, who is wronged? Let us suppose that by a certain course of political action in the present—say by the arresting of education instead of the further promotion of it—the place now occupied by the free laboring classes would in a century's time be again taken by slaves. To our present atheistic Liberals no idea could be more shocking. But let us examine it accurately by their own principles, and what possible offence is there in it? A number of useful animals not now in existence would be in existence then. That is all. Let the lot of the illiterate slave be submitted to the calm eye of science, and, apart from a discontent which need in no way belong to it, it will be impossible to trace in it the existence of any wrong. A slave is no more wronged because he is not a free man than a cat is wronged because it is not a dog, or than a horse is wronged because it is not a cabman. Or should the semblance of any wrong exist, it would be not because the slave was too low in the scale, but because he was not low enough: and it would be perfectly

right and rational to attempt to breed from him a species still more simply organized, which should be equally strong and equally sagacious in work, but should be free from any sensibilities making work painful.

Remembering this, then, let us grant the production possible of a lofty race of thoroughbred equals, such as is now promised us by the current doctrine of progress, and let us grant that the hope of such a race existing might really inspire us to work toward producing it. But there is no reason why our endeavors should stop here. There is nothing to hinder our supplementing this finer breed by a number of lower breeds, whose lives, besides being a positive pleasure to themselves, should sustain and heighten the lives of those above them. To an addition of this kind the modern school of Liberals can offer no objection. The lower breeds in question would in no sense be losers because they were not at the summit of the human scale. On the contrary, they would be gainers, because they were in the scale at all; and their supposed presence therefore would brighten, not mar the picture. An ideal polity thus constructed is indeed the very polity that the Liberals themselves dream of; altered only in such a way that it becomes at once richer and more coherent, and, according to any feeling or principle that they can themselves justify, infinitely more satisfactory. But let us look at the matter in another light, and what shall we see then? We shall see that this ideal of modern Liberalism, when once it is filled in, and advanced to its logical completion, is simply the old oligarchic ideal which the world has known hitherto—this old ideal with its class distinctions and its inequalities not removed and not even softened, but instead of this secured, intensified, and justified.

Now the ideal polity presented in this way is, it may be said, an ideal impossible to realize; and that may very likely be true. But be that as it may, it is at any rate far more possible in this complete shape than it is in the incomplete one in which the Liberals now present it. The practical difficulty in the case just stated would be to make the gradations in men's wishes and powers so nearly equal to the gradations in their social functions, that the contentment of the servile classes should be marred by no further aspirations. And the belief that the human breed could be thus far varied implies that the human nature is capable of almost incredible modifications. But precisely the same implication is contained already in all the current doctrines of the scientific prophets of progress; only the special modification that they exclusively dwell upon is the very modification that it must be most difficult to produce. And yet these, modern science declares to us, are demonstrably producible. "What now," says Mr. Herbert Spencer at the close of his latest work, and leading up to the statement

as his chief and most solemn doctrine—"what now among those of highest natures is occasional and feeble may be expected, with further evolution, to become habitual and strong; and what now characterizes the exceptionally high may be expected eventually to characterize all." If then it be possible to produce a breed that shall be so far finer than any now existing, it will be not only as possible, but easier, to produce breeds that are less fine. It will be easier for many reasons. It is an undoubted fact that with the existing commoner classes a sufficiency of the lower pleasures, which are those they can best appreciate, puts to sleep their ambition for others, which they only indirectly hear about; and thus in proportion as their degradation advances the less does it appear to them to be degrading. While, further, there is this to add—that in breeding downward instead of upward the required physical selections can be made with far greater freedom, since they will be less traversed or interfered with by any delicate affections or sense of sentimental grievance.

It is not, however, to the purpose here to inquire how far practically either ideal could be realized—the ideal of equality or the ideal of inequality. The considerations I have to dwell upon stop far short of this and are of far more immediate import. What I wish to point out is, firstly, the demonstrable fact, that whether or no either of these rival ideals are in any way practically possible, the latter is at all events more possible than the former; secondly, that as appealing to the scientific judgment, the latter is in every way more attractive than the former; and thirdly, that in so far as the former has hitherto guided progress in one direction, the latter, in the same degree, will by and by desire it in another.

On this last point it remains to dwell further. In the power of the democratic ideal over present democratic movements, the Liberals are most firm believers. But they have yet to realize how, as this ideal decomposes, and still more as another succeeds to it, the democratic movement will be effected. This question, as I have already indicated, is one to be answered only by sober observation of the past. Such observation shows us, as I have also already indicated, that the past democratic movements, which are held to be so full of promise for the future, have been brought about by very composite influences, and that the causes that set them going at first have been quite different from those which afterward sustained and guided them. They have been nothing at first but the expression, not of any lofty aspiration or grand intellectual principles, but of want, of vulgar envy, and of selfish personal ambitions. The desire for the ideal end has come afterward, and has given an intellectual justification and sanction to what was already blindly aimed at.

In this way, and in this way alone, those base and anarchic

forces have been raised into something higher. They have been reduced to order, they have been strengthened and sustained, and they have been organized into a rational and coherent movement. The democratic progress of the last hundred years would have been altogether impossible had not the ideal of a democratic polity had so strong a hold upon the human intellect, and been supposed to have some sanction in the eternal nature of things. But for this the destructive forces of change would, for the time, have long since spent themselves ; and though they might well have reduced the existing social fabric to ruins, a similar fabric would be again rising out of them.

But now, as we have seen already, this democratic ideal is being associated more and more with a philosophy by which it must lose completely its supremacy, if not its meaning. Human nature and human progress are placed by modern science in an entirely new light ; and the aims and principles which have been hitherto so important will stimulate and guide no longer either the passions of the many or the intellect of the few. We shall look on the human drama with clearer eyes. We shall take our part in it with changed wishes and sympathies, and with new intellectual weapons. We shall see in the struggle before us a variety of unequal forces, which will only be reduced to order when the stronger have subdued the weaker, and when the inequality between them is recognized and acted on as a fundamental social truth. This state of things, instead of being rebuked by the intellect, will be approved by it, and the deliberate aim of all those in power will be, not to lessen such inequality, but to intensify and perpetuate it.

But this is not all. Not only will such an aim commend itself to the rulers : it must also more and more cease to be distasteful to the ruled. With an enlightened oligarchy it would be one of the first cares to provide for the physical well-being of the subject classes ; for want and privation, as they must well know, give men almost as much power as wealth and plenty. The people being thus disarmed of their two most formidable weapons, democratic hopes and promises, when stated as exact science would state them, would have but small general attraction. Demagogues would no longer be able to appeal to the laboring population, and tell them that they were the equals of their masters, or that they might very readily become so. It would be known that such language was a scientific falsehood. It would be known that the doctrine of equality applied not to men as they are, but to unborn generations as they perhaps might be ; nor would it be easy to rouse a contented populace to exertion for the sake of producing a breed of men who, though physically their own descendants, would have less mental kinship with them than even their present masters.

I hope by and by to pursue this subject further, and to inquire more particularly into the bearings of scientific atheism on the questions of popular education, on the rights of conscience, and the rights of female virtue; and to show more exactly how singular and how complete is the divorce, at the close of the nineteenth century, between the political and social hopes of the modern world, and its moral and philosophic theories.

W. H. Mallock, *in the Nineteenth Century.*

RECENT EVENTS IN ARABIA.

It is now sixteen years and more since Mr. Palgrave published his admirable sketch of that strange corner of the earth, the Arabian Peninsula. Most readers will remember it, for it came upon the world of Asiatic literature almost as a revelation. Till then no one in Europe, not even such accomplished Orientalists as Sir Henry Rawlinson or Sir Henry Layard, knew anything definite about the lands which lay beyond the great Nefuds, or understood the political ideas and social traditions by which they were governed; while to the mass of Eastern travellers Arabia was more absolutely a garden sealed than were the valleys of Kashgar or the steppes of Chinese Tartary. English officers, indeed, on their road to India had for some years become accustomed to the blue line of barren hills which form the eastern coast of the Red Sea, but their speculations had hardly ventured to carry them beyond. Aden was in our occupation, with some miles of the desert round it, and Mecca had been visited by Captain Burton. Oman and a few points on the Persian Gulf were known; but farther than that European knowledge did not go. Mr. Palgrave's account, then, came to those curious in Eastern matters like a sudden illumination in the midst of darkness; and though now recognized in some of its details as too highly colored, it has ever since retained its place as the standard authority on modern Arabia.

From that date, however, 1864, till now, 1880, nothing further has transpired respecting the countries thus made known to us. A darkness, if anything more impenetrable than before, has settled down upon the peninsula; and at the present moment it may be pretty safely affirmed that there is no one in England who would venture to state off-hand what are the existing political divisions of Arabia, and how many of them are actually garrisoned by the Sultan's troops. Certainly twelve months ago I put the question to the Turkish Department at the Foreign Office and could get no reply, or rather the reply given proved so singularly the reverse of accurate that it was worse than none.

In these circumstances, and taking into consideration the fact that Turkish Arabia will in all probability be among the first of the Sultan's provinces to attract public attention by disowning his authority, I trust that I shall be excused if I venture to describe the actual state of the peninsula. Much has happened there in the last sixteen years to make Mr. Palgrave's account no longer correct, and much, if one dare to prophesy, will happen before another year is out. At any moment English ministers may be called upon to decide what part they will take in a struggle between Arab and Ottoman ; and it is right that the position should not be misunderstood. Already there are signs on the earth, if not in the heavens, which foretell an immediate issue. Rumor has for months been rife in Syria of a rising of the tribes toward the south against their Turkish oppressors, and as I write news comes from Jedda of the assassination of the Sherif of Mecca, an event which, read it as we may (and it admits of a double interpretation), cannot be without significance on the immediate future of Western Asia.

It was my good fortune to spend a portion of last winter in Central Arabia, and to travel for upward of a month with the Meccan pilgrimage on its return from the shrines ; and I naturally saw there and heard much which will be news to Europeans. There, for the first time since 1864, I enjoyed with European eyes the spectacle of that ancient social life of Arabia which is so real and yet so singular a phase of civilization, and listened on the spot to the tale of Arabian politics, a tale which recalls so vividly the events of our own age of chivalry. There I was able to verify much of what Mr. Palgrave had already recorded, and to take up the thread of Nejd history at the point where he had left it. I also heard from Arab lips the story of the decline of Wahhabism and the fall of the Ibn Saouds, and learned in detail the truth of those strange episodes, Midhat Pasha's filibustering expedition in the Persian Gulf, the Turkish advance on Yemen, and the raid on Jôf ; all three undertakings belonging to the short period of Turkey's military recrudescence, which began with the English loan of 1857 and ended with the defeat on the Balkans in 1877. These things at least are new, if not of general interest, and may very well serve as an introduction to the sketch which I could add of a free Arabian state, the legitimate product of a purely Asiatic civilization, yet possessed all those blessings we are accustomed to connect in our minds only with Europe. Englishmen should rejoice to hear that there is at least in one corner of Asia a state where life and property are absolutely secure, where justice is impartial, taxation light, military service voluntary, and where a prosperous and happy people cheerfully acquiesce in the established forms of law. The spectacle of such a state should even suggest

something not dreamed of yet in their philosophy, to our statesmen wearied with the tale of Oriental corruption and Oriental tyranny, and impatient of the failure of European methods in civilizing Asia.

It will be remembered that when Mr. Palgrave took his final leave of Arabia, in the spring of 1864, Feysul ibn Saoud, the descendant and successor of the Wahhabi "Sultans of Nejd," who at the beginning of the present century held all Arabia, from Palmyra in the north to the shores of the Indian Sea, was still alive, an old man and blind, but a powerful ruler and a saintly personage in Aared. By skilful management during a long reign, he had restored the Wahhabi power, crushed by Mehemet Ali, almost to its old position in Arabia, and had become master of nearly two thirds of the peninsula. Riad was his capital, and from that central position he governed all Nejd, with Ibn Rashid for his satrap at Haïl, and Bereydah and Oneyzeh subdued. Hasa, with half the western seaboard of the Persian Gulf, from Queyt to Katr, and the Island of Bahreyn acknowledged him; and in the north he took tribute from the distant oases of Jôf and Kâf to within one hundred miles of the Syrian frontier. This dominion of the Wahhabis was then the principal state in Arabia, and appeared to Mr. Palgrave so flourishing that he predicted its ultimate re-establishment over the whole peninsula.

The possessions of the Turkish Sultan were at that time limited to the holy cities of the Hejaz with the road thence to Damascus, which were held on a precarious military tenure. Yemen was still independent, with the exception of Mokha on the coast; and in the extreme south-east Oman, with a powerful navy, had nothing to fear from the Sultan's ships. The Suez Canal was not then an accomplished fact.

But with the opening of the Red Sea and Persian Gulf to cruisers from the Bosphorus, and with the sense of increased power born of full coffers, the produce of the English loan, and of an army equipped with arms of precision, came dreams of conquest to the Imperial Government. The Arabian continent had always been claimed by the Sultans as part of their inheritance from the Caliphs, and now was the moment to assert their claim. The garrisons of Mecca and the Hejaz were increased. A Turkish fleet was sent to the Red Sea; and Midhat Pasha, a man of a restless, unquiet temper, dispatched to Bagdad with orders to make a display of vigor on the Euphrates, and to watch his time for extending the Sultan's influence in any direction in which it might seem to him advisable. The opportunity soon occurred.

In 1865 Feysul ibn Saoud, the old blind Imam of the Wahhabis, died, and Nejd became convulsed by one of those wars of succession which have always been the misfortune of Arabia. His two

sons, Abdallah and Saoud, either supported by an important faction in the state, divided for a while the inheritance between them. Abdallah, a rigid Wahhabi, held the towns where Wahhabism was in its strength; Saoud the country where the Bedouins were delighted to find a champion in their struggle with despotism, religious and political. And thus matters stood for several years. Then they came to blows, and the Bedouins had the best of it. Abdallah was driven out of Aared, and Saoud took possession of the capital. In the mean time, while the brothers were fighting in Aared, the Wahhabi kingdom had fallen suddenly to pieces. The outlying district of Jôf was the first to go. Then followed Kasim and Jebel Shammar, whose sheiks, never more than vassals, now refused tribute altogether and declared themselves independent princes. The island of Bahreyn also, and El Hasa, the maritime province of the Persian Gulf, discarded their allegiance, and when Saoud at last found himself established at Riad, it was only as Emir of the small district bounded by the Jebel Toweyk and the lesser Nefuds. The rest of the empire had reverted to that ancient form of shepherd rule which has existed from all time in Arabia, and which I intend presently to describe.

Here for a while I leave Saoud and follow the fortunes of the elder brother. Abdallah, turned out of Aared, made his way with a few followers to Jebel Shammar, and appeared at the court of Metaab ibn Rashid, his father's former feudatory, as a suppliant. He was politely received and treated as a guest; but no offer of assistance, except in the matter of asylum, was made him, and he retired to wait for better fortune in the little oasis of Taybetism, on the extreme north-eastern frontier of Nejd. Here he made acquaintance (for Taybetism lies on the pilgrim road between Mecca and the Euphrates) with certain *tajers* of Meshhed Ali, wandering merchants who occasionally penetrate to Nejd, and learned from them such particulars of Midhat's character and policy as decided him to call in the intervention of the Turks in the affairs of his native country.

Midhat Pasha's character has been so strangely misconceived in England, that a few words about him may not be out of place. He is a man of extremely moderate abilities, below rather than above the average, intellectually, of the class to which he belongs. He has neither special talents nor special education to distinguish him from his fellows, and his ideas of statecraft in no way differ from that traditional wisdom of the Turkish official world which Europe is accustomed to condemn because it is the embodiment of an evil experience amassed through many centuries of misrule. His patriotism is essentially an assertion of the Sultan's prerogative, his method of government a rude application of force, for by the impatient bent of his mind Midhat prefers, of the two

Turkish methods, force to fraud. On two points, and two points only, is he in sympathy with European thought. He loves power better than money; and he is devoured by a restless need of action. The first has given him the reputation he enjoys of personal integrity, the second has made him the representative of the party of progress in Turkey. Midhat's motto, if he were capable of condensing his vague ambitions into a single phrase, would be the ancient one of Spain, "Plus ultra." He would move on, no matter how, no matter whither. For an Ottoman there is originality in this, but here his merit ends. The history of Midhat's career is a history of abortive schemes, some good, some bad, but every one a failure. His projects, not always his own, have been sometimes well conceived, but have been always beggared in their issue through lack of knowledge and lack of power. Midhat is incapable of consecutive thought, of working out details. His plans are those of adventurers, chiefly European, who have taught him to parody the language of Europe, and helped him to empty the public purse according to European methods. During the short term of his government at Bagdad, Midhat Pasha managed to squander, according to official calculation, sums amounting to three or four millions sterling. But those were the halcyon days of Turkish finance.

To such a man it may be readily conceived the proposal of Abdallah ibn Saoud that he should help him to regain his throne in Nejd came as an answer from heaven. The project was a great, perhaps an impossible one, and therefore must be taken in hand at once. Midhat returned an answer that he would advance that very spring (1871) with twenty thousand men to Riad, and ordered Abdallah to send him guides for the desert. The Porte approved his plan, the army was assembled, not indeed of twenty, but of ten thousand men, and a firman was issued at Constantinople nominating the recreant Abdallah "our caimakam and lieutenant-governor of Riad in our vilayet of Nejd," and then, just as all was ready, it was discovered that the road to Nejd lay across four hundred miles of desert containing neither town nor village, and but scantily supplied with water from a few wells not seldom dry. The conquest of Nejd was therefore, as quickly as it had been conceived, abandoned.

Not so, however, Midhat's ambition. Although Nejd itself lay out of reach, the Nejd Empire possessed one vulnerable point to Turkish aggression in the maritime province of Hasa, which formed a dependency rather than an integral part of the Wahhabi State. It lay upon the shores of the Persian Gulf, and was therefore accessible to a power holding command by sea. To Hasa, then, Midhat directed his balked attention, and he resolved its conquest. The only difficulty lay with England.

England for many years had taken the Persian Gulf under her protection. The Indian fleet, in the interests of commerce and for the suppression of piracy, had performed the duty of keeping the police of the sea in those waters and with the most beneficent results. The rule laid down and maintained of allowing no armed vessels, on any pretext, to navigate the gulf had resulted in the extinction of piracy. Though declining to interfere by land, England had succeeded in putting an end to those time-honored *ghazus*, or raids, which each coast village made on its neighbor by sea. An absolute peace reigned in the gulf; and the maritime tribes, grown prosperous, had entered into trade relations with India, which were an advantage to all concerned. The sheiks of the various towns of the Arabian coast had been induced, one by one, to accept what was called the "Truce of the Gulf," by which, under English guarantee, they consented to disarm and live at peace with their neighbors. This system did not, it is true, formally include the district of Hasa; but the Wahhabi government had conformed to the general police regulations, and its towns enjoyed the general protection. It was therefore to be feared that England might not readily consent to a disturbance of so admirable a state of things, and one which she had been at so much pains to create.

Fortunately, however, Sir Henry Elliot was then at Constantinople, and Lord Granville at the Foreign Office, and to them it was not impossible to explain that Midhat's projected attack upon a peaceful community was not the filibustering raid it seemed, but a righteous enforcement of imperial power on a rebel province of the Sultan's. The old claim of the Sultan to sovereignty over Arabia was dragged forth from the limbo in which it had so long slumbered, and in the appropriate phraseology of European diplomacy was presented as an unanswerable argument. An insurrection had occurred in Nejd—the imperial officials had suspended their functions—the safety of the Sultan's subjects was imperilled—his majesty's government could no longer tolerate such a discreditable state of things—order had been too long compromised—the Sultan's authority must be vindicated—and the rest. Then the famous firman, antedated to 1865, was produced, in which Abdallah ibn Saoud figured as Caimakam, and Nejd as a province of the empire. To make a long story short, permission was granted at St. James's, and, in spite of the protests of the Indian government, Midhat was allowed to convey his troops in unarmed vessels and land them at Katif.

Thus, by the connivance of England, the unfortunate province of El Hasa, with its free and prosperous Arab population, became a prey to the Turks, with what results I leave those learned in Ottoman history to determine. The work of ruin and demoralization

has lasted now for seven years, and the effect is already very apparent in the decreasing trade and industry of the gulf. The Turks, naturally detested by those whom they have enslaved, have from the first fostered the passion of internecine war, which is the misfortune of the Arab race. To divide and rule has always been their motto, and the Arabs are only too easy to divide.

The bait has been held out to these unfortunate coast towns of a connivance at piracy, and this has made the Turkish rule in a sort of way accepted by them. The right to fly the Turkish flag has even been demanded of late years by some of the independent "Trucial chiefs;" and the eastern coast has been demoralized. In vain the Indian government protests. Turkey has been allowed to work her will.

But to conclude the history of this expedition. Midhat's army, after taking Katif by storm, and occupying the coast towns, was ordered to advance upon Riad, an undertaking which they soon found as impossible as it had been found from the Euphrates. Then Midhat seems to have tired of the whole thing. An abortive attempt, under circumstances of more than the usual Turkish perfidy, to gain possession of Bahreyn, was frustrated at last by England, whose morality was roused to action in favor of the island, while it had been content to watch events on the mainland, and the whole thing, as things do in Turkey, dropped.

I am sorry to be obliged to add that Abdallah, the Count Julian of the invasion, gained his wicked ends. Force having failed against Riad, treachery was called into requisition by the Turks, and Saoud died suddenly, it is commonly believed by poison, and thus the way was cleared for Abdallah, who now reigns poorly in Aared, supported by the remnant of the Wahhabis; for the Bedouins have renounced his authority, and the Empire of Nejd is at an end.

Of the other two expeditions launched by the Turks against Independent Arabia, one has already attracted English notice from the fact that it narrowly escaped coming into collision with the British garrison of Aden. It started from Mecca in the same year, 1871, and, having subjugated most of the towns of Yemen, appeared unexpectedly upon the British border. There but for the prudence of the English officer in command, a serious disaster might have resulted to her majesty's troops; for the garrison, having left the shelter of the fortress, found itself in the presence of a vastly superior and apparently hostile force; but the incident is too well known to need recounting. The second has, I believe, entirely escaped attention—so entirely, that I have been unable to ascertain in what year it occurred. About six or seven years ago, however, I learned from those concerned a considerable force (I believe two thousand men) was sent by the Valy of Damascus to

the Jôf oasis, and after a very remarkable march down the Wady Sirhan, reached its destination and occupied the town. Such an expedition, made through such a region, can be only explained as another link in the chain of conquest which it was at that time the object of the imperial government to complete in assertion of the Sultan's claims. It can have had no other motive, for Jôf is too poor to tempt with a hope of plunder, and too far to be permanently occupied. After a stay of some months, on remonstrance made to Medina and a threat of hostilities by the Emir of Jebel Shammar, in whose district the oasis lies, the Ottoman column returned the way it came. The expedition has none the less served to exasperate the Arabs of Nejd still further against the Turks, who have always been despised as barbarians and hated as oppressors.

The Turkish position in Arabia is at the present moment to the last degree precarious. The Sultan's defeat by the Russians is now becoming generally known and appreciated at its true value by the Bedouins, and the first visible sign of weakness will be a signal for their rising in the Hejaz and Hasa. The assassination of the Sherif, to one who knows the ways of Turks and Arabs, seems most significant. It is no doubt quite possible that, as stated in the official report, the deed was committed by a Persian fanatic. The Persians and the Arabs, Shias and Sunis, are always at daggers-drawn, and it is conceivable that a pilgrim, maddened by the treatment Persian pilgrims sometimes receive in the Hejaz, should have thus avenged his sect. But it may well be otherwise. It is beyond dispute that rumors were current some months ago of an Arab rising under this very Sherif, and the Turks are old-fashioned enough in their methods with an enemy to take the first occasion offered of solving all doubts regarding him. It is not a little curious that the Sherif's successor should be a man long resident at Constantinople, and one for that reason doubtless better trusted. These things are not provable; they are only probable, and probable because they have over and over again occurred in Turkish history.

Nor must it be forgotten how small is the respect felt by any class of Arabian society for the Ottoman caliph. The Arabs, though a highly moral race, are peculiarly little religious, the bent of their minds being practical, not devotional; and they are no respecters of persons. To them dervishes and seyyids are in exceedingly slight estimation, and even saints and prophets are not seriously considered. It would be difficult to exaggerate the contempt an Arab of high birth feels for the degenerate successor of their "Nebbi Mohammed," not even an Arab, and the bastard descendant of twenty generations of slaves.* As a Turk the Sultan

* The Sultan.

is no less a foreigner to them than the Muscovite Czar or the Empress of India.

But enough of this tale of Ottoman intrigue and Ottoman misrule. I would show as a contrast what Arabian political life can be when free from foreign domination.

Arabia must not be confounded with the rest of Western Asia, where all is in decay and all is corruption. Here there is neither fatalism, nor torpor, nor indifference. Politics play as prominent a part in thought at Haïl as they do at Paris or Madrid, and are quite as intelligently understood.

The Arab race is *alive*, as no other Asiatic race is alive, with the single exception of the Chinese, like whom it is practical, industrious, and physically vigorous. Scantily peopled as Arabia is, it has still a surplus population, and still sends out its emigrants from time to time into the northern deserts, just as it has done at any period of the last two thousand years. Whatever may be the case in the Hejaz, where Ottoman rule has prevailed, there is no sign elsewhere in Arabia of a lapse from higher to lower conditions of prosperity. In Nejd there are neither ruined cities nor abandoned fields, such as one meets with in every other part of Western Asia. Hardly an acre of land capable of cultivation is there left unplanted. The traveller passing from the lands of the Turk into those of the independent Arab is struck at once with the look of neatness and prosperity which pervades everything—the little fields of barley, tended each as a garden and fenced round with trim hedges of palm-boughs; the palm-groves laid out in squares for the purpose of irrigation, and laboriously supplied with water from wells often eighty and a hundred feet deep. Each town and village and outlying farm surrounded by its wall, kept carefully in repair and rarely showing a single battlement missing, though, as these are of earth, they constantly require renewal; things trifling in themselves, yet a sure index of prosperity, just as are the clean fallows and clipped hedges of an English farm.

The soil of Arabia is a poor one, and the almost absolute want of rain makes cultivation impossible, except in the most favored situations. It is a mistake to suppose that in any part of the interior, except possibly in Yemen, there is a considerable tract of agricultural land. The truth is, that the whole of Nejd is a desert, and that the few cultivated patches that it can boast have been rescued painfully from their natural aridity by purely artificial means.

There is no such thing as water above ground in any of the central plateaux, although these rise to the height of four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Even the granite range of Jebel Shammar boasts not a single stream. The towns and villages of Nejd are merely palm oases scattered over a vast upland of gravel,

and separated from each other by huge intervening wastes. Their *raison d'être* lies in their wells. Wherever water has been found at a few feet from the surface, there towns have been built and gardens planted. Their wealth is in their palm-groves, eked out by certain old-fashioned industries and by trade with the Bedouins, who occupy the desert outside with their sheep and camels. The common home of the Bedouins, although they range over every part of the Nejd, are the districts of red sand which are known as Nefuds. These, unlike the barren gravelly upland, which is almost destitute of vegetation, provide them with perennial pasture in the shape of certain bushes and shrubs, and even grass. No peasantry, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, is found in Arabia, every one who is not a Bedouin being a townsman.

It is to the physical features of their land thus understood that the Arabs of Nejd owe the peculiar political institutions under which, with some interludes of foreign and domestic tyranny, they have lived and thrived for several thousand years. These I will endeavor to explain. The position of the towns of Nejd relatively to each other may be likened to that of the islands of an archipelago, or rather to several groups of islands. The desert surrounds them like the sea, and they have no point of contact one with the other in the shape of intervening fields or villages, or even intervening pastures. They are isolated in the most literal sense, and from this fact has sprung the political individuality which it has always been their care to maintain. Each city is like an independent state.

As, however, the citizens of even Arabian towns are to a certain extent dependent on each other, and as, from the deficiency of the supply of food in many of them, compared with the wants of the inhabitants, they are obliged to send their caravans yearly to the sea-coast or the Euphrates for corn, they have most of them come long ago to a *modus vivendi* while without their own walls, and in order to secure their communications have put themselves each under the protection of one of the principal Bedouin sheiks of its district. He, on the consideration of a yearly tribute, has guaranteed them safety outside the city walls, and the citizens are thus able to travel perfectly unmolested as far as his jurisdiction extends. This vassalage to a common lord has, moreover, been a bond of union between them; and so the towns and villages of each group of oases have contracted ties of amity almost amounting to those of a common nationality.

This in its simplest form has been the political condition of Arabia from the first dawn of history. A further development, however, has ensued which connects it more nearly with the conditions of government observable elsewhere. The Bedouin

sheik, grown rich with the tribute of a score of towns, builds for himself a castle close to one of them. There, with the *prestige* of his rank (for Bedouin blood is still accounted purest), and backed by his power in the desert, he speedily becomes the practical ruler of the town, and from protector of the citizens becomes their sheik. He now is dignified by them with the title of emir, and though still merely their sheik, to the Bedouins becomes virtually sovereign of the oasis. Such were, no doubt, the "kings of Arabia" who came to visit Solomon, and such, it has been asserted, were the "shepherd Pharaohs" of Egypt, rulers from *without*, not from *within* the city. Such, too, at the present day are the Ibn Rashids and the Ibn Saouds of Nejd.

Admirably adapted, then, to the physical wants of the country, and sanctioned by immemorial usage, the "shepherd government" of Arabia is popular and effective. In a land where the Ottoman government, with all the power at its disposal, has never been able to maintain order outside the walls of its cities, or make the highways secure for life and property, the native system of rule has succeeded in establishing an absolute peace. In the whole district of Jebel Shammar, embracing, as it does, some of the wildest deserts inhabited by some of the wildest people in the world, a traveller may go unarmed and unescorted without more let or hindrance than if he were following the high-road from Westminster to Brighton. On every highway in Jebel Shammar, townsmen may be found jogging on donkey-back alone, or on foot, carrying neither gun nor lance, and with all their wealth with them. If you ask about the dangers of the road they will return the question, "Are we not here in Ibn Rashid's country?" No system, however perfect, of patrols, and forts, and escorts, could produce a result like this. Ibn Rashid, having unbounded power at his command in the desert, has only to decree that suspicious characters shall be summarily treated, and no outlaw will venture to remain an hour. The Bedouins will not disobey him.

In the town of Haïl the Emir is equally respected, and there he exercises the traditional functions of an Arabian ruler in all their completeness. He resides in a castle half within and half without the city, and maintains a body guard of eight hundred men, dressed in the ordinary costume of Arabia, but armed with silver-hilted swords. These soldiers are clothed at the Emir's expense, but receive from him neither pay nor rations, only a kind of pension for their families when serving out of Haïl. Their service is voluntary, the young men wishing to enlist inscribing themselves at the castle, and being called out as occasion requires. Their duties are light; no drill or discipline, more than for the daily parade at the Mejliss or public court of justice, and occasionally an act of police work. A few, however, are stationed in distant towns and forts to

support the Emir's authority, and these, I believe, receive pay. They are respectable, orderly men, and belong to the best class of citizens. Half a dozen of them are considered sufficient to keep order in all the Jôf oasis.

The Emir holds a court of justice daily in the court-yard of his palace, when he settles personally all disputes. The forms of justice are very summary, no case that I saw occupying more than a few minutes; but as all is public, and there is no suspicion of partiality or corruption, the disputants appear contented that it should be so. Any one having a petition then presents it, and says what he has to say to the Emir himself, who gives an immediate answer. The citizens address him with O Emir! O Prince!—the Bedouins with O Sheik! or simply, O Mohammed! As far as I could learn, disputes are settled rather by traditional usage than by any recognized code of law, though doubtless the Koran is sometimes appealed to. The criminal law is, according to all accounts, still simpler; a thief or robber taken red-handed for the first offence loses his hand, for the second his head. Thieving, however, even in the capital, is hardly known, and there had been no case of murder or homicide for many years.

The taxation of Jebel Shammar is light, and is levied in coin not kind, Turkish money being the recognized medium of exchange. It is collected in Haïl by the Emir's officers, in the other districts by the local sheiks, the tax levied on each town or village being assessed according to the number of palm-trees it possesses. I believe fourpence a tree is about the amount, trees under seven years old being exempt. There is a small tax too for each sheep kept for the citizens by the Bedouins. This, with the tribute enforced from the subject tribes and the tribute for protection paid by the towns, amounts to a yearly sum of perhaps £60,000, while the annual passage of the Persian pilgrimage through his dominions adds twenty or thirty thousand more to Ibn Rashid's exchequer. The princely family of Haïl, of whom Mohammed ibn Rashid, the present Emir, is fifth in succession from its original founder, has always been distinguished for its intelligent management of finance. Without being parsimonious, for extreme liberality has been one of the principles of their statecraft, they have always looked closely to receipts and expenditure. No waste has been permitted, and each successive occupant of the throne (if such it can be called) has made it his business to amass treasure in gold and silver pieces. It is impossible to estimate the value of these savings made during a period of fifty years, but common report puts it at an immense sum. In any case, the state has no public debt, and its budget presents the spectacle of a large yearly surplus.

The form of government, though a despotism, is one very closely

restricted by public opinion. The citizens of Jebel Shammar have not what we should call constitutional rights: there is no machinery among them for the assertion of their power; but there is probably no community in the old world where popular feeling exercises a more powerful influence on government than it does at Haïl. The Emir, irresponsible as he is in individual acts, knows well that he cannot transgress the traditional unwritten law of Arabia with impunity. An unpopular sheik would cease, *ipso facto*, to be sheik, for though dethroned by no public ceremony, and subjected to no personal ill-treatment, he would find himself abandoned in favor of a more acceptable member of his family. The citizen soldiers would not support a recognized tyrant in the town, now would the Bedouins outside. The Princes of Arabia have therefore always to consider public opinion before all else. It has been the principle of the Ibn Rashids to secure popularity by a strict adherence to the ancient usages of Arabia, by a firm but impartial administration of justice, and by a boundless hospitality, for hospitality, as is well known, is the first and greatest of all virtues in Arab estimation. From two to three hundred guests are fed daily at the Emir's palace; the poor are clothed, and presents of camels and clothes made to strangers from a distance. In this way the name of Ibn Rashid has been carried on the wings of fame throughout the length and breadth of Arabia, Mohammed ibn Rashid, the present Emir, has put himself at the head of what may be called the National Party in Nejd, and is carrying all before him, to the discomfiture of the old rivals and suzerains of his house, the Ibn-Saouds. These, representing the Wahhabi influence, are losing ground daily, and though there is no probability of a collision between the two emirs, divided as they are by a tract of Nefud, Ibn Rashid may yet find himself called upon to fill the throne of all Central Arabia by a general proffer of allegiance from the tribes.

The Shammar clan, long the strongest and most numerous tribe in Nejd, is now supplemented in its allegiance to Mohammed by the Daffiri, the Sherarat, and many others in the northern deserts, while more than one of the sheiks of Kasim and Aared have already sent in their tribute to Haïl. It is conceivable that, gathering as it goes, this league of the tribes may one day embrace not merely Jebel Shammar, Kasim, and Aared, but even all Arabia. In the interest of those provinces now misgoverned by the Turks, this is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

And now I trust that I may have succeeded in my endeavor to enlist the sympathy of readers on the side of true progress and true freedom in the struggle which may any day break out in Arabia, between the representatives of barbarism clothed in European forms, and civilization, real and living, though strange to us

in its Semitic dress. All Europe knows the Turk, but who knows the Arab? Not those who spend their winter at Cairo, or their spring in Palestine, and who complain of the endless cry of *bakshish*, and the beggarly ways of the natives; not even those who have penetrated as far as Bagdad and mixed with the *fellahin* of the Tigris. The Arabic-speaking Copt of the Nile and the Canaanite of Syria are Arab only in language, and are without the political instincts inherent in the pure race; the bastard Iraki has been for centuries a slave. These may never be worthy of their independence, or capable of a self-government of which they have lost the traditions; but they are not real Arabians, and should not be confounded with them. The real Arabian is as proud and self-respecting, and as fully entitled by his intellectual and moral powers to political freedom, as any free and independent citizen of any country in the world, far more so than either Bulgarian or Roumanian, on whose rights all Europe has been called to judge. It may not be the duty of England to free any race from bondage, but at least let this one have nothing further to reproach her with in the history of its enslavement. Fortunately the day of Ottoman tyranny in Asia is very near its close, and very near, too, if I may indulge a hope, is the complete and lasting freedom of Arabia.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT, *in the Fortnightly.*

THE PINCH OF POVERTY.

IN these days of reduction of rents, or of total abstinence from rent-paying, it is, I am told, the correct thing to be "a little pressed for money." It is a sign of connection with the landed interest (like the banker's ejaculation in "Middlemarch") and suggests family acres, and entails, and a position in the county. (In which case I know a good many people who are landlords on a very extensive scale, and have made allowances for their tenants the generosity of which may be described as Quixotic.) But as a general rule, and in times less exceptionally hard, though Shakespeare tells us "How apt the poor are to be proud," they are not proud of being poor.

"Poverty," says the greatest of English divines, "is indeed despised and makes men contemptible; it exposes a man to the influences of evil persons, and leaves a man defenceless; it is always suspected; its stories are accounted lies, and all its counsels follies; it puts a man from all employment; it makes a man's discourses tedious and his society troublesome. This is the worst of it." Even so poverty seems pretty bad, but, begging Dr. Jeremy Taylor's pardon, what he has stated is by no means "the worst of

it." To be in want of food at any time, and of firing in winter time, is ever so much worse than the inconveniences he enumerates; and to see those we love—delicate women and children perhaps—in want of them is worse still. The fact is, the excellent bishop probably never knew what it was to go without his meals, but took them "reg'lar" (as Mrs. Gamp took her Brighton ale) as bishops generally do. Moreover, since his day, luxury has so universally increased, and the value of intelligence has become so well recognized (by the publishers), that even philosophers, who profess to despise such things, have plenty to eat, and good of its kind too Hence it happens that, from all we hear to the contrary from the greatest thinkers, the deprivation of food is a small thing: indeed, as compared with the great spiritual struggles of noble minds, and the doubts that beset them as to the supreme government of the universe, it seems hardly worth mentioning.

In old times, when folks were not so "cultured," starvation was thought more of. It is quite curious, indeed, to contrast the high-flying morality of the present day (when no one is permitted, either by Evolutionist or Ritualist, however dire may be his necessity, so much as to jar his conscience) with the shocking laxity of the Holy Scriptures. "Men do not despise a thief if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry," says Solomon, after which stretch of charity, strange to say, he goes on to speak of marital infidelity in terms that, considering the number of wives he had himself, strike one as severe.

It is certain, indeed, that the sacred writers were apt to make great allowances for people with empty stomachs, and though I am well aware that the present profane ones think this very reprehensible, I venture to agree with the sacred writers. The sharpest tooth of poverty is felt, after all, in the bite of hunger. A very amusing and graphic writer once described his experience of a whole night passed in the streets; the exhaustion, the pain, the intolerable weariness of it, were set forth in a very striking manner; the sketch was called "The Key of the Street," and was thought by many, as Browning puts it, to be "the true Dickens." But what are even the pangs of sleeplessness and fatigue compared with those of want? Of course there have been fanatics who have fasted many days; but they have been supported by the prospect of spiritual reward. I confess I reserve my pity for those who have no such golden dreams, and who fast perforce. It is exceedingly difficult for mere worldlings—such as most of us are—not to eat, if it is possible, when we are hungry. I have known a great social philosopher who flattered himself that he was giving his sons an experience of high thinking and low living by restricting their pocket-money to two shillings a day, out of which it was understood they were to find their own meals. I don't know

whether the spirit in their case was willing, but the flesh was decidedly weak, for one of them, on this very moderate allowance, used to contrive to always have a pint of dry champagne with his luncheon. The fact is, that of the iron grip of poverty, people in general, by no means excepting those who have written about it, have had very little experience; whereas of the pinch of it a good many people know something. It is the object of this paper—and the question should be an interesting one, considering how much it is talked about—to inquire briefly where it lies.

It is quite extraordinary how very various are the opinions entertained on this point, and, before sifting them, one must be careful in the first place to eliminate from our inquiry the cases of that considerable class of persons who pinch themselves. For, however severely they do it, they may stop when they like, and the pain is cured. There is all the difference in the world between pulling one's own tooth out and even the best and kindest of dentists doing it for one. How gingerly one goes to work, and how often it strikes one that the tooth is a good tooth, that it has been a fast friend to us for ever so many years, and never "fallen out" before, and that after all it had better stop where it is!

To the truly benevolent mind, indeed, nothing is more satisfactory than to hear of a miser denying himself the necessaries of life a little too far and ridding us of his presence altogether. Our confidence in the average virtue of humanity assures us that his place will be supplied by a better man. The details of his penurious habits, the comfortless room, the scanty bedding, the cheese-rinds on his table, and the fat banking-book under his thin bolster, only inspire disgust: if he were pinched to death he did it himself, and so much the better for the world in general and his heir in particular.

Again, the people who have a thousand a year, and who try to persuade the world that they have two thousand, suffer a good deal of inconvenience, but it can't be called the pinch of poverty. They may put limits to their washing-bills, which persons of cleanlier habits would consider unpleasantly narrow; they may eat cold mutton in private for five days a week in order to eat turtle and venison in public (and with the air of eating them every day) on the sixth; and they may immure themselves in their back rooms in London throughout the autumn in order to persuade folks that they are still at Trouville, where for ten days they did really reside and in splendor; but all their stint and self-incarceration, so far from awakening pity, only fill us with contempt. I am afraid that even the complaining tones of our city friend, who tells us that in consequence of "the present unsettled state of the markets" he has been obliged to make "great retrenchments"—which it seems, on inquiry, consist in putting down one of his

carriages and keeping three horses instead of six—fail to draw the sympathizing tear. Indeed, to a poor man this pretence of suffering on the part of the rich is perhaps even more offensive than their boasts of their prosperity.

On the other hand, when the rich become really poor their case is hard indeed; though, strange to say, we hear little of it. It is like drowning; there is a feeble cry, a little ineffectual assistance from the bystanders, and then they go under. It is not a question of pinch with *them;* they have fallen into the gaping mouth of ruin, and it has devoured them. If we ever see them again, it is in the second generation as waiters (upon Providence), or governesses, and we say, "Why, dear me, that was Bullion's son (or daughter), wasn't it?" using the past tense as if they were dead. "I remember him when he lived in Eton Square." This class of cases rarely comes under the head of "genteel poverty." They were at the top, and hey presto! by some malignant stroke of fate, they are at the bottom; and there they stick.

I don't believe in bachelors ever experiencing the pinch of poverty; I have heard them complaining of it at the club, while ordering Medina oysters instead of natives, but, after all, what does it signify even if they were reduced to cockles? They have no appearances to keep up, and if they cannot earn enough to support themselves they must be poor creatures indeed.

It is the large families of moderate income, who are delicate, and have delicate tastes, that feel the twinge; and especially the poor girls. I remember a man, with little care for his personal appearance, of small means, but with a very rich sense of humor, describing to me his experiences when staying at a certain ducal house in the country, where his feelings must have been very similar to those of Christopher Sly. In particular he drew a charming picture of the magnificent attendant who in the morning *would* put out his clothes for him, which had not been made by Mr. Poole, nor very recently by anybody. The contempt which he well understood his Grace's gentleman must have felt for him afforded him genuine enjoyment. But with young ladies, in a similar position, matters are very different; they have rarely a sense of humor, and certainly none strong enough to counteract the force of a personal humiliation. I have known some very charming ones, compelled to dress on a very small allowance, who, in certain mansions where they have been occasionally guests, have been afraid to put their boots outside their door, because they were not of the newest, and have trembled when the officious lady's-maid has meddled with their scanty wardrobe. A philosopher may think nothing of this, but, considering the tender skin of the sufferer, it may be fairly called a pinch.

In the investigation of this interesting subject, I have had a good

deal of conversation with young ladies, who have given me the fullest information, and in a manner so charming, that, if it were common in witnesses generally, it would make blue-books the most delightful description of reading.

"I consider it to be a pinch," says one, "when I am obliged to put on black mittens on occasions when I know other girls will have long white kid gloves." I must confess I have a prejudice myself against mittens; they are, so to speak, "gritty" to touch; so that the pinch, if it be one, experienced by the wearer, is shared by her ungloved friends. The same thing may be said of that drawing-room fire, which is lit so late in the season for economical reasons, and so late in the day at all times; the pinch is felt as much by the visitors as by the members of the household. These things, however, are mere nips, and may be placed in the same category with the hardships complained of by my friend Quiverfull's second boy. "I don't mind having papa's clothes cut up for me," he says, "but what I do think hard is getting Bob's clothes [Bob being his elder brother], which have been papa's first; however, I am in great hopes that I am outgrowing Bob."

A much more severe example of the pinch of poverty than these is to be found in railway travelling; no lady of any sense or spirit objects to travel by the second, or even the third class, if her means do not justify her going by the first. But when she meets with richer friends upon the platform, and parts with them to journey in the same compartment with their man-servant, she suffers as acutely as though, when the guard slams the door of the carriage with the vehemence proportioned to its humble rank, her tender hand had been crushed in it. Of course it is very foolish of her; but it demands democratic opinions, such as almost no woman of birth and breeding possesses, not to feel *that* pinch. Her knowledge that it is also hard upon the man-servant, who has never sat in her presence before, but only stooped over her shoulder with "'Ock, miss," serves but to increase her pain.

A great philosopher has stated that the worst evil of poverty is, that it makes folks ridiculous; by which I hope he only means that, as in the above case, it places them in incongruous positions. The man or woman who derives amusement from the lack of means of a fellow-creature, would jeer at a natural deformity, be cruel to children and insult old age. Such people should be whipped and then hanged. Nevertheless there are certain little pinches of poverty so slight that they tickle almost as much as they hurt the victim. A lady once told me (interrupting herself, however, with pleasant bursts of merriment) that as a young girl her allowance was so small, that when she went out to spend the morning at a friend's her promised pleasure was almost darkened by the presentiment (always fulfilled) that the cabman was sure to

charge her more than the proper fare. The extra expense was really of consequence to her, but she never dared dispute it, because of the presence of the footman who opened the door.

Some young ladies—quite as ladylike as any who roll in chariots—cannot even afford a cab. "What *I* call the pinch of poverty," observed an example of this class, "is the waiting for omnibus after omnibus on a wet afternoon and finding them all full."

"But, surely," I replied with gallantry, "any man would have given up his seat to you?"

She shook her head with a smile that had very little fun in it. "People in omnibuses," she said, "don't give up their seats to others." Nor, I am bound to confess, do they do so elsewhere; if I had been in their place, perhaps I should have been equally selfish; though I do think I should have made an effort, in this instance at least, to make room for her close beside me.*

A young governess whom some wicked fairy endowed at her birth with the sensitiveness often denied to princesses, has assured me that her journeys by railway have sometimes been rendered miserable by the thought that she had not even a few pence to spare for the porter who would presently shoulder her little box on to the roof of her cab.

It is people of this class, much more than those beneath them, who are shut out from all amusements. The mechanic goes to the play and to the music-hall, and occasionally takes his "old girl," as he calls his wife, and even "a kid" or two, to the Crystal Palace. But those I have in my mind have no such relaxation from compulsory duty and importunate care. "I know it's very foolish, but I feel it sometimes to be a pinch," says one of these ill-fated ones, "to see them all [the daughters of her employer] going to the play, or the opera, while I am expected to be satisfied with a private view of their pretty dresses." No doubt it is the sense of comparison (and especially with the female) that sharpens the sting of poverty. It is not, however, through envy that the "prosperity of fools destroys us" so much as the knowledge of its unnecessariness and waste. When a mother has a sick child who needs sea air, which she cannot afford to give it, the consciousness that her neighbor's family (the head of which perhaps is a most successful financier and market-rigger) are going to the Isle of Wight for three months, though there is nothing at

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* There is, however, some danger in this. I remember reading of some highly respectable old gentleman in the city who thus accommodated on a wet day a very nice young woman in humble circumstances. She was as full of apologies as of rain-water, and he of good-natured rejoinders, intended to put her at her ease; so that he became, in a Platonic and paternal way, quite friendly with her by the time she arrived at her destination, which happened to be his own door. She turned out to be his new cook, which was afterward very embarrassing.

all the matter with them, is an added bitterness. How often it is said (no doubt with some well-intentioned idea of consolation) that after all money cannot buy life! I remember a curious instance to the contrary of this. In the old days of sailing-packets a country gentleman embarked for Ireland, and when a few miles from land broke a blood-vessel through sea-sickness. A doctor on board pronounced that he would certainly die before the completion of the voyage if it was continued; whereupon the sick man's friends consulted with the captain, who convoked the passengers, and persuaded them to accept compensation in proportion to their needs for allowing the vessel to be put back; which was accordingly done.

One of the most popular fictions of our time was even written with this very moral, that life is unpurchasable. Yet nothing is more certain than that life is often lost through want of money—that is, of the obvious means to save it. In such a case how truly has it been written that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty!" This, however, is scarcely a pinch, but, to those who have hearts to feel it, a wrench that "divides asunder the joints and the marrow."

A nobler example, because a less personal one, of the pinch of poverty, is when it prevents the accomplishment of some cherished scheme for the benefit of the human race. I have felt such a one myself, when in extreme youth I was unable, from a miserable absence of means, to publish a certain poem in several cantos. That the world may not have been much better for it if I had had the means does not affect the question. It is easy to be incredulous. Henry the Seventh of England did not believe in the expectations of Columbus, and suffered for it, and his case may have been similar to that of the seven publishers to whom I applied in vain.

A man with an invention on which he has spent his life, but has no means to get it developed for the good of humanity—or even patented for himself—must feel the pinch of poverty very acutely.

To sum up the matter, the longer I live the more I am convinced that the general view in respect to material means is a false one. That great riches are a misfortune is quite true; the effect of them in the moral sense (with here and there a glorious exception, however) is deplorable: a shower of gold falling continuously upon any body (or soul) is as the waters of a petrifying spring. But, on the other hand, the occasional and precarious dripping of coppers has by no means a genial effect. If the one recipient becomes hard as the nether millstone, the other (just as after constant "pinching" a limb becomes insensible) grows callous, and also (though it seems like a contradiction in terms) sometimes acquires a certain dreadful suppleness. Nothing is more monstrous than the generally received opinion with respect to a moderate competence:

that "fatal gift," as it is called, which encourages idleness in youth by doing away with the necessity for exertion. I never hear the same people inveighing against great inheritances, which are much more open to such objections. The fact is, if a young man is naturally indolent, the spur of necessity will drive him but a very little way, while the having enough to live upon is often the means of preserving his self-respect. One often hears what humiliating things men will do for money, whereas the truth is that they do them for the want of it. It is not the temptation which induces them, but the pinch. "Give me neither poverty nor riches," was Agur's prayer; "feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal." And there are many things, flatteries, disgraceful humiliations, hypocrisies, which are almost as bad as stealing. One of the sharpest pinches of poverty to some minds must be their inability (because of their dependency on him and that of others upon them) to tell a man what they think of him.

Riches and poverty are of course but relative terms; but the happiest material position in which a man can be placed is that of "means with a margin." Then, however small his income may be, however it may behove him to "cut and contrive," as the housekeepers call it, he does not feel the pinch of poverty. I have known a rich man say to an acquaintance of this class, "My good friend, if you only knew how very small are the pleasures my money gives me which you yourself cannot purchase!" And for once it was not one of those cheap and empty consolations which the wealthy are so ready to bestow upon their less fortunate fellow-creatures. Dives was, in that instance, quite right in his remark; only we must remember he was not speaking to Lazarus. "A dinner of herbs where love is" is doubtless quite sufficient for us; only there must be enough of it, and the herbs should be nicely cooked in an omelet.

JAMES PAYN, *in the Nineteenth Century.*

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

1. *Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease.* By W. LANDER LINDSAY, M.D., F.R.S.E., F.L.S.
2. *Presidential Address to the Biological Section of the British Association.* By Professor ST. GEORGE MIVART, F.R.S., F.L.S., F.G.S. Sheffield. 1879.
3. *Animal Intelligence.* A Lecture delivered before the British Association by GEORGE J. ROMANES, M.A., F.L.S. Dublin. 1878.

"ANIMAL intelligence," says Mr. Romanes, in his admirable lecture on the subject, delivered before the British Association in Dublin, 1878, "is a subject which has always been of considerable

interest to philosophical minds, but the interest attaching to it has of late years been greatly increased by the significance which it has acquired in relation to the theory of descent."

We cannot be surprised that the doctrines of Darwin, so clearly and forcibly enunciated as to have convinced the vast majority of scientists of the fact that life, common alike to man and the lower animals, may be traced backward to its source in the very lowest protoplasmic forms, should have likewise revived the ancient controversies of schoolmen and philosophers with regard to the proper psychological position of the whole of animated nature, as viewed from the standpoint of civilized and philosophic man, who now finds himself placed indubitably at the head of the whole. Do the lower animals, in sharing with man vitality and all its accompaniments of pain, disease, and death, share with him also that indefinable unknown quality or essence denominated mind? Do the actions of the lower animals proceed from internal consciousness and reflection akin to that of man, although differing in degree, or are they simply automatic movements, directed by instinct, or necessity, or by the superior will of man the master? These are the problems which have occupied the minds of philosophers in all ages. The Rev. J. Selby Watson, in his very interesting book on the "Reasoning Power in Animals," gives an epitome of the opinions of various writers upon the subject from Aristotle downward.

"That beasts had no real thought or feeling," he writes, "but only seemed to have, is a doctrine or notion as old as the days of the cynics and stoics, and is ridiculed by Plutarch in his discourse on the sagacity of animals. . . . Aristotle, too, author of the most ancient work on animals which has come down to us, expresses himself of much the same persuasion; he is unwilling to concede that any other animal than man regulates his actions in any degree by reasonable considerations. Seneca, a stoic, in conformity with the doctrines of his sect, declared that the homogeneity of the actions of men and beasts is merely apparent, their natures being altogether different. . . . What we call the feelings of beasts, whether good or evil, are, he thinks, feelings only in appearance. Descartes may be said to have adopted this opinion, for he intimated in his 'Discourse on Method' that all the lower animals are mere unreasoning machines as much as a clock or a watch; that all their actions may be explained by the laws of mechanism. Montaigne, on the contrary, is inclined to extol beasts to the disparagement of man. Buffon grants them everything possessed by man except thought and reflection. The opinion of Leibnitz was not very different from that of Buffon. Réaumur is inclined to admit that there is intelligence in the lower animals. Condillac asserts that the beaver builds his rampart and

the bird its nest from forethought and judgment. Helvetius, Humboldt, Darwin, and Smellie asserted that the actions of brutes are the result of reasoning similar to that of man. Salmasius was of the same opinion. Frederic Cuvier, brother of the baron and keeper of the Jardin des Plantes, not only declared that they had intelligence of the same kind as that of man, but endeavored to distinguish the different degrees of it in different species of animals. Lord Brougham ('Dialogues on Instinct,' iv.) says, 'I know not why so much unwillingness should be shown by some excellent philosophers to allow intelligent faculties and a share of reason to the lower animals.'"

Looking only to the summary here given, it might be assumed that the balance of opinion among philosophers and naturalists inclined to the rejection of the hypotheses that the lower animals are endowed with mental faculties similar to those of man, but against this must be placed the universal testimony of men in all ages, who, although neither philosophers nor naturalists, have yet been attentive observers of such of the lower animals as may have fallen in their way, and have, moreover, as hunters, been compelled to study the habits of their prey with greater attention and more minuteness, and with far more abundant opportunities, than the philosopher, seated in his study, aided only by books, or perhaps the dry skeleton of the animal whose mental powers he undertakes to measure, supplemented by an occasional visit to a menagerie, where the same animal is seen at its worst, in a wholly artificial and degraded condition. With regard to domesticated animals, which alone usually fall within the scope of ordinary non-scientific observers, we shall have much to say later; meanwhile let us just glance at the position occupied by the lower animals in the mythologies, traditions, and fables of the ancients and of modern savages, as indicative of the esteem, independent of philosophy, in which they have been and are held by the vast majority of mankind.

It is among the cultured Egyptians that we find veneration for the various good qualities of animals degenerating into absolute worship, and into that strange weird conception of the transmigration of souls, a belief which could only have originated among those who saw no insuperable barrier between man and other animals. The same feeling has led uncivilized man in all ages to look upon certain animals with reverence as representing in some manner their deceased ancestors. More especially is this the case with regard to serpents and birds, which seem to be almost universally looked upon as the abodes of departed human spirits; but in addition to these, almost every tribe has adopted some especial animal as a symbol or totem, an object of reverence, representing in a peculiar manner the head of the tribe, and which therefore may not be killed or eaten by that tribe, although free to every other;

and there can be little doubt that it is to this capricious selection of tribal totems that we must attribute the undeservedly bad character assigned to certain animals, and the perhaps equally undeserved good character attached to others. In Egypt every town had its special divinity regarded with aversion elsewhere; and the same feelings may probably be traced through Asia Minor, Greece, and Rome, and through Europe, even to our own shores, existing in the present day in the national emblems adopted or assigned, and which occupy so prominent a position in the various comic papers. We remember the time when, during the French occupation of Rome, to crow like a cock was an Italian challenge, leading frequently to bloodshed.

We cannot doubt that it was some observed resemblance between man and beast which led to the adoption of the totem, although the selection was in most cases the result of accident or of a dream, for we believe that among many savages each man has, in addition to the tribal totem, his own individual symbol, which is either the first animal he meets after the probationary fasting which accompanies his admission to manhood, or some animal revealed to him in a dream during the same period. In like manner observation, based upon near acquaintance with the habits of the lower animals, joined to that poetic and imaginative temperament which characterizes the infancy and youth of humanity, whether as races or individuals, was doubtless the foundation of all those fables and legends which form the folk-lore of so many nations, and have degenerated into our own nursery tales, in which, as a rule, animals are endowed not only with human reason, but with human speech, and almost invariably outwit their human adversaries.*

In all these cases imagination has magnified an observed peculiarity or natural characteristic, but there is no scientific deduction, no reasoning as to the possibility or probability of animals having assumed the *rôle* assigned to them. The savage notes the cunning of the fox or the jackal in escaping the snare of the hunter, and does not stop to consider whether that cunning is the result of instinct or of intelligence, but assumes him to be endowed with reason equal to or superior to his own, seeing that under similar circumstances he would gladly have acted with the same foresight; he consequently sees no difficulty in believing that the spirit of some chief famed for sagacity has assumed the form of the fox, and acted in and through him. The same holds good with regard to

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* The superstitions derived from this infantile stage of human society have hardly yet died out among civilized mankind. The belief in were-wolves can hardly yet be said to be extinct, and in the last century many an unlucky wretch doomed as a witch was gravely accused of having metamorphosed herself into a black cat. Among African tribes to the present day men are said to turn themselves at will into leopard and jackals.

other animals and their characteristics, whether of speed, strength, ferocity, or gentleness.

But this minute insight into the habits and special characteristics of the lower animals, and their consequent undue exaltation, does not satisfy the needs of modern scientific inquiry. If the fox is cunning, the scientist desires to have the cause of that cunning demonstrated; he must know whether it is a natural or acquired characteristic. Whether all foxes placed in the same position would act in precisely the same manner, or whether they would show individuality and independent reasoning powers? Now many naturalists of the present day, and notably Darwin, Huxley, Lubbock, and many foreign naturalists, have done much to throw light upon the numerous difficult problems with which the subject of animal intelligence is surrounded, but we can hardly imagine that the book which we have placed at the head of this article ("Mind in the Lower Animals," by Dr. W. Lander Lindsay) will greatly advance the cause of science; for, although the author has shown unwearied zeal and industry in collecting from all sources anecdotes illustrative of the mental capacity of the lower animals, and in arranging them under certain heads more or less appropriate, he is so plainly the advocate rather than the judge, and takes up the cause of his clients so injudiciously as to invest the whole subject with an air of unreality likely to cast ridicule and contempt, rather than respect and admiration upon his advocacy. He seems, in truth, to have entered upon his task with a foregone conclusion: starting from the platform of the savage rather than that of the man of science, seeing something extraordinary, if not almost supernatural, in the most ordinary actions of the lower animals, and giving to these acts a significance far greater than if they had been performed by man, he avows that "the general scope of the present work is to show how *superior* certain animals are to whole races or classes of mankind, both morally and mentally, and how essentially alike moral and mental influences and operations are in man and other animals."

Now it is the latter part of this proposition which is at present a matter of dispute between naturalists and philosophers, and we imagine there are few, if any, cautious and candid investigators who would be willing to concede an innate *superiority* to the mental powers of the lower animals, although it may be conceded that many of them show extraordinary sagacity and powers of adaptation which can hardly be relegated to that very vague but convenient term *instinct*, which is supposed to be so much more powerful in the lower animals than in man. We do not hesitate in ranging ourselves among those who regard the mind of animals as differing from that of man in *degree* rather than in *kind*, looking upon it as capable of development by education, and varying in individ-

uals even as in the human race, but we do not believe this view is likely to be advanced by such sentences as the following, taken almost at random from the book before us :

"The most promising of all animals on whom to try the effects of *moral education* are the anthropoid apes, such as the orang and the chimpanzee. We know how human-like has been their behavior when they have been civilized by man, made his servants or companions on board ship or in his household. We know how in them politeness or refinement of manners may be developed, and all the usages of good society ; how they can behave at table and take their meals ; how they can act as substitutes for the negro in various kinds of domestic or other service. But we do not yet know how good they can be made, to what extent or in what directions their moral nature can be developed. I believe that, could only they be induced to bestow them, the patient efforts of our missionaries in this direction—on our anthropoid poor relations instead of on their fellow-creatures and countrymen the negro—might produce results of a startling character—results that might put an end, once and for all, to current sneers as to the psychical connection between men and monkeys."

Again, in the chapter entitled "Religious Feeling in other Animals," Dr. Lindsay says :

"*Church attendance* by dogs is, and has long been, a common phenomenon in the pastoral districts of Scotland. Scotch shepherds, both in Highland and Lowland, are a devout, church-attending race ; and, so far at least as concerns regularity of attendance upon the ordinances of worship and demure and decorous behavior thereat, their dogs, or 'collies,' are equally devout. These Scotch collies frequently have particular seats or pews—or at least their equivalent lairs or crouching-places—in church ; and there, when no attempt is made by them—as it sometimes is—at psalm-singing, the animals rest quietly and sedately until the completion of the service. It may be, and probably is, the case that they frequently coil themselves comfortably and compose themselves to sleep as soon as the service has begun ; but that a similar process is quite as common and much more conspicuous and inexcusable in men, I have no room for doubting, inasmuch as I have over and over again myself seen in country—aye, and in city—churches in Scotland, people, mostly males, be it in fairness explained, deliberately composing themselves for a good sound sleep before the service begins."

Such writing as this is surely inconsistent and ludicrous in a professedly scientific treatise, and although Dr. Lindsay acknowledges the desirability or necessity of verifying as far as possible the truth of the incidents quoted, he yet appears to have allowed himself to be too easily convinced, or to have been led by his love of the

marvellous to accept as literally true those minute details which have only been added as embellishments by facetious narrators. Take, for example, the tale of the rats satirized by the *Saturday Review*. Dr. Lindsay quotes, from the "Animal World," an incident given in an American paper which, says that veracious journal, "may well put Christians to the blush."

"A young rat had fallen into a pail of pig-food. Six older ones held a consultation so earnest in its character as to lead them to ignore the presence of human onlookers. They decided on an ingenious scheme of rescue, and successfully carried it out. Entwining their legs together they formed a chain hanging downward over the edge of the pail. The foremost or downward rat grasped the drowning—and as it subsequently proved drowned—young one in its fore-paws, and both rescued and rescuer were then drawn up and out. When found to be dead, the rescuers gazed at their young comrade in mute despair, . . . wiped the tears from their eyes with their fore-paws, and departed without making any attempt to resuscitate it."

We quote this passage because Dr. Lindsay has himself laid special stress upon it, by reiterating it in another chapter (on Laughter and Weeping). "Some old rats finding a young one dead by drowning, wiped the tears from their eyes with their fore-paws" —thus proving himself incapable of distinguishing between the probable and the improbable, or absolutely absurd; for, although rats might possibly attempt to rescue a drowning comrade in the manner described, the particular incident of wiping the tears away with the fore-paws, which Dr. Lindsay has so gravely reproduced, stamps the whole episode as unreal and unworthy of credit. Nevertheless Dr. Lindsay has collected together from the writings of naturalists of world-wide repute a mass of evidence not easily to be gainsaid in favor of the high mental powers of the lower animals, but for the origin and bounds of that mental capacity we must turn to the investigations of others.

The subject of animal intelligence has specially occupied the attention of the British Association during the two last meetings, for although the Biological Section has always devoted itself more or less to the investigation of questions leading to comparisons between man and the lower animal kingdom, it has been chiefly concerned with bodily structure rather than mental development. But at the Dublin meeting Mr. Romanes was selected to give an evening lecture upon this subject, and last year at Sheffield Professor St. George Mivart made it the subject of his opening address as President of the Biological Section. Particular interest attaches to the utterances of two men so well known to science, not only because of the thorough character of their investigations, but because they represent the two modern schools of thought, the one

confessing himself a thorough evolutionist, a disciple of Darwin, believing "that mind is everywhere one," the other professing himself a follower of Buffon, distrusting or disbelieving the doctrines of evolution, and consequently seeing a fundamental distinction between the mind of man and that of the lower animals. "The obvious difference," says Professor Mivart, "between the highest powers of man and animals has led the common-sense of mankind to consider them to be of radically different kinds, and the question which naturalists now profess to investigate is whether this is so or not?"

He then goes on to say:

"But we may doubt whether many who enter upon this inquiry do not enter upon it with their minds already made up, that no such radical difference can by any possibility exist. . . . Surely, however, if we profess to investigate a question, we ought in honesty to believe that there is a question to investigate, and if evidence should seem to show that intellect cannot be analyzed into sense, but is an ultimate, it ought to be accepted, at the least provisionally, as such, even at the cost of having to regard its origin as at present inexplicable."

It is, however, evident that Professor Mivart does not enter upon his task free from bias; he has made up his mind that the mental differences between man and the lower animals are radical, and he undertakes to prove his theory by a complicated method of reasoning which we certainly cannot look upon as convincing.

Starting with the hypothesis that man possesses two sorts of faculties, the higher and the lower, he goes on to say:

"It is, of course, impossible for us thoroughly to comprehend the minds of dogs or birds, because we cannot enter into the actual experience of such animals, but by understanding the distinction between our own higher and lower faculties we may, I think, more or less approximate to such a comprehension. It may, I believe, be affirmed that no animal but man has as yet been shown to exhibit true concerted action, or to express by external signs distinct intellectual conceptions—processes of which all men are normally capable. But just as some plants simulate the sense, perception, voluntary motions, and instincts of animals, without there being a real identity between the activities thus superficially similar, so there may well be in animals actions simulating the intellectual apprehensions, ratiocinations, and volitions of man, without there being any necessary identity between the activities so superficially alike. More than this, it is certain, *à priori*, that there must be such resemblance, since our organization is similar to that of animals, and since sensations are at least indispensable antecedents to the exercise of our intellectual activity. I have no wish to ignore the marvellous powers of animals or the resemblance of their

actions to those of man. No one can reasonably deny that many of them have feelings, emotions, and sense-perceptions similar to our own ; that they exercise voluntary motion and perform actions grouped in complex ways for definite ends ; that they to a certain extent learn by experience, and can combine perceptions and reminiscences so as to draw practical inferences, directly apprehending objects standing in different relations one to another, so that, in a sense, they may be said to apprehend relations. They will show hesitation, ending apparently, after a conflict of desires, with what looks like choice or volition, and such animals as the dog will not only exhibit the most marvellous fidelity and affection, but will also manifest evident signs of shame, which may seem the outcome and indication of incipient moral perceptions."

Now we fail to see why the same feelings expressing themselves by similar outward signs should be assumed to be *real*, the outcome of the higher intellectual life in man, and only *simulated* in the lower animals. Take, for instance, shame, which Professor Mivart allows is sometimes exhibited by dogs, why should the moral perception, which causes shame in the human species, be supposed to be wanting in the dog when exhibiting the outward tokens of that confessedly mental quality, and which therefore can hardly be accounted for by instinctive perceptions apart from mind ? Again, Professor Mivart says :

"That we have automatic memory, such as animals have, is obvious ; but the presence of intellectual memory (or memory proper) may be made evident by the act of searching our minds (so to speak) for something which we know we have fully remembered before, and thus intellectually remember to have known, though we cannot now bring it before our imagination."

And he quotes from Mr. Clarke, as follows :

"When the circumstances of any present case differ from those of any past experience, but imperfectly resemble those of many past experiences, parts of these and consequent actions are irregularly suggested by the laws of resemblance, until some action is hit on which relieves pain or gives pleasure. For instance, let a dog be lost by his mistress in a field in which he has never been before. The presence of the group of sensations which we know to indicate his mistress is associated with pleasure, and its absence with pain. By past experience an association has been formed between this feeling of pain and such movements of the head as tend to recover some part of that group, its recovery being again associated with movements which, *de facto*, diminish the distance between the dog and his mistress. The dog, therefore, pricks up his ears, raises his head, and looks round. His mistress is nowhere to be seen ; but at the corner of the field there is visible a gate at the end of a lane which resembles a lane in which she has been used to walk. A

phantasm (or image) of that other lane and of his mistress walking there presents itself to the imagination of the dog; he runs to the present lane, but on getting into it she is not there. From the lane, however, he can see a tree at the other side of which she was wont to sit; the same process is repeated, but she is not to be found. Having arrived at the tree he thence finds his way home. By the action of such feelings, imaginations, and associations—which we know to be *vera causa*—I believe all the apparently intelligent actions of animals may be explained without the need of calling in the help of a power the existence of which is inconsistent with the mass, as a whole, of the phenomena they exhibit."

Surely the writer has drawn largely upon his own imagination in this definition of a dog's imagination. If a man lost his way in a large open plain, and there should be neither sun nor stars to help him, his first idea would be to raise his head and search diligently for some landmark to guide him, and this action would be regarded as intelligence of the first order; why, therefore, should that be intelligent action in a man which is only *apparently* so, consisting of a group of feelings, imaginations, and associations, in a dog? Philosophers seem to delight in hiding, beneath a mass of verbiage, truths which common-sense might otherwise discover and bring to the light of day. If a dog has feelings, imaginations, and associations, and a man has feelings, imaginations, and associations, and these groups of sensations in both animals lead to similar actions, who shall dare to assert that there is a radical difference between these same sensations in the higher and in the lower animals?

"Animals," says Professor Mivart, "apprehend things in different relations, but no one that I know of has brought any evidence that they apprehend them as related, or their relations as relations. A dog may feel shame, or possibly (though I do not think probably) a migrating bird may feel agony at the imagination of an abandoned brood; but these feelings have nothing in common with an ethical judgment such as that of an Australian, who, having held out his leg for the punishment of spearing, judges that he is wounded more than his common law warrants."

And he proceeds to give instances of errors of judgment in birds, who sometimes build upon houses which are being pulled down, etc. It may be readily conceded that the judgment of animals is often at fault, even as the same quality is frequently deficient in men. The cleverest architects frequently err with regard to the position, strength, and convenience of the buildings they erect, and more frequently still with regard to the materials they employ; but birds, even if they do occasionally err, certainly use a considerable amount of judgment and foresight in the erection of their nests, and frequently abandon a half-erected nest if it appears to them un-

suitable in position or deficient in strength, while the material employed is certainly varied according to circumstances. Wood tells us of some swallows who selected a warm spot over a baker's oven for their nest, but finding that the ordinary mud employed by them crumbled and fell from the heat, they sought a more tenacious clay, which became hardened and half-baked by the fire, thus forming a secure habitation. Many instances of this change of material might be given: thus, the kapock vogel (a kind of oriole) of South Africa, which, before the introduction of sheep into the colony, used the silky down of a kind of wild cotton-plant to make its nest, began afterward to mix the down with wool, and now generally uses wool only—as more easily obtainable and felting together more densely than the cotton down; sometimes it takes a little of the latter as a lining. The following incident, related, by an eye-witness, of another of the oriole tribe, called in South Africa the yellow finch or golden oriole, will illustrate not only the judgment exercised by these birds in the selection of a suitable position for their nest, but also the difference in the judgment of two birds of the same species. Most people are familiar with the nest of the oriole, and know that it is constructed so as to depend from a branch overhanging a stream, and has a long passage at the bottom; both the passage and the position of the nest being, as is supposed, for the purpose of avoiding snakes, which are the natural enemies of small birds. Our informant, having been attracted by the chattering of these birds at pairing time, watched them for some days attentively. After a considerable amount of apparent consultation they seemed to have selected an appropriate bough, and the male commenced to build the nest; he had proceeded as far as the passage when without ceremony the female came and deliberately pulled the whole to pieces. The nest was recommenced, and the passage placed in an opposite direction; but when all but finished, the hen again pulled the whole edifice to pieces, not leaving a single thread on the bough. The male at this appeared angry, but after considerable altercation selected a fresh bough and again began his labor, and this time was allowed to complete it without interruption, and in due time it was occupied and the young successfully hatched and brought up. The reason of the hen's apparent caprice being that the first bough was too stiff and unyielding, strong enough probably to support a snake, while the second, although sufficiently strong for the nest, swayed readily to and fro, and would have been unapproachable by snakes.

The judgment displayed by sporting dogs in refusing to follow a bad shot is well known; and as regards punishment, the sagacity of the dog is at least equal to that of the Australian referred to above, for although he will come unwillingly to receive a well-merited blow, yet all masters know that an unmerciful punishment

will provoke obstinacy or retaliation from the best and most obedient of dogs ; * while the horse and the ass are equally discriminating, for to beat either to excess will generally induce sullenness or restiveness in an animal of spirit, this being their only mode of showing their knowledge that they have not deserved the punishment inflicted. The judgment of the elephant also would seem to be peculiarly acute, leading often to acts of vengeance for an injury received so long ago as to be forgotten by all but the recipient : while the incident related by Watson of an elephant in captivity which, in order to recover a sixpence which had fallen out of his reach, blew with his trunk against the opposite wall until the current of air thus produced brought the coin near enough to be picked up, would show an amount of intelligence certainly not inferior to that of many men.

With regard to concerted action, which Professor Mivart denies to the lower animals, Sir John Lubbock has proved its existence in the case of ants, which certainly combine both for attack, defence, and the seizure and storage of their prey ; and we should have imagined that the concerted action of innumerable animals had been too well known to admit of doubt or dispute. Even animals of different species will combine for purposes of hunting or of plunder, while tame or domesticated animals undoubtedly enter into the wishes of their human masters, and act in concert with them, in order to bring them to pass—as, for example, tame elephants, as described by Sir Emerson Tennant and other writers, who will carry out man's wishes in making captives of their wild brethren ; and shepherds' dogs which seem in a marvellous manner to comprehend their master's intentions, and to combine with him in carrying them out. "If," says Professor Mivart, "animals were capable of deliberately acting in concert, the effects would soon make themselves known to us so forcibly as to prevent the possibility of mistake." We suspect many travellers have been unpleasantly convinced of the possibility of the concerted action of wild animals, both in the caution observable in their avoidance of the snares of the hunter and in the boldness with which they will sometimes descend in a body on the unprotected.† The practice so well known of posting sentinels to warn off danger, and of

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* We cannot refrain from giving the following interesting instance of a dog's conscience which comes to us from a trustworthy source : A pet dog given to killing young ducks was punished for the crime by being made to stand on his hind legs in a corner of the room. One day he came in and placed himself unbidden in this position, and upon search being made it was found that he had been up to his old trick of duck-killing, and had thus shown his sense of deserving punishment. Could a child do more than this in confessing a fault ?

† The Indian papers some time since gave particulars of many villages having been depopulated in consequence of monkeys having come down in great bands, driving out the human inhabitants.

choosing leaders who are implicitly obeyed, surely denotes combined action and discipline incompatible with that mere blind instinct which writers of Professor Mivart's school alone allow to the lower animals.

A somewhat ludicrous example of concerted action among domesticated animals came under our own immediate notice some years ago in Ireland, and we give it here because we can vouch for its absolute truth. At a house in the neighborhood of Dublin, where a good deal of poultry was kept, a hen with a young brood was allowed to take possession of a quiet corner under the boiler in the back kitchen, to be secure from rats, which were very abundant in the out-houses. To this select society was also admitted a young duck, the sole remnant of a brood which had been given to the nurse, and by her consigned to the care of the hen. These lived happily together until the duckling had attained almost to full duckhood, when one evening there was a great outcry in the back kitchen, the hen, in a state of great agitation, refusing to retire to rest as usual with her progeny, while she assailed vigorously with beak and claw her fellow-lodger the duck, who occupied apparently her accustomed place. Many efforts were made to reconcile the hen, but in vain. The nurse was at last called, who, after looking at the scene for a few moments, exclaimed, "Why, that is not my duck!" So the cheat was brought out and examined; it proved to be of nearly the same size and color, but a stranger, while the true duck was found quietly reposing with its fellows in the out-house, and on being brought into the back kitchen was immediately welcomed by the hen, who retired quietly to rest with her as before, while the intruder, being ignominiously dismissed, went off probably to its own abode. That there must have been concerted action here is evident, otherwise how could the two ducks have agreed as to their respective positions; but how, supposing the act to have originated from a desire of casting off leading-strings and occupying its own position in the duck world, the duckling could have found another so nearly like itself, and have induced it to come in and occupy its deserted place in the back kitchen, is certainly incomprehensible; and but for the conduct of the hen the cheat would not have been discovered. It is somewhat singular that another instance of mutual understanding, although perhaps not so decidedly illustrative of concerted action as the former, has also come under our notice with regard to tame ducks, birds which are seldom much noticed. In a village, or rather hamlet, in Wiltshire, was a farm-house where many ducks and fowls were kept, and at a short distance a cottage, the occupier of which had a little poultry and two ducks only. These every morning wandered away from home and joined the stock in the farm-yard, returning every evening escorted by a drake belonging

to the farmer. The three would waddle together to the gate which shut off the cottage grounds from the road, and there, after many bowings and quackings, the two ducks would creep under the gate, the drake remaining outside and watching his late companions until they reached their resting-place; he would then quack loudly, as much as to say, "Are you all right?" and on receiving an answering quack would turn and run off quickly to his own harem, and this, which in human beings would be called a "polite act of seeing the ladies safe home," was repeated night after night as long as we continued to watch, and how much longer we know not, but the remarkable thing was that the drake never attempted to go beyond the boundary gate, and the ducks never thought of going to rest with their day companions, but voluntarily retired in an orderly manner to their solitary quarters.

These instances we have selected from our own experience, in preference to anecdotes already published, because we feel sure that every observer of animals may in like manner add to the authenticated instances of animal intelligence, and that every such incident will increase the observer's appreciation of the power of thought in creatures which ignorance has denounced as stupid and devoid of sense. How far acts of this kind can be accounted for by that blind instinct which is supposed to be the sole guide of such animals, we must leave philosophers to settle to their own satisfaction, if not to that of ordinary observers; for ourselves, we confess that we see in them the same reasoning faculty possessed by the human race, though lower in degree, as it must necessarily be, when we consider not only the difference in external circumstances, arising from their being the absolute slaves of man, but also the shortness of their lives, which prevents the accumulation of that knowledge which results from experience, and the differences of physical structure, which render many of the actions of man impossible to the brute. The mental capacity of the lower animals can never be compared with those of CIVILIZED man, who has accumulated the acquired knowledge of innumerable generations, but, as Dr. Lindsay has shown, it may in many instances compare favorably with that of some savages, and even with that of young children; for when Professor Mivart says, quoting from Mr. Lewes, "If we see a bud, after we have learned that it is a bud, there is always a glance forward at the flower and backward at the seed; . . . but what animal sees a bud at all except as a visible sign of some other sensation?" We cannot fail to observe that the whole argument is invalidated by the words, *after we have learned that it is a bud*, for the child untaught cares as little (as the lowest animal) for the bud "except as a visible sign of some other sensation," and the savage, until he has attained to the agricultural stage (which is one of semi-civilization), will certainly

not look backward to the seed when seeing a bud, even if experience has taught him to expect therefrom first a flower and then a fruit, and in this case the bud would in like manner be regarded as "a visible sign of some other sensation"—*i.e.*, of hunger. There can be little doubt that alike in the child, the savage, and the lower animals, the chief and primary sensation is that of hunger, and the means of gratifying that natural craving, so necessary in order to sustain and increase the vital force, becomes instinctive in all animals. The simple act, therefore, of seeking for and seizing food within easy reach can hardly be regarded as an act of reason, for, says the Rev. J. G. Wood, "Reason differs from instinct in the widest possible manner, the former being an exercise of the will, and the latter independent of it. Instinct is implanted at birth, while reason is an aftergrowth of the mind." When, therefore, the young animal, whether human or not, seizes the first thing which presents itself, and devours it if eatable, whether good or bad, the act is one of instinct, but when it learns to reject some things and to choose others, the choice denotes reason; and when an animal shows a sagacity equal or superior to that of the savage in the methods he employs for entrapping his favorite prey, we certainly cannot refuse to him in this particular instance reason equal to that of his human competitor. But here we are met by the great and at present unanswerable question, Where are we to fix the bounds of this faculty of reason? what is its origin? and how low in the scale of animated nature can it be traced? Darwin has shown that some plants have movements which would appear sentious. Not only do they lay snares for insects, but when caught they hold them securely by what would seem to be voluntary motion, and, moreover, have to a certain extent the power of choice, since they reject unsuitable objects when presented. Therefore Professor Mivart says truly:

"A science which should include the impressionability and reactions of a rhizopod, and exclude the far more striking impressionability and reactions of Venus's fly-trap, and of other insectivorous plants, the recognized number of which is greatly on the increase, must be a very partial and incomplete science. If psychology is to be extended (as I think Mr. Spencer is most rational in extending it) to the whole animal kingdom, it must be made to include the vegetable kingdom also."

At present naturalists would hesitate to allow that the apparently voluntary motions of plants were the result of incipient reason; nevertheless, if asked to define the precise boundaries of the animal and vegetable world, and where automatic action ends and reason begins, they would confess their utter inability to do so, for in the lowest forms the two kingdoms shade off so gradually as to become

intermingled and inseparable, and if reason should be held to commence with animal life, we know not where to seek it.

Automatic action, which we take to be synonymous with instinct, and which is common to both man and the lower animals, is thus analyzed by Mr. Romanes :

" All mental processes are accompanied by nervous processes ; or, to adopt the convenient terms of Professor Huxley, psychosis is invariably associated with neurosis. The nature of this association, according to the best lights of our present knowledge, is probably as follows : Nerve-tissue consists of two elementary parts—viz., nerve-cells and nerve fibres. The nerve-cells are usually collected into aggregates, which are called nerve-centres, and to these nerve-centres bundles of nerve-fibres come and go. The incoming nerve-fibres serve to conduct stimuli or impressions to the cells in the nerve-centre ; and when the cells thus receive a stimulus or impression they liberate a discharge of nervous energy, which then courses down the outgoing nerve-fibres, to be distributed either to other nerve-centres or else to muscles. It is in this way that nerve-centres are able to act in harmony with one another, and so to co-ordinate the action of the muscles over which they preside. This fundamental principle of neurosis is what physiologists call the principle of reflex action ; and you will perceive that all it requires for its manifestation is an incoming nerve, a nerve-centre, and an outgoing nerve, which together constitute what has been called a nervous arc. Now there can be no reasonable doubt that in the complex structure of the brain one nervous arc is connected with another nervous arc, and this with another almost *ad infinitum ;* and there can be equally little doubt that processes of thought are accompanied by nervous discharges, taking place now in this arc and now in that one, according as the nerve-centre in each arc is excited to discharge its influence by receiving a discharge from some of the other nerve-arcs with which it is connected."

After going on to show that these nervous discharges tend to follow the same course when started from the same origin, and become more easy by repetition, or that " lines of reflex discharge become more and more permeable by use," and that, therefore, " the most fundamental of psychological principles—the association of ideas—is merely an obverse expression of the most fundamental neurological principles—reflex action," he goes on to say :

" All reflex action, or neurosis, is not attended with ideation or psychosis. In our own organization, for instance, it is only cerebral reflexes which are so attended ; and even among cerebral reflexes there is good reason to believe that the greater number of them are not accompanied by conscious ideation ; for analysis shows that it is only those cerebral discharges which have taken place comparatively seldom, and the passage of which is therefore

comparatively slow, that are accompanied by any ideas or changes of consciousness. The more habitual any action becomes, the less conscious do we require to be of its performance ; it is, as we say, performed automatically, or without thought. Now it is of great importance thus to observe that consciousness only emerges when cerebral reflexes are flowing along comparatively unaccustomed channels, and therefore that cerebral discharges which at first were accompanied by definite ideas may, by frequent repetition, cease to be accompanied by any ideas. It is of importance to observe this fact, because it serves to explain the origin of a number of animal instincts. These instincts must originally have been of an intelligent nature ; but the actions which they prompted, having through successive generations been frequently repeated, became at last organized into a purely mechanical reflex, and therefore now appear as actions which we call purely automatic, or blindly instinctive."

This analysis of what Mr. Romanes terms "the physiological basis of mind" appears both comprehensible and satisfactory up to a certain point, but, as Mr. Romanes himself has pointed out, it does not account for all the observed facts, and he therefore goes on to show that, although we may in this manner "be able to explain all the more complicated among animal instincts as cases of 'lapsed intelligence,' on the other hand a great many of the more simple instincts were probably evolved in a more simple way. That is to say, they have probably never been of an intelligent character, but have begun as merely accidental adjustments of the organism to its surroundings, and have then been laid hold upon by natural selection and developed into automatic reflexes." And among these he reckons that shamming of death, so common among insects in presence of danger, and of which Mr. Darwin says that in no case did he find that the attitude in which the animal shammed dead resembled that in which it really died. This, however, we imagine can hardly be extended to those cases in which some animals, and especially foxes, sham death in order to ensnare their prey, for this would appear to us to be a distinctively intelligent action.

But in drawing attention to these different kinds of instinct, the one originally intelligent action, but becoming automatic by frequent repetition, and the other developed from actions never intelligent, but surviving because of benefit to the animal which first performed them, Mr. Romanes points out that, "although there is a great difference between them if regarded psychologically, there is no difference between them if regarded physiologically ; for, regarded physiologically, both kinds of instincts are merely expressions of the fact that particular nerve-cells and fibres have been set apart to

perform their reflexes automatically—that is, without being accompanied by intelligence."

Thus far we have spoken only of those automatic actions or instincts which certainly are common alike to man and the lower animals, although probably more numerous and highly developed in the latter, not only because their genealogies are longer and their generations shorter, thus allowing for a greater accumulation of inherited mechanical reflexes, but also because we believe that *conscious* cerebration has a tendency to check *unconscious* cerebration, and that, therefore, the mental development of man has caused him to lose many of those instincts possessed by the lower animals, and still retained by the lowest races of mankind, as, for example, that peculiar *homing* instinct which exists in many insects and animals, and is possessed in a far higher degree by the savage than by the civilized man, and in which there would seem to be a combination of intelligence and instinct which Dr. Lindsay has properly classed among "unsolved problems."

The wonderful way in which bees and pigeons will find their way home from immense distances is well known, and the anecdotes told of the same faculty in dogs and cats are innumerable and too well authenticated to admit of dispute. Instances have been known in which dogs have found their way home even across the ocean. Wood relates that a dog found its way from Calcutta to Inverkeithing, Scotland, coming in a ship from Calcutta to Dundee, and thence in a collier to Inverkeithing; and Watson tells of one coming to Northumberland from America, another to England from Bremen, and another to Edinburgh from Rome. Such instances might be given *ad infinitum*, but they are not confined to dogs and cats, bees and pigeons. Horses, mules, asses, and cattle possess the same power in a greater or less degree. We have been informed that wild cattle and horses bred in the Orange Free State will find their way back several months after having been taken some hundreds of miles into the Cape Colony, and so well is this known to the colonists that in buying cattle or horses from long distances they always go to the same spot to seek them if lost. Sometimes as many as forty or fifty per cent will find their way back by twos and threes to their old quarters; and the most singular thing is that they will not retrace their steps by the way they came, but will generally strike across country in a direct line, although horses will sometimes follow the road. That migratory birds will return year after year to the same spot for building is well known, and it is a fact truly marvellous, when we remember the vast distances traversed by these little wanderers, and the perils encountered by the way. The development of this same quality among savages has been recorded by many travellers, and although probably much depends upon minute observation, yet it seems evi-

dent that both with savages and the lower animals a certain sense or instinct is called into use for this particular purpose, which is either wanting or in abeyance among civilized men.

If Mr. Romanes be correct in affirming that only cerebral reflexes are attended with ideation, it is obvious that animals devoid of brains can possess no intelligence, and that sense would become developed in exact proportion to the size of the brain; yet we find that, next to man, the most indubitable proofs of intelligence are to be found among insects. "Looking at the nervous system of insects," says Wood, "in whom there is no definite brain, but merely a succession of ganglia united by a double nervous chord, many physiologists have thought that reason could not be one of the attributes of the insect race. Yet nothing is more certain than that they are able to converse with each other and communicate ideas, this fact showing that they must possess reason." "The first animals in which, so far as I can ascertain," says Romanes, "we may be quite sure that reflex action is accompanied by ideation, are the insects," and he goes on to give the observations of Darwin and Sir John Lubbock with regard to the teachability of bees, adding, "These observations would seem to prove that the grade of intelligence is higher in some articulata than it is among the lower vertebrata." It would, in truth, appear that the hymenoptera, which include bees, wasps, and ants, have attained to the same rank among insects as man among mammals; and the wonders related by competent observers of the habits and customs, division of labor, industry, and laws of these social insects seem absolutely incredible. The ants, especially, seem to have attained to a perfect Utopia, according to Belt, who describes their various communities and the order observed in them; their wars and capture of slaves; their agricultural and engineering works; their tenderness toward their young, and care of their domestic cattle; their methods of communication and of combination for the common weal—until we are almost tempted to believe that man is himself inferior to these little ingenious, self-sacrificing insects. Belt makes the following comparison between the two:

"The hymenoptera standing at the head of the articulata, and the mammalia at the head of the vertebrata, it is curious to mark how in zoological history the appearance and development of these two orders (culminating in the one in ants, and in the other in the primates) run parallel. The hymenoptera and the mammalia both make their first appearance early in the secondary period, and it is not until the commencement of the tertiary epoch that ants and monkeys appear upon the scene. There the parallel ends; no one species of ant has attained any great superiority above all its fellows, while man is very far in advance of all the other primates."

It seems, however, difficult to decide how many of the attain-

ments of ants and other insects are to be attributed to inherited instinct, and how much to pure mental processes ; and this inquiry becomes more complicated when we consider that the greater part of these communities consists of sterile females and neuters, and differing greatly in form, size, and color in the same community, who could not hand down their experiences to their descendants, while a great portion of their short lives is passed in a state of metamorphosis, in forms and with instincts totally different from those of their adult state. So great was this difficulty felt to be by Darwin that he assures us he at one time believed it fatal to his theory of natural selection ; and even now Sir John Lubbock confesses that the metamorphosis of insects seem to him one of the greatest difficulties of the Darwinian theory : "In most cases the development of the individual reproduces to a certain extent that of the race ; but the motionless, imbecile pupa cannot represent a mature form." It does indeed pass our comprehension how the acute instincts and undoubted reasoning powers of these most interesting creatures can become so rapidly and fully developed through so many different phases ; nevertheless, in the adult form the cerebral development is such as we might expect in accordance with the theory of Mr. Romanes. Belt says, "The cerebral ganglia in ants are more developed than in any other insect," and that in all the hymenoptera, at the head of which they stand, "they are many times larger than in the less intelligent orders, such as beetles."

If there should seem a difficulty in admitting intelligent action in plants, and in insects and other articulata so differently constituted from ourselves, there would not appear to be the same difficulty in allowing cerebral reflexes, and consequently thought, in animals possessing brains like our own, conjoined to bodies presenting more or less similarity of structure to the "human form divine ;" but, as before stated, intelligent actions are less distinctly developed in the lower vertebrata than in the higher articulata, even as they would seem to be less marked in the lower articulata than in some insectivorous plants. Until recently fishes were probably the least known, and therefore believed to be the least intelligent of the vertebrata ; but recent researches show that they are by no means so stupid as we have commonly supposed them to be, and that in the construction of their nests, care of and affection for their young, and skill in ensnaring their prey, they are quite equal to many terrestrial animals, while there can be no doubt that they are equally amenable to instruction, coming to be fed at a call, etc. Of course there is, doubtless, much difference in the mental power, not only of different species, but also in individuals of the same species. It is well known that some fish will allow themselves to be caught more than once in precisely the same manner, which

does not seem to denote a high degree of intelligence; and Mr. Romanes relates the experiment of Professor Möbius to show how slowly a pike learned that certain minnows were protected from him by a glass partition, and how the association of ideas thus established became so fixed that when the glass was removed the minnows still remained unmolested.

Of reptiles, toads and frogs have been most narrowly observed, and are more especially interesting from the fact of undergoing many remarkable metamorphoses before attaining the adult state. Professor Mivart has studied these creatures, and described them exhaustively in a small volume of the "Nature Series," in which all their peculiarities of structure are minutely described; but their mental charcteristics are less clearly defined, and are probably not of a high order, being confined to their own defence and the capture of prey, although Wood, as quoted by Dr. Lindsay, assigns to them the power of measuring holes and distances, and a compassionate care of their maimed.

In birds the instincts are very strongly developed, and it has often been said that they are invariable; this, however, we believe to be quite untrue. We have already given some instances of a change of material in nest-building by wild birds in accordance with circumstances, and birds, when domesticated or in captivity, lose many of their wild instincts, and acquire habits totally at variance with those to which they were once accustomed. The acquisition of human speech by the parrot is certainly a proof of the bird's imitative powers, and of its general intelligence, although perhaps few would agree with Dr. Lindsay in supposing that the words are uttered by the bird with a full understanding of their meaning. Nevertheless it must be allowed that they are often used very appropriately. We have often heard a parrot call the dog or a servant in the precise tones of the master, and laugh derisively when its summons was responded to; but how much of this was simple imitation and how much spontaneous mental effort it would be impossible to decide. We have not space to repeat the numerous anecdotes given by Dr. Lindsay of the mental powers of birds, as culled from the works of naturalists, but it seems to us indubitable that reason, as well as instinct, must be attributed to the interesting denizens of the forest.

When we come to the rodents, we find tales innumerable of the cleverness of rats and mice, tales which almost every housekeeper might supplement by others equally remarkable. Their ingenuity in escaping snares rivals that of the fox, while their mutual understanding and combination for obtaining food, and sometimes for attack and defence, are well known. Watson speaks of their care of the maimed and blind, and gives, on the authority of Dr. Henderson, a confirmation of the fact observed by an older traveller in

Ireland, of from six to ten mice collecting in parties, selecting a piece of dried cow-dung, placing upon it berries, etc., and using it as a raft in crossing a stream : they launch it, embark upon it, and range themselves round the edge, their heads in the middle, their tails pendent in the stream to serve as rudders. The same author also gives instances of rats carrying potatoes in the manner so often ridiculed, but which an eye-witness has assured us he has seen done in the case of eggs—viz., that one rat will lie down, hold the egg or potato between his four paws, while his companions drag him and his burden along by the ears. That they are remarkably fertile in expedients cannot be doubted, and that their actions cannot be explained by any theory of inherited or acquired instinct is equally certain, since they are the result of unforeseen and constantly varying circumstances.

"As regards the association of ideas by the higher vertebrated animals," says Mr. Romanes, "it is only necessary to say that in all these animals, as in ourselves, this principle of association is the fundamental principle of their psychology ; that in the more intelligent animals associations are quickly formed, and when once formed are very persistent ; and in general, that so far as animal ideation goes, the laws to which it is subject are identical with those under which our own ideation is performed."

In proof of the great reasoning power possessed by some animals, Mr. Romanes gives two observations made by Dr. Rea, the one on a domestic and the other on a wild animal, which are so curious and important as to deserve repetition. The first was of a dog in Orkney, "which being allowed to accompany its master to church on alternate Sundays had to swim a channel nearly a mile wide ; and, before taking to the water, used to run a mile to the north when the tide was flowing, and a nearly equal distance to the south when the tide was ebbing, almost invariably calculating his distance so well that he landed at the nearest point to the church." The other instance is even more remarkable, as a proof of strong reasoning power in a wild animal :

"Desiring to obtain some Arctic foxes, Dr. Rea set various kinds of traps ; but as the foxes knew these traps from previous experience he was unsuccessful. Accordingly he set a kind of trap with which the foxes in that part of the country were not acquainted. This consisted of a loaded gun set upon a stand pointing at the bait. A string connected the trigger of the gun with the bait, so that when the fox seized the bait he discharged the gun, and thus committed suicide. In this arrangement the gun was separated from the bait by a distance of about thirty yards, and the string which connected the trigger with the bait was concealed throughout nearly its whole distance in the snow. The gun-trap thus set was successful in killing one fox, but never in kill-

ing a second; for the foxes afterward adopted either of two devices whereby to secure the bait without injuring themselves. One of these devices was to bite through the string at its exposed part near the trigger, and the other device was to burrow up to the bait through the snow at right angles to the line of fire, so that although in this way they discharged the gun, they escaped with perhaps only a pellet or two in the nose. Dr. Rea adds that in that part of the world traps are never set with strings; so that there can have been no special association in the foxes' minds between strings and traps. Moreover, after the death of fox number one, the track on the snow showed that fox number two, notwithstanding the temptation offered by the bait, had expended a great deal of scientific observation on the gun before he undertook to sever the cord. Lastly, with regard to burrowing at right angles to the line of fire, Dr. Rea justly deemed this so extraordinary a circumstance that the repeated the experiment a number of times, in order to satisfy himself that the direction of the burrowing was really to be attributed to thought and not to chance."

In accordance with the principles of evolution, we should expect to find the size of the brain increasing in proportion to the intelligence of the animal, and this seems to be at least partially the case. Watson gives the following table of the proportionate size of the brains of certain animals: "The weight of man's brain, in proportion to his body, averages about 1 to 27; that of long-armed apes, about 1 to 40; fox, 1 to 205; horse, 1 to 400; elephant, 1 to 500." Here we see the ape ranking next to man, but with a great interval between, while a very much wider interval intervenes between the ape and the fox, which, as we have seen above, often shows exceptional intelligence, the horse and the elephant ranking far below the fox, although we should have been inclined to assign to the latter a very high place in the scale of intelligence. But, in truth, it is well known that mere weight of brain is not always to be depended upon in gauging intellectual power; for the weight of an idiot's brain will often exceed that of a philosopher. The form, quality, and the various convolutions have all to be taken into account, and, with regard to the inferior animals, we do not think that, as yet, sufficient data exist for establishing that gradation which our own observation tells us certainly exists in the scale of animal intelligence.

If we desire to judge of the natural capacity of animals, we must observe them in their wild state, and find out how far they have become organized, or we may say *civilized*, without the aid of man. In thus judging, we shall find that many of them have established laws, offenders against which are punished; that their leaders are chosen for strength and courage, often by single combat, and that the conqueror is obeyed, and sometimes blindly followed

even to death ; that upon this leader devolves the duty of posting sentinels, of conducting foraging parties, and of providing for the safety of the young and feeble in case of attack or retreat from the enemy. Such combinations exist among insects and birds as well as among mammals, and certainly prove the existence of something above blind instinct, for such combinations could not exist without some means of intercommunication, some power of choice, some association of ideas.*

But it is among our domestic animals that we should expect to find the natural intelligence developed to the highest point of which it is capable, for upon these man has bestowed his care for innumerable generations, he has guided and controlled natural and sexual selection, and has succeeded in producing varieties to suit his tastes and caprices, but it seems doubtful whether he has in all cases raised the *mental* standard of the animals under his control. The domestic fowl has nearly lost the power of flight and capacity for defence ; the sheep has become timid and blindly dependent upon the shepherd, incapable of taking care of itself and its young excepting in those countries where from geographical difficulties it has reverted to a state of semi-wildness ; the same may be said of the pig, the goat, the ox, the horse, and to a certain extent of the deer ; and what have they gained by their association with man ? a fine form, an abnormal amount of flesh, and a slavish fear and dread of the enslaver. In most cases the organization and order proper to them in their wild state are in abeyance, and although in every herd there is still a leader, it is no longer the strongest and most courageous, but either one appointed by man, or an old experienced animal, knowing in the ways of the human master.

When, however, we come to the dog, which has for so many ages been the chosen friend and companion as well as the trusty servant of man, the case is different ; here the efforts of man have been directed to the development of mental rather than bodily qualities, or to the perfection of some especial inherited instinct,

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* We have not said so much as we should like to have said with regard to the apes and monkeys, the limits of a paper like the present preventing full details. Travellers all agree in crediting them with wonderful prudence and cunning, great affection for their young, and care for their wounded, combined, however, with a singular absence of abstract reasoning power. They will never put a stick on a fire to warm themselves, and may often be caught by most simple expedients, as for instance, by cutting a hole in a melon, the monkey will thrust in his hand, grasp a handful of seeds, and being unable to withdraw it thus filled, will suffer itself to be taken rather than relax its hold. Yet in crossing streams they show wonderful intelligence, forming of their bodies a swinging bridge, and allowing the young and infirm to pass over them; and if in hunting under stones for scorpions or other food they find a stone too heavy for one, others will come to assist in raising it. Also in feeding upon prickly pears, they deliberately rub them in the sand to free them of prickles. All these acts are indicative of reason.

and hence in the different breeds of dogs we get every imaginable quality, and added thereto, as consequent upon the familiarity of intercourse subsisting between them and their masters, a docility, teachableness, fidelity, and wealth of affection far above that of any other animal. Our various breeds of dogs Mr. Darwin believes to have been derived from several wild species, yet at the present day we have little opportunity of judging of the qualities of the wild dog, since few now exist. There was a breed at the Cape, great brindled creatures with erect ears, which were the terror of the early settlers, from their habit of rushing among a flock of sheep, biting them beneath and devouring the intestines, leaving the sheep to die of the horrible wound; but these have been exterminated or driven into the interior; they seem always to have hunted in packs like wolves, which they somewhat resembled. The semi-wild dogs of Constantinople, so well known to travellers, have made for themselves laws and customs which speak much for the natural capacity and high intelligence of the race, and show what excellent material man had to work upon when bringing these intelligent creatures under his control; while the extent to which education may be carried is exemplified in the various performing dogs, and particularly in Mines, that little cross-bred terrier which has for some years past astonished the public by his attainments. It is claimed for him that he understands the first four rules of arithmetic; but whether he really understands figures or simply obeys a given sign from his mistress in picking up the right card without hesitation, the quickness and intelligence displayed are wonderful, as also in his choice of photographs, and in the correct spelling of a given word. We watched his proceedings with great interest, and fancied that the clew was given by fixed words used by the mistress to point out a certain row of cards; but he gave us the impression of certainly knowing some of the letters, and particularly "S;" in any case it would be impossible to deny to such an animal a great amount of intelligence over and above natural or acquired instinct; and it would be equally impossible to suppose the attainments of the Scotch collie to result from instinct alone. One of the most remarkable signs of the acuteness of this intelligent breed of dogs is their power of counting as well as collecting a flock of sheep. It is well known that if sent to bring together a flock from the hills, they will do so without leaving one; that they will separate their master's sheep from others with which they have become mingled, and if told to bring them two or three at a time will do so without fail. We cannot suppose it possible that they could do all this without some knowledge of numbers, and some comprehension of the meaning of human speech; indeed, it appears certain that dogs, and other animals also in an inferior degree, do understand the meaning of words

addressed to them by man, and do very frequently also hear and understand that which is *not* addressed to them; it would otherwise be impossible to explain those cases in which dogs so frequently anticipate their masters' intentions, getting out of the way when they overhear they are to be shut up, appearing far in advance on a road they have heard their masters speak of following, etc. Numerous other authentic instances of canine understanding might be given did space permit, but for these we must refer our readers to the works of naturalists, merely pointing out in this place as a proof that dogs do really comprehend the meaning of language, the fact that a dog brought up in one country does not understand the language of another country, but if transferred, say, from England to France, has slowly to learn to understand French, even as a child would do. There is, as every one must have observed, a vast difference in the mental capacity of dogs, and it is not generally among those of the purest breed that the greatest capacity is to be found; on the contrary, mongrels often show the highest mental power. We once knew a very handsome Blenheim spaniel, which, having been taken very early from her mother, seemed to show an arrested mental development; she never could learn to pick a bone as other dogs do, by putting the paw or paws upon it to hold it steadily, but would stand holding it in her mouth by a bit of skin, and shaking it till it dropped. If called or whistled to she would always run *with* the sound, and could not be taught to do otherwise, for in fact it requires a certain mental effort to enable a dog to understand that he must come *toward* a sound instead of following after it; and so hopeless was the effort to teach this dog that we found the only way to make it understand was by signs, which she would obey slowly; yet she was not deaf, for she would always prick up her ears and run after a sound. The marvellous way in which dogs and other animals will find their way over utterly unknown tracts has been already referred to; in this the dog is certainly not guided only by scent (although that is something extraordinary and incomprehensible from its extreme delicacy), in many cases, such as those of animals crossing the sea, etc., and finding their way through London streets traversed for the first time, to the one vessel among so many in the docks from which they were taken; even landmarks can be no guide. Dr. Lindsay attributes it to a sense of polarity; but whatever it may be, it is one proof among many of wonderful acuteness, and another may be recorded almost equally curious, which is the idea of time. Cases are recorded of dogs knowing the exact hour at which to meet their master, of their noting the recurrence of certain days year after year. That they should recognize Sundays and the time of meals is perhaps less remarkable; but among pet dogs the bath-day is known long before any water is prepared, and we have often

known them to hide away on that day, even when there was no intention of giving the bath, and when therefore there could not have been sights or scents to guide them. This sense of time is also shared in an inferior degree by other domestic animals; cats will wait at a certain time for an accustomed meal, and we have often watched with interest the long train of cows and goats returning at sunset in an orderly manner, unsought, from the mountains in Switzerland, and more particularly in the Tyrol; all following their leader, the cows first and the goats afterward, each turning in to their respective homesteads without a call, or even a dog to collect them together.

There is one more subject which we must lightly touch upon with respect to animal intelligence, although space forbids us to discuss it at the length it deserves. Mr. Romanes attributes to the lower animals all the human emotions "except those which refer to religion and to the perception of the sublime." With regard to religion, Sir John Lubbock seems half disposed to attribute the germs of it to his favorite insects the ants, since he is unable to account for the presence of certain blind beetles in some ants' nests, unless they are retained as objects of superstitious veneration. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that among the higher vertebrata, especially dogs, superstitious fear is a feeling more fully developed than among civilized man. This feeling was finely portrayed by Rivière in his picture in last year's Academy, in which the horse and dogs are represented as cowering in mortal terror at the entrance of a deep cavern, while the knight sits erect and courageous, holding a cross before him as a safeguard. But it must be noted in this composition, which every one will recognize as truthful, that superstitious feeling—dread of the unknown—is alike in both man and beast, only in the one it is controlled, not by reason, but by faith in a power invisible, and utterly incomprehensible to the animals, because of its abstract nature. This strong feeling of horror at the unknown, which exists alike in children, savages, and the lower animals, and lurks in the heart of the educated and civilized man also, may be in a great measure instinctive; but it is evidently the germ of that which becomes developed into superstition, and later into religion. That some animals possess it in a very remarkable degree is evidenced by the popular belief in the power of horses and dogs to see spirits, and to foretell death. The baying or howling of dogs or starting of horses on moonlight nights is probably caused by the horror of the deep mysterious moving shadows, but that they have some unexplained sense of the approach of death seems to be demonstrated by many recorded instances, while the fact that sharks will follow for days a vessel containing one sick unto death is certainly not altogether a sailor's superstition. These things are wholly inexplicable with our pres-

ent imperfect psychological knowledge, but perhaps will some day yield to the light of science ; and there is also another subject worthy of investigation, and upon which a most interesting book might be written—namely, the strange friendships subsisting between animals of totally different species, and even, as it would appear, between insects and plants ; some of these are, of course, the consequence of mutual benefits, but with many this motive seems wholly wanting, as, for instance, that of the hermit crab with certain anemones, the pilot-fish and the shark, and that of the prairie dogs and owls, of which Mrs. Brassey gives such an interesting account in "The Voyage of the Sunbeam." Among domestic animals a sense of isolation may often be the cause of the strange friendships we see, but this can have no effect in such communities as those of the prairie dogs.

Mr. Romanes places the great dividing line between the intelligence of man and that of the lower animals in the possession, by the former, of the power of articulate speech. He says : "The only difference between animal intelligence and human intelligence consists in this—that animal intelligence is unable to elaborate that class of abstract ideas, the formation of which depends on the faculty of speech." Yet it is certain that among many of the lowest savages speech is in a very rudimentary stage, consisting almost entirely of gesture language ; while the complex dialects of civilized man have been slowly elaborated during countless ages of ever-advancing civilization, aided by ever-increasing intercourse ; for there can be no doubt that the one chief thing necessary to advancement, either in civilization or in language, is intercourse, while isolation means stagnation in everything. As a rule we find the intelligence of social animals much greater than that of those which live a solitary life ; but with all there exists, if not articulate speech, yet such a power of intercommunication of ideas as serves instead of it, and there would seem to be in the lower animals also a greater aptitude for understanding the language of different species, and of man himself, than exists in the human race. Much of the language of animals consists of gesture. Insects communicate with each other almost entirely by means of touches of the antennæ, but among the vertebrata there are various cries, the tones of which seem to convey certain emotions, not only to those for whose benefit they are uttered, but to all animals of every kind within hearing. The warning cry of a bird will cause all other animals to look to their own safety. Many of these cries are understood by man, and imitated by him for his own purposes ; but we think it will be admitted that man, as yet, has never been able to enter so fully into the feelings of the lower animals, nor to comprehend their language so well as the dog, the horse, and the

elephant have learned to understand the language and interpret the feelings of their human master.

We have seen that Dr. Lindsay claims for the lower animals an intelligence greater than that of the human savage; that Professor Mivart, on the contrary, denies to them all power of thought, regarding them as mere automata moved by instincts implanted in them at their creation, uncontrolled and uncontrollable by reason, while Mr. Romanes shows that both the instincts and reason of animals are similar in kind, though differing in degree from those of men, the grand distinction between them consisting in the possession of speech by the latter. We have endeavored to place the views of each fairly before our readers, although we have not attempted to hide our sympathy with those of Mr. Romanes.

Upon one branch of the subject, that of mental disease and incapacity, as treated of by Dr. Lindsay, we have not time to say much; we believe that he has greatly prejudiced his subject by injudicious treatment, much that is really important being so intermingled with trivialities as to throw a suspicion of unreality and ridicule upon the whole. That animals should exhibit signs of insanity, of aberration and deficiency of intellect, is a strong proof that they do possess mind similar to that of man, while the fact that similar diseases affect both man and beast, are communicable from one to the other, and are curable by the same remedies, is another strong argument in favor of those who maintain the evolution of species, and the common descent of man and other animals from lower forms. Comparative psychology is at present in its infancy, but it is a branch of biology certain to advance with rapid strides, not only from its importance, but because the restless intellect of man is ever on the watch for a new outlet for its activities, and this we believe constitutes one of the greatest distinctions between the mental capacity of man and the lower animals. The intellect of the animal is centred chiefly in self or its own species, although the dog seems to rise above the general level, in frequently making its master's interests its own, but man alone has the power to investigate, weigh, and consider facts relating to natures other than his own; nevertheless, we must in fairness admit that this quality does not exist alike in all men. In savages it is certainly wanting, or present in an infinitesimal degree, and the same may be said of idiots and very young children; therefore Mr. Romanes has justly drawn a parallel between animal intelligence and that of idiots, children, and deaf mutes, showing that while in the two former cases the analogy is not perfect, because we cannot fairly compare the immature with the mature, and arrested or imperfect cerebral development with that which is perfect in its kind, yet in the third the analogy is much greater, since it is found that the human being deprived of speech is in mental capacity little above

the more highly-gifted of animals, and in all three a graduated scale may be traced, bringing the mind of man more nearly to the level of the higher animals. Curiosity, one of the great levers of the human race, is wanting alike in savages, very young children, idiots, and the inferior animals, but becomes developed in the higher animals, and especially in man's nearest allies—the apes—being accompanied in them with very strong imitative powers; but invention is beyond the capacity of even the highest anthropoid ape, although existing to a limited extent in the lowest savage.

But in asserting that the mind of man and that of the lower animals is identical in kind though different in degree, psychologists and physiologists allow that the problem of what is mind and where we are to look for its origin remains unsolved and probably unsolvable. "At the line where mind and matter meet," says Mr. Romanes, "there rises, like a frowning cliff, a mighty mystery, and in the darkness of the place we hear the voice of true philosophy proclaim, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.'"

Some amiable naturalists who would strongly repudiate the Darwinian theory are yet so impressed with the mental qualities of the brute creation, their patient endurance and other moral attributes, that they endue them not only with mind, but with that ethereal, incomprehensible, and eternal essence denominated soul, and claim for them, equally with man, a future state. We need scarcely point out that this is mere sentiment. Seeing the inequalities of life both for men and animals, the hardships endured by the many, the luxuries enjoyed by the few, our instinctive sense of justice leads us to look to an unknown future for compensation. Moreover, the real lover of animals looks forward with a feeling of dismay to a future without those animal pets which have added so much to his happiness here, while the majority of mankind, mindful of acts of cruelty and injustice, would be filled with horror at the thought of meeting in another world the victims of their oppression here. It is, however, evident, that if we admit a community of origin in man and the lower animals, not only as regards bodily parts, but also in mental processes, and believe with Mr. Herbert Spencer and Darwin in the "necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation," we cannot deny to the animal world the possibility of a higher and more perfect development of those qualities in the future; and even if we doubt for the lower animals the possibility of a "resurrection of the body and life everlasting," we may yet be certain that, "as natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress toward perfection."

Westminster Review.

WHAT IS A BANK? AND WHAT DOES IT DEAL IN?

BEFORE speaking of banking it is necessary to give a brief explanation of paper money. What is paper money? Not a check, though it is often called money by many persons. It fails in one of the most marked characteristics of all money—it does not circulate, does not run about the town as it performs its work as a tool of exchange. A check is an order addressed by a creditor to a banker, who is his debtor, to pay money to a person named directly or indirectly on the check. Sometimes, but rarely, a check passes through a second person's hands before it is presented for payment. A check then is money in the sense that it can pay for goods, through an indebted banker; but as checks do not circulate, it is very inexpedient to call them money.

A bill possesses in a somewhat higher degree the quality of circulating. A bill is a written undertaking by its drawer to pay a sum of money on a given day, either himself or through a person on whom he draws, after an interval often extending over months. Bills impart a very valuable convenience to trade. By their help a buyer obtains possession of goods at once, while he is not obliged to pay for them till after a considerable delay. He purchases upon an agreement to pay at a later period; and thus he may acquire possession of merchandise, say in India, and he may have sold the goods again in England before the bill is due and he is summoned to pay. The businesses of great merchants and manufacturers would shrink down to insignificant dimensions but for the happy contrivance of bills: they borrow the goods without payment for a time more or less long. They are a mode of borrowing. Now it commonly happens that the man who has sold and been paid with a bill has need of the money before pay-day has arrived; to relieve this inconvenience the law has conferred on bills the power of indorsement. The man in whose favor the bill is drawn can transfer his right to receive payment to another person whose name he writes on the back of the bill. He then borrows of a second lender, and the lender acquires the right of payment belonging to the man in whose favor the bill was drawn originally. No limit is assigned by law to the number of names to whom the bills may be indorsed in succession, so that they are able to effect a certain number of purchases. This gives them some amount of circulation, and thus they are able to perform the true work of money. But they are subject to the inconvenience that payment must be demanded at a given place on a given day; otherwise serious risks might be incurred. The value of a bill depends mainly on the solvency of the man who drew it, or of the man on whom it is drawn; but these are matters into which the

selling public cannot inquire ; hence bills enjoy only a very limited circulation. They are not true money.

Then what is real paper money? The answer is, bank-notes. They are written promises by a bank or government to pay a certain quantity of coin to the bearer on demand. There is no name upon them but that of the bank or government, and a bank is an institution generally known to the public. They know whom they are trusting when they take a bank-note. The bank must pay the coin when demanded ; if it does not it commits an act of insolvency. With these qualities a bank-note, like coin, can circulate all over the country ; but upon one condition, that the bank is trusted for being able to pay, and that its credit is good.

Such is paper money ; but now a formidable question presents itself. How comes it to be money at all? We have seen what is the force which enables money to act as the tool of exchange. A seller parts with his goods in exchange for a sovereign, because the gold of the sovereign, as metal, is worth as much as the goods it buys. This force is wanting in the bank-note ; it is a piece of paper with words written upon it, and nothing more. Now words are not valuable in themselves : a man who takes words does not receive the thing they speak about. A promise to give gold is a very different thing indeed from the gold itself. The promise may not be kept ; the value promised may never come into the seller's hands. Think of a chisel, which we spoke of in comparison with a sovereign. A chisel does its work by means of the sharp edge with which it cuts ; a chisel made of paper could only be treated as a joke. But if this is so, and if paper money generally does the work as well as money made of gold, is not our explanation of money and its manner of working ruined? Not so ; we are saved by a peculiarity in the manner in which the metal, gold, works as money. The secret of its force lies, not in its physical qualities as metal, but in its worth as a marketable commodity. A seller of goods does not take it for use, as a jeweller might do who bought it for the purpose of making ornaments with it ; he takes it as an article worth twenty shillings and nothing else. It is the ownership of the sovereign which passes in a purchase, not its use. What the seller relies on is that he acquires a piece of gold which, if so obliged, he can melt and then sell it in the gold market ; but unless he goes to a foreign country there will be no need for melting. Hence in most transactions of business it is a matter of indifference whether the sovereign is handled at all ; it is sufficient that possession of it can be had whenever desired. The sovereign may remain deposited in a safe place, and the ticket which gives title to demand it will circulate through the town as money ; it is an article in a cloak-room, to be had on producing the ticket.

The use of paper money—of the ticket or bank-note instead of coin—brings many advantages to a country. In the first place, for the same work it is a tool immensely cheaper. A sovereign costs twenty shillings to make: a bank-note less than sixpence; yet they render the same identical service in enabling the exchange of commodities to proceed. The nation saves 19*s.* 6*d.* upon every bank-note in circulation—that is, it retains as capital for the increase of wealth the goods which would have been sent abroad to purchase the gold required for currency. This is a saving amounting to many millions of pounds, a clear addition to the working capital of the country. Further, a bank-note is much easier to carry and far more capable of being kept in safe custody. It is easy to conceive the embarrassments which would arise if heavy sovereigns had to be produced where payment is now made with notes, sometimes of 1000*l.* each. How many thieves would be lurking about, how many clerks to count, how much ringing on the counter to make sure that the coins were made of gold. Then the bank-note, by the help of the number it bears, affords great security against accidents and theft; it can be stopped a the bank, and, upon security being given, will be paid as if it had been presented. It can be no wonder if bank-notes circulate largely in civilized countries.

It follows that a sound bank-note is one which can obtain the gold promised by it when it is asked for: the metal lodged in the cloak-room ought to be there, and be given on the presentation of the ticket. Such notes in banking language are called convertible; they possess a legal right to be paid on demand. In most countries the law contents itself with decreeing that if gold is not given for the note on demand, the issuing bank shall be pronounced guilty of insolvency; but in the case of the Bank of England provision is made that the gold shall be actually in store, or procurable at once. It will be perceived immediately that the Bank of England note is perfect money, though made of paper; the gold can always be obtained when demanded. In respect of all other convertible notes, there is always the possibility that the gold will not be forthcoming; the bank will then pass into bankruptcy, and the note become worthless. The losses sustained by the failure of private banks of issue in 1825 were enormous, and as at that period one-pound notes were in large circulation, the injuries inflicted on the less rich members of the community were very severe. But there are notes of a very different character, widely spread over the world, which are thoroughly unsound money, and which never ought to have come into existence. These notes are inconvertible: the holder has no legal right to demand the payment of the coin which they promise to pay. It might be supposed that such notes could never be got into circulation; that no seller would ever be willing to give away his goods

for such pieces of paper. But those whose interest it is to put forth such notes know how to get over the difficulty. In almost every instance it is a government which issues these notes ; it is so pleasant for rulers to obtain armies and fleets and all kinds of stores without paying for them. The contrivance for achieving this object is as simple as it is effective. The law which enacts the issue of such inconvertible notes declares them to be legal tender—that is, compels every creditor to accept them as a full discharge of his debt. Thus the difficulty vanishes. A seller of gunpowder will now freely take these notes ; he can pay with them the debts he has incurred in making the powder. In this manner the notes penetrate everywhere, and by the power of the legal tender become the established currency of the country

The mode of working of such a currency is far more difficult to explain than that of coin or convertible notes What is the force by which they work ? What is the positive, real value on which their power for purchase turns ? Upon what principle is a seller of goods to fix the price in such notes ? In answering these questions, the first fact to notice is that such a note, though not entitling to immediate payment, does acknowledge on the face of it a debt due by the state—a debt of true money, coin. This fact lies in the mind of the public, whether consciously or not ; it exists always in idea. The American greenback stated on its face that the American nation owed a dollar ; and the idea of the metallic dollar never disappeared. Still more markedly did this idea prevail with the Bank of England notes, which at the beginning of the century, from motives connected with the great war, a special law forbade the bank to pay in gold on demand. The history of these notes strikingly illustrates the principle upon which they act. No one distrusted the solvency of the Bank of England ; these notes were as good as guineas. The directors of the bank for some years were faithful to the principle that a nation wants as much money as is required for cash payments, that it will keep and circulate money to that extent. They took care not to issue more notes than were actually needed for this purpose, and the public held them in full esteem because it wanted them, and because it knew that the bank was able to redeem them. They thus stood for guineas.

But matters did not stop there : the temptations and dangers of an inconvertible currency asserted themselves after a few years. The issuers of such money have never been proof in the long run against the attraction of obtaining the property of others by a simple acknowledgment of debt on printed pieces of paper. Gradually the bank, in paying its creditors, put forth an ever-increasing quantity, beyond the wants of the public for the means of cash payment. The inevitable consequence followed. When too many sovereigns exist in England the excess finds its way into banks, and

through them to the vaults of the Bank of England; but it is otherwise with inconvertible notes. They cannot be removed out of circulation; the excess remains, the supply is over-abundant, and a deterioration of value necessarily ensues. The bank-notes sank so low that a guinea became worth 27 shillings reckoned in notes, in spite of the resolution moved by the chancellor of the exchequer in the House of Commons, that a bank-note—an inconvertible one—with a shilling, were worth a guinea. The living world took no heed of the theories of currency-doctors. But it suffered much from their evil doings.

It is a matter of supreme importance for the public welfare thoroughly to understand the enormous harm which an excessive inconvertible currency inflicts on a nation and its trade. The highest quality of every currency is steadiness of value. Every man who takes a sovereign relies on it as a pledge that he shall be able with it to acquire another article worth that which he sells. That pledge in England is found in the fairly steady value of the metal, gold. On the other hand, inconvertible notes labor under the terrible defect of furnishing no guarantee to the man who is obliged to take them that their value in buying shall be steady. Such notes cannot be withdrawn according to the fluctuating need for the tool of exchange. With every fluctuation the value of the note alters, and disastrous are the effects of such changes. The excess of the notes above the actual requirements of the country for money may incessantly become greater or smaller from time to time, and with each variation the prices of all articles on sale become higher or lower. A large excess generates a depreciation of the paper money, for it cannot be got rid of; and its worth being smaller, the sellers require more of it to equal the value of their goods. Consider the effect of this on every fixed income, every debt which is due. With raised prices, those who own the interest paid on the public funds, who receive the 28 millions given them in fixed amounts of coin by the nation, obtain fewer goods for their money: they are made poorer solely by the fault of the currency. So is every creditor—he is unjustly made to receive less, for his money will not go so far in purchasing as previously: every debtor is unjustly benefited, because he obtains the sum he is bound to pay with the loss of fewer goods. So it is with trade accounts of any standing, any contract to deliver merchandise at a price, every bill due for months after date. The changes in the value of the currency may come on several times each year, even without the addition of new issues; for the need for currency is far from being the same at each period of the year. Thus the country's money becomes thoroughly vicious; it breaks down in its most essential quality, the insuring to its possessor the power of obtaining as much with it as he gave away in acquiring it. The injury attacks

all, most of all the traders ; for at one season the debtors win by the inferior worth of what they pay with : the creditors win at another by the increased value of the inconvertible notes. Such currency is a poison injected into the life-blood of trade ; it renders all commercial transactions not paid in ready money, all fixed incomes, a gamble. It would be a happy event if inconvertible notes were banished forever from the world.

It is obvious from what precedes, how the issuers of paper money reap a profit from their issues. If it is a government which creates the paper currency, it obtains a mighty loan from the nation without expense : it pays no interest on the notes, while with them it procures without cost a huge amount of the supplies it needs. A nation can always use and keep in circulation an immense quantity of convertible notes for performing the work of exchanging ; it will not call on the government to take back the notes and repay them with gold. Such notes are in reality a portion of the national debt—but they are debts for which no one demands payment, because money must be had for the business of life, and if paper money were rejected a currency of expensive metal would necessarily have to be purchased.

If it is a bank that is the issuer, the banker procures a very cheap instrument wherewith to pay the demands of its depositors. A bank is constantly called upon to pay money, and if its creditors will take these promises as payment of what the bank owes, and if the public will retain them in circulation as money, and not call upon the banker to redeem them with coin, he obtains the use of what his depositors have lodged with him, and lends it out to borrowers with much profit. Whether paper money should be issued by the government or by bankers is a question open to much discussion : it must be sufficient to point out here one grave objection against the system of government being the issuer. A banker can at all times be compelled to pay with coin the promise he gave on his note under pain of bankruptcy : he will take care to provide against all such demands. A government would be equally bound to cash its notes on demand ; but its finances may be in a bad state, and at all times it would assuredly not keep the gold required to meet its engagements. The public would possess no security that in a time of war and difficulty it could obtain the promised gold from the government. It could apply no pressure on the government as it would on a banker, the notes might become heavily depreciated, and the ruinous consequences of an inconvertible paper currency would be inflicted on the whole people.

We now pass on to banking. Money is comparatively easier to explain. Banking is a far more complicated matter, but with the help of a little clear analysis we must endeavor to give an intelligible account of it.

What is a bank? To answer this question let us begin at the beginning. The first fact which presents itself shows us many persons opening accounts, as it is called, at the office of the bank. They bring what is spoken of as money, whether in sovereigns, notes, or checks; and the sums specified by them are placed to the credit of the bringers. These sums standing at their credit are called deposits. They are left at the bank at the disposal of its manager. It is sometimes said that the bank borrows the money: the expression is true, but it suggests an incorrect idea. A banker does not go about borrowing money; he is, in reality, a receiver of moneys which their owners wish to keep in a safe place, with the addition of a great convenience in making use of it for the payment of what they owe to various persons.

The next fact reveals to us the terms on which the banker accepts these moneys. He may employ them as he chooses, but under a heavy responsibility. He binds himself to repay them whenever they are demanded back by their owners. Substantially he is a borrower, but a borrower under a condition which is always serious, and oftentimes may involve much difficulty and danger. He cannot lose sight of this liability for a moment; it lies in the very heart of his business.

Next, what is his motive in taking charge of these deposits? Profit, clearly. He must obtain a reward, or he would not touch them. How does he earn that profit? By lending out these very moneys to borrowers, on whom he makes a charge for the loans. The risk which he always encounters now steps into view. He has contracted to repay moneys, of which, nevertheless, by his own voluntary act, by the very nature of his business, he has given away the possession out of his own hands. What can induce him to enter upon such a dangerous business? How can he protect himself against a risk of stoppage apparently so inevitable? He relies on a double defence: first, a universal understanding; secondly, the general habit of human spending. There is an engagement that, as a general rule, every depositor shall not draw out of the bank all the money which stands to the credit of his account. A banker would not accept the deposit of a customer who left his money at the bank, and then withdrew it immediately. Such money the banker would be compelled to keep always in his till: he would gather no profit out of it. Further, it is the custom of depositors to place their incomes in the bank, and to pay their bills with them gradually: thus the banker has the use of the surplus for a time more or less long. A multitude of such regular accounts intelligent bankers hold to be the greatest strength a bank can enjoy. Large commercial accounts may leave with them thousands, but they are often rapidly drawn out. The banker can seldom make a safe guess as to the duration of such deposits.

This analysis discloses the main elements of a banker's position. He is placed between two persons—a lender and a borrower. He receives a deposit from one man; he loans it out in part, not wholly, to another, whom he charges with a commission for the loan. We see what he is—a middleman, an intermediate agent between two others. His depositor lodges money at the bank, for which he has no immediate use: the banker finds a borrower, who seeks to obtain command of the money, and is willing to pay a remuneration for the service. In his real nature a banker is a broker, acting between two principals. He finds for his first principal the depositor, a person who will make use, on terms, of the money which would lie idle for a time in his hands. He confers a service on his second principal, who desires a temporary loan. But a banker differs from an ordinary broker in a very important particular. The corn broker in Mincing Lane is paid by a commission on the corn he buys for his principal, but does not guarantee the sum due to the corn dealer. The dealer must procure payment from the buyer, or trust him. The banker, on the contrary, is the true, real borrower from his depositor, who knows nothing of the persons to whom the banker will lend his deposit. The banker takes all the risk of his borrower's solvency on himself, and he obtains his profit by charging a percentage of interest on the sum lent.

This analysis further shows us that the banker does not lend all he receives. The difference is called his reserve. It is money which he holds back to guard against sudden demands from his customers for the repayment of their deposits. Unexpected calls for money are the common lot of human beings—most of all, of those engaged in trading operations; and, from the general diffusion of banking, they first fall on the banker. He will watch each account, and try to discover the rule by which the checks will appear from each depositor—still the unlooked-for belongs to all, and many are the forces which create disturbances in trade, which neither the principal nor his banker can foresee. Hence the necessity for a sufficient reserve: how large it ought to be is the great puzzle, the great uncertainty, the great dispute of bankers.

We come now to the further question, What does a bank deal in? Every one answers, in money. We have been obliged to speak of money alone as lodged at the bank; and most assuredly all the receipts and lendings of a bank are expressed in money. Yet it is very important to understand the real fact which takes place. Sir John Lubbock has shown that out of nineteen millions received by Messrs. Robartes & Co. only 3*l.* in each 100*l.* were cash—that is, coin and bank-notes, true money. The other 97 parts were clearly the things received by the bank. What are they? Checks, bills, and other pieces of paper which promise or order

money to be paid: they are rarely paid in money. Then, how can a banker acknowledge himself as a debtor for money to depositors? How and what can he lend? A few words will explain the difficulty. These 97 things, which are the banker's receipts, these sums written on the papers deposited, are debts for him to collect on behalf of his depositors. He might go and ask payment in sovereigns of the debtors named on the papers, but he does not—at least in London. The bankers have invented an institution called the Clearing House, which dispenses with the use of enormous sums of money. Instead of money passing, the whole settlement is made by account. Each banker sends his clerk three times a day to the Clearing House with the checks and bills which he has to receive from the other bankers. A list is then made out at the Clearing House of what each has to pay and what he has to receive: the balance is struck, and he pays or receives it by a check on the Bank of England. The process is exactly like what often takes place among card-players. Note is taken at the end of each game of how much each player wins or loses; no money passes till the playing is over; then every man pays or receives what he has lost or won on the final balance.

Thus much counting is avoided, many risks avoided, and every week some 100 millions of pounds are paid and settled without a single shilling being used. Each banker gets what he claims by what he has to pay being set off against it. There is no money here: it is wanted by no one; yet here is the very article that a bank deals in. What is it? Purchasing power, power to buy not contained in coin and notes, but in promises to pay, in orders of payment to receive. Let us see how this purchasing power is procured, and how it is transferred; that will explain to us the real action of a London bank for 97 parts of what it deals in. A farmer, let us suppose, has sold 1000*l.* worth of wheat, and has been paid with a check, which he places to his account with his banker. The banker sends that check to the Clearing House. He knows that the farmer may want some 300*l.* soon; the remaining 700*l.* he may fairly reckon upon as likely to be not wanted for three months. An hour afterward a merchant, who wishes to buy cotton, asks the banker to lend him 700*l.* for three months. The banker consents, and bids the merchant to buy the cotton and pay for it with a check on the bank. The cotton is bought. The cotton merchant receives the check drawn on the bank, and deposits it with his own banker, who at once sends it to the Clearing House to be settled there with the farmer's bank. The two checks meet. The farmer's banker is credited in the Clearing House account with 1000*l.*, and he is charged with the 700*l.* for the cotton. There is a balance of 300*l.* in his favor, and, supposing no other check to have arrived, he receives a check for 300*l.* on the Bank of

England, and the two affairs are finished. And what has happened? The wheat has been exchanged for silk; precisely as the sovereign got by the hatter, who then buys an umbrella, has exchanged an umbrella for a hat. The banker, in substance, has been an intermediate agent precisely like the sovereign. He has done the same work. The sovereign derived its purchasing power from its gold, the banker from the farmer's wheat; from nothing else, for no money passed between the two banks, nor from the farmer and the cotton merchant. The banker deals in purchasing power derived from the checks of his depositors, and transferred by another set of checks to borrowers. Through the banker the farmer has with his wheat bought cotton, and lent it to the cotton merchant; that is the reality of the transaction.

Bankers are said generally to possess capital: there is no capital visible in the transactions here described. The banker can buy capital if he chooses, but he does not choose; his business is to enable the cotton merchant to acquire it. The wheat and the cotton were capital, but the banker never possessed them himself; his work was one of pure intermediate agency. The capital of a banker consists of his premises and his reserve, nothing more; his borrowers possess all the other capital which he commands. If they repay him with gold, he obtains capital, but he does not keep it; his object is to lend it away again as speedily as he can. The capital of which bankers possess the command lies in factories and shops, in docks, ships, and stores. What they actually have in hand besides their reserves is only acknowledgments of debts, valid in courts of law. Much confusion of language prevails on this subject. It is forgotten that the wealth which practically belongs to the bankers is in the hands of their borrowers; and when these borrowers repay the advances, and there is a difficulty in lending from the circumstances of the money-market, capital is said to be abundant in it, whereas it may be much or little; the real point is that there is a slack demand to borrow it, and this is called "capital very abundant." Capital difficult to lend and capital very large are two very different things.

The benefits conferred by bankers on a country are immense, and we are now able to trace them out. Let us suppose that there was no banking, but only banks which were merely safe places in which to keep the coin of traders which they did not require for immediate use. In this case the farmer will get gold for the wheat he has sold, and not wanting it for a while, will lodge it in the custody of the bank. He will pay a charge for the service rendered him. That gold will be taken out of circulation, and, as what he does many thousand traders will do likewise, the country will contain, in addition to the gold actually needed for circulation, an immense mass of idle gold which had been bought with English

wealth, and, being only waiting for use, will be unemployed, practically annihilated for a time. At this very day, in many European countries in which banking has not been widely developed, multitudes of private persons keep large hoards of money in their houses, waiting for months to come out and be at work in the world. Now let us look at the other principal, the silk merchant. He will be unable to buy silk, for the banker will have nothing to lend him to buy it with: the silk trade will be, so far, reduced. What happens to him will happen to the many manufacturers who want to buy cotton, or wool, or iron, but cannot for want of the means of purchasing; and the result will be an enormous diminution of the trade of the country. If we turn our eyes to banking as it now exists, we shall see how vast is the difference. The wheat of the farmer is at work feeding capitalists and laborers, and enabling industry to expand and enrich. Similarly the silk manufacturer obtains silk for manufacturing; the silk is not lying idle, and fresh trade is created. Multiply these operations a million times, and we shall catch sight of the prodigious means of enrichment generated by banking.

We are now brought to the great and much-disputed problem of banking—the effect which the amount of its reserve ought to have on the action of a bank, especially on that of the Bank of England. We have seen that the function of the banker is to select borrowers to whom he shall lend the property of his depositors. He is answerable for their solvency; the banker is bound at law to repay those deposits, whatever may happen to the persons he has trusted. His reward for banking consists of the interest which he charges on the sums he lends. His real position, therefore, is that he stands in a market, he has loans to sell on hire, he seeks to get the best terms for them, the highest rate of interest procurable at the time. But his position is very different from that of a man who lends his own property. What he lends belongs to his depositors, and is subject to the very awkward condition, that the loan he has granted to others may be claimed back of him any day by those who gave him what he lent. This entails the necessity of always having in hand a reserve of ready-money to meet demands so uncertain in their nature. But even then he is never free from danger of bankruptcy, for he makes loans to be repaid after a time more or less long; and if all the depositors suddenly demanded back all their deposits, all the banks in England would be ruined. They could not possibly pay. How, then, is the banker to protect himself? How is he to conduct his business?

Being in a market, the banker is subject to the law of all markets—the law of supply and demand. At one time trade languishes, borrowers are few, the charge for lending, the rate of interest, droops. At such times the bank feels safe—its reserve grows

larger—the chance of deposits being demanded back is faint. The opposite condition prevails when trade is prosperous and active: borrowers are eager to acquire the means of buying goods on a rising trade; they tempt the banker with a higher interest. The banker naturally avails himself of the opportunity, he increases his accommodation to merchants and manufacturers, and he charges more for it. He lends as much as he can and dares: but how much ought he to dare? That is the critical question in all banking: what rule is the banker to go by in lending? The fluctuations in trade are the root of all the danger; they weigh on the banker's mind very often with painful pressure. It must be carefully borne in mind that the whole trade of the nation is connected with banking. Every manufacturer and every merchant, every wholesale dealer, and well-nigh every shopkeeper have accounts at banks; they deposit, but also they borrow—and both these items in such a country as England are simply gigantic. Every great change in trade must necessarily produce powerful effects on the banks, for they are the chief instruments of trade. When war, famine, or other impoverishing processes occur abroad, they react on England; for all the world to a large extent is her customer, and when foreign countries lack the means of buying English goods, business must necessarily diminish in England. The result may be the contraction, or even suspension, of many industries, and even commercial houses may be involved in failure; still, causes of this kind seldom bring danger of importance to the banking community. They diminish profits, but do but little other harm. During the fearful commercial depression from which we are now emerging, the waters of the banking world have not been ruffled by storms, the agonies of a banking crisis have not agitated the city.

But it may be easily otherwise with an artificial prosperity: convulsion and panic are then very near at hand. It seldom—indeed, it may be said it never—happens without the bankers being, sometimes to a large extent, the cause of the disaster. But what is a crisis in the money market? First of all, a considerable number of commercial houses are landed in failure, and their creditors are involved in serious losses. But that fact alone will not create the financial agony. The cotton famine ruined many firms, but there was no banking panic. Sufferers there were many, bankruptcies not a few; still tranquillity—with much pain, indeed—pervaded the commercial world. The situation becomes radically different when the losses are the consequences of illegitimate speculation and prosperity. What occurred in the great American crisis of 1873 will well illustrate our meaning. The American trade had been prosperous, and profits had gradually become very large. Thereupon an irrational and highly uneconomical mania got hold of the commercial world to build some 30,000 miles of railway in the

wilderness. The banking community caught the exciting fervor, and rushed in to reap vast profits. They were the men who principally encouraged and sustained the speculation; they lent the property of their depositors to men who were speculating in railway construction. But what was the result? An enormous amount of the wealth of the nation was consumed, eaten up in the making of these lines; food, clothing, coals, iron, tools, were used up—that is, an immense quantity of the national wealth was clean extinguished. But what was it replaced with? With holes in the ground, embankments, long lines of iron, which, even if they had a prosperous traffic from the beginning, could not possibly replace the articles destroyed for many years. Widespread impoverishment was the necessary consequence. The day of reckoning came at last. Funds were wanting to complete the lines. Many of the speculators failed; they could not repay what they owed to the banks, and the banks suffered huge losses. Thereupon panic quickly set in. What was the condition of the banks? What the extent of their losses through the default of their borrowers? How many banks would fail as the bankruptcies pursued their course? These questions were asked by their depositors; might not alarm fill their souls, and drive them in crowds to make themselves safe in time, by withdrawing their deposits? If a run set in, no bank in the world could escape stoppage, no reserve could face it. Thus panic and agony convulsed a trembling money market.

The history of the American crisis repeated itself in England on three memorable occasions—in 1847, 1857, and 1866. The leading features were always the same. Destruction of wealth and consequent poverty from its consumption on objects which did not replace what was destroyed; stoppage of great firms which were known to have received large loans from banks; uneasy suspicion in depositors that many more houses indebted to their bankers were not solvent; fear impelling the withdrawals of deposits before the banks themselves stopped; more ruin threatened on every side. And, be it carefully observed, a crisis does not itself destroy wealth—that was done before the panic—it only settles who are to be the losers. The frightened lender to the bank runs to make sure that he shall not be one of them. The danger is most real and may be most urgent, for it is certain that no bank on earth can on a sudden demand repay what it owes to its depositors.

And now, what is the moral to be drawn from these terrible convulsions? How are bankers to protect themselves against such perils? They are inherent in the business: how are they to be escaped? The lesson taught by these agitations seems plain. The banker chooses his borrowers at his own pleasure. In lending what belongs not to himself but to others, he is summoned to study carefully and to judge the solvency of the man he lends to—not

his solvency on the day when he borrows, but his probable solvency in the future. He must think not only of his credit and commercial reputation, but still more of the nature of the business in which he is engaged, and to which he is applying funds belonging to his depositors. Houses of the highest and best earned eminence are often the most dangerous of borrowers, for they may be the very men most easily carried away by a spirit of speculation not founded on a certainty or even reasonable probability that the business to which they are applying what they have borrowed will replace the consumption of wealth which it creates.

Thus the American bankers ought to have known that the vast construction of railways in the wilderness was an irrational act, in utter excess of that spare wealth possessed by the nation which could be applied to a consumption which could not replace itself for many years; that an immense impoverishment of the country must be an inevitable consequence, and that incalculable losses must fall on the speculators and bankers, and through them on their depositors and other traders without end. The same unjustifiable folly in dealing with the intrusted property of others has been plentifully seen in other countries—in England quite as much as in any other land—and the same crises and disasters have ensued.

But bankers find it hard to exercise such a cool and commanding judgment on the operations of their borrowers. Then they are men. They encounter keen competition; they can be carried away by the impulses of the day; the prospects look bright; the rise of interest is very stimulating, and thus calm reason is easily dethroned. Nevertheless, the banking community have not been without the instinct of self-preservation, and they have sought for a rule which should reveal the actual state of trade at the time, and enable them to guide their banking with safety. But, most unfortunately, they stumbled upon a purely mechanical rule, a rule of thumb, destitute of common-sense; but it lay so close at hand, it was so easy and so natural, and could be worked by the most ordinary brains. They bethought themselves of the reserve of gold, and a banking fact made the rule founded on it so workable. London bankers do not keep their reserves in their own hands. They have each of them accounts at the Bank of England, in which they store up their reserves, to be drawn out whenever they please. Here was the grand metallic reserve of the nation, the supply of gold to preserve all banks from the danger of being asked for money and not having it. The salvation of the banks depended upon it. It must be carefully watched and nursed. If the reserve rises, let loans be freely made, and upon lower charges; if the reserve diminishes, let every banker be on the alert. The Bank of England must then raise its rate of lending, and that rate must be the supreme law in every banking parlor. The reserve of the pri-

vate Bank of England—not the stock of gold in the State Department of Issue—became the king of all bankers. The doctrine penetrated into every city article of every journal on every day, throughout all England, and from England throughout the world. The law was treated as being as certain as the laws of gravity. The movements of the gold were recorded every day as carefully for ascertaining the banking weather as the movements of the barometer are published for announcing whether rain or sunshine is approaching. One money market was established for the whole country—the money market of the Bank of England—the other banks only followed suit. They lent and fixed their rate of interest as the Bank of England directed.

Thus this unhappy absurdity overspread the nation. Its simple rule could be carried out daily with clever comments by every newspaper. The common mind could grasp its mechanics. Then it was very profitable for bankers: it brought an imperative excuse for levying a tax on all traders and an increase of the rate of discount as the reserve fell—whether the notion was just it mattered not: it could always be pleaded that they were making the bank safe. It seemed to stand on an undeniable truth, that every bank which could not pay gold when demanded was in danger of bankruptcy.

In answer to this last plea, let us ask categorically, When does this danger present itself? Not when business is sound, and no mercantile failures are thought of, even though large sums of gold may have left the reserve, but when the panic has set in, and no one knows what bank may be broken, what great house have stopped before evening. Then is the hour when the strong reserve is sorely needed, and ought to be most resolutely provided. But what did the directors of the Bank of England think of their own principle, the avowed governor of their practice, at the greatest of crises, that of May, 1866? Did they hug every bag of sovereigns paid in to them, and lock it up in their reserve? They did the very contrary: they lent it out again as fast as they could, and thus, by their own voluntary action, they increased their loans from eighteen millions in April to thirty-three in May—their own act, not payments, but free lendings—and emptied their reserve from six and a quarter millions to three quarters, to less than one. They thus showed that they had no belief whatever in the necessity of keeping up a great gold reserve, even for the hour of danger: they treated it with contempt, by wilfully lending away in the day of peril almost every sovereign they could lay their hands on. They knew perfectly well—in the very teeth of the doctrine preached by themselves, the whole city, and every economical journalist—that the public, as in 1825, would have been perfectly satisfied with payment in their own bank-notes, under the liberty of

issue given by the suspension. There was no fear anywhere about the goodness of these notes.

But it may be replied, Then why keep any gold at all? The answer is easy. Special payments in gold are constantly asked for to send abroad in settlement of a balance of trade. The gold is demanded, not because the note is suspected, but because it cannot pay debts to foreigners, and naturally the bank or banks must maintain a necessary supply of this article. But this is something radically different from proportion of reserve to liabilities, and a rise in the rate of discount because the gold is going, and other absurdities pronounced to be nonsense by the action of their own accord taken by the bank directors.

The natural action of money is never thought of by the holders of such ideas. Large quantities of money frequently leave the bank, amid profound tranquillity of trade. For what reason? Sometimes because the nation requires more money for daily work, as in summer with its harvestings and travelling, or oftener to pay for an excess of goods imported. But what harm is there in this? Why should it be markedly chronicled as bearing on the rate of discount if five millions are sent to America to pay for sudden purchases of corn for England? No harm, answers an eminent ex-governor of the Bank of England. Money is made to pass from hand to hand, whether of individuals or nations, according to the purchases of the day. Those five millions are sure to leave America again: she can make no other use of them; her currency was full before they arrived. Is every trader in England to be warned by every city article that out of a reserve which reaches some 45 per cent of the liabilities, a few millions have departed to purchase goods abroad? Is there danger, is there bankruptcy in buying useful goods with gold locked up in vaults? It is lamentable to read the language used about such events in banking and newspaper regions. Is it not the very object of all money to circulate? to be here to-day, and there to-morrow? Is it not the very function of all currency to run? What if by such purchases the bank falls down to some four millions? Was any one frightened about the bank in 1866, in the extreme hour of peril, when it had not one million in its possession? And did not, marvellous to say, all the great economists, the preachers of a strong reserve, the recorders of the ratios of the liabilities of the bank to its gold, applaud with loud cheers the action of the directors in lending away vigorously —all regard for the increase of its debts and the diminution of its money and the hour of danger notwithstanding?

BONAMY PRICE, *in Fraser's Magazine.*

THE VARIATIONS OF THE ROMAN CHURCH.

EVERY one has heard of Bossuet's work on the "Variations of Protestantism." It is worth while to ask whether a similar work might not be written in a less carping spirit on the Variations of Catholicism. There are two advantages which would result from such an investigation. First, we should learn more properly to appreciate the worth or worthlessness of the claim put forward by the Roman Church to the exclusive possession of unity and authority. Secondly, we should be induced to regard the Roman communion more peaceably and hopefully if we were convinced that, being a church of like infirmities and inconsistencies with the Protestant churches of Christendom, it has therefore like chances of improvement in the future.

We do not aspire for a moment to rival either the eloquence or the fierceness of the Eagle of Meaux. The subject is one which would require a volume to do it justice. But a few illustrations may not be useless by way of indicating the general direction which such an inquiry might take.

Let us divide what we have to say into two parts: the first relating to the Roman Church in the times before the Reformation, and the second relating to its present existence.

I. In regard to the times before the Reformation, it is important to remember that the Roman Church was, in many essential points, in a very different position from that in which it was left after the disruption of the Protestant churches from it. No doubt there is an historical continuity between the state of the Roman Church before and after the Reformation, as there is between the state of the Church of England, and to a certain extent of the Church of Scotland, before and after the same convulsion. It remains the great trunk from which the other communions have been divided in Western Christendom, just as the churches of England and of Scotland are the historic trunks from which the nonconforming communities of Great Britain have been divided. Leo XIII. is the successor of Gregory the Great, but in the same sense as the present Archbishop of Canterbury is the successor of Augustine, the present Lord Chancellor the successor of St. Swithin, and the present Principal of St. Andrew's is the successor of the first provost, John Althamar, appointed by Bishop Kennedy. In each case the continuity and the discontinuity, though differing in degree, are the same in kind. But to acknowledge this is to acknowledge also that the elements of Protestantism, which have since been drawn off in a large measure into the Protestant communions, existed in the Roman Church before the Reformation in a sense in which they do not exist now. Let us notice a few of these.

(1) The Roman Church broke off from the old Eastern Church in the same way and under impulses of a similar kind with those which led to the disruption of the Protestant churches from itself. It had within it the instinct of change and progress, which in the Eastern Church had almost died away, but which in the West was sure to end at last in movements like that of Luther or Knox or Wesley. The Pope, as has been often remarked, is, in the eyes of the Eastern Church the first Protestant, the first schismatic, the first Rationalist. In the predominant and separatist attitude of the Papal See was the first great infringement of the ancient historical government of equal patriarchal sees, which had come down from the fifth century. Under a like impulse there took place, in the Middle Ages, changes of such magnitude, at least in worship and ritual, as have hardly been equalled even by the Reformation itself. The two sacraments were completely transformed; partly, no doubt, from superstitious motives, but partly also from the onward rational inquiring tendency which belongs to all Protestant churches. The Eucharist, which in the early ages was, and in the Eastern churches still is, administered to infants, was, in the thirteenth century, by the authority of the Roman Church, withheld from them. No more severe blow has ever been dealt against the magical and mystical theory of the sacramental system. Baptism, which, as its name indicates, and as it was universally understood in the early ages, signified a total immersion, was also in the thirteenth century gradually begun to be exchanged to the totally different rite of sprinkling. Confirmation was deferred to an age of consciousness, and thus was transformed into a new and instructive ceremony, which became the germ, and also has received the influences, of the ordinance which, under the same name, has played so large a part in the Lutheran and Reformed churches. These are but samples of a tendency, which, having been often noticed, need not here be followed into fuller details.

(2) Another element of the Mediæval Church which, if it cannot properly be called Protestant, is certainly not exclusively or peculiarly Roman, was its peculiar development of the genius of architecture. The great cathedrals which from the eleventh to the fifteenth century sprang into existence belonged to an instinct which after the sixteenth century entirely died out of the Roman Church, and which has been subsequently revived more actively in the Protestant than in the Catholic countries of Europe. There are, no doubt, in Gothic cathedrals some features better adapted for those peculiar devotions to saints and relics,* which form the

* We refer particularly to the side chapels. But these are obviously excrescences on the main idea of the building which are quite inconsistent with the earlier ideas of Western Christendom, as may be seen in the Cathedral of Milan, and with the plan, never altered from ancient times, of the Eastern churches.

distinguishing features of much of modern Roman Catholicism. But the general aspect of the old cathedrals belongs equally to both sides of Christendom; and as regards their simplicity, their elevation, their subordination of the parts to the whole, are characteristic, as Dean Milman well observed, rather of the Christianity of the philosophical and rational period which the Reformation inaugurated than of the small minute observances in which modern Roman religion delights. It is a confirmation of this view that the curious imitations of the worst parts of Roman Catholicism, which has been recently developed in the English Church, are almost entirely confined to modern buildings, and have never taken possession of or been fostered by our historical cathedrals. And in the Roman Church itself the gaudy dresses of wonder-working images, and accumulation of ex-votos, artificial flowers, grottoes, and the like, are far less common in the ancient triumphs of architectural genius than in the popular resorts of modern pilgrimage or of local devotion.

(3) Another element of similarity to the Protestant character in the Mediæval Church is to be found in the free-spoken language adopted both by clergy and laymen, before the Reformation, on the subject of ecclesiastical abuses. In the mediæval literature there are about half a dozen works which have survived the shock of time and the change of fashion. Of these hardly one could have been produced in the Roman Church since the sixteenth century. The audacity with which the "Divina Commedia" of Dante touches on the relations of the empire and the pontificate, the temporal power of the Papal See, and the vices of the clergy, would now be intolerable to the Roman hierarchy. The book on which he chiefly prided himself, the "De Monarchiâ," is actually on the Index. Chaucer and Petrarch would never have been regarded as genuine products of the Church in any time later than Leo X. The "Imitation of Christ" speaks of pilgrimages in a tone far more Protestant than Roman, and soars into an atmosphere, for the most part, wholly unlike to most of the books of Roman devotion since the time of Ignatius Loyola. The invectives of saints like Bernard, of theologians like Gerson, of scholars like Erasmus, against the superstitions and corruptions of the Church, which were all deemed compatible with fidelity to the Roman communion before the sixteenth century, have become almost impossible since. Whenever such voices have been raised, in later times, within the pale of the Roman Church, they have been either immediately suppressed or regarded with aversion and suspicion. The spirit which animated them has passed across the border and taken refuge in those churches which threw off the Roman yoke, and which, therefore, justly claim an affinity with these their precursors in the Mediæval Church far more deep and close than can be claimed by champions of modern Catholicism.

(4) Another mark of Protestant variety in the Mediæval Church may be found in the incessant rivalries of the monastic orders between themselves and, or against, the bishops, as well as in the fierce animosities of the various scholastic systems. Erasmus, in noticing them as obstacles to the spread of the Gospel among the heathen, spoke of them in exactly the same terms as we might speak at present of the diversities of Protestant sects. This sign of discord or life, according as we choose to regard it, may perhaps still exist in the Roman Church. But its utterances very rarely reach the outer world.

II. Let us pass to the present condition of the Roman Church.

(1) It naturally follows, from what has been said, that the chasm which exists between a large portion of the ancient spirit of the Mediæval Church and the spirit of the modern Roman Church must create a constant jarring and discord, and present a long series of variations.

There is hardly more unity of thought between the architecture of a modern Jesuit church and Cologne Cathedral than there is between that of Cologne Cathedral and a Quaker's meeting-house. The whole style and genius of the buildings, and the minds that inspired them, are different.

The changes just noticed in the case of the Sacraments are as irreconcilable with the claim of unchangeable unity as the restoration of the eucharistic cup in the Protestant churches, or the abolition of the water of baptism by the Society of Friends.

In the authorized books of devotion, what an extraordinary depth of discordance in spirit the moment we penetrate below the surface! Take the Breviary, now for the first time rendered comparatively accessible by the elaborate translation into English which has been given to us by the careful labors of Lord Bute. There is no point where the authoritative decision of a church is more required than in the discrimination of the devotional materials which it furnishes for the moral and intellectual food of the people. Look at the stories which the Breviary contains for instruction on Saints' days. The stories of Pope Silvester and Pope Marcellinus, regularly incorporated in the Breviary, are condemned in Lord Bute's annotations, guardedly but decidedly, as unworthy of acceptance. Yet they still remain, and other tales of the same kind remain also without such warning. We would not be hard in our requirements. Every church must find it difficult to meet from age to age and year to year the exactions of modern criticism.

Yet as far back as 1552 the Church of England did not hesitate to exclude the festival of St. Mary Magdalen from the Prayer-book, because it rested on a precarious interpretation of the biblical text. And in a church possessing such a machinery for authoritative declarations as that of Rome, it is a mark of rare

lethargy or laxity when we find it leaving such questions to be thus initiated and ventilated by a private layman.

Again, in the most solemn and sacred form of all—the canon of the mass. It is well known to students that this venerable document contains two elements entirely incompatible with two of the most widely recognized doctrines of the Roman Church. One is the fact that, in that formulary, the priest confesses to the people and the people absolve the priest; exactly in the same terms as, immediately before, the people confess to the priest and the priest absolves the people. This interesting passage, now obscured by the unimpressive and unintelligible manner in which these solemn words are uttered, is obviously quite irreconcilable with the ordinary doctrine that the priest alone is the dispenser of absolution. The other is the fact that the words "Oblation," "Host," "Sacrifice," are said of the bread and wine before their consecration; and that, therefore, the sacrifice, the Host of the Eucharist, is not the body and blood (into which, on whatever hypothesis and with whatsoever meaning, the bread and wine are said to be transformed by the words of institution), but the natural fruits of the earth, according to the primitive usage of thanksgiving for the benefits of Providence in the gifts of creation. The eucharistic sacrifice, in the sense of offering up the body and blood of the Redeemer, exists in the decrees of Trent and in the minds of many devout Roman Catholics; but it is not that which is found in the solemn and authorized Liturgy of the Roman Church.

(2) There can be no question that the theory and law of marriage lie at the basis of human society. Yet on this important subject the widest diversities exist in the Roman Church. In modern times what is called civil marriage (that is, a marriage before witnesses without religious services) has been condemned by high Roman authorities as hardly deserving the name of marriage at all. But this very form of matrimony is that which before the Council of Trent, in all continental Christendom, was regarded by the Catholic Church not only as a *bonâ fide* union of man and wife, but as a sacrament. The consent of two persons in the presence of a witness was sufficient to constitute a valid marriage. It was not till the Council of Trent that the intervention of the parish priest was considered necessary; and even then not as himself performing the marriage, but as a witness. The celebration of the sacrament is not vested even now in the person of the priest who gives the benediction, but in the person of the man and woman who make the solemn agreements in his presence. This form of *sponsalia per verba de præsenti* (*i.e.*, by words on the part of the contracting parties containing the assurance of their present intention) was regarded as the essence of the sacrament, with or without the religious ceremony. In England, indeed, before the Reformation,

and down till the passing of Lord Hardwicke's act, the witness was to be a clergyman, but a clergyman of any kind. Hence the Fleet marriages and the well-known incident of the "Vicar of Wakefield." But in all other parts of Europe, including Scotland, which followed the practice of the continent, any witness was sufficient. What are in Scotland called irregular marriages—what are by many persons regarded as excessive instances of Protestant laxity—are in fact the relics of the ancient Catholic system. And although, as has been said, the Council of Trent has restricted the selection of the witness to the parish priest, and the Code Napoléon to the mayor or registrar, yet in principle all these marriages are identical. Every valid marriage in Christendom is thus a civil marriage; the clergyman—whether in Protestant or Catholic countries—is regarded only as a public witness, and yet this doctrine is hardly to be recognized under the denunciations which are levelled against marriages contracted without the Roman ceremonial.

Divorce, again, according to the theory of the Roman Church, is impossible. But the nullification of marriage, which amounts to the same thing, is, with the proper dispensations, freely allowed for pretexts which none but the laxest of Protestant churches would admit. Marriage under compulsion, and compulsion often of the slightest kind, is, if the parties apply afterward for a separation, admitted by the ecclesiastical authorities with a readiness quite incompatible with the abstract theory of the permanence of the marriage bond. Political necessities have overridden moral obligations of long standing. The dissolution of the marriage of Henri IV. with Marguerite of Navarre, and of the Emperor Napoleon I. with Josephine,* are cases which leap to the memory, without enlarging on like events, completed or projected, nearer to our own time.

(3) On the question of the marriage of the clergy, which inspires in some Catholic countries a feeling of abhorrence almost like that of a natural instinct, the practice of the Roman Church, and we must add therefore its theory, have been as widely discordant and divergent as they can have been in Protestant churches. Not to speak of the concubinage almost recognized at times in the Mediæval Church, and still said to be in that of South America and of Portugal, there is a latitude permitted on this subject by the highest authorities of the Roman Church quite incompatible with the contemptuous strains in which its divines sometimes permit themselves to speak of the married clergy of Protestant churches, or of such a burning and shining light within their own church as

* In the case of Josephine the religious form of the marriage (if Madame de Rémusat is to be believed) was performed (on the evening before the coronation) under the authority of the Pope himself.

Father Hyacinthe. In the great assemblies of the adherents of the Roman communion which have of late years taken place in Rome, including the representatives of those Eastern churches which, having acknowledged the Pope's supremacy, are thereby reckoned as integral parts of the Roman system, there have been numbered clergy whose wives and children are as fully recognized as they would be in England or Sweden ; and by whom, therefore, as married priests, sacraments are celebrated and confessions are heard without the slightest animadversion. And it is well known that Pius VII. had instructed Consalvi, in arranging the Concordat with the French Government, to permit on the part of the Papal See the marriage of the French clergy, and the permission was only not granted because the government thought it more prudent not to insist upon it.

(4) Again, no question is more important in the education of the Church than the withdrawal or concession of liberty to read freely the general literature of the times. On the greatest of all books, the Bible, a startling variety of opinion has prevailed in the Roman Church. In early times the very name of the authorized translation of the Bible, "the Vulgate," implies, what was certainly the fact, that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament were freely used in the vernacular languages. Nor has the use been forbidden entirely in modern times. But the precautions and the difficulties thrown in the way of such reading are such as to have produced one of the profoundest differences between the literature of the exclusively Catholic and the exclusively Protestant countries. One or other of the two principles must be right. But in the Roman Church both have prevailed at different times and in different countries. In the case of more general literature, the modern Roman Church has pronounced, with a severity which at first sight would appear to admit of no exception. It is illustrated by a case which recently occurred in Canada. A French Catholic Canadian was excommunicated during his lifetime, and after his death refused Christian burial, on the ground that he belonged to an institution which contained in its library books condemned by the Roman Index. For seven years his body was kept above ground, while his widow pursued from court to court her determination to have this censure mitigated. The case arrived, finally, before the English Privy Council, and was there decided in favor of burying the remains of the excommunicated man, chiefly on the ground that, inasmuch as the Decrees of Trent had not been promulgated in the kingdom of France at the time of the annexation of Canada to the English crown, they could not be understood to have any validity in the Canadian dominion. The Roman Church itself, however, remained inflexible : and, although the body was buried in the great cemetery of Montreal under an escort o

Canadian troops, the Roman clergy went afterward through the ceremony of desecrating the grave, and the civil authorities were obliged to place upon it an enormous stone, still to be seen, in order to prevent the ecclesiastical authorities from carrying away the body by stealth. Such a display of ecclesiastical discipline might be supposed to carry with it a universal force, at least among all devout members of the Roman Church. But this is far from the case. The very same offence, which on a Canadian book seller was visited with such tremendous penalties, is perpetrated constantly in London by distinguished members of the Roman Church, who may often be seen in the Athenæum Club, which possesses on its shelves books of the very same nature as those which, in the Canadian Institute, provoked the excommunication levelled against Joseph Guibord ; and, if any of those eminent persons were to die as members of the Athenæum Club, they could not be buried in consecrated ground consistently with the doctrine of the Papal Court, as expressed in the excommunication of Guibord, and the desecration of his grave, unless by the merciful indulgence of the English Privy Council, which would no doubt take the same ground as in the more humble example at Montreal, namely, that the Decrees of Trent have never been formally promulgated within the realm of England. Such an inconsistency of practice and theory, if it were found in the English or Scottish Church, would no doubt excite a boundless derision and invective among members or admirers of the Roman communion. In the Roman communion it is often overlooked alike by its friends and its enemies.

(5) Another line of variation, partly practical and partly doctrinal, is to be found in the numerous bulls, decrees, and treatises issued by popes, councils, and casuists, maintaining the reality of witchcraft and the unlawfulness of usury. The belief on which those authoritative utterances were founded has been so completely abandoned in the Roman Church that in this respect there is no difference between the practice and opinion of most Roman Catholics and that of enlightened Protestants.

(6) One of the points of which most complaint is heard against Protestant churches is their want of discipline. But in the Roman Church the discipline is not only lax, but varies in the most marked diversity according to nationalities. It is, for example, of considerable importance to the social standard of the community whether the profession of actors is to be encouraged or condemned. Even in Protestant churches there is a vast variety of judgment. But in the Roman communion there is much deeper and wider disagreement. In the French Church they are, or were till recently, excommunicated, and were denied the rites of Christian burial. In the Italian Church they have all the privileges of the

faithful. On this vast divergence the central authority of the Roman Church has pronounced no decision.

(7) The question of the endless torments of the wicked is one which cries for a solution. There is a terrible description of these torments and their incessant and interminable duration in a work by a Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. J. Furniss, written as if by an eye-witness, and published with the authoritative permission of his superiors. No book like that of Dr. Furniss would be allowed to circulate in the English Church with the sanction of its prelates, especially after the decision of the Supreme Court that the duration of future punishment is an open question. Nothing could justify such a publication except the most absolute certainty on the subject. But so far from there being any such certainty in the Roman Church, we find the utmost divergence. Not only are there expressions of a totally different character in Tertullian, Origen, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Gregory of Nazianzus, St. Ambrose—the three last recognized by the Roman Church as canonized saints—but even in modern times a brief but significant hint is dropped in a foot-note to a well-known work by the foremost theologian of that church, that the Catholic Church has never ruled anything at all on the subject.

(8) Or, again, take the subject of missions to the heathen. No question can be more important than that which lies at the very threshold of missionary enterprise: from what to what is the conversion to take place? That is to say, how much of the old heathenism may be left?—how much of the new Christianity is to be adopted? The question has not been solved in Protestant churches. But neither has it been solved in the Roman Church. Witness the long struggle, not yet determined, between the popes and the Jesuit missionaries in India and China on the qualifications which are or are not to be required from converts.

(9) Or, again, take the doctrine which in these later days has been represented as the crowning test of the fidelity of Roman Catholics to the See of Rome—the recent dogma of the Pope's infallibility. On this dogma it is not too much to say that a wider divergence exists among the members of the Roman Church than on any single doctrine professed by any of the Protestant churches. It is not merely that different shades on opinion exist among professing members of the Roman communion on this subject such as are found in Protestant churches on the subject of the doctrine of the trinity or of justification, but the Roman communion includes, on the question of the Pope's authority, opinions which on the one hand regard him to be an impersonation of divine wisdom, and on the other a fallible mortal, with even less chance of arriving at truth than most of his fellow-creatures.

Compare the language of the Spanish or French prelates wh

promoted the dogmas of the Vatican Council with the language of the Irish Roman Catholic prelates who, in answer to the question, "What is papal infallibility?" caused the catechumen to reply, "It is a Protestant calumny." Compare the almost adoring language held by extreme Ultramontanes respecting Pius IX. with the latest utterances of Montalembert, who spoke of him as "the idol in the Vatican;" or with the contemptuous style in which the whole subject was treated by the distinguished Catholic laymen who, for a short time, ventured to express their opinions in the public journals of England. Compare the language of the two highest Roman authorities in England. One of them supported with all his energy the promulgation of the dogma, and afterward spoke of its importance and its force in the most unqualified terms. The other regarded the formation of the dogma as the work of "an aggressive insolent faction which," as a student, "he could not defend in the face of the facts of history;" and, even after accepting it, he reduced his allegiance to the very minimum of which human language is capable. Or, again, consider the assertions of those members of the Roman communion who declare that they have acquiesced in this dogma, to their co-religionists so important, only on the understanding that as no pope from the beginning of time ever has spoken authoritatively, so it is probable that no pope to the end of time will ever so speak; or, as another alternative, that the moment any pope falls into error, that moment *ipso facto* he ceases to be a pope, and, therefore, ceases to speak as an authority. And to these variations among theologians we ought to add those still wider divergences which exist among the large classes of the Roman communion, whose numbers form a material element in the dazzling pretensions which it puts forth, and yet of whom it is not too much to say that, both among the educated and uneducated classes, there are thousands to whom the Pope's claims to infallibility are entirely inoperative. It might perhaps be asked whether, even among the strongest upholders of the dogma, any one ever quotes or accepts it except on behalf of something to which he is previously inclined. For all other cases the qualifications in reserve are so large and numerous as to supply some means of escape.

(10) There is one final example, perhaps in some respects the most striking of all—the various types of character which the Roman Church has included. Unity of character, after all, is the essential sign by which the unity of a church can be known. If any society is absolutely uniform in itself, the moral and mental character of its members will be absolutely alike also. This uniformity has been to a large extent attained in some of the Protestant churches. There is a family sameness in all members of the Society of Friends, and in most members of the Scottish Free

Church, which we vainly seek either in the Church of Rome or the Church of England. In the Church of Rome this diversity may be said to be of two kinds. There is first the diversity of extreme depravity and extreme goodness, and this among not merely private personages, but high officials—not merely among lax adherents, but devoted members. The infamous Cardinal Dubois was a more august representative of his church, as far as authority and dignity were concerned, than the devout Fénelon or the excellent Massillon. The cruel Louis XI. and the profligate Louis XV. were as ardent followers of the Roman See as the saintly Louis IX. and the pure and tolerant Louis XVI. Again there is the diversity which may be yet more within the reach of modern experience, and which is found not only in the extremes of virtue and vice, but in the more complex shades of character, which nevertheless go far to divide and bewilder men's minds in the selection of churches. There may be those members or converts of the Roman communion who are absorbed in the intrigues, the trivialities, the proselytism which form so large a part of the occupation of the inferior spirits of the religious world in all churches. There are also those members, and even converts, who avoid these pursuits with the utmost distaste, who live in that higher region of faith and charity which is common to the just spirits of all churches—of these it may truly be said that they are Roman by accident, catholic* by nature, and Christians by the grace of God. Let the Roman Church have both the advantage and the disadvantage of these fundamental divergences.

III. These are some of the examples of the variations of the Roman Church. We might indefinitely extend them: the position of the Virgin Mary, in devotion, as represented by St. Alphonso Liguori on the one hand, or Cardinal Newman on the other hand; the profound credit, or absolute discredit, attached to La Salette or Lourdes; the elevation or depression of this or that local saint in the celestial hierarchy; the various opinions implied or expressed on the efficacy of indulgences. It may be asked why, if they are so palpable, they have not produced a greater effect, either in deterring the leaders of Roman proselytism from appeals to a unity so obviously fallacious, or in opening the eyes of those for the sake of whom those appeals are made to their illusory character? There may be several answers to this question; but one is sufficient. It is that the Roman Church has, in its later years, possessed the power which in the Middle Ages it had not yet acquired, of silencing, suppressing, and disguising the true expres-

* We here use this word in the original and true sense of "universal," "comprehensive."

sions of the discontent and discordance of its members. That in this power so exercised there is something calculated to impress the imagination we do not deny—that all churches are naturally eager to suppress the traces of discord and quarrel. Nevertheless to high-minded men it would appear of all ecclesiastical privileges one of the least enviable.

The conclusions which we would therefore draw are those which we stated at the beginning. The Roman Church is a vast institution which, by the very reason of its antiquity, in its earlier history, contained all the various elements, good and bad, which go to make up the Christianity of modern Europe. It was, as Matthew Arnold says of the Lives of the Saints, it was "the world." In its later days many of its good elements have been strained off into the Protestant churches; some good have remained, some bad elements have been added; both, perhaps, have been intensified. Of it we may say, whether in good-natured blame or in merciful indulgence, what a Scotch minister of the Established Church said to a Scotch dissenter: "When your lum has reeked as long as ours, it will have as much soot." And this indulgence should be specially extended to those who, whether in the Roman Church or any other old institution, are struggling to maintain the better elements, and to sweep away some of the accumulated accretions. This consideration also opens the possible prospect in which we may indulge of the Roman Church for the future. It is within the reach of possibility that both popes and general councils will at last, on some one occasion, have the courage and common-sense to acknowledge what all the educated classes, both within and without the Roman Church, accept, that they and their predecessors have erred even in the most important matters. Whenever this simple truth has been once uttered authoritatively, whenever the natural inference is drawn that Christianity consists of many different communions, with diverse gifts, working toward a common end, the supposed necessity for aggressive proselytism would be removed, and the chief cause of bitterness between Roman and Protestant Christendom would disappear, and the variations of Catholicism would prove to have been as great a benefit to the world as the variations of Protestantism. The Roman communion would in that case lose the attributes of a party, and would assume the attributes of a church—one church among many—fulfilling its own functions in the household of faith, and capable of receiving the good influences of the communions around it. The variations of the past, when once acknowledged, would open the door to improvements in the future perhaps not less than those which the Reformation brought with it, alike to Protestants and Catholics.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, *in Fraser's Magazine.*

MARCUS AURELIUS.*

BY ERNEST RENAN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I accepted with great joy the opportunity to exchange a few ideas with you. I am a Breton, of France. Now of all the races the Breton race is perhaps that which has regarded religion with the most seriousness. Even when the progress of reflexion shows us that some articles must be modified in the list of things which we formerly held for certainties, we never break with the symbol under which we first tasted the ideal. With us faith does not reside in obscure metaphysical propositions, but in the affirmations of the heart. I have therefore chosen for my conversation with you, not one of those subtleties which divide, but one of those subjects dear to the soul, which bring together and reunite. I shall speak to you of that book, so resplendent with the divine spirit, of that manual of a life of resignation, left to us by the most pious of men, the Cæsar Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. There have been men who have exercised a more profound and durable influence, but no one was as perfect as he. It is the glory of sovereigns that the most irreproachable model of virtue can be found in their ranks, and that the most beautiful lessons of patience and abnegation should come from a condition which is supposed to be given up to all the seductions of pleasure and vanity.

I.

The inheritance of wisdom on the throne is something always rare. I know of but two brilliant examples in history: in India the succession of the three Mongol emperors, Baber, Humaioun, and Akbar; at Rome, at the head of the greatest empire that ever existed, the two admirable reigns of Antoninus the Pius and of Marcus Aurelius. Of these two latter, Antoninus, in my opinion, was the grandest character. His goodness did not cause him to commit faults; he was never tormented by that interior malady which gnawed without relaxation the heart of his adopted son. This strange malady, this unquiet study of himself, this demon of scruple, this fever of perfection, are the signs of a nature less strong than elevated. As the most beautiful thoughts are those which are not written, Antoninus had also in this respect a superiority over Marcus Aurelius; but we must add that we should be ignorant of Antoninus if Marcus Aurelius had not transmitted to

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* A lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, London, on the 16th of April, 1880. Translated from the French, for THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE, by E. V. Smalley.

us that portrait of his adopted father, where he seems to have applied himself from humility to paint the image of a man who was still better than he.

It is he also who has traced for us, in the first book of his "Thoughts," that admirable background where move in a celestial light the noble and pure figures of his father, his mother, his grandfather, and his teachers. Thanks to Marcus Aurelius, we can comprehend how much of honesty, dignity, right purpose, civil spirit, and, I may venture to add, republican spirit, was preserved in those old Roman families which had seen the reigns of the bad emperors. They lived in admiration of Cato, of Brutus, of Thraseas, and of the great stoics whose souls had never bent under tyranny. The reign of Domitian was abhorred among them. The sages who had gone through it uncorrupted were honored as heroes. The epoch of the Antonines was in reality only the accession to power of the society of the sages, of whom Tacitus has transmitted to us the just wrath—a society formed by the league of all those who had been shocked and disgusted by the despotism of the first Cæsars.

The salutary principle of adoption had made of the imperial court, in the second century, a genuine nursery of virtue. The noble and skilful Nerva, in establishing this principle, assured the happiness of the human race for nearly a hundred years, and gave to the world the most beautiful century of progress of which the memory has been preserved. Sovereignty thus possessed in common by a group of superior men, who delegated it or divided it according to the needs of the moment, lost a part of the attraction which rendered it so dangerous. One arrived at the throne without having solicited it, and at the same time without owing it to his birth or to a sort of divine right; one arrived there disabused, wearied of men, prepared long in advance. The empire was a civil burden which each ruler accepted when his hour came, without ever dreaming of hastening that hour. Marcus Aurelius was designated so young that the idea of reigning scarcely had a commencement with him, and exercised no seduction over his mind for a moment. At eight years of age, when he was already *præsul* of the Salian priests, Adrian noticed this sad and gentle child, and loved him for his excellent disposition, his docility, and his incapacity to lie. At eighteen years the empire was secured to him. He waited patiently for twenty-two years. The evening when Antoninus felt that he was about to die, after having given as the countersign to the attendant tribune the word *æquanimitas*, he caused to be carried into the chamber of his adopted son the golden statue of Fortune, which was always found in the apartment of the emperor. To Marcus Aurelius it brought neither surprise nor joy. For a long time he had been *blasé* to all the pleasures without hav-

ing tasted them. His profound philosophy had enabled him to see their absolute vanity.

The great inconvenience of practical life, which renders it insupportable to the superior man, is this : if one carries into it the principles of the ideal, good qualities become defects to such an extent that the accomplished man often succeeds less than he whose mainspring is egotism and vulgar routine. Two or three times the virtue of Marcus Aurelius came near ruining him. It made him commit a serious mistake in persuading him to associate with himself in the imperial office Lucius Verus, toward whom he was under no obligation. Verus was a frivolous, worthless man. It required prodigies of goodness and delicacy to hinder him from committing disastrous follies. The wise emperor, earnest and industrious, carried with him in his litter the stupid colleague he had given himself. He treated him always in a serious manner, and never once revolted against his wearisome companionship. Like all people who have been well educated, Marcus Aurelius constrained himself unceasingly. His manners came from a general predetermination in favor of firmness and dignity. Minds of this sort, whether from a desire to avoid giving pain, or from respect for human nature, do not resign themselves to an avowal that they see evil in others. Their life is a perpetual dissimulation.

According to some, he must have dissimulated toward himself, because, in his intimate conversation with the gods on the banks of the Gran, speaking of a spouse who was unworthy of him, he thanked them for having given him "a wife so agreeable, so affectionate, so simple." I have shown elsewhere that the patience, or say, if you will, the weakness of Marcus Aurelius on this point has been somewhat exaggerated. Faustina had faults, the greatest of which was to show an aversion toward the friends of her husband. As it was these friends who wrote history, she has suffered before posterity. An attentive criticism has no trouble, however, in showing the exaggerations of the legend. Everything leads us to believe that at first Faustina found happiness and love in that villa of Lorium, or in that beautiful retreat of Lanuvium, on the slopes of Mount Albano, which Marcus Aurelius described to Fronto as a dwelling full of the purest joys. Afterward she grew tired of so much wisdom. Let us tell all—the fine sentences of Marcus Aurelius, his austere virtue, his perpetual melancholy, must have wearied a young capricious woman endowed with an ardent temperament and with marvellous beauty. He understood this, suffered from it, and was silent. Faustina remained always for him his "very good and very faithful wife." Never did any one succeed, even after her death, in making him abandon this pious falsehood. In a bas-relief which may be seen to-day in the Capitoline Museum at Rome, Faustina is represented being carried

by Fame to the sky, while the excellent emperor, standing on the earth, follows her with a look full of love. It seems that in those latter days he was able to delude himself and forget everything; but what a struggle he must have passed through to come to such a point! During long years a sickness of the heart slowly consumed him. The desperate effort which was the essence of his philosophy—that frenzy of renunciation, pushed often to sophism—concealed below it an immense wound. How he must have bidden farewell to happiness to arrive at such an excess! We can never know what that poor bruised heart suffered, or how much of bitterness was concealed by that pale forehead, always calm and almost always smiling. It is true, however, that the farewell to happiness is the beginning of wisdom and the surest means of finding happiness. There is nothing sweeter than the return of joy which follows the renunciation of joy—nothing more vivid, more profound, more charming than the enchantment of the disenchanted.

Some historians, more or less imbued with that policy which thinks itself superior because it cannot be suspected of any trace of philosophy, have naturally sought to prove that so accomplished a man was a bad administrator and a mediocre sovereign. In fact it appears that Marcus Aurelius erred more than once through too much indulgence. But there was never a reign more fruitful in reforms and in progress. The system of public aid, founded by Nerva and Trajan, received from him admirable development. New colleges for gratuitous education were established; the procurators of subsistence became functionaries of the first class, and were chosen with extreme care; the education of poor women was provided for by the institutions of the "Young Faustinians." The principle that the state has duties in some sort paternal toward its members (a principle which we must remember with gratitude even when we have outgrown it), this principle, I say, was proclaimed to the world for the first time by the Antonines. Neither the puerile luxury of Oriental monarchies, founded on the baseness and stupidity of mankind, nor the pedantic pride of the monarchies of the middle ages, founded on an exaggerated sentiment of hereditament, and on a *naïve* faith in the rights of blood, can give us an idea of the thoroughly republican sovereignty of Nerva, of Trajan, of Adrian, of Antoninus, of Marcus Aurelius. There was nothing about it of the hereditary or right divine prince, nothing of the military chieftain; it was a sort of grand civil magistracy without anything that resembled a court or took from the emperor his essentially private character. Marcus Aurelius, in particular, was neither little nor much a king in the proper sense of the word. His fortune was industrial, consisting for the most part in brick-yards; his aversion for "the Cæsars," whom he regarded as a species of

Sardanapalus, magnificent, debauched, and cruel, constantly displayed itself. The civilian character of his manners was extreme. He restored to the Senate its ancient importance. When he was at Rome he never missed a sitting, and never quitted his seat till the consul had pronounced the formula, *Nihil vos moramur, patres conscripti.* He prosecuted war almost every year of his reign, and prosecuted it well, although he found in it only *ennui.* His insipid campaigns against the Quades and the Marcomans were well conducted; the disgust which he experienced from them did not hinder him from devoting to them the most conscientious application.

It was in the course of one of these expeditions, when, encamped upon the banks of the Gran, in the midst of the monotonous plains of Hungary, that he wrote the most beautiful pages of the exquisite work which reveals to us his whole soul. It is probable that from an early age he kept a private journal of his thoughts. Therein he wrote the maxims to which he had recourse to fortify himself, reminiscences of his favorite authors, passages from the moralists who spoke most to him, principles which had sustained him during the day, occasionally too the reproaches which his scrupulous conscience had addressed to him. "There are those who seek out solitary retreats, rustic cottages, the shores of the sea, mountains; like the others, thou too lovest to dream of these places. Wherefore, since it is permitted thee every hour to retire into thy soul? Nowhere has man a more tranquil retreat, especially if he has in himself those things the contemplation of which is sufficient to render him calm. Know, then, how to enjoy this retreat and renew there thy strength. Know that there thou canst find those short fundamental maxims which will at once give serenity to thy soul, and place thee in a condition to support with resignation the world to which thou must return." During the sad winters of the north this consolation became more necessary to him than usual. He was almost sixty years old; age came to him prematurely. One evening all the images of his pious youth revived in his memory, and he passed delicious hours in calculating what he owed to each of the good beings that had surrounded him.

"Examples of my grandfather, Verus: gentleness of manner, unalterable patience.

"Qualities taken from my father and souvenir which he has left me: modesty, manly character.

"To imitate my mother's piety and benevolence; to abstain, as she did, not only from doing wrong, but from conceiving the thought of wrong; to lead her frugal life, which resembled so little the habitual luxury of the rich."

Then there appeared to him in succession, Diognetus, who inspired him with a taste for philosophy and rendered agreeable to

his eyes the pallet, the covering composed of a simple skin, and all the Hellenic apparel and discipline; Junius Rusticus, who taught him to avoid all affectation of elegance in style, and who loaned him the work of Epictetus; Apollonius of Chalcis, who realized the stoic's ideal of extreme firmness and perfect gentleness; Sextus of Chæronea, so grave and so good; Alexander the grammarian, who censured with such refined politeness; Fronto, "who taught him how much envy, duplicity, and hypocrisy there was in a tyrant, and how much hardness there could be in the heart of a patrician;" his brother, Severus, "who made him acquainted with Thraseas, Helvidius, Cato, and Brutus, and who gave him the idea of a free state where the natural equality of the citizens and the equality of their rights is the rule—of a royalty which places respect for the liberty of its citizens above everything;" and towering above all the others in his immaculate grandeur, Antoninus, his adopted father, whose image he traces for us with a redoubling of gratitude and love. "I thank the gods," says he, in closing, "for having given me good grandparents, good parents, a good sister, good teachers, and people for my associates and friends who were nearly all filled with goodness. Never have I allowed myself to fail in regard for them; my natural disposition might have led me on some occasions to commit irreverent acts, but the kindness of the gods did not permit such occasions to arise. I am also indebted to the gods for preserving pure the flower of my youth; for not having made me a man before the age of manhood; for having rather postponed it beyond that time; for having brought me up under the law of a prince and a father who disengaged my mind from all the fumes of pride, and made me comprehend that it is possible, while living in a palace, to dispense with guards, splendid apparel, torches, and statues; who taught me, finally, that a prince can compress his life almost within the limits of that of a simple citizen, without displaying on that account any the less of nobleness or vigor when called upon to act as emperor and deal with affairs of state. They gave me a brother whose manners were a continual exhortation to watch over myself, and whose deference and attachment made at the same time the joy of my heart. Thanks also to the gods, I made haste to elevate those who had cared for my education to the honors which they appeared to desire. It was the gods who made me acquainted with Apollonius, Rusticus, and Maximus, and who presented me, surrounded with so much light, the picture of a life conformed to nature. I have halted on this side of the goal, it is true, but mine is the fault. If my body has withstood so long the rude life that I lead; if, in spite of my frequent vexations with Rusticus, I have never passed the limits he prescribed, or done aught which I have now to repent; if my mother, who died young, was able never-

theless to pass her last years near me; if, when I have wished to aid some poor or afflicted person, I have never heard it said that money was lacking; if I have never had need to receive anything of anybody; if I have a wife of a character so agreeable, so affectionate, so simple; if I have found so many persons competent to educate my children; if at the beginning of my passion for philosophy I did not become the prey of some sophist, it is to the gods that I am indebted. Yes, so many benefits could only be the effect of the assistance of the gods and of a happy fortune."

This divine candor breathes in every page. Never did a man write more simply for himself, for the sole purpose of unburdening his heart without other witness than God. Here is not a shadow of a system. Marcus Aurelius, to speak correctly, has no philosophy; although he owes almost everything to Stoicism transformed by the Roman spirit, he is of no school. According to our taste he has too little curiosity, for he did not know all that a contemporary ought to have known of Ptolemy and Galen; he had some opinions about the system of the world which were not up to the level of the best science of his time. But his moral thought, detached as it was from any tie with a system, gained thereby a singular elevation. The author of the book of the "Imitation" himself, although wholly disengaged from the quarrels of the schools, did not attain that elevation; for his manner of feeling is essentially Christian. Take away the Christian dogmas and his book will retain but a portion of its charm. The book of Marcus Aurelius, having no dogmatic basis, preserves its freshness eternally. Everybody, from the atheist or him who believes himself one, to the man who is most absorbed in the peculiar beliefs of a particular religion, can find edifying fruits there. It is the most purely human book that exists. It cuts into no controverted question. In theology Marcus Aurelius floats between pure deism, polytheism interpreted in a physical sense in the manner of the Stoics, and a sort of cosmic pantheism. He does not hold much more to one of these hypotheses than to another, and he uses indifferently the three vocabularies, deistic, polytheistic, and pantheistic. His arguments have always two faces, according as God and the soul have or have not reality. This is the reasoning that we make every hour, for if the most complete materialism is in the right, we who have believed in the true and the good shall be no more duped than the others. If idealism is right we shall have been the real sages, and we shall have been so in the only manner which suits us—that is to say, without any interested attempt and without having counted on a remuneration.*

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* "Either the world is nothing but chaos and successive aggregation and

II.

We touch here the great secret of moral philosophy and religion. Marcus Aurelius has no speculative philosophy. His theology is wholly contradictory ; he has no fixed idea as to the soul and immortality. How, then, was he profoundly moral without the beliefs which are regarded to-day as the foundations of morality ? How was he eminently religious without professing any of the dogmas of what is called natural religion ? It is important that we should investigate this point.

The doubts which from a speculative point of view hover over the truths of natural religion are not, as Kant has admirably shown, accidental doubts, susceptible of being dissipated, and belonging, as has sometimes been imagined, to certain conditions of the human mind. These doubts are inherent in the nature of the truths themselves, and we can say, without paradox, that if they could be dissipated the truths which they attack would disappear at the same time. Let us suppose, for instance, a direct and positive proof, evident to all, of future pains and recompenses ; where would be the merit of doing right ? Why, fools might, from gayety of heart, run to their damnation. A multitude of base souls would win their salvation with their cards upon the table ; they would in some sort force the hand of divinity. Who cannot see that in such a system there would be no longer either morality or religion ? In the moral and religious order it is indispensable to believe without demonstration ; it is not a matter of certainty, but of faith. This is what deism forgets with its habits of intemperate affirmation. It forgets that too precise beliefs about human destiny destroy all moral merit. When a peremptory argument of this sort is announced to us, we do as St. Louis did when he was told of the miraculous host. We refuse to look at it. What need have we of these brutal proofs which have no application save in the coarse order of facts, and which constrain our liberty ? We fear to be assimilated to these speculators in virtue, or to these timid, vulgar people who carry the gross egotism of practical life into the realm of the soul. During the first days which followed the faith in the resurrection of Jesus this sentiment was displayed in the most touching manner. The true heart-friends, those who had delicate feelings, loved better to believe without proof than to see for themselves. "Blessed are they who have not seen and who have believed," became the watchword of the situation. Charming word ! Eternal symbol of tender and generous idealism, which

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disintegration, or the world is unity, order, providence. In the first case, how can we desire to remain in such a sewer? There is nothing to do here. Disintegration will know very well of itself how to reach me. In the second case, I adore, I repose in, I have confidence in him who governs."

has a horror of touching with its hands that which should be seen only with the heart!

On this point, as on all others, our good Marcus Aurelius was ahead of the centuries. He never cared to put himself in accord with himself in questions concerning God and the soul. As if he had read the *Critique de la raison pratique*, he saw clearly that no formula is necessary concerning the infinite, and that in such a matter one can only have a chance of seeing the truth once in his life if he has often contradicted himself. He elevated moral beauty far above all set theology; he did not permit duty to be dependent upon any metaphysical opinion as to the first cause. Never was intimate union with the hidden God pushed to such a point of extreme delicacy. "Offer to the government of the god that is within thee a virile being, ripened by age, friend of the public good, a Roman, an emperor; a soldier at his post waiting the signal of the trumpet; a man ready to quit life without regret." "There are many grains of incense destined for the same altar: one falls earlier, another later, into the fire, but the difference is nothing." "Man should live according to nature during the few days that are given him upon the earth, and when the moment of retreat comes he should submit with gentleness, like an olive, which, in falling, blesses the tree that has produced it and the branch that has borne it."* "O man! thou hast been a citizen of the great city; what matters it to thee if it were for five years or for three? That which is conformed to the laws is unjust to no one. What is there so distressing in being sent away from the city, not by a tyrant or an unjust judge, but by the same nature which brought thee into it? It is as though a comedian should be dismissed from the theatre by the same manager who engaged him. But, thou sayest, I have not played the five acts; I have only played three. Thou sayest well, but in life three acts suffice to complete the entire piece. Depart contentedly, since he who discharges thee is content."

Is this as much as to say that he did not sometimes revolt against the strange fate which is pleased to leave man alone with his eternal needs of devotion, sacrifice, and heroism, face to face with nature, with her transcendent immorality and her supreme disdain for virtue? No. Once at least the absurdity, the colossal iniquity, of death struck him. But soon his completely mortified temperament regained the supremacy, and he calmed himself. "How does it happen that the gods, who have ordered all things so well, and with so much love for man, have neglected a single point, that men

* "All that is orderly for thee is orderly for me, O Cosmos! Nothing is premature or tardy for me which comes to thee in good time. I make my fruit of that which thy seasons bear, O Nature! From thee is everything, in thee is everything, to thee goes everything."

of tried virtue, who have had during their lives a sort of commerce with divinity, and who have made themselves beloved by their pious acts and sacrifices, should not revive after death, but should be extinguished forever? Since the thing is thus, know well that if it should have been otherwise they would not have failed to make it so, for if right it had been possible. If it had been conformable to nature, nature would have allowed it. Consequently confirm thyself in the consideration that because it is not thus it is necessary that it should be as it is. Thou perceivest readily thyself that to make such an inquiry is to dispute with God about his right. Now we would not dispute thus with the gods if they were not supremely good and supremely just; and if they are they have left nothing in the ordering of the world which can be contrary to justice and reason.

Ah! that is carrying resignation too far, dear master! Were it in truth so we have a right to complain. To say that if this world has no counterpart, the man who sacrifices himself for goodness and truth ought to leave it contentedly, and absolve the gods, is too *naïve*. No—he has a right to blaspheme them. For why thus abuse his credulity? Why plant within him deceptive instincts, of which he has been the honest dupe? Why this premium granted to the frivolous or the wicked? It is he then who is not cheated, who is the wise man. But in that case, cursed be the gods who choose their favorites so ill! I want the future world to remain a riddle; but if there be no world to come this world is a frightful ambuscade. Remark, in fact, that our wish is not that of the coarse crowd. What we want is not to gloat over the chastisement of the culprit, nor to draw the dividends on our virtue. What we want has nothing egotistical about it. It is simply to be and to stay connected with God, to carry on our thinking as we have begun, to get more knowledge out of it, to be rejoiced one day with the sight of the truth we are seeking with so much travail, the triumph of the goodness we have loved. Surely nothing could be more legitimate. The worthy emperor felt this well. "What! the flame of a lamp burns until it goes out, and loses nothing of its brilliancy, and the truth, justice, and temperance which is in thee shall be extinguished with thee!" All his life was passed in this noble hesitation. If he erred it was from too much piety. Had he been less resigned he had been nearer right, for surely to demand that there shall be a close and sympathetic spectator of the struggles we make for the good and the true is not to demand too much.

It is possible, moreover, that if his philosophy had been less exclusively moral, if it had involved a more inquisitive study of history and the universe, it might have avoided certain excesses of rigor. Like the Christian ascetics, Marcus Aurelius sometimes

pushed renunciation into dryness and subtlety. You feel that this never-failing calm is obtained by an immense effort. Clearly evil had never the least attraction for him; he had no passion to combat. "Whatever may happen or whatever may be said," he wrote, "I must be a good man; as the emerald can say, 'Whatever may be said or done, I must be an emerald, and must keep my color.'" But to keep himself constantly on the icy summit of stoicism must have required him to do cruel violence to nature, and to cut away more than one noble part of himself. This perpetual repetition of the same reasoning, these thousand images under which he seeks to represent the vanity of all things, these proofs, often *naïve*, of universal frivolity, bear witness to the combats he went through to extinguish all desire in himself. At times these results form this something that seems to us hard and sad. The reading of Marcus Aurelius strengthens but does not console; it leaves in the soul a void that is at the same time delicious and cruel, but which we would not exchange for the fullest satisfaction. Humility, renunciation, severity toward self, never were carried farther. Glory, that illusion of great minds, is reduced to nothingness. Good must be done without thinking if any one will know of it. He sees clearly that history will speak of him; he dreams sometimes of the men of the past with whom the future will associate his name. "If they had played anything but the *rôle* of tragic actors," he said, "no one would have condemned me to imitate them." The complete self-mortification to which he had arrived had destroyed in him the last fibre of self-love.

The consequences of this austere philosophy might have been stiffness and hardness, but here the rare goodness of Marcus Aurelius' nature shines in all its splendor. His severity is only for himself. The fruit of this great tension of soul is an infinite benevolence. His whole life was a study how to return good for evil. After some sad experience of human perversity, when evening came he only found this to write: "If thou canst, correct them; if not, remember that benevolence has been given thee to exercise it toward them. The gods themselves are benevolent toward these creatures; they aid them, so great is their goodness, to acquire health, riches, and glory. It is permitted thee to do as the gods do." Another day some one must have displayed unusual wickedness, for see what he wrote on his tablets: "Such is the order of nature: people of this sort must of necessity act thus. To wish that they were otherwise is to wish that a fig-tree should not produce figs. Remember this—in a very short time thou and he will die; shortly after even your names will cease to survive." These reflections on universal pardon are constantly reiterated. Mingling with this ravishing goodness is to be traced at times a scarcely perceptible smile: "The best manner of revenging one's

self upon the wicked is not to become like them ;" or a slight accent of pride : "It is a royal thing when one has done good to hear evil spoken of one's self." One day he had a reproach to make to himself. "Thou hast forgotten," said he, "what a sacred relationship unites every man with the human species ; a relationship not of blood and of birth, but of participation in the same intelligence. Thou hast forgotten that the reasoning soul of each is a god, a derivative of the Supreme Being."

In the affairs of life he must have been exquisite, although a little *naïve*, as men of extraordinary goodness usually are. The nine motives of indulgence which he laid down for himself (Book xi. article 18) show us his charming good-nature in presence of family troubles which came, perhaps, from his unworthy son. "When occasion offers," he said to himself, "exhort him quietly, and when he attempts to wrong thee, give him without anger such lessons as this : 'No, my child, we are born for something else. It is not I whom thou injurest ; it is thee, my child, that does it to thyself.' Show him skilfully by some general argument that such is the rule ; that the bees do not behave like him, nor any of the animals that live naturally in herds. Put in thy discourse neither mockery nor insult, but an air of genuine affection, and of a heart not embittered by anger ; not like a pedant, not to make thyself admired by those who are present, but with nothing in view but him alone." Commodus, if he is the one referred to, was doubtless little sensible to this paternal rhetoric. One of the maxims of the good emperor was that the wicked are unfortunate ; that they are wicked not purposely, but through ignorance. He pitied those who were not as he ; but he did not believe he had the right to impose himself upon them.

He saw well the baseness of mankind, but he did not acknowledge it. This habit of voluntarily binding one's self is the defect of great souls. Since the world is not what they would wish it to be, they lie to themselves in order to see it other than it is. For this reason their judgment is often a little warped. With Marcus Aurelius this sometimes causes us a certain annoyance. If we are to believe him, his masters, of whom many were rather mediocre persons, were, without exception, superior men. One would think that everybody about him was virtuous. He carries this sort of thing so far that one might ask if the brother whom he eulogizes so much in his thanksgiving to the gods was not his adopted brother, Lucius Verus. This is hardly probable, however ; but it is certain that the good emperor was capable of strong illusions when he attempted to clothe another in his own virtues.

This quality, according to some criticisms which antiquity produced, and especially those from the pen of the emperor Julian, made him commit an enormous fault—that of not disinheriting

Commodus. It is easy to say this, at a distance, when the obstacles have disappeared, and when one can reason far from the facts. In the first place, it is forgotten that the emperors after Nerva, who made adoption so fruitful a political system, had no sons. Adoption coupled with disinheritance of a son or a grandson was practical in the first century of the empire, but did not have good results. Marcus Aurelius was evidently in favor of the principle of direct inheritance, in which he saw the advantage of preventing rivalries. As soon as Commodus was born, in 161, he presented him alone to the legions, although he had a twin brother, and often, while still an infant, he took him in his arms and repeated this act, which was a sort of proclamation. In 166 Lucius Verus demanded that the two sons of Marcus Aurelius, Commodus and Annius Verus, should be made Cæsars. In 172 Commodus shared with his father the title of Germanicus. In 173, after the suppression of the revolt of Avidius, the Senate, in order to recognize the disinterestedness which Marcus Aurelius had shown concerning his family, demanded by acclamation the empire and the tribunal power for Commodus. The bad disposition of Commodus had already betrayed itself by more than one sign known to his teachers; but how could the future of a child of twelve years be prejudged by a few false notes? In 176 and 177 his father made him imperator, consul, and Augustus. This was plainly an imprudence; but previous acts had led up to it; besides, Commodus still restrained himself. In later years the evil in him broke out all at once. On each page of the last books of the "Thoughts," we see the traces of the interior martyrdom endured by this excellent father and accomplished emperor, who saw a monster growing up by his side, ready to succeed him, and determined from antipathy to take in every respect the course contrary to that which he had seen pursued toward deserving people. The thought of disinheriting Commodus must have more than once occurred to Marcus Aurelius; but it was too late. After having associated him in the empire, after having so many times proclaimed him perfect and accomplished before the legions, it would have been a scandal to declare him unworthy in the face of the whole world. Marcus was ensnared by his own phrases—by that stubborn benevolence which was too habitual with him. And after all Commodus was only seventeen years old; who could be sure that he would not mend? Even after the death of Marcus Aurelius this might be hoped for. Commodus showed at times a disposition to follow the counsels of the meritorious persons with whom his father had surrounded him.

The reproach which can be made to Marcus Aurelius is not, therefore, that he did not disinherit his son; it is that he had a son. It was not his fault if the century was not capable of supporting so

much wisdom. In philosophy the great emperor had placed the ideal of virtue so high that no one could think of following him. In politics his benevolent optimism had weakened the public service, and particularly the army. In religion, by being too much attached to a state religion, the weakness of which he clearly saw, he prepared the way for the violent triumph of a non-official worship, and left his memory weighted with a reproach, unjust, it is true, the shadow of which should not be encountered in so pure a life.

We touch here upon one of the most delicate points in the biography of Marcus Aurelius. Unhappily it is certain that some death sentences were pronounced and executed against Christians during his reign. The policy of the Antonines had been steady in this respect. They saw in Christianity a secret, anti-social sect, dreaming of overturning the empire. Like all men attached to the old Roman principles, they believed it necessary to suppress it. For this there was no need of special edicts; the laws against the *cœtus illiciti* and the *illicita collegia* were numerous. The Christians fell in the most formal manner under the penalty of these laws. Without doubt it would have been worthy of the wise emperor, who introduced so many humane reforms, to suppress edicts which produced cruel and unjust consequences. But we must not fail to reflect, in the first place, that the true spirit of liberty, as we understand it, was comprehended by no one at that time, and that Christianity, when it got the mastery, did not practise it any better than did the pagan emperors; and, in the second place, that the abrogation of the law against illicit societies would have been the ruin of the empire, founded, as it was, essentially upon the principle that the state should not admit to its bosom any society different from itself. The principle was a bad one according to our ideas; nevertheless it was unquestionably the keystone of the Roman constitution. Far from magnifying it, Marcus Aurelius weakened it with all his might, and one of the glories of his reign is the extension which he gave to the right of association. Still he did not go to the root; he did not completely abolish the laws against the *collegia illicita*, and there resulted in the provinces some applications of them infinitely regretable. The reproach that can be made to him is the same that can be addressed to the sovereigns of our day, who do not with a stroke of the pen suppress the laws restrictive of liberty, of assembly, of association, and of the press. At this distance we see that Marcus Aurelius would have been wiser if he had been more completely liberal. Perhaps if Christianity had been left free, it would have developed the theocratic and absolute principle which it contains in a less disastrous manner. But we cannot well reproach a statesman with not having provoked a radical revolution in anticipation of events to arrive many centuries after him. Trajan, Adrian, Antoninus, and Marcus Aurelius could not

understand the principles of general history and political economy which have been perceived only in our time, and which our latest revolutions could alone reveal to us. In any case, the gentleness of the good emperor shelters him in this regard from all censure. We should not be more exacting than was Tertullian. "Consult your annals," he said to the Roman magistrates; "you will there see that the princes who punished us were those that one holds it an honor to have had for persecutors. On the other hand, among all the princes who have understood divine and human laws, name a single one who has persecuted the Christians. We can even cite one who declared himself their protector—the wise Marcus Aurelius. If he did not openly revoke the edicts against our brothers, he destroyed their effect by the severe penalties which he established against their accusers." We must remember that the Roman Empire was ten or twelve times as big as France, and that the responsibility of the emperor for the judgments rendered in the provinces was very slight. We must, above all, remember that Christianity did not demand simply liberty of worship; all the religious sects which tolerated others were quite at their ease in the empire. What made a peculiar situation for Christianity and Judaism was their intolerance and their exclusive spirit. Liberty of thought was absolute. From Nerva to Constantine not a thinker, not a savant, was disturbed. Men whom the Middle Ages would have burned, such as Galen, Lucian, and Plotinus, lived tranquilly under the protection of the laws.

Behold why it is that we carry mourning in our hearts for Marcus Aurelius. With him philosophy reigned. For a moment, thanks to him, the world was governed by the best and greatest man of his century. Frightful decadence followed; but the little casket which contained the thoughts from the banks of the Gran and the philosophy of Carnonte was saved. There came from it that incomparable book, wherein Epictetus was surpassed—that gospel of those who do not believe in the supernatural, and who have not been fully understood until our day. A true eternal gospel, the book of the "Thoughts," will never grow old, for it affirms no dogma. The virtue of Marcus Aurelius, like ours, rests on reason and nature. St. Louis was a very virtuous man, because he was a Christian; Marcus Aurelius was the most pious of men, not because he was a pagan, but because he was a perfect man. He was an honor to human nature, and not to a definite religion. Science may, in appearance, arrive at the destruction of God and the immortal soul, but the book of the "Thoughts" will still remain young with life and truth. The religion of Marcus Aurelius is absolute religion, that religion which results from the simple fact of a lofty moral conscience standing in the face of the universe. It is of no race, of no country. No revolution, no change, no discovery can alter it.

ERNEST RENAN.

EVERY one who has read Mérimée's "Lettres à Une Inconnue" must remember some not wholly complimentary passages respecting the distinguished French critic and man of letters who has just been lecturing to London audiences. There is no need to quote the passages here; an allusion to them is enough in order to help us to formulate by a process of contrast the character of M. Renan as a critic and writer. Mérimée was himself, in a literary sense if not personally, the most exquisitely accomplished cynic that has ever existed. The way in which, in his comparatively limited work, whole schools and regions of thought and art are represented by some little masterpiece, and then apparently dropped as of no further interest to the author, is unique in literature. The way in which there appears in the beauty of all these representations something sinister, and as it were inhuman, is equally unique. Whether in pure fantasy-pieces, like the "Vénus d'Ille," or in pictures of modern society, like "La Double Méprise," or in such astonishing reproductions of the harsher sides of the past, as "La Jacquerie," the same literary perfection, the same cynical force are apparent. To every one who has, in however faint a measure, the tendency to look at life from the sarcastic side, Mérimée must always be the object of an immense admiration. But to such a writer himself nothing could be more unwelcome than anything even approaching what is irreverently called in English "gush"—than the tendency not merely to think nobly and hopefully of life, and to dwell upon its more amiable aspects, but to dress it up in bright colors and agreeable forms, and to express these in somewhat effusive and voluble language, full of unction and of appeals to the heart, the sentiments, and the religious principle. I by no means give this as a description of M. Renan, but it is probably a sufficiently true description of what an American writer would call Mérimée's M. Renan; and it was upon this subjective being no doubt that the author of "Colomba" vented his spleen. It ought to be remembered that the attacked person took his revenge in a most gentlemanlike correction. In the next volume of the "Origines" he alluded to Petronius as "Un Mérimée sceptique, au ton froid et exquis, qui nous a laissé un roman d'une verve, d'une finesse accomplie en même temps que d'une corruption raffinée." The comparison is by no means ungenerous, and withal singularly true. Now it is hardly a paradox to say that in order to detect the character of any man or writer one cannot do better than take the reports of his enemies. By stripping these of malignity and exaggeration, by substituting the quality for the defect and the mean for the excess, such unfavorable accounts, unless they come from

wholly untrustworthy or incompetent sources, may be made to yield a much larger amount of truth than the amiable but often vague and random language of panegyrists and partisans. Least of all was such a faculty as Mérimée's likely to go altogether astray, though it might very easily overpass the goal. The truth is that the literary and philosophical characteristics of M. Renan (for with matters theological we have nothing to do here) are very strongly marked, and for our time by no means common. In his attitude toward books and men he stands apart from any other school or individual of his own country and of the continent, though, perhaps, it would not be difficult to name an English critic who, with many points of difference, has some points of agreement with him. To those who simply consider him in the light of an assailant or defender of certain theological or ecclesiastical ideas these peculiarities are necessarily invisible. Let us see if by keeping these ideas apart they can be made to emerge into view.

It is always interesting and instructive to compare the earliest and the latest work of men of literary distinction. The earliest work of M. Renan's known to me—putting aside mere college exercises—is the article on "L'État des Esprits en 1849;" the latest, omitting "L'Egalité Chértienne" as a simple continuation of a work planned and moulded twenty years ago, is "Caliban." Between the enthusiasm of five-and-twenty and the quiet scepticism of fifty-five there is, of course, a good deal of difference; but the main features of the author's mind, and even to some extent of his literary style, are identical enough. There is the same disbelief in religious and political nostrums, the same preference for a somewhat vague elevation and expansion of heart, the same contempt of utilitarianism on the one side, and of the merely æsthetic attitude toward art and literature on the other. Between the youthful appeal of thirty years ago in favor of "la pauvre humanité assisé, morne et silencieuse, sur le bord du chemin," and the ingenious parody of Shakespeare, which scandalized some grave and precise democrats the other day, their author has something more than a fair amount of work done to show for the summer and early autumn of his life. I need take no account of works of pure erudition, though the treatise, "De l'Origine du Langage" is not unimportant from the general point of view, as it shows, in a comparatively neutral field, the same reluctance to adopt materialist explanations, and to admit the all-powerful action of circumstances as distinguished from innate powers, which characterize M. Rénan elsewhere. The catalogue of his more properly literary work may be limited to the monograph on Averroes, to the four or five volumes of essays collected and reprinted under different titles, and to the six volumes of the "Origins of Christianity." The book on Averroes, except for its connection with the author's Semitic

studies, and perhaps also with the general history of free thought and revolt against religious dogma, does not seem to be particularly germane to his tastes. It is, however, an excellent book in its way, and the labor of its preparation must, beyond a doubt, have had an excellent disciplinary effect on M. Renan's style and manner. Inclined, as he most undoubtedly is, to be exuberant rather than the reverse, if he had given himself very early to easy literature, which requires much writing, little reading, and no research properly so called, the effect could hardly have failed to be unfavorable. Combining, as the book does, a bibliographic study of considerable complexity, an analysis of an extensive work, and a rapid survey of a long period of subsequent history, the amount of labor which it represents is very far out of proportion to its bulk. There are passages here and there, moreover, which distinctly enough foreshadow the manner and method of the author of the "Vie de Jésus," such as the section on the curious myth of the "Très Impostores," and that describing Petrarch's tribulations with the Venetian Averroists. The scattered essays are naturally much more fertile of light on the character of their author than a work where the plan and almost the contents were traced out for him by his subject. His various studies in religious history may be taken not so much as sketches for the finished work which was to come, as for protreptic discourses put forward to dispose the public to receive that work with understanding and favor, or else critical appreciations of different forms of the religious spirit. The least happy of these is probably that on Channing, in which the author, true to a bad habit of his countrymen, seems to start with a preconceived archetypal Englishman, or American, for it is much the same to him, and to reason downward. More interesting still are the papers united under the heading "Questions Contemporaines," which for the most part exhibit in various forms the ardent desire for an improvement in the higher education of his country, which is one of M. Renan's most honorable characteristics, and which, comparatively young as he is, he has lived to see in several ways fulfilled. Nor can the political sketches entitled "Réforme Intellectuelle et Morale" be omitted if a full estimate is to be formed of their author. The famous correspondence with the author of the "Leben Jesu," while perhaps it exposes only too clearly the sorrowful chances that await the too faithful believer in sweet reasonableness, now as in other days, is at least as valuable as a moral tell-tale as it is honorable to the writer. Two long studies, one having the general title of the book, the other headed "De la Monarchie Constitutionelle en France," exhibit not only such practical political ideas as the author has formed, but also a very favorite notion of his, on which the audiences of his recent lectures have heard him more than once

descant, that great moral and intellectual achievements unfit a nation for playing a prominent political part, and that in this order of thought, as in another, it must lose its life to save it. Finally, M. Renan's more purely personal and literary studies show less an ability on his part to put himself in the place of the subjects criticised than an ability to improve them in the ecclesiastical sense—that is to say, to use their history and peculiarities for the purpose of illustrating his own ethical, religious, and political ideas. Interesting, however, as are these lesser pieces to the student, and to all who care for idiosyncrasy of work as opposed to mere volume and importance of subject, they can hardly be regarded even now, and will almost certainly not be regarded hereafter, as anything more than a vestibule and precinct to the book which has occupied the prime of the author's life, and upon which, beyond all doubt, he would himself prefer to base his chances of fame.

It may be questioned whether any writer ever manifested a more distinct and uniform personality of thought and style than that which M. Renan has maintained through the six volumes of his work, the publication of which has now extended over twenty years. The first impression that the "Vie de Jésus" and its successors produce on critical readers, whether they be orthodox or unorthodox, is in all probability identical. Nothing can, to all appearance, be more hopelessly uncritical and arbitrary than the proceeding. To take a connected narrative and reject such details as happen not to square with preconceived ideas, while admitting the others; to reject a prophecy as obviously false, and take it up next minute as a trustworthy history of the events *à posteriori*; to see in a reported miracle, not an imposture, but an innocent distortion of some ordinary fact—all this seems at first sight to partake decidedly more of the spirit of *Dichtung* than of *Wahrheit*. The historian has also, in common with many other historians of the latter half of the nineteenth century, a most remarkable habit of building up whole characters and histories out of slight personal traits. St. James the Less, if he had foreseen that the callosities on his knees and the gold plate on his forehead would bring him into such trouble, would infallibly have discarded the latter and adopted a cushion to obviate the former. The unfortunate Claudius Lysias may fairly complain of the accusation of "stupidity," founded upon one or two casual allusions which certainly do not bear that sense to all readers; while, on the other hand, Barnabas has to thank M. Renan for favors received in return for a very slight historical consideration. But before long the rough places become tolerably smooth to an intelligent walker. The object of the book as a defence of principles and modes of character which seem to the writer of the first importance to the world soon makes itself apparent. M. Renan's two wings, as the mediæval allegorists

would say, are the abstractions which are called, in the technical terms of theology and morals, spirituality and unction. In his use of both of these there are points which are decidedly less akin to the English temperament, and to such half-English temperaments as Mérimée's, than to the softer and more feminine temper which is so largely represented in the average Frenchman. The words of the hymn, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," express the attraction which the critic has found on the moral side in the founder of the Christian religion; the words "the kingdom of God" represent his attraction on the purely intellectual side. He has inherited from that religion, or has made up for himself (whichever phrase may be preferred), an ideal of unworldliness, as distinguished from the self-seeking and materialism of modern life, of mild and impartial affection, as opposed to the stormy passions or cold indifference of the individual.

With this *à priori* conception he has started, and it is this that shapes his handling of his work. In the earliest volume the sentimental side of the matter has most play, and it is still most remarkable therein. Without being very cynical, it is permissible to feel the abundance of such adjectives as "délicieux," "charmant," "ravissant," "enivrant," "exquis," to be rather cloying. With "Les Apôtres" things improve from this point of view. The sentimental side of the matter is perforce kept in the background, and the "kingdom of God," the battle of spiritualism against materialism of all sorts, comes more to the front. It is in these later volumes, moreover, that the remarkable art of the writer becomes chiefly manifest. To weave a series of fragmentary notices, many of which his critical method compels him to reject, into a connected narrative, to keep up the contrasted importance of the different parts, and in doing this to keep the double end, the inculcation of spiritualism and of moral beauty in view, without wearying the reader, is a task of sufficient difficulty in itself. But when it is remembered that to the immense majority of readers the story is already familiar, that they have from earliest youth been taught to expect and welcome it in one form only, and are (supposing other prepossessions absent) as much disposed as children are to resent alteration and addition in a favorite tale, the difficulty becomes immensely complicated. Lastly, when we add to all this that the narrative has, perforce, to take the shape of something like a perpetual commentary, usually the most arid of literary forms, the hardness of the task is raised to very nearly the highest point, and it is clear that only literary faculty of a very remarkable kind could enable the author to discharge it.

The treatment of the subject is of course to a great extent conditioned by its nature, yet it is at the same time shaped by the idiosyncrasy of the practitioner. Of the fortunes of the Christian

Church, from the date of the crucifixion to the beginning of the third century, no document nor tradition, orthodox or unorthodox, gives any connected survey. On the other hand, an immense body of literature of all kinds, sacred and profane, Jewish, Christian, and Pagan, religious, historical, and philosophical, survives, containing the materials, the *pièces* of such a history. A critic of the sober school, whether belonging to the merely dryasdust order or to the product-of-the-circumstances sect, would assuredly find too many gaps to be filled more or less conjecturally to please him. Biographers and historians of this class like a subject upon which the full light of day has been thrown, where there is abundant material, and where the task is little more than one of skilful combination and intelligent interpreting. On the other hand, the merely superficial theorizer would find himself hampered by the multitude of scrappy details, jutting up like the tops of submarine rocks, useless and almost impossible for purposes of landing and cultivation, but sufficient to render careless navigation exceedingly dangerous. Many an ingenious theory has been upset before now by a troublesome and sterile fact of this kind. But M. Renan happens to combine in remarkably full measure the talent for conjecture and the talent for patient research. The way in which he has followed up in courageous dives the submarine world which connects, or might very conceivably connect, the emerging points of fact or tradition, is a triumph of the combined method. The book has been called, like most other histories where the imagination is strongly represented, though perhaps with greater justice than usual, a romance. It would be fairer to call it a conjectural restoration of history. All conjectural restorations incline to the romantic.

A detail worthy of notice in estimating M. Renan's choice and use of his materials is his extreme predilection for the apocryphal sacred books, both Jewish and Christian, and especially for the apocryphal apocalypses. Since the alteration of the lectionary and the disuse of the custom of binding up the apocrypha with the Old and New Testaments, it is probable that such of these singular documents as used to be recognized by the Church of England are unknown even to persons professedly observant of religious matters in this country. Some of them again, such as the book of Enoch and the "Shepherd" of Hermas (which, by the way, is not strictly an apocryphal book), have never among us had even this chance of recognition. As far as literary merits go there can be no doubt that this obsolescence is a great pity. There are not many more delightful books of their class than "The Wisdom of Solomon," than "Ecclesiasticus," and than the fourth book of Esdras. To all these "oublies et dédaignés" M. Renan has given his particular attention, and his analyses of many of them, notably of the

"Shepherd" and the fourth book of Esdras, are not merely among the most attractive passages of his book, but are also excellent examples of literary abstracts. There are indeed many points about these books which appeal to such a critic. They are perhaps more saturated than the canonical books with the Semitic spirit, in that excited and recalcitrant form which it assumed in the days immediately preceding and immediately following the Christian era; they are full of vague but poetical imagery; they lend themselves in the most obliging way to the conjectural interpretations in reference to historical events of which M. Renan is so fond. Moreover they are in many cases romantic pictures of more or less private life, which supply abundance of local color as well as of information as to modes of thought. Thus they are the most fertile of quarries to a patient worker in mosaic, the most precious of color-stores to such a painter as M. Renan, who has set himself to depict on a vast scale the whole spiritual and emotional life and movement of a time such as the first two centuries. Of the strictly narrative portions of the work produced on these principles and from these sources, it would be impossible here to give examples, nor is it necessary; but a few short extracts may perhaps help to illustrate the character of M. Renan's style and also of his thought. The first shall be taken from the eloquent opening of "Les Apôtres," in which the author exposes the subjective view of the resurrection:

"But love and enthusiasm know no such thing as situations without an issue. They laugh at the impossible, and rather than abandon hope will do violence to reality. Many well-remembered words of the Master, especially those in which he had foretold his future advent, could be interpreted in the sense of a resurrection from the tomb. Such a belief was, besides, so natural that the mere faith of the disciples might have sufficed for its production. The great prophets Enoch and Eljiah had not tasted death. The belief was even beginning to obtain that the patriarchs and the chief men of the elder dispensation were not really dead, and that their bodies lay in their sepulchres at Hebron still inhabited by life and by the soul. It was certain to happen in the case of Jesus, as it has happened in the case of all men who have arrested the attention of their fellows. The world, accustomed to attribute to them superhuman virtues, cannot admit that they have undergone the unjust and revolting law of death. At the moment when Mahomet expired, Omar quitted the tent, sword in hand, and threatened to strike the head off any one who dared to affirm that the prophet had ceased to live. Death is so unreasonable a thing when it falls on men of great heart or great genius, that the people refuse to believe such an error of nature possible. Heroes do not die. For is not that the true existence which is prolonged

in the memory of those who love us? The adored Master had for years filled the little world of his companions with joy and hope. Could they consent to leave him to moulder in the tomb? No! He had lived too long and too intimately in the hearts of his followers for it not to be affirmed after his death that he was still alive forever."

Here is a passage dealing less with psychology and more with social theories:

"The glory of the Jewish nation is to have proclaimed this principle [of social fraternity], whence arose the downfall of the elder states, and which is itself not destined to perish. The Jewish law is social, not political; the prophets, the apocalyptic writers, advocate revolutions of a social, not of a political character. In the first half of the first century the Jews, brought face to face with profane civilization, are animated with but one idea—to refuse the advantages of the Roman law, a law atheistic, philosophic, productive merely of general equality, and to proclaim the excellence of their own theocratic law, which gives a religious and moral complexion to society. All Jewish thinkers, such as Philo and Josephus, hold that the law is the secret of happiness. The laws of other peoples will have justice done; it is no matter to them whether the people be good or happy. The Jewish law, on the contrary, descends into the minutest particulars of moral education. Christianity is a development of the same idea. . . . Every church is a community where each has his claims on all, where there must be no one indigent, no one wicked, and where, in consequence, there is a mutual right of supervision and command. Primitive Christianity might be called a great association of the poor, a heroic effort against egotism based on the principle that the claims of the individual go no farther than to the absolutely necessary, and that superfluities belong to those who need. Between such a spirit and the spirit of Roman polity a war to the death is inevitable, while, on the other hand, Christianity can only succeed in ruling the world by modifying seriously its natural tendencies and its original programme.

"Yet the needs which Christianity represents will abide eternally. Community of living, by the second half of the Middle Ages, having been abused by an intolerant Church, the monastery having become too often a feudal institution or a barrack of dangerous and fanatical soldiery, the modern spirit has shown itself unfavorable to it. We have forgotten that it is in the common life that the human soul has tasted most joy. The psalm 'How good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity' has ceased to be our song. But when modern individualism has brought forth its final fruits, when humanity, dwarfed and saddened and become impotent, shall return to great institutions and

manly discipline, when our mean society of citizens, our world of pigmies shall have been beaten off by the heroic and idealist elements of humanity, then the common life will regain its value. Science and a crowd of other great things will be organized monastically with a continuity independent of mere fleshly inheritance. The importance attributed by our time to the family will diminish, and egotism, the essential principle of large societies, will no longer suffice great souls. A league of otherwise opposed forces will be formed against vulgarity. The words of Jesus and the ideas of the Middle Ages on the subject of poverty will once more appear reasonable. We shall understand how the mere possession of private property was once held to be an inferiority, and how the founders of mysticism argued for centuries whether Jesus had possessed 'things which perish in the using.' The crotchets of the Franciscans will become serious social problems, and the splendid ideal traced by the author of the Acts will be written as a prophetic revelation on the gates of the paradise of humanity."

After this eloquent prophecy of some of the things (more satisfactory at any rate than the restoration of Picrochole) which will happen *à la venue des coquecigrues*, let us take a picture of a more historical character :

"What characterized the religion of Greece in old days, what characterizes it still, is its lack of the infinite and the vague ; the tenderness and the feminine softness, the deep religious sentiment of the German and Celtic races, is wanting in the true Hellenes. The piety of the orthodox Greek consists in ritual and in outward observances. His churches, often of sufficient elegance, have none of the element of the terrible which distinguishes a Gothic minster. In this eastern Christianity there are no tears, no prayers, no inward compunction. Even burials have a certain gayety about them ; they are celebrated in the evening at set of sun, when the shadows are long, with soft music and the display of bright colors. The fanatical gravity of the Latins displeases these lively, light-minded, untroubled races. The sick man himself is not depressed ; death approaches him cheerily, and things around him smile. This is the secret of the divine gayety of Homer and Plato ; even the tale of Socrates' death in the 'Phædo' has hardly a touch of sadness. To blossom, to bear fruit, that is life, and why ask for more ? It is a superficial people, taking life as a thing with nothing supernatural in it, with no background. Such a simplicity of attitude depends to a great extent upon the climate, the purity of the air, the exhilaration which the mere breathing of it gives. But it depends also on the splendidly idealist instincts of the Hellenic race. A mere nothing suffices in Greece to produce the contentment which the sight of beauty causes. A tree, a flower, a lizard, a tortoise awaking the remembrance of the thousand metamorphoses sung by

the poets : a tiny rivulet ; a cranny in the rock dignified as a cave of the nymphs ; a well with a cup on the brink ; a strait like that at Poros, so narrow that the butterflies flit across it, yet navigable by mighty ships ; orange and cypress groves that throw their shadow over the sea ; a clump of pines on the rocks—any of these is enough. To walk at night in the gardens, to listen to the cicale, to sit in the moonlight and play the flute, to drink of the mountain spring, bringing with one bread and fish and a flask of wine, with a song to accompany the repast ; to crown the head with flowers and the door lintels with leaves, at the family festivals ; on public feast days to carry the thyrsus decked with foliage, to dance all day long, to play with tame kids—such are the pleasures of the Greek, pleasures of a poor and thrifty race, always young, inhabiting a delightful country, finding its joys in itself and in the goods the gods provide. The Theocritean idyl was in all Hellenic countries a simple fact ; Greece always delighted in this elegant and amiable style of minor poetry, exact to life in her own case, in the case of all other countries stupid and unreal. Good-humor and joy in living are the special peculiarities of the Greek. He does not construe *indulgere genio* after the fashion of the Englishman's heavy intoxication, of the Frenchman's coarse disport ; it is with him a simple result of reflection that Nature is good, and that it is right to follow her. To the Greek, indeed, Nature is a mistress of good taste, an instructress in virtue and rectitude : the notion of concupiscence, of a temptation by Nature to do ill, is to him a contradiction. The fancy for dress which distinguishes the Palikari, and which shows itself so innocently in young Greek girls, is not the pompous vanity of the barbarian, the silly forwardness of the citizen's wife, puffed up with a low-born pride, it is the simple sentiment of unaffected youth feeling itself the heir of the inventors of beauty."

One more short piece of a somewhat sterner character may serve to complete this miniature anthology, and to show how M. Renan can, without effort or grandiloquence, convey the idea of the mysterious and the terrible :

"Since the Jewish nation, in a kind of despair, had taken to reflecting upon its destiny, the imagination of the people had directed itself with affectionate concentration to the ancient prophets. Now of all the personages of the past whose memory came like a dream in the night to agitate and excite the nation, the greatest was Elijah. This giant among the prophets in his savage solitude on Carmel, sharing the life of wild beasts, dwelling in the hollows of the rocks, whence from time to time he descended like a thunderbolt to make and unmake kings, had become, by a series of successive metamorphoses, a kind of supernatural being, sometimes visible, sometimes invisible, who had never tasted death. It

was a general belief that Elijah would return and restore Israel. The austere life he had led, the terrible memories which he had left, and which still abide in the imagination of the East, his threatening image, which even now seems to spread terror and death, his whole legend, full of vengeance and fear, produced a lively impression on the mind, and stamped, as it were, a birthmark on the results of popular throes. Whosoever aspired to active eminence among the people was bound to imitate Elijah ; and, as the solitary life had been the distinguishing peculiarity of this prophet, it became customary to look on the 'man of God' as a hermit. It was imagined that all holy personages had had their period of penance, of austerity, of life in regions far from towns, and a retirement to the desert became thus the condition and prelude of lofty destinies."

I have given the note as well as the text here, because it illustrates well the manner in which M. Renan builds his most literary passages on fragments of fact. A less accomplished artist would probably have dragged the pasha and the heads into the text, for the sake of emphasis and color.

In this work M. Renan must be regarded as one of the class of picturesque historians, a class of writers from whom the world has suffered many things in these last days. But he is a picturesque historian with a great many differences, and almost every one of these differences is in his favor. Eclectic and, to a great extent, imaginative as his method is, he can rarely be accused of actual exaggeration, or of affecting the picturesque for the picturesque's sake. He is not in the habit of basing rhetorical generalizations upon nothing at all, merely to add to the forcible character of his picture. There is a sobriety about him which the weary reader, tired of fireworks, in vain demands from certain historians of the same general character in England. Moreover, his picturesqueness, such as it is, is in the strictest keeping with the general plan and purport of his book, and results logically from the principles which he has set before him. "Que je voudrais," he says somewhere of the author of the "Imitatio Christi," "être peintre, pour le montrer tel que je le conçois, doux et recueilli, assis en son fauteuil de chêne, dans le beau costume des bénédictins de Mont Cassin." The assumption as to the authorship of the famous book may be matter of argument, but the sentence is the key to all the author's own picturesque passages ; they are resorted to simply to show us the person or the scene, such as the historian conceives it, and are thus illuminations, not squibs and crackers let off for the purpose of dazzling and crackling. Sometimes, of course, the subjectivity of view is rather excessive ; it is certainly a hard saying when one finds M. Renan pronouncing Ecclesiastes "le seul livre aimable," that the Jewish spirit has ever produced. The preacher is delight-

ful reading no doubt, but amiable is about the last epithet that one would feel inclined to give him. However, everybody must see with his own eyes, and the most that outsiders can do is to lend spectacles to the short-sighted. M. Renan, if in this particular instance his glasses hardly suit our sight, is usually one of the most serviceable of opticians. With the principle that human nature, due difference being made for varieties of race, is everywhere and at all times pretty much the same—that outward circumstances may modify, but cannot wholly determine its action—that happiness, moral good, and intellectual cultivation are the objects of life, he has made edification and delight equally the objects of his book. He has, indeed, stated his main theory with sufficient clearness in the preface to his "Essais de Morale et de Critique." "Morality is the one thing eminently serious and true, and by itself it suffices to give meaning and direction to life. Impenetrable veils hide from us the secret of this world, whose reality is at once irresistible and oppressive. Philosophy and science will forever pursue without ever attaining the formula of this Proteus, unlimited by reason, inexpressible in language. But there is one foundation which no doubt can shake, and in which man will ever find a firm ground amid his uncertainties; good is good and evil is evil. No system is necessary to enable us to hate the one and love the other; and it is in this sense that faith and love, possessing no seeming connection with the intellect, are the true base of moral certainty, and the only means possessed by man of understanding in some slight measure the problem of his origin and destiny."

Some notable failings and dislikes of M. Renan's give us important side-light on his literary and critical character. One such is his attitude toward the Middle Ages. He has written and read about them more than most people, and it requires some courage to bring a charge of shortcoming against the author of "Averroes," and of the excellent discourse on the art of the fourteenth century in France. Yet it is soon tolerably clear to an attentive reader, and perfectly clear to one who has some knowledge of mediæval literature, that M. Renan is out of sympathy with the ages of faith. He is even so far out of sympathy with them that he fails altogether to understand them in some important points, which have nothing whatever to do with theology or Church history. We rub our eyes when we come to the statement (in the preface of "Averroés et l'Averroisme") that the Middle Ages, "intellectually speaking, represent nothing but gropings after a return to antiquity." It would be safer to affirm the exact contrary. In hardly a single great instance of the intellectual development of the Middle Ages is there any real affinity with the spirit of classicism. With characteristic and uncritical docility they sometimes bor-

rowed classical forms, dressed themselves up in scraps of classical ore, proposed classical masters as objects of admiration and reverence. But in reality the two are poles asunder. The author of "Roland" is separated from the author of the "Iliad," the author of "Lancelot du Lac" from the author of the "Odyssey," "Audefroy le Bastard" from Horace, "Anselm" from Aristotle, "Villehardouin" from Thucydides, by a gulf which no possible "gropings" could traverse. Accordingly, whenever M. Renan deals with the Middle Ages, and especially with scholasticism, he is unsatisfactory, because he is unsympathetic. Nor is the reason of this by any means far to seek; it is not the religious side of the Middle Ages that repels him, but their moral and æsthetic side. He seems to miss in them the sunny aspect which attracts him alike in things Eastern and in things Greek. The strong shadows that give the character and, to some persons, the attraction of Gothic architecture make him shiver. If there is any part of Europe on which during those times he looks with satisfaction it is Spain, Provence, and perhaps Italy—all lands that love to lie in the sun—not his own Brittany and Northern France, and England and Germany, with their gloom and their combativeness, and the absence of rose-pink and sky-blue in their pictures. In particular M. Renan has evidently a strong dislike to fighting. For such a master of description his sketch of the "Siege of Jerusalem" is comparatively tame, and he passes over the "Battle of Bedriacum"—which still awaits its picturesque historian, though surely no battle of the nations ever better deserved one—with a hasty shudder at its butchery. It may be suspected that M. Renan, patriotic as he is, by no means shares the modern admiration for "l'Epopée Française," and that the *chansons de gestes*, with the ceaseless ring of their assonances, clashing like lance on shield and sword on helmet, seem to him distinctly barbarous. He is more at home in the Arthurian legends, for which any native of Brittany must feel a certain reverence. But on the whole the presence of the warlike spirit, against which he again and again testifies, is too strong in the Middle Ages for M. Renan. He says somewhere, "J'aime le moyen age," but I venture to doubt whether his affection is spontaneous and genuine.

Another interesting point in the critic's mental disposition is his attitude toward philosophy of the more abstract kind. Here again, wherever he has to touch on such matters, an absence of sympathy is apparent—strikingly, for instance, in the account of the gnostic sects in the last volume of the "Origines." To any one who has a weakness for speculation, there is something especially fascinating in the fragmentary notices of Basilides and Valentinus, which have come down to us in the sorriest possible condition in which any such notices could possibly come, involved, that is to

say, in the partisan refutations of their adversaries. To these unfortunates M. Renan devotes indeed some admirable pages, but they do not inspire him with half the interest that is excited by, let us say, the "Shepherd" of Hermas, that curious mixture of the devout gallantry of the seventeenth century with the apocalyptic fancies of the second. Not many men have been more in contact with scholastic literature than M. Renan, but here again the fantastic attraction which that literature has for some people seems to exercise no influence over him. He evidently does not feel the magnetism of unbridled logic which sometimes tempts the reader in moments of weakness to devote the rest of his life to "Quæstiones Quodlibetales," and such-like ware. His allusions, not merely in his book on "Averroes" but elsewhere, to scholasticism, are possibly just, but certainly harsh. Its absence of form and color and human interest seems to repel him. This being so, it is not surprising that he should speak of the later philosophy of Germany with respect indeed, but hardly with affection, and still less with enthusiasm. Hegel certainly cannot have much attraction for one who is proof against Basilides and Erigena and Occam. Even in his handling of Spinosa the dialectic element is kept out of sight in a very singular manner. Some of the contents of the "Dialogues at Fragments Philosophiques" may seem to contradict this view. But the greater part of that curious book appears to me to represent no permanent or deep-rooted convictions of its author. Events had for a moment upset M. Renan's equanimity, and he retired upon philosophy. Moreover, in the study which concludes it ("La Métaphysique et son Avenir") his more habitual attitude toward such questions reappears distinctly enough. Indeed it is in this respect that the practical aspect of M. Renan's mind is most evident. He has his Utopias no doubt; indeed he is very largely estated in those shadowy regions. But they are on the whole very practical Utopias, and the inhabitants are more occupied with conduct than with speculation, with their duties toward their neighbors than with the contemplation of their own interiors. In the "Royaume de Dieu," of which he is so fond, it does not appear that Barbara and Celarent will occupy a very high place among the thrones and dominations recognized by the constitution.

Yet one more of these inquiries into the dislikes of the subject. I do not know that anywhere in a dozen pages a writer has thrown more light upon his own individuality than M. Renan has thrown in the little piece entitled "La Théologie de Béranger," which may be found reprinted at the end of the "Questions Contemporaines." It is, perhaps, the only occasion on which he becomes literally violent and intolerant. In the pieces which concern his own grievances, in those which regard the not very handsome

treatment he received during the unlucky Strauss correspondence, there is nothing half so sharp as in this review of "Le Béranger des Familles." For persons mischievously disposed there is something extremely comic in the spectacle of one of the most benevolent and amiable writers of the last part of the century losing his temper and his charity completely with one of the most benevolent and amiable writers of the first part. As happens, moreover, in nineteen cases out of twenty where the critic ceases to be impassive he loses his critical faculty. I certainly do not agree with those who, knowing French literature only partially, hold exaggerated notions of Béranger's excellence. But there is something more in the author of songs which range from "Le Grenier" to "Les Fous" than the mere vulgarity which is all or nearly all that M. Renan can see in him. In repeating the old preference of the insipid pastorals and jargon-ditties of Desaugiers to the work of Béranger I cannot but think that M. Renan makes a capital error. But this very error is respectable enough in its way, and certainly characteristic. Béranger's Chauvinism, his affectation of the unpleasant but purely conventional style which is called in French *grivois*, and may very well remain untranslated, his adoption of the stock French habit—as old as the "Fabliaux"—of delighting in the degradation of feminine character, are all things that M. Renan cannot away with. Doubtless, too, they are all very bad things. If the present object were the rehabilitation of Béranger—a task which is superfluous, and for which I have no particular inclination—a good deal would have to be said on the other side. But at present the subject is not Béranger, but his critic, and that critic's idiosyncrasy. It is easy to see in this protest the outcry of offended spiritualism and delicacy indignant at seeing its gods hobnobbed with, its ideals of the eternal feminine exchanged for the less amiable if more easily found types of the baggage-wagon and the pavements, and its notions of duty, liberty, peace, and justice passed by, in order that homage may be paid to the Napoleonic legend, and that militarism may be held up as the first instinct of man. These three crimes are of all things most distasteful to M. Renan, and unluckily they are among the things most prominent in Béranger's works, at least in the more popular portion of them. Once more our author has told us what he is by telling us the persons with whom he does not live.

If this account of the principles of M. Renan's literary and critical character be correct, it is evident that it stands in striking contrast to two other schools which have between them divided most of the critical talent of France during the last half century. In the first place it is far removed—to the extent, indeed, of complete antipathy—from the purely indifferent criticism of form rather than matter in life and literature which has been so strongly repre-

sented during that time. Of such criticism there have of course been many varieties differing with the idiosyncrasy of the critics. The sarcastic and, in a way, severe attitude of Mérimée is not the good-natured and purely apolaustic attitude of Gautier. But in all this school there may be said to be sometimes an impatience, sometimes a dislike, sometimes a simple neglect or omission, of the moral view of questions of literature or conduct. On the other hand M. Renan's progress stands in equally sharp contrast to the still more popular method of Sainte-Beuve, one side of which has been developed to an extent which may fairly be called exaggerated by M. Taine. This latter method consists, it need hardly be said, in treating the man and his work as for the most part an effect and not a cause. Its practitioners, in order to explain their patient, set to work to examine his *milieu* in every possible way, and, at any rate professedly, are content to accept the results of their examination as an explanation. The spirit of the age, the character of the surroundings, the influences of grandfathers and grandmothers, the style of education, living, and so forth, are taken as the data out of which the result is to be got. It would not be true, of course, to say that moral considerations exercise no influence over this class of critic, or that he has no likes or dislikes. But his likes and dislikes are not ostensibly governed by any *à priori* principles, and are directed less to the individual criticised than to the set of influences which are supposed to have produced him. With M. Renan the case is quite different. He has so much of Cousin in him (of Cousin, of whom he never fails to speak with a somewhat exaggerated respect) that the big words Vrai, Beau, and Bien, or, if it be preferred, the great things which these big words signify, are always present before him. As a man or a book happens to fall in or to fall out with these notions of his, so the man or the book is judged. Nor is he apt to attribute much force to the product-of-the-century theory. An accurate student of history is never likely to ignore the general tendency of periods. But in the formation of that general tendency M. Renan is willing to allow a great deal more force to the influence, and especially to the moral influence, of individuals than most other critics of the day. It is thus that in his principal work he is continually striving to hold up the personality of the actors clearly to view, even when there is the very smallest evidence of that personality to go upon. In judging personalities, too, he never lets himself be carried away by any fascinations of the paradoxical ultra-literary sort. He has perfectly well exposed the oddities of Nero's character, but those oddities have not inclined him to be lenient to the implacable, beautiful tyrant. If he is disposed to let Nero off at all gently, it is not because of his grandiose fancies, his unquiet searching after some new and infinite form of evil, but because Poppæa and Acte

were to all appearance really attached to him. In this point even Nero falls back into the plane of the things that seem to M. Renan lovely and of good report. Indeed the last words fairly enough describe the character of his general predilections. The affections of all kinds—though M. Renan has an odd craze that family affection is an "égoïsme à plusieurs" very liable to abuse—are the coefficients of human character which he likes best to deal with. In matter of natural beauty he inclines in the same way to the idyllic and pastoral. Even in such points as his views on education and science, the same solicitude for the presence of a human interest of the softer sort manifests itself. He is exceedingly anxious that France should devote herself more than has hitherto been the case to "hautes études." But the hautes études which attract him are not mathematics or abstract philosophy, but comparative philology, critical history, the study of religion, all of them more or less intimately connected with the hopes and fears, the daily life and daily wants of the endless generations behind us. Whatever is abstract, bloodless, and dry, repels him. Despite the "Lettre à M. Berthelot" and some other things, I should doubt whether he has much genuine affection for what is commonly called natural science. The touch of materialism, and of inhumanity which often accompanies the pursuit of such science, must necessarily revolt him. Thus in every way such force as M. Renan can exert is a force in the direction of spiritualism, morality, peaceable flows of soul. It may sometimes be difficult to square his apparent views and desires with any accurate estimate of the history of the past, or the probabilities of the future. The pleasant cloudy Utopias which he describes, in which great Pan seems to be alive again, and everybody contributes to the foundation and confirmation of the kingdom of God by inoffensive conduct, pure morality, the absence of uncomfortable striving and πλεονεξία, and the cultivation of comparative philology and the domestic affections, seem occasionally to be situated in a land that is very far off. It has indeed been observed by the wisdom of the elders that the rainbow rarely touches the ground quite close to the spectator's feet, and that St. Brandan's Isle, and other regions of the blessed, have a knack of fleeing before the seeker.

Nevertheless it is impossible to assign any but a beneficial tendency to an influence of this kind at such a time as the present. M. Renan represents in French literature the tradition which his countryman Chateaubriand founded, or borrowed from Rousseau, nearly a century ago, and which was continued to our own days by George Sand—the tendency, that is to say, to rely upon and appeal to the emotions rather than the intellect, to dress up amiable thoughts in gorgeous or elegant language, to philosophize, if possible, ἄνευ μαλακίας, and to cultivate the beautiful with such

regard to εὐτέλεια as may be. His taste is as much better than Chateaubriand's as his character, though his imaginative power is considerably less; and he rarely lapses into the merely tawdry or the merely sentimental. His philosophy is a good deal saner and less windy than George Sand's (though, as we have seen, he too has a slight weakness for apocalypses), and he has a good deal more of the practical spirit than the Châtelaine of Nohant. Neither of his forerunners was a very distinguished practitioner of purely literary criticism, nor is M. Renan. His opinions on certain points are too definitely and obtrusively present with him for that, and he does not attain to the absolute catholicity which is the first requisite of the literary critic. It is doubtful whether in this direction he could even get as far as the paradox of Thackeray—"I suppose there is no person who reads but must admire, . . . and I say that, great as he is, we should hoot him." The desire to hoot would get the better even of the preliminary admiration in M. Renan's case. But if his value as a critic of literature be unequal, it is still considerable. His remarks on the classical French literature of the seventeenth century are unquestionably the best ever made by a Frenchman, being equally distant from the silly parrot-cry of admiration which is now raised more loudly than ever by the neo-classic school in France, and from the exaggerated depreciation of the *romantique à tous crins*. Yet his real value is not that of a critic of letters so much as that of a critic of life. In face of what, with a fine confusion of language, are sometimes called the positive and sometimes the negative tendencies of the day, tendencies which in any case make for a certain hardness of moral texture, the presence of an authority of this kind, taking up his parable and preaching charity, mutual good-will, the admiration of harmless things, and the cultivation of blameless feelings, ought to be counted as on the whole a healthy influence. It is the business no doubt of the avowedly religious person to perform this same function, and to a great extent he does perform it, but in the case of those who do not agree with him he suffers from the reciprocal conjugation of the historical verb *je suis suspect, tu es suspect*, etc. The extremer political reformer is very much more occupied in furthering his views at any cost than in taking measures to prevent his own manners or anybody else's from becoming fierce. Ordinary politicians and ordinary men of business have something else to do, and are naturally inclined to look upon the function as by no means a practical one. The quaint sentence of surprised contempt which M. Renan in his essay on Channing devotes to the temperance movement, points out excellently the gulf between the philanthropist of the professional kind and his own larger, if vaguer, philanthropy. To say anything about men of science is as dangerous in these days as it once was to say anything about

bishops, but it may at least be hinted that the cultivation of the softer feelings has not hitherto received any very active assistance from them. Last of all comes the class of professed devotees of literature and art ; among whom, after a manner, M. Renan himself must be classed. Their attitude toward such a propaganda as his is perhaps not less unfavorable than that of other classes. They have, as was hinted at the beginning, a natural horror of anything like "gush," and they have had so much trouble to keep their own studies clear of the question of moral tendency and influence, that they are apt to look on that question with disfavor. Hence sentiment as distinguished from passion on one side, business on another, and devotion on a third, has not recently had a good time of it in the world, being regarded by some as a mere counterfeit of something better ; by others as unpractical and womanish ; by others, again, as leading to absurdities and slips of taste which should above all things be avoided. It is in the gap thus formed that M. Renan has with sufficient courage taken his stand. His gospel may certainly be said to be a vague gospel, and the enemy may contend that Morgane la Fée is architect and clerk of the works at the buildings which he so industriously edifies with graceful words, and at the same time with a vast quantity of solid learning ; but of his literary skill there can be no question, and scarcely less of the admirable character of his intentions in the use to which he puts it.

The concluding volume of his work—to judge not merely from the samples of it given recently in his lectures, but from general probability—should be a fitting close to the whole, and, moreover, one of its most interesting parts. In Marcus Aurelius M. Renan has found an example of one of those fortunate persons whom, as he himself said in a juvenile work thirty years ago, "la tempête a laissés au milieu du grand océan pacifique, mer sans vagues et sans rivages, où l'on n'a d'autre étoile que la raison, ni d'autre boussole que son cœur." Marcus has not exactly produced this effect upon all his readers, but it will be all the more interesting to see in what manner (though, in truth, it is not very difficult to foresee it) he has produced the effect on M. Renan. In the same volume may probably be expected a development of the eloquent projects of regeneration in which M. Renan has more than once hinted that the Church of Rome might, if she would consider the things that belong unto her peace, be called upon to bear a part. The practical side of this falls out of my plan, but it is certainly not unreasonable to anticipate that it will give us a very satisfactory volume from the literary and philosophical point of view. From the former M. Renan has enriched the world with a great deal of excellent work free from the stiffness and aridity which too often characterize the work of learned writers, possessed of a singular

and somewhat feminine charm of suppleness, softness, and color, but seldom deserving the unfavorable epithets of effeminacy, flaccidity, or tawdriness. From the latter he has supplied a distinct want in the thought of the time by advocating charity in the full Pauline sense against egotism, morality against mere æstheticism or mere intellectualism, attention to the spiritual as contrasted with the merely material interests of humanity. I happen (were this of the slightest importance) to differ from his views on a great majority of points, from the life of Christ to the advantages of living in common, and from Marcus Aurelius to Béranger. It has been all the greater pleasure to me to try and appreciate his literary character and position in what I conceive to be the only spirit allowable for the critic.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY, *in the Fortnightly.*

DALTONISM.

THIS is the name given, in many parts of Europe, to a curious defect in the vision of colors, which was first prominently brought into notice by the immortal discoverer of the Atomic Theory, in a description written by him of his own case. English authors use in preference the term "color-blindness," asserting that the continental designation is disrespectful to a great man; but there appears reason to believe that the word was used in Dalton's lifetime, and gave no offence to him. Indeed he was more amused than annoyed by his singularity of vision, and was always ready to satisfy the curiosity of others in reference to it. I use the personal name here, as I shall have much to say about the phenomena of Dalton's vision. The subject has lately been attracting much notice; it is a matter of curiosity to the public, and of physiological interest to scientific men; and moreover it has some practical bearings. It is, however, still imperfectly understood, and many points connected with it are open to controversy. I propose, as a humble successor of Dalton in the experience of the defect, to give some account of the most modern state of knowledge in regard thereto.

The perception of color would seem, according to the ideas of those who have not studied the subject, to be as positive and unmistakable as the perception of form. Take, for example, a square red flag: the world in general will consider the *redness* of the flag to be a quality about which there can be as little mistake as its squareness, and they can no more understand how any one can see it as green or yellow, than how he can see it as round or triangu-

lar. I have often amused myself by watching the odd impression produced on intelligent shop-assistants who have to do with colors, by a mention of some of the peculiarities of color-blindness. Taking up, say, two ribbons of peculiar shades of red and green, or green and gray, I have asked whether they could conceive it possible that the two appeared to me the same color? Such a question is usually received with a blank stare of amazement at what is thought to be a foolish joke, and if I attempt explanation, it is seldom they can be brought to believe I am really serious in the assertions made. And it must be admitted that the recorded instances of mistakes can be scarcely credible to those who are new to the subject. A naval officer purchases red breeches to match his blue uniform; a tailor repairs a black article of dress with crimson cloth; a painter colors trees red, the sky pink, and human cheeks blue; a clerk writes a letter half in black and half in red ink without noticing the difference; and so on. Abundance of such instances could be cited, which must indeed appear astounding to the normal-eyed, and Goethe only expresses a very common sentiment when he says, "The remarks made by color-blind persons as to objects about them are so perplexing as almost to lead one to doubt one's own sanity." This feeling is a very natural one; for there is no *primâ facie* reason to expect that light rays of a certain wave-length should affect the eyes of two healthy individuals in ways so entirely different as to lead, in one of them, to a total subversion of the established ideas. However, such is the fact, and we have to accept it as a biological phenomenon deserving of careful investigation.

It is necessary to premise that considerable varieties are believed to exist in the intensities of the color-sensations among those who may be correctly described as normal-eyed: persons may differ in their appreciation of colors, and in their judgment upon them, without manifesting any glaring departure from the ordinary views. These cases do not come within the category of true color-blindness, which refers exclusively to a color-vision altogether different from that of mankind in general, and in which many of the ordinary sensations of color are totally wanting. This will clearly be seen when its characteristics come to be explained.

Although the defect has only recently become known, it has probably been co-existent with vision itself. A theory has been started that the sense of color has been going through a course of gradual development within historical times, and the attempt of Mr. Gladstone to prove, from the writings of Homer, that in his day this sense was generally in an imperfect condition, is fresh in our recollection. It is certainly a singular fact that the expres-

sions for color used by Homer correspond almost identically with those that a color-blind person might be expected to employ, and the antiquity of the affection may be further inferred from its hereditary character. But it would be out of place here to go into abstruse historical speculations ; it is certain that the cases which have existed have generally escaped notice. It was only when the progress of modern science had begun to stimulate the observation of natural phenomena that they made themselves known. The first discovery of abnormal color vision appears to have been made, in the middle of the last century, by a humble shoemaker, named Harris, living at Maryport, in Cumberland. Having by accident, when four years old, found in the street a child's stocking, he carried it to a neighboring house to inquire for the owner ; he noticed that the people called it a *red* stocking, though he did not understand why they gave it that denomination, as he himself thought it completely described by being called a *stocking*. The circumstance set him a-thinking, and in after-life, being an intelligent man, he determined to make himself acquainted with the nature of light and color, for which purpose he attended a course of lectures on natural philosophy. Subsequent observations then led him to the conclusion that his vision was defective. His case came to the knowledge of a gentleman named Huddart, residing in the neighborhood, who, after several interviews with him, wrote an account of it to Dr. Priestley. The facts were thought of sufficient novelty to be laid before the Royal Society, and the letter was read at their meeting on February 13th, 1787, and was published in the Philosophical Transactions for that year. The actual data of the case are but scanty, for poor Harris had died suddenly before Mr. Huddart wrote his letter. His chief evidence was that he found other persons named colors with confidence and precision, which he could only guess at with hesitation and frequently with error ; he confounded different colors together, and mentioned in particular that he could not distinguish cherries on a tree from the leaves, except by their shape. Meagre as the details are, they are sufficient, by the light of subsequent knowledge, to identify the defect. Harris had, moreover, a brother, whose vision he found also abnormal, and Mr. Huddart mentions, in regard to him, a symptom now well known, that of confounding red or yellow with green.

The case of Mr. Harris excited only a temporary curiosity, and the subject had probably been forgotten, when it was revived by the publication of the memorable paper by Dalton, in 1794 ; and it is to this paper, and to the investigations subsequently founded on it, that I have here principally to direct attention.

John Dalton was born in 1766 ; from 1781 to 1793 he was engaged, first as assistant and afterward as principal, in a boarding-

school at Kendal, and during this time he employed his leisure in the study of literature and science, a study leading eventually to the brilliant results that have given lustre to his name. In the course of his application to the sciences, that of optics necessarily claimed attention, and he became, he says, pretty well acquainted with the theory of light and colors long before he was aware of any peculiarity in his vision. He had, however, an impression that there was some perplexity in color nomenclature. He always held an opinion, though he did not often care to mention it, that several colors were injudiciously named. He thought, for example, that to use the term red as having any analogy with pink was highly improper, as the two appeared to him to have scarcely any relation; in his apprehension, pink was much more nearly allied to blue.

After the year 1790 he took up the occasional study of botany, which obliged him to attend more to color than before. He still found the same apparent inconsistencies, and often seriously asked questions of his friends which they considered as only put in jest. But he was never convinced of a peculiarity in his vision till the year 1792, when an accidental observation made on a geranium flower, and a comparison of his impression of its color with those of some of his friends, led to the discovery. Two years afterward he entered on an investigation of the subject, the result of which was the presentation to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester of the paper above mentioned. It was the first scientific communication he ever published; it was read before the society on October 31st, 1794, and was printed in vol. v. of their Transactions.

The title is "Extraordinary Facts relating to the Vision of Colors, with Observations. By Mr. John Dalton." He appears to have been struck by the singularity of the fact that differences in color-vision could have existed in his own and other cases, for a long time without becoming known. He says at the outset: "It will scarcely be supposed that any two objects, which are every day before us, should appear hardly distinguishable to one person, and very different to another, without the circumstance immediately suggesting a difference in their faculties of vision; yet such is the fact, not only with regard to myself, but to many others also." This fact, however, is amply corroborated by subsequent experience, true cases of the defect being always difficult to find and to establish, though known to exist in large numbers.

Dalton goes on in his paper to give an account of his own vision. He began his observations with the solar spectrum, in which he says he saw only two, or at most three, distinctions, which he called yellow and blue, or yellow, blue, and purple, the part called

red appearing to him little more than a shade, or defect of light. He then speaks of the colors of bodies in general, taking them in the spectral order. With regard to the different kinds of *red*, he describes all crimsons as resembling dirty blue or brown ; pink as light or sky blue, a little faded ; the color of a florid complexion he compares to diluted black ink, or dusky blue. Scarlet, such as vermilion or a soldier's coat, he describes as giving a totally different impression, which he appears to have recognized as a distinct sensation, giving it accordingly the name of red. In *orange* and *yellow* he did not find that he differed materially from other people. In *green*, however, anomalies again arose ; grass is described as little different from red, a laurel-leaf making a good match with a stick of red sealing-wax. Brown appeared to him green, and very light green did not differ from white. Dark green woollen cloth seemed a muddy red, much darker than grass, and of a very different color. *Blue*, he thinks, appeared the same to him as to other people ; and *violet*, or purple, was a slight modification of it, which however he could hardly suspect to be a compound of blue and red.

In looking over this account it is difficult to draw from it any clear and simple explanation of what Dalton's sensations of color really were. There are evidently the most glaring discrepancies with normal vision ; but as he appears to imply that he had really sensations corresponding, not only to yellow and blue, but also to red, orange, green, and violet, the way in which these discrepancies arose appears incomprehensible.

At a later time, however, the difficulty was solved. Sir John Herschel, who had, as is well known, made extensive and profound researches on light and color, became acquainted with Dalton's peculiarity, and determined to investigate it more thoroughly. For this purpose he sent him a large number of skeins of silk, of a great variety of colors, and asked him to match such as appeared to him alike, and generally to express his opinion as to their appearance. Dalton did this with great care, and returned the samples ; and I am fortunately able to make public, for the first time, the interesting data thus obtained. About twenty years after Dalton's death Sir John Herschel, in the course of an investigation into the nature of my own vision, lent me the samples, with Dalton's notes upon them, and asked me to compare the latter with my own impressions. There can be now no objection to the publication of the data, which are contained in the following table.

The first column gives the actual colors of the samples, as carefully named by normal-eyed persons, and the second column contains Dalton's notes upon them. The third column is my own description, which I shall explain hereafter.

Description, by JOHN DALTON, *of the appearance to him of a number of samples of colored silk.*

Normal description of the colors.	Dalton's description.	Description by another color-blind person.
I. *Single samples.*		
Crimson	Reddish brown	Yellow, 18
Brown	Yellowish brown	Gray, 16
Red violet.	Red and blue; latter prevails	
Gray	Slate blue, brighter than the foregoing sample, but nearly allied to it	Gray, 13
Blue black	Blue black	Blue, 20
Black, pure	Brown black	Black, no color
Yellow orange	Yellow, or light orange	Yellow, 13, but more color
Yellow	Yellow	Yellow, 10
Yellow, intense	Yellow	Yellow, 10, but more color
Lilac	Blue, or lilac	Blue, 5
Pink	Faint blue, tinge of yellow	Gray, 6
Pink	Blue	Gray, 7
Light blue.	Blue, but not so bright a color as the last	Blue, 5, dirty or dark
Brown	Brightish orange hue	Yellow, 16
Brown	Light red, orangey brown, snuff color	Yellow, 16, or 17
Red	Brown	Yellow, 17, but less color
Brown	Red brown	Yellow, 17, or 18
II. *Samples matched together.*		
Orange Yellow green	Orange yellow | Alike, and nearly the color of gold	Yellow, 14
Yellowish pink (salmon) Yellow green	Alike on first glance, but there is a shade of difference	Yellow, 13, with less color Yellow, 16
Green Red Brown	Brown and nearly alike, first rather brighter than second and third	Yellow, 19½ Yellow, 17 Yellow, 19
Blue, pure. Violet	Dark blue, nearly alike, first rather more vivid	Blue, 13, or 14, but color more intense
Green Red orange	Alike, and may be called orange, green, or brown	Yellow, 17, but less color Yellow, 16
Lilac Blue gray Lavender Light blue. Pink	All blue, with slight shades of difference, the last has a faint tinge of red	Blue, 5, or 6, some rather dirty Gray, 8
Red orange Brown Orange brown Light red	All alike, an orangey red color with slight shades of difference	Yellow, 14, 15, or 16, with variations of intensity of color
Red Brown	Red brown, very good matches	Yellow, 15 to 18
Red Green.	These nearly match	Yellow, 16 Yellow, 18
Green. Brown	May all be classed among brown	Yellow, 18
Brown Several varieties of green	All darkish browns, with scarcely a shade of difference	Yellow, 19 or 20

The list is divided, for convenience of reference, into two parts: in the first, Dalton has simply described, in his own words, the appearance to him of isolated samples; in the second part he has selected several pairs and small sets of samples, which to his eye *matched*, or nearly matched, each other; and has given a common description for each set. The latter is the most interesting and instructive, as the matching shows the nature of the vision independently of nomenclature, which is not always to be depended on. The phenomena here are unmistakable, as he matches red with green, pink with green, orange with green, green with brown, blue with violet, lilac with gray, blue with pink, and red with orange—mistakes which I suppose must appear to ordinary people of the most astounding character, and indicating a kind of vision which to them must be altogether incomprehensible.

To Sir John Herschel's practised judgment, however, the evidence gained by these tests furnished all the data he wanted; for, by applying to them his great scientific knowledge of the subject of color, he succeeded in solving the problem of Dalton's vision, and in dispelling the confusion in which it appeared to be involved. He communicated his discovery to Dalton himself, in a letter dated May 20th, 1833, which was printed in Henry's "Life of Dalton" in 1856. The important part of the letter is as follows:

"Your replies to my optical queries agree, on the whole, with the views I had taken of this singular affection of vision, and seem to throw much light on the matter.

"The question is reduced to one of pure sensation. It seems to me that we have three primary sensations when *you have only two*. We refer, or can refer in imagination, all colors to three—red, yellow, blue. All other colors we think we perceive to be mixtures of these.

"Now to eyes of your kind it seems to me that all your tints are referable to two, which I shall call A and B, the equilibrium of A and B producing your white, their negation your black, and their mixture in various proportions your compound tints. With regard to what sort of sensations A and B are, of course we can no more tell than you can tell what our α, β, and γ (red, yellow, and blue) are.

"Only this appears to be demonstrated by all the cross-examinations I have ever been able to give any persons so affected with what I think, after all, may be termed 'Dichromic Vision'—as well as by your answers to my queries—viz., that the same rays which excite in us the sensation γ (blue) excite in you the sensation B; and those rays which excite in us the two distinct sensations, α and β, excite in you only the one sensation A."

I may now take up my own case, which forms an appropriate sequel to that of Dalton. I believe I was about eight or ten years

old when the mistaking of a piece of red cloth for a green leaf betrayed the existence of some peculiarity in my ideas of color; and as I grew older, continued errors of a similar nature led my friends to suspect that my eyesight was defective; but I myself could not comprehend this, insisting that I saw colors clearly enough, and only mistook their names. In my subsequent occupations I had much to do with drawings, and I recollect often being obliged to ask, in the process of coloring, what color I ought to use; but these difficulties left no permanent impression, and up to a mature age I had no suspicion that my vision was different from that of other people. I frequently made mistakes, and noticed, as Dalton did, many circumstances in regard to colors which temporarily perplexed me; for example, I often wondered why the beautiful rose light of sunset on the Alps, which threw my friends into raptures, seemed all a delusion to me. But I still adhered to my first opinion, that I was only at fault with regard to the names of colors, and not as to the ideas of them, and this opinion was strengthened by observing that the persons who pointed out my mistakes often disputed among themselves as to what certain hues of color ought to be called.

I was nearly thirty years of age (here corresponding again with Dalton) when a glaring blunder, persisted in by me in opposition to the positive evidence of others, led me seriously to suspect that my vision of colors must be defective, and this suspicion once admitted, it was soon confirmed by further observations. I became acquainted with the records of similar cases, and gradually acquired information on the subject, which guided me in the examination of my own symptoms. I cannot now recollect the process of investigation that I followed, but when I became aware of Sir John Herschel's masterly suggestion of Dichromic Vision, all difficulty was removed, and the nature of my case became perfectly intelligible. At that time some doubts had been expressed, by good authorities, whether the dichromic hypothesis was sufficient to explain all the varied and anomalous symptoms which had been described, and the difficulty had been urged specially in Dalton's case. But it was clear to me that the objection was groundless, and in this belief I wrote a paper for the Royal Society, in which I explained in full detail the nature of my own color sensations, comparing them with the accounts of other cases. I endeavored to show, in the first place, that notwithstanding the apparent variety of the symptoms in different persons, the defect was uniform, or nearly so, in all; and secondly, that in spite of the apparent complexity of the phenomena, they might all be explained on the very simple hypothesis of dichromic vision. My paper was published in the "Philosophical Transactions" (vol. cxlix. p. 323), and it drew from Sir John Herschel, to whom it was referred, an essay so valuable that, con-

trary to the usual rule, this was also published ("Proc. R. S." for 1859). I believe the explanations I gave have been generally accepted, and subsequent experience has amply confirmed them.

The dichromic theory renders it easy to state what the sensations of color-blindness are, although it is not so easy for a normal-eyed person to imagine the appearances and impressions, so utterly strange to him, which they lead to. The color-blind person has only two sensations of color. One of them is excited most strongly by rays which the world call *yellow;* the other by rays which the world call *blue;* and hence all color-blind persons concur in giving these names respectively to their two visible colors. But their powers of vision do not end here; they receive a vast number of sensations differing materially from pure yellow and pure blue, and which give great variety to their impressions of material objects. In the first place, they have great varieties in the intensity, or degree of saturation, of the two colors themselves. In some cases the yellow is intense and full, as in the buttercup or the pigment chrome-yellow, at other times it is weak and pale, as in the primrose. And, similarly, in some cases the blue is very full and intense, as in ultramarine, in others weak and pale, as in the color of the sky.

But further, independently of these two colors, they have a white and a black, as prominent and as distinct to them as to the normal-eyed. Whether the sensations correspond in the two cases is a matter of controversy; but this much is certain—namely, that all objects which convey, to the normal-eyed, *their* sensations of white and black, also convey to the color-blind person *his* sensations of white and black, for which reason he is perfectly justified in using, for such sensations, the same terms. Further, the color-blind person is quite capable of appreciating the immense varieties of shade, caused by the mixture of white and black in different proportions, forming an almost infinite series of shades of gray. Then, lastly, all these varieties of gray may be combined with the various intensities of either of their two colors, forming different *nuances* of them, and so, still further, vastly increasing the varieties of sensation.

It must be explained that the two colors can never be combined in the same sensation; for in combination they tend to destroy each other, and produce white or gray. Hence, in a mixture of blue and yellow, only that one color is seen which predominates in the mixture.

Combining these facts, we find that, although, strictly speaking, the Daltonian has only two color-impressions, yet his sensations of vision give him—

I. Pure white.
II. Pure black.
III. Infinite varieties of gray.
IV. Yellow in a great variety of intensities.
V. Combinations of these with the varieties of gray.
VI. Blue in a great variety of intensities.
VII. Combinations of these with the varieties of gray.

And as the various aspects of nature are continually offering changing varieties of these sensations, it is not to be wondered at that color-blind persons should find a large amount of satisfaction and pleasure in what they see.

But still, when their vision is compared with that of ordinary people, it is undoubtedly of very limited compass. It follows from the above description that, assuming yellow and blue to be the two colors seen, all other color sensations, such as red, green, orange, violet, and all their combinations, are unknown to the color-blind. And the question at once arises, What impression on them do these colors make? If red and green are not appreciable, are red and green objects invisible to them? By no means. Everything visible to a normal-eyed person is visible also to the color-blind; but objects which to the normal-eyed give the sensations of red, green, orange, or violet, give to the color-blind eye a *false* sensation—namely, one of those included in his visible list. A few examples will make this clear. *Red* is a name given to a great variety of hues; the great majority of these verging toward scarlet present to the color-blind their sensation No. V., a combination of yellow and gray—*i.e.*, a dark or shaded yellow, or yellow brown; but if the red be a more pink or crimson hue, it may lose the yellow element, and appear simply gray, No. III., or may even convey the sensation No. VII., a dark or shaded blue. *Orange*, in all variations, corresponds with varieties of No. V. *Green* is a very protean and perplexing color. Yellow greens (which are most predominant in nature) correspond with No. V., neutral greens with No. III., and blue greens with No. VII. *Violet* always simulates No. VII., a dark or shaded blue. *Brown*, of all kinds, finds its representative in No. V.

As a convenient illustrations of the above relations, I may now refer to the third column of the table on p. 1135 which contains the description of how the samples of silk named by Dalton appeared to me. For this description I used three of the color scales or "gammes," published by M. Chevreul, corresponding to yellow, blue, and gray.

The *yellow* scale contains twenty *nuances* formed with the yellow color, and numbered 1 to 20 respectively. No. 10 is full intense yellow, as pure as it can be obtained. Nos. 9 to 1 are various "tints" formed by gradually lightening the color, or reducing the

intensity and becoming gradually paler, until, in No. 1, it almost disappears in the whiteness of the paper : Nos. 11 to 20 are various "shades" formed by mixing the pure yellow color with varying shades of gray, these becoming darker and darker until the yellow almost disappears in the black of No. 20. All these latter may correctly be called "yellow brown." The *blue* scale is formed in the same way with the color blue. The *gray* scale contains also twenty varieties ; No. 1 is white, No. 20 black, and Nos. 2 to 19 are shades of gray passing between them, and gradually darkening as the numbers increase.

Now it will be seen that every color among the samples is matched to my eye by either some *nuance* of yellow, or some *nuance* of blue, or some shade of gray. A certain crimson, for example, appears to me "yellow 18," *i.e.*, a dark yellow brown. A violet appears gray 1 = 6, *i.e.*, a dark gray. A pink is = gray 6—equally colorless, but a lighter gray. An orange and a yellow green appear alike = yellow 14, a yellow slightly shaded. A red and a darker green appear = yellow 16 and 18 respectively, *i.e.*, the same color, but one a little darker than the other. A certain green and brown appear = yellow 18, or 19, or 20. A blue and a violet appear similar = blue 13 or 14.

A little consideration will show that this explanation easily accounts for the confusing with each other of colors that are entirely distinct to the normal-eyed. We may find a red and a green that both present to the color-blind the same *nuance* of yellow ; or a pink and green that both simulate the same *nuance* of gray, or a green and violet that present the same *nuance* of blue. So that the person confounds the two colors without having the least idea of the proper sensation belonging to either. The colors that he never can confound are yellow and blue, for these are as diametrically opposed to each other in his vision as they are to the normal-eyed.

It will be instructive now to compare my explanation, founded on Sir John Herschel's dichromic theory, with the descriptions given by Dalton, before the idea of this theory was communicated to him. It is difficult, as I have said, to make out from his original paper, how many different color-sensations he then thought he possessed. *Yellow* and *blue* there is no doubt about, but his expressions as to other colors are indefinite and obscure. As to *red*, he appears to convey the idea that he took it to be a distinct sensation when it was a scarlet variety. His words are, "My idea of red I obtain from vermilion, minium, a soldier's uniform," etc. The pink and crimson varieties he had clearly no idea of. *Orange* he saw like other persons ; but by classing it with yellow he unconsciously throws doubt on the correctness of his assertion. *Green* appeared very little different from red, orange, or brown, which may

suffice to prove that if he had the sensation of either of the latter, he cannot have had the sensation of green. His clear and positive statement that in the spectrum "orange, yellow, and green seem one color," must dispose of the idea of more than one sensation for the three. *Purple* he professes to have seen in the spectrum, but as he adds, it "seemed to him only a slight modification of blue, differing more in degree than in kind," we may consider the independence of this sensation as more than doubtful. *Brown* is mentioned, but this would correspond perfectly with dark yellow. Turning to the later descriptions given to Sir John Herschel, I find he still uses the words red and orange; green he mentions only once, and violet not at all; the great mass of his descriptions refer either to blue, yellow, or brown, the latter meaning only dark yellow.

From the two documents combined it may be fairly gathered that Dalton recognized three distinct color-sensations—namely, yellow, (including brown), blue, and red, meaning by the latter the scarlet variety. The difference between this and my description is the individuality of scarlet, which he appears to have taken to be a distinct sensation from yellow. This is a very common idea among the color-blind, and as it is one of the chief stumbling-blocks in the way of scientific investigation of the subject, it is necessary to remark on it somewhat fully.

Color-blind persons must be very liable to associate, almost indissolubly, the true normal name of a color with the sensation it conveys to their minds. This tendency is enhanced by the fact that it is not an easy matter always to refer different *nuances*—*i.e.*, different tints or shades of any given color—to the same color-sensation; so that a modification of *nuance*, if considerable, may easily be supposed to be a different color. This fact is known to the normal-eyed, and the popular nomenclature of colors furnishes illustrations of it, different *nuances* of the same color being called by different names. Pink and crimson, lilac and violet, are examples of this; but the most pertinent one to the present case is the well-known and very common term *brown*. This merely means either red+black, or orange+black, or yellow+black; but it always passes popularly as a distinct color, and the best judges (among whom I may quote Sir John Herschel and Professor Clerk Maxwell) have admitted the great difficulty of acknowledging it to be merely a dark shade of red or orange or yellow.

Now, this being the case, it is highly natural that persons who are continually seeing scarlet under the appearance of yellow-brown, should imagine that the latter sensation (which is certainly very distinct from pure yellow) is what corresponds to the term red, and should speak of it accordingly My own experience is very decided on this point. It was only after long and careful in-

vestigation I came to the conclusion that what I took to be red was merely a modification of one of my other sensations; and if, before I found this out, I had been interrogated on the subject, I should have declared I saw red as a separate color, just as Dalton did. In the examinations I have made of other patients, I have invariably found the same obstinate clinging to the distinct idea of red, and the same amazement when it was ultimately demonstrated to them that the sensation they called by that name was properly yellow.

A strong argument against the idea that Dalton really saw red is derived from his describing the red end of the spectrum as "little more than a shade or defect of light;" for I may leave any normal-eyed person to judge whether this is consistent with his having had any real sense of the splendid color exhibited there. Sir John Herschel clearly held the opinion that this was a mistake on Dalton's part, and when I read his descriptions by the light of my own experience, I can fully confirm Sir John's judgment. When this mistake is allowed for, it is clear to me that Dalton's impressions of colored objects correspond almost identically with my own, and, with very slight alterations, I could use his own language. The only discrepancies amount to nothing more than slight differences of shade; for example, where he says that a certain red and a certain green match to his eye, I see the latter a little darker than the former, although both are varieties of the same color, yellow. Differences of this kind are known to be common even in normal eyes. I have, therefore, every reason to believe that Dalton's case corresponds not only with my own, but with all others I have had the opportunity of examining, and that this uniform defect is of the kind correctly named by Sir John Herschel "dichromic vision."

Something may now be said as to the statistics of the disorder. It might at first be supposed that so strange an anomaly could hardly exist to a large extent without making itself observed. Dalton thought so at first, but when he came to inquire among his friends and acquaintances, he found many persons similarly situated. He devotes a separate division of his paper to "An account of others whose vision has been found similar to mine." His own brother was one of these. He also investigated the case of Harris, of Maryport, previously mentioned, and learned there were no less than four of the family with defective vision. He soon found nearly twenty persons so situated, and he took the trouble to satisfy himself as far as possible that the nature of the peculiarity of vision corresponded, in all cases, with his own. Since that time extensive investigations have been made by various inquirers, following a course of systematic testing, and the result is curious. In males the average is about *four per cent*, so that one man out of every

twenty-five we meet may be fairly guessed to be deficient of any true idea respecting the colors of objects he sees around him. With females the case is very different, the defect in that sex being so rare that women may almost be pronounced free from the liability to it altogether, an interposition of Providence for which they ought to be very grateful. Isolated cases do, however, exist among them. I have one now under examination, of a lady of great intelligence and high culture, and I am pretty sure it will turn out to be as positive and well-defined a case of dichromic vision as my own. It may be added that there is every reason to believe that the defect is hereditary, and this proves its great antiquity.

The physiological nature of color-blindness is a matter of great interest to scientific men. In investigating this it is very necessary to avoid confounding the true Daltonian defect with any of the milder forms of imperfect vision already referred to. Minor degrees of misapprehension of color may be due in some cases to want of education in distinguishing complicated hues ; or if really physiological defects, they are only so in the *degree* of the sensations, and there is some reason to think that the latter like the former are curable. But the true defect involves a totally different *kind* of visual perception, which is a much more serious matter. It is altogether a delusion to suppose (as many writers in the newspapers lately appear to have done) that this is merely a functional derangement, which has come on at a particular time, or under any particular circumstances, and which may be corrected by some mode of cure. All sufferers from it agree in testifying that the actual condition of their vision is the only one they have ever known, and is perfectly natural to them ; and all investigators agree in the inference that the peculiarity is due to some natural and congenital defect of organic structure or organic action, altogether incapable of cure, or even of amelioration by any known means.

What the exact anatomical or physiological nature of this defect may be, is somewhat obscure. Dalton could not avoid the temptation to exercise his great reasoning power in endeavoring to find this out, and he devoted a third division of his paper to "Observations tending to point out the Cause of our Anomalous Vision." It is a pretty specimen of ingenious reasoning, and he propounds the theory "that one of the humors of my eyes, and of the eyes of my fellows, is a *colored* medium, probably some modification of blue. I suppose it must be the vitreous humor, otherwise I apprehend it might be discovered by inspection, which has not been done." After Dalton's death Mr. Ransome, his medical attendant, made, with the consent of the executors, an examination of his eyes, and sacrificed one of them to the determination of the

color of the three humors, which were found, contrary to Dalton's hypothesis, to be in a perfectly normal condition, the vitreous humor and its envelope being perfectly colorless. It was also discovered, by actual testing of the untouched eye, that the rays from objects of different colors passed through it without any appreciable alteration, the contrast being as great as ever. Mr. Ransome and Dr. Brewster (to whom he explained the circumstances at the time) agreed "that the imperfection in vision arose from some deficient sensorial or perceptive power rather than from any peculiarity in the eye itself."

The explanations given by modern physiologists are all bound up more or less with the theories of light and color-perception generally; and as these theories and the explanations founded on them are at present in a very unsettled state, and involve many disputed points, all I will attempt to do here is to give a very brief and general notice of them. According to the most generally received theory, that of Young, the normal visual organs are capable of being impressed with *three color-sensations*, all color-perception being caused by the combination of these in varying proportions. The exact nature of the three fundamental sensations is a matter of dispute, but they are generally believed to correspond with some varieties of red, green, and blue or violet. It is assumed that in color-blind people one of these sensations is wanting, leaving the other two in action, and thus causing dichromic vision. The wanting sensation is supposed to be most commonly either the red or the green; in the former case, which is called red-blindness, the patient is impressible by only green and violet; in the latter, green-blindness, he is impressible by only red and violet. The reason why the color-blind insist on calling their less refrangible color yellow, and not red or green, is said to be that the visible sensation, in the absence of a certain alteration normally caused by the missing one, gives its maximum intensity in a different wave-length from that which affects the normal vision, this wave-length nearly corresponding to the place of yellow in the spectrum. Hence, although the patient receives either a red, or a green sensation, yet as he finds it given most powerfully by objects which the normal-eyed call yellow, he calls it yellow also. The same explanation is applied to the more refrangible sensation, which if it is really violet, may thus correspond with blue and be accordingly called so.

A more modern theory, that of Hering, assumes *four* fundamental color-sensations—namely, blue, yellow, red and green. These, however, are said to result from only two *sources* of sensation, each of which is capable of a double or reversible mode of excitement, producing the sensations of two colors complementary to each other. Thus one of the sources of sensation corresponds to blue

and yellow, the blue rays exciting it in one direction, and the yellow rays in the other. The other source corresponds to red and green in like manner. The explanation of color-blindness on this theory is very simple; normal-eyed persons possess both sources of sensation, color-blind persons possess only one—namely, that corresponding to blue and yellow, leaving them blind to both red and green, and all their compounds, which is of course dichromic vision.

These conflicting theories are at present under discussion, and it is probable that one of the best means of settling the disputed points may be by the study, more thoroughly and carefully than heretofore, of the visual phenomena manifested by the color-blind.

There are some practical considerations in regard to color-blindness which have been much commented on of late; indeed the most modern literature of the subject has been mainly devoted to them. They refer to the competency of color-blind persons to fill certain social positions where the discrimination of colors is of importance. It is evident that persons having this defect must be at a disadvantage, not only in the pictorial arts, but in many scientific, industrial, and commercial occupations. Yet it is remarkable how well they have often contrived to get on, in spite of what normal-eyed judges would predict of their incapacity. Chemists, for example, would say it was impossible for a color-blind person to meddle with their science, in which color is one of the most important elements of observation: and yet Dalton somehow made a tolerable name in chemistry. Draughtsmen would ridicule the pretensions of a Daltonian to make, or use, or judge of colored drawings, and yet I contrived to do all this for years with tolerable success, without even knowing that there were any serious difficulties in my way. And if one could get at the facts, I am certain we should find abundance of instances in all sorts of occupations where persons similarly affected, but in happy ignorance of their failing, succeed in blundering through their duties without any serious breakdown.

Such cases as these may be fairly left to the operation of the ordinary laws of business affairs; but the writers on the subject have chiefly busied themselves with one that bears a different character, inasmuch as it directly involves the public safety; this is the possible employment of color-blind persons on railways and in marine service, where colored signals are employed. Most people know that red and green lamps are used at railway junctions, the former to stop a train, the latter to allow it to pass on; and at sea the use of red and green lights on the two sides of a vessel indicates to other ships the way she is going, in order to avoid collisions. Now, as one of the most common symptoms of color-blindness is the confounding, under certain circumstances, of red

with green, it is taken for granted that a color-blind engine-driver or helmsman must be unable to distinguish between the contradictory signals, and frightful pictures are drawn of the danger that the public are constantly incurring. But what says the inexorable logic of facts? In this country we have not only had a tolerable experience of the working of railways for half a century, but we have gathered a mass of information about railway accidents which is unknown elsewhere. Every casualty that occurs in the three kingdoms is carefully inquired into by a government board, and a report is published as to its causes: and yet, so far as I know, never, in a single instance, since railways have been in use, has an accident been traced to the mistaking of a red for a green night signal. And when we consider that, according to the statistics, about one in every twenty-five engine drivers must have been color blind, it follows that, if the notions of the alarmists had been true, numbers of collisions would have occurred every day—in fact, that the traffic of the country could not have gone on. The truth is, the agitation has arisen from the difficulty the normal-eyed investigators have in understanding exactly what we, the color-blind, really see. We could tell them that although the red and green lights do not give us the true red and green sensations, yet still they are strongly contrasted to us, and we are in no danger of mistaking one for the other. The only accident I ever heard of in regard to the color of a signal was a curious one; a driver, when approaching a signal-post, had been looking into a very bright fire, which so affected his vision that for the moment he lost the perception of red, he mistook the red light, not for green, but for *white*, and going at full speed through the wrong points dashed into a train in a siding. On the whole, then, I think the alarm on this subject is unnecessarily magnified; but at the same time I do not deny a possibility of danger under certain circumstances, and I would by no means discourage reasonable precautions in the selection of men. The agitation has at least had some good result, but not only has it induced a wide discussion of the phenomena of th defect, but it has given rise to many ingenious and systematic means of discovering its existence, which, previously, was a difficult matter.

WILLIAM POLE.

THE OLD PART OF NAPLES.

THE stranger who spends a few weeks in Naples seldom strays beyond the principal thoroughfares. The Toledo and the Chiaja are about the only parts of the town he knows. He may perhaps once

have sauntered up Foria, and just walked the length of the Strada del Duomo. Naples dwells in his memory as a handsome, well-built city, where foreigners are cheated rather more than elsewhere, and where the loss of his pocket-handkerchief was a common occurrence. The Museum San Martino, and the magnificent view from the jetty of the Villa Nazionale, and the admiration they inspired, are not forgotten. But as a rule, the foreigner knows nothing of the true Neapolitan nor of the old city, whose inhabitants seldom stray beyond its precincts. He has no notion that by the side of the town known to us all, and which resembles all other large towns, there is another of peculiar aspect, teeming with interest, once visited never to be forgotten, and in its way as striking as Pompeii.

We would fain usher our reader into this old town, unknown to foreigners. Let us take one of the first streets to the right as we go up the Toledo. A few steps off one finds one's self in the midst of narrow streets and lanes, at the utmost fourteen feet wide. There are high houses on each side, which never get a ray of sun except on the top floors ; even in summer it is as cool as in a cellar. It is here that the lower orders are seen, not scattered, as in the better parts of the town ; but densely crowded, living their every-day life. These folks live as much as possible out of doors. The dark flats and damp basements, where the poor huddle together as many as nine or ten in a room, and where the air is always foul, are dismal dwellings. They therefore live principally in the street ; there they have their food at hand, and there they generally take their meals. If a Neapolitan wants milk, at daybreak and at sunset the cowherd and the goatherd pass his door, and he can get his hap'orth warm from the animal. Vegetables are hawked about until ten A.M. Peasants pass his door on donkey-back, seated on the croup of their animals, large baskets piled high with vegetables slung before them. Our friend need only whistle from his window, where a Neapolitan when at home is most frequently found, and the hawker stops ; the bargain is struck, chiefly by pantomime ; and then a basket is lowered and drawn up with the day's provisions.

Endive of a shiny white like mother-of-pearl, tomatoes of a glossy red, enormous cucumbers, artichokes, cauliflowers, broccoli, each in turn according to the season, with fruit and fish, constitute the food of the people. Meat is dear, and only indulged in on high-days and holidays. The vegetable hawker is hardly out of sight when the fruit-hawker comes round the corner. In August a lad may be seen carrying a basket of figs on his head, the fruit piled gracefully pyramid-shape, and the rim of the basket adorned with a garland of flowers. Next comes a sun-burned, bare-legged fisherman. In one hand he holds his basket, in the other a pail of sea-

water, with which he constantly sprinkles the fish. Now an individual appears in sight with a copper vessel poised on his head, full of boiled snails; and now another comes along dragging a hand-barrow, on which stands a caldron full of Indian-corn over a pan of lighted charcoal. As for coffee, you can have a cup for the equivalent to a halfpenny; but chicory is the principal ingredient. If you are thirsty, at the corner of every street the *acquaiolo* (water-vender) will serve you with a glass of iced water flavored with *zambuco* (spirit of elder-flowers) for a farthing; and in summer, the watermelon vender for the same figure will cut you a slice of the red-fleshed, black-spotted fruit, so deliciously cooling to the parched palate. In autumn may be had the prickly pear, ready peeled and daintily stuck upon a tin fork.

You have now had a glimpse of the dirty street, noisy and busy as an ant's nest. In the midst of all this bustle the artisan plies his trade Generally each separate trade is centred in one locality. In one street shoemakers are at work at their small tables, set outside the houses; the doors stand ajar, and against the wall is hung a print of St. Crispin and his son, the shoemaker's patron saints. In another, coppersmiths abound, and there the sound of the hammer is quite deafening while they beat the red metal into braziers and soup-kettles. At the next turn you light upon the dyers, their hands and faces besmeared with divers hues. One man is resplendent in indigo-blue, another in orange, a third is madder-red. There is a street called Grande Giudecca—the old Jewish quarter before their expulsion from the kingdom of the two Sicilies—where old clothes are sold. Here amateurs of antiquities may often pick up wonderful bargains. Old Flemish tapestry, brocaded silks such as our grandmothers wore, and old lace may be ferreted out from among a lot of the filthiest and most loathsome rags. In one narrow passage the goldsmiths congregate. The huge pearl earrings so highly prized by Neapolitan wet-nurses, and a large assortment of heavy trinkets, gigantic brooches ornamented with red or blue cut-glass, enormous gold and silver rings, etc., glitter in their shop-windows, and may be purchased for very trifling sums. If you chance to stop before one of these shops, you are pounced upon by the owner, who first bewilders you with his volubility, then gently pushes you inside, and seldom lets you alone until he sees that you are quite determined not to make purchases. In the very narrowest and dreariest streets, which are not above seven feet wide, people are not at work; gossiping old wives, dogs, pigeons, chickens, and here and there a turkey tied by the leg, fattening for some feast or other, are the only occupants.

And now let us proceed to examine what are the amusements of the people in these by-ways. In the north every poor wight knows how to read; but here they are the exception, and those who

can, care little about it. It is marvellous to watch them talking and gesticulating by the hour. What about, you will ask? About the lottery, the *terno* (first three winning numbers) drawn last Saturday; the price of provisions; the next fête-day; the miracle of the Madonna; the government. The Neapolitan is a chatter-box and a gambler. Gambling goes on everywhere, under the street-lamp or by moonlight, with greasy cards that look as if they had been used by bygone generations. But gambler though he be, the Neapolitan is sober; though every one drinks wine, and public houses are numerous. I counted as many as twelve in two small streets running parallel to each other; yet, if one meets a drunken man, the chances are a thousand to one that he is a German or an English sailor, overcome by the heady wine of Apulia. The constant scuffles which take place in the street are one great source of amusement. When a row begins, a crowd assembles, attracted by the screaming which ushers in the fight. Very often it is the women who indulge in a tilt, not always bloodless, with such weapons as a comb or a shoe; the vanquished party goes off into fits and gets bled at the nearest barber's shop. Quiet, steady-going people meet at the small cafés where they placidly drink a glass of water and take their *siesta*. The chemist's shop is the rendezvous of the notables of the neighborhood—the doctor, the parish priest, the monk, or certain of the better-to-do shopkeepers. These worthies never allow themselves to be disturbed by the noise of the rabble outside. They are scarcely at the trouble of rising to take a peep at the bride in an apple-green or sky-blue gown, turning out for the first time on her husband's arm, or even to kneel on the threshold when the Host is carried past.

Having viewed it by daylight, let us now try to depict old Naples by night.

The town has been lighted with gas for many years past, but the lamps are few and far between, except in the principal thoroughfares. But now and then one notices a luminous point whence the figures of the passers-by are reflected in dark outline. These well-lighted spots are the stalls of the iced-water and watermelon venders. The first stand behind a raised table, over which, on both sides, barrels of iced water are suspended; in the front, large lemons are piled, like cannon-balls, one upon another; at the back, a row of bottles, containing different kinds of syrup. These stalls are often very pretty-looking. I noticed one particularly the other day near the Porta Capuano. Above the table a sort of framework was erected, at the top of which there was a picture of the Madonna in a gorgeous frame, lighted by a small lamp; at the sides there were candelabra, supported by gilt figures representing angels; below the cornice, carved decorations, in the shape of fantastic-looking animals, sirens and dragons. White, green, red,

and yellow were blended so as to attract attention without being glaring. Nothing could be prettier. The watermelon stalls are much simpler. The whole get-up consists in a table covered with ready-cut melons. Enormous quantities of this refreshing fruit are sold, and the ground is strewed with the green rinds. Neapolitans delight in the play. At the entrance of a small theatre, Punch and Don Nicola are made to hold a dialogue, and attract a crowd with their jests; then the master of the show pockets the puppets and announces the performance, and the mob rushes into the narrow inclosure. The Neapolitan is also fond of the church; he diligently attends the services, and is all submission to the priests' injunctions. I have heard old women repeating the Nicene Creed after the priest, and singing hymns, evidently as if they enjoyed it, though in a dolefully monotonous tone. When preaching is going on the numerous chapels are crowded; not unfrequently vulgar jokes, worthy of Punch outside, seem to be the attraction.

Let us now continue our nocturnal ramble. As we approach an open space near the Porta Capuano, our oilfactory nerves are assailed by the odor of boiling oil or rancid lard. Eels, sardines, etc., are hissing in chorus in huge frying-pans. These delicacies are generally discussed where they are sold, or at some café close by, where the visitors are playing at *scopa* (a game of cards).

But what has happened now? The noisy crowd is suddenly hushed; there are lights in all the windows; the passers-by fall on their knees. One hears the approaching sound of psalm-singing; the parish priest is carrying the host to a dying man. He has on his priestly garments, and is preceded by lantern-bearers, the vergers following in yellow coats. When the priest has passed, the people rise from their knees, and many of the faithful go with him to the house of mourning.

As the night wears on, the cafés close, the water-vender empties his stall, the melon-vender carries off his table. But the street is not yet deserted. A man with a guitar is singing some popular song. The neighbors flock around, listen to the music, and sometimes fall asleep on the ground. People still come and go; the street is never empty; a breath of air at night is so refreshing after a sultry day, and every one has enjoyed his siesta. At last, at about one o'clock, the street is abandoned, the hum of the busy city is hushed, and the Neapolitans are asleep, many of them in the open air. How often have I stepped aside when ascending one of the many steep streets, to avoid walking over a family who had chosen the pavement for their dormitory. Mattresses were spread on the ground, and father, mother, and children were all fast asleep and snoring. Without any sort of preparation, people sometimes lie down in the first corner and go to sleep. Match-venders, cigar-end collectors, and peasants may constantly be seen sleeping

on church steps or at street corners on the bare ground, and seem none the worse for it.

Old Naples is at rest. We take our leave. But after rambling so long through the narrow dirty streets, we long for air and space. A few steps off to the right, and we are on one of the quays which gird the city. How lovely the sea looks in the quiet summer night! The moonlit waves sparkle in the distance. On the horizon, Capri and Cape Misenum stand out in all their beauteous grace of form. Fishermen with their boats, plying their calling by torchlight, are passing to and fro. The sea-breeze is refreshing. We are overpowered with fatigue; we have had a long walk. Our attention has been constantly on the stretch; we need rest. Let us go home; it is late. Good-night!

JOHN PETER, *in Chambers' Journal.*

THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER: AN ALLEGORY.

My proud wild horse, my young and dear ally,
Through what bright meads did he not bear me well;
Till the hour came 'twas in him to rebel!—
Betwixt us twain the issue was to try.
In his gay strength so easy to defy
As light a rein as ever horse befell!—
Could a white child so swart a courser quell? . . .
'Tis over, servant he, and victor I.

Bystanders saw the quivering of my hand,
And bid me curb him lest he rage again;—
I smiled, and loosened on his neck the rein;
With bounding pulse we range life's lovely land.
Shall I for fear hold back, in gloom restrain;
I that am king, am I afraid to reign?

K. C., *in University Magazine.*

